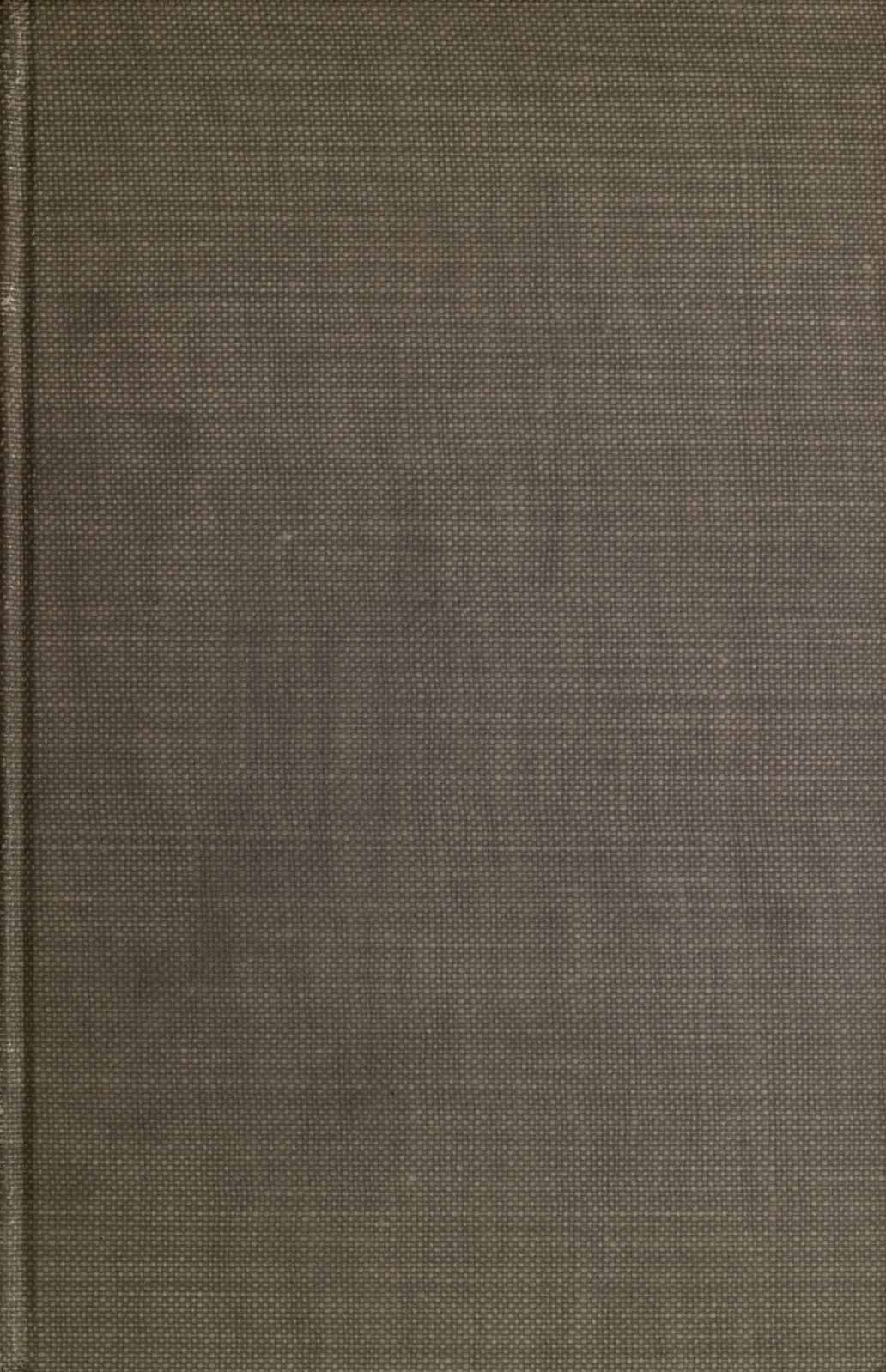






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JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER I.

Two incidents' widely different in character, yet bound together by results, marked the night of January the 23rd. On that night the blackest fog within a four years' memory fell upon certain portions of London; and also on that night came the first announcement of the border risings against the Persian Government in the province of Khorasan — the announcement that, speculated upon, even smiled at, at the time, assumed such significance in the light of after-events.

At eight o'clock the news began to spread through the House of Commons; but at nine men in the inner lobbies were gossiping, not so much upon how far Russia, while

ostensibly upholding the Shah, had pulled the strings by which the insurgents danced, as upon the manner in which 'The St George's Gazette' — the Tory evening newspaper — had seized upon the incident and practically shaken it in the faces of the Government.

More than once, Lakeley — the owner and editor of 'The St George's' — had stepped out of the decorous circle of tradition and taken a plunge into modern journalism; but to-night he essayed deeper waters than before, and under an almost sensational heading declared that in this apparently innocent border rising we had less an outcome of mere race antagonism than a first faint

index of a long-cherished Russian scheme, that was growing to a gradual maturity under the "drift" policy of the present British Government.

The effect produced by this pronouncement, if strong, was varied. Members of the Opposition saw, or thought they saw, a reflection of it in the exaggerated unconcern on the Ministerial benches; and the Government had an uneasy sense that behind the newly kindled interest on the other side of the House lay some mysterious scenting of battle from afar off. But though these impressions ran like electricity through the atmosphere, nothing tangible marked their passage, and the ordinary business of the House proceeded until half-past eleven, when an adjournment was moved.

The first man to hurry from his place was John Chilcote, member for East Wark. He walked out of the House quickly, with the half-furtive quickness that marks a self-absorbed man, and as he passed the policeman standing stolidly under the arched doorway of the big courtyard he swerved a little as if startled out of his thoughts. He realised his swerve almost before it was accomplished, and pulled himself together with nervous irritability.

"Foggy night, constable!" he said with elaborate carelessness.

"Foggy night, sir, and thickening up west," responded the man.

"Ah, indeed!" Chilcote's answer was vague. The con-

stable's cheery voice jarred on him, and for the second time he was conscious of a senseless irritation. Without a further glance at the man he stepped out into the courtyard and turned towards the main gate.

At the gateway two cab-lamps showed through the mist of shifting fog like the eyes of a great cat, and the familiar "Hansom, sir?" came to him indistinctly.

He paused by force of custom and, stepping forward, had almost touched the open door when a new impulse caused him to draw back.

"No," he said hurriedly. "No; I'll walk."

The cabman muttered, lashed his horse, and with a clatter of hoofs and harness wheeled away, while Chilcote, still with uncertain hastiness, crossed the road in the direction of Whitehall.

About the Abbey the fog had partially lifted, and in the railed garden that faces the Houses of Parliament the statues were visible in a spectral way. But Chilcote's glance was unstable and indifferent; he skirted the railings heedlessly, and crossing the road with the speed of long familiarity, gained Whitehall on the left-hand side.

There, the fog had dropped, and to any one looking upward towards Trafalgar Square, it would have seemed that the chain of lamps extended little farther than the Horse Guards, and that beyond lay a void.

Unconscious of this capricious alternation between darkness and light, Chilcote continued his course. To a close observer

the manner of his going had both interest and suggestion, for though he walked on, apparently self-engrossed, yet at every trivial touch or sound he started, like a man whose nervous system is painfully over-strung.

Maintaining his haste, he went deliberately forward, oblivious of the fact that at each step the curtain of darkness about him became closer, damper, more tangible; that each second the passers - by jostled each other with greater frequency, while the scraps of conversation that reached him became more dubious and indistinct. Then abruptly, with a sudden realisation of what had happened, he stood quite still. Without anticipation or preparation he had walked full into the thickness of the fog—a thickness so dense that, as by an enchanter's wand, the shadowy figures of a moment before melted, and the street lamps were sucked up into the night.

His first feeling was a sense of panic at the sudden isolation, his second a thrill of nervous apprehension at the oblivion that had allowed him to be so entrapped. The second feeling outweighed the first. He moved forward, then paused again, uncertain of himself. Finally, with the consciousness that inaction was unbearable, he moved on once more—his eyes wide open, one hand thrust out as a protection and guide.

The fog had closed in behind as heavily as in front, shutting off all possibility of

retreat; all about him in the darkness was a confusion of voices—cheerful, uncertain, alarmed, or angry; now and then a sleeve brushed his or a hand touched him tentatively. It was a strange moment—a moment of possibilities, to which the crunching wheels, the oaths and laughter from the blocked traffic of the roadway, made a continuous accompaniment.

Keeping well to the left, he still beat on: there was a persistence in his movements that almost amounted to fear—a fear born of the solitude filled with innumerable sounds. For a space he groped about him without result, then his fingers touched the cold surface of a shuttered shop-front and a thrill of reassurance passed through him. With renewed haste, and clinging to his landmark as a blind man might, he started forward with fresh impetus.

For a dozen paces he moved rapidly and unevenly, then the inevitable occurred. He collided with a man coming in the opposite direction.

The shock was abrupt. Both men swore simultaneously, then both laughed. The whole thing was casual, but Chilcote was in that state of mind when even the commonplace becomes abnormal. The other man's exclamation, the other man's laugh, struck on his nerves; coming out of the darkness, they sounded like an echo of his own.

Yet nine out of every ten men in London, given the same social position and the same education, might reasonably be ex-

pected to express annoyance or amusement in the same manner, possibly in the same tone of voice; and Chilcote remembered this almost at the moment of his nervous jar.

"Beastly fog!" he said aloud. "I'm trying to get to Grosvenor Square, but the chances seem rather small."

The other laughed again, and again the laugh upset Chilcote. He wondered uncomfortably if he was becoming a prey to illusions. But the stranger spoke before the question had solved itself.

"I'm afraid they *are* small," he said. "It would almost be hard to find one's way to the devil on a night like this."

Chilcote made a murmur of amusement and drew back against the shop-front.

"Yes. We can see now where the blind man scores in the matter of salvation," he said. "This is almost a repetition of the fog of six years ago. Were you out in that?" It was a habit of his to jump from one sentence to another—a habit that had grown upon him of late.

"No." The stranger had also groped his way towards the shop. "No; I was out of England six years ago."

"You were lucky." Chilcote turned up the collar of his coat. "That was an atrocious fog—as black as this one but more general. I remember it well. It was the night Lexington made his great sugar speech. Some of us were found on Lambeth Bridge at three in the morning, having left the House at twelve."

Chilcote seldom indulged in reminiscences, but this conversation with an unseen companion was more like a soliloquy than a dialogue. He was almost surprised into an exclamation when the other caught up his words.

"Ah! The sugar speech!" he said. "Odd that I should have been looking it up only yesterday. What a magnificent dressing up of a dry subject it was. What a career Lexington promised in those days."

Chilcote changed his position.

"You are interested in the muddle down at Westminster?" he asked sarcastically.

"I——?" It was the turn of the other to draw back. "Oh, I read my newspaper with the other five million, that is all. I am an outsider." His voice sounded curt; the warmth that admiration had brought into it was frozen.

"An outsider!" Chilcote repeated. "What an enviable word!"

"Possibly—to those who are well inside the ring. But let us go back to Lexington. What a pinnacle the man reached—and what a drop he had! It has always seemed to me an extraordinary instance of the human leaven running through us all." He paused thoughtfully; then again his voice sounded through the darkness. "What was the real cause of his collapse?" he asked suddenly. "Was it drugs or drink? I have often wished to get at the truth."

Again Chilcote changed his attitude.

"Is truth ever worth getting at?" he asked irrelevantly.

"In the case of a public man—yes." The stranger interposed quickly. "He exchanges his privacy for the interest of the masses. If he gives the masses the details of his success, why not the details of his failure? Was it drink that sucked him under?"

"No." Chilcote's response came after a pause.

"Drugs?"

Again Chilcote hesitated. And at the moment of his hesitation a woman brushed past him, laughing boisterously. The sound jarred him.

"Was it drugs?" the stranger went on easily. "I have always had a theory that it was."

"Yes. It was opium." The answer came before Chilcote had realised it. The woman's laugh and the stranger's quiet persistence had contrived to draw it from him. Instantly he had spoken he looked about him quickly, like one who has for a moment forgotten a necessary vigilance.

There was silence while the other thought over the information just given him. Then he spoke again, with a new touch of vehemence.

"So I imagined," he said, "though, on my soul, I scarcely credited it. To have gained so much—and to have thrown it away for a common vice!" He made an exclamation of disgust.

Chilcote gave an unsteady laugh. "You judge hardly," he said.

The other repeated his sound

of contempt. "Justly so. No man has the right to squander what another would give his soul for. It lessens the general respect for power."

"You are a believer in power?" Chilcote's tone was sarcastic, but the sarcasm sounded thin.

"Yes. All power is the outcome of individuality—either past or present. I find no sentiment for the man who plays with it."

The quiet contempt of the tone stung Chilcote.

"Do you imagine that Lexington made no fight?" he asked impulsively. "Can't you picture the man's struggle, while that which had been slave gradually became master?" He stopped to take breath, and in the cold pause that followed it seemed to him that the other made a murmur of incredulity.

"Perhaps you think of opium as a pleasure?" he added. "Think of it instead as a tyrant—that tortures the mind if held to, and the body if cast off." Urged by the darkness and by the silence of his companion, the rein of his speech had loosened. In that moment he was not Chilcote the member for East Wark, whose moods and silences were proverbial, but Chilcote the man, whose mind craved the relief of speech.

"You talk as the world talks—out of ignorance and self-righteousness," he went on. "Before you condemn Lexington you should put yourself in his place——"

"As you do?" The other laughed.

Unsuspecting and inoffensive as the laugh was, it startled Chilcote. With a sudden alarm he pulled himself up.

"I——?" He tried to echo the laugh, but the attempt fell flat. "Oh, I merely speak from—from De Quincey. But I believe this fog is shifting—I really believe it is shifting. Can you oblige me with a light? I had almost forgotten that a man may smoke even though he has been deprived of sight." He spoke fast and disjointedly. He was overwhelmed by the idea that he had let himself go, and possessed by the wish to obliterate the consequences. As he talked he fumbled for his cigarette-case. His head was bent as he searched for it nervously. Without looking up he was conscious that the cloud of fog that held him prisoner was lifting, rolling away, closing back again, preparatory to final disappearance. Having found the case, he put a cigarette between his lips and raised his head at the moment that the stranger drew a match across his box.

For a second each stared blankly at the other's face, suddenly made visible by the lifting of the fog. The match in the stranger's hand burned down till it scorched his fingers, and, feeling the pain, he laughed and let it drop.

"Of all odd things——" he said. Then he broke off. The circumstance was too novel for ordinary remark.

By one of those rare occurrences—those chances that seem too wild for real life and

yet belong to no other sphere—the two faces so strangely hidden and so strangely revealed were identical feature for feature. It seemed to each man that he looked, not at the face of another, but at his own face reflected in a flawless looking-glass.

Of the two, the stranger was the first to regain self-possession. Seeing Chilcote's bewilderment, he came to his rescue with brusque tactfulness.

"The position is decidedly odd," he said. "But, after all, why should we be so surprised? Nature can't be eternally original; she must dry up sometimes, and when she gets a good model why shouldn't she use it twice?" He drew back, surveying Chilcote whimsically. "But, pardon me, you are still waiting for the light!"

Chilcote held the cigarette between his lips. The paper had become dry, and he moistened it as he leant towards his companion.

"Don't mind me," he said; "I'm rather—rather unstrung to-night, and this thing gave me a jar. To be candid, my imagination took head in the fog. I got to fancy I was talking to myself——"

"And pulled up to find the fancy real?" The stranger smiled.

"Yes; something like that."

Both were silent for a moment. Chilcote pulled hard at his cigarette, then remembering his obligation, he turned quickly to the other.

"Won't you smoke?" he asked.

The stranger accepted a cigarette from the case held out to him; and as he did so the extraordinary likeness to himself struck Chilcote with added force. Involuntarily he put out his hand and touched the other's arm.

"It's my nerves!" he said again in explanation. "They make me want to feel that you are substantial. Nerves play such beastly tricks!" He laughed awkwardly.

The other glanced up. His expression on the moment was slightly surprised, slightly contemptuous, but he changed it instantly to conventional interest. "I am afraid I am not an authority on nerves," he said.

But Chilcote was preoccupied. His thoughts had turned into another channel.

"How old are you?" he asked suddenly. A curiosity that ran into odd and irrelevant channels was characteristic of him.

The other did not answer immediately. "My age?" he said at last slowly. "Oh, I believe I shall be thirty-six tomorrow—to be quite accurate."

Chilcote lifted his head quickly.

"Why do you use that tone?" he asked. "I am six months older than you, and I only wish it was six years. Six years nearer oblivion——"

Again a slight expression of contempt crossed the other's eyes. "Oblivion?" he said. "Where are your ambitions?"

"They don't exist."

"Don't exist? Yet you voice your country? I concluded that much in the fog."

Chilcote laughed sarcastically.

"When one has voiced one's country for six years one gets hoarse—it's a natural consequence."

The other smiled. "Ah, discontent!" he said. "The modern canker. But I must be getting under way. Good night! Shall we shake hands—to prove that we are genuinely material?"

Chilcote had been standing unusually still, following the stranger's words—caught by his self-reliance and impressed by his personality. Now, as he ceased to speak, he moved quickly forward, impelled by a nervous curiosity.

"Why should we just hail each other and pass—like the proverbial ships?" he said impulsively. "If Nature was careless enough to let the reproduction meet the original, she must abide the consequences."

The other laughed, but his laugh was short. "Oh, I don't know. Our roads lie differently. You would get nothing out of me, and I——" He stopped, and again laughed shortly. "No," he said; "I'd be content to pass, if I were you. The unsuccessful man is seldom a profitable study. Shall we say good night?"

He took Chilcote's hand for an instant; then crossing the footpath he passed into the roadway towards the Strand.

It was done in a moment; but with his going a sense of loss fell upon Chilcote. He stood for a space, newly conscious of the unfamiliar faces

and unfamiliar voices in the stream of passers-by ; then, suddenly mastered by an impulse, he wheeled rapidly, and darted after the tall lean figure so ridiculously like his own.

Half-way across Trafalgar Square he overtook the stranger. He had paused on one of the small stone islands that break the current of traffic, and was waiting for an opportunity to cross the street. In the glare of light from the lamp above his head, Chilcote saw for the first time that, under a remarkable neatness of appearance, his clothes were well worn — almost shabby. The discovery struck him with something stronger than surprise. The idea of poverty seemed incongruous in connection with the reliance, the reserve, the personality of the man. With a certain embarrassed haste he stepped forward and touched his arm.

"Look here," he said, as the other turned quietly. "I have followed you to exchange cards. It can't injure either of us, and I—I have a wish to know my other self." He laughed nervously as he drew out his card-case.

The stranger watched him

in silence. There was the same faint contempt, but also there was a reluctant interest in his glance, as it passed from the fingers fumbling with the case to the pale face with the set jaw, straight mouth, and level eyebrows drawn low over the grey eyes. When at last the card was held out to him, he took it without remark, and slipped it into his pocket.

Chilcote looked at him eagerly. "Now the exchange?" he said.

For a second the stranger did not respond. Then almost unexpectedly he smiled.

"After all, if it amuses you —" he said. And searching in his waistcoat-pocket, he drew out the required card.

"It will leave you quite unenlightened," he added. "The name of a failure never spells anything." With another smile, partly amused, partly ironical, he stepped from the little island and disappeared into the throng of traffic.

Chilcote stood for an instant gazing at the point where he had vanished ; then turning to the lamp, he lifted the card and read the name it bore: "Mr John Loder, 13 Clifford's Inn."

CHAPTER II.

On the morning following the night of fog Chilcote woke at nine. He woke at the moment that his man Allsopp tiptoed across the room and laid the salver with his early cup of tea on the table beside his bed.

For several seconds he lay with his eyes shut ; the effort of opening them on a fresh day — the intimate certainty of what he would see when he did open them — seemed to weight his lids. The heavy half-closed curtains, the blinds severely

drawn, the great room with its splendid furniture, its sober colouring, its scent of damp London winter; above all Allsopp,—silent, respectful, and respectable,—were things to dread.

A full minute passed while he still feigned sleep. He heard Allsopp stir discreetly, then the inevitable information broke the silence.

“Nine o’clock, sir!”

He opened his eyes, murmured something, then let his eyelids close again.

The man moved to the window, quietly pulled back the curtains, and half drew the blind.

“Better night, sir, I hope?” he ventured softly.

Chilcote had drawn the bed-clothes over his face to screen himself from the daylight, murky though it was.

“Yes,” he responded. “Those beastly nightmares didn’t trouble me for once.” He shivered a little as at some recollection. “But don’t talk—don’t remind me of them. I hate a man who has no originality.” He spoke sharply. At times he showed an almost childish irritation over trivial things.

Allsopp took the remark in silence. Crossing the wide room, he began to lay out his master’s clothes. The action affected Chilcote to fresh annoyance.

“Confound it!” he said, “I’m sick of that routine. I can see you laying out my winding-sheet on the day of my burial. Leave those things. Come back in half an hour.”

Allsopp allowed himself one glance at his master’s figure huddled in the great bed, then laying aside the coat that he was holding, he moved to the door. With his fingers on the handle he paused.

“Will you breakfast in your own room, sir—or downstairs?”

Chilcote drew the clothes more tightly round his shoulders. “Oh, anywhere—nowhere,” he said. “I don’t care.”

Allsopp softly withdrew.

Left to himself, Chilcote sat up in bed and lifted the salver to his knees. The sudden movement jarred him physically: he drew a handkerchief from under the pillow and wiped his forehead; then he held his hand to the light and studied it. The hand looked sallow and unsteady. With a nervous gesture he thrust the salver back upon the table and slid out of bed.

Moving hastily across the room, he stopped before one of the tall wardrobes and swung the door open; then, after a furtive glance round the room, he thrust his hand into the recesses of a shelf. The thing he sought was evidently not hard to find, for almost at once he withdrew his hand and moved from the wardrobe to a table beside the fireplace, carrying a small unlabelled bottle filled with white tabloids.

On the table was a decanter, a syphon, and a water-jug. Mixing some whisky, he uncorked the bottle he was carrying, glanced apprehensively towards the door, and then with a very nervous hand dropped

the necessary number of tabloids into the glass.

While the tabloids were dissolving he stood with his hand on the table and his eyes fixed on the floor, evidently restraining his impatience. Instantly they had disappeared he seized the glass and drained it at a draught. A moment later he replaced the bottle in the wardrobe and, shivering slightly in the raw air, slipped back into bed.

When Allsopp returned he was sitting up supported by his pillows, a cigarette between his lips, the teacup standing empty on the salver. The nervous irritability had gone from his manner. He no longer moved jerkily, his eyes looked brighter, his pale skin more healthy.

"Ah, Allsopp," he said, "there *are* some moments in life after all. It isn't all blank wall."

"I ordered breakfast in the small morning-room, sir," said Allsopp, without a change of expression.

Chilcote breakfasted at ten. His appetite, always fickle, was particularly uncertain in the early hours. He helped himself to some fish, but sent away his plate untouched; then, having drunk two cups of tea, he pushed back his chair, lighted a fresh cigarette, and shook out the morning's newspaper.

Twice he shook it out and twice turned it, but the reluctance to fix his mind upon it made him dally. The effect of the morphia tabloids was still

apparent in the greater steadiness of his hand and eye—the regained quiet of his susceptibilities; but the respite was temporary and lethargic. The early days—the days of six years ago, when these tabloids meant an even sweep of thought, lucidity of brain, a balance of judgment in thought and effort—were days of the past. As he had said of Lexington and his vice, the slave had become master.

As he folded the paper in a last attempt at interest the door opened, and his secretary came a step or two into the room.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "Forgive me for being so untimely."

He was a fresh-mannered, bright-eyed boy of twenty-three. His breezy alertness, his deference—as to a man who had attained what he aspired to—amused and depressed Chilcote by turns.

"Good morning, Blessington," he said. "What is it now?" He sighed through habit, and putting up his hand, warding off a ray of sun that had forced itself through the misty atmosphere as if by mistake.

The boy smiled. "It's that business of the Wark timber contract, sir," he said. "You promised you'd look into it to-day; you know you've shelved it for a week already, and Craig, Burnage, are rather clamouring for an answer." He moved forward and laid the papers he was carrying on the table beside Chilcote. "I'm sorry to

be such a nuisance," he added ; "I hope your nerves aren't worrying you to-day ?"

Chilcote was toying with the papers. At the word nerves he glanced up suspiciously. But Blessington's ingenuous face satisfied him.

"No," he said. "I settled my nerves last night with— with a bromide. I knew that fog would upset me unless I took precautions."

"I'm glad of that, sir— though I'd avoid bromides. Bad habit to set up. But this Wark business—I'd like to get it under way, if you have no objection."

Chilcote passed his fingers over the papers. "Were you out in that fog last night, Blessington ?"

"No, sir. I supped with some people at the Savoy, and we just missed it. It was very partial, I believe."

"So I believe."

Blessington put his hand to his neat tie and pulled it. He was extremely polite, but he had an inordinate sense of duty.

"Forgive me, sir," he said ; "but about that contract—I know I'm a frightful bore."

"Oh, the contract !" Chilcote looked about him absently. "By the way, did you see anything of my wife yesterday ? What did she do last night ?"

"Mrs Chilcote gave me some tea yesterday afternoon. She told me she was dining at Lady Sabinet's, and looking in at one or two places later on." He eyed his papers and Chilcote's listless hand.

Chilcote smiled satirically. "Eve is very true to society," he said. "I couldn't dine at the Sabinets' if it was to make me Premier. They have a butler who is an institution—a sort of heirloom in the family. He is fat, and breathes audibly. Last time I lunched there he haunted me for a whole night."

Blessington laughed gaily. "Mrs Chilcote doesn't see ghosts, sir," he said ; "but if I may suggest——"

Chilcote tapped his fingers on the table.

"No. Eve doesn't see ghosts. We rather miss sympathy there."

Blessington governed his impatience. He stood still for some seconds, then glanced down at his pointed boots.

"If you will be lenient to my persistency, sir, I would like to remind you——"

Chilcote lifted his head with a flash of irritability.

"Confound it, Blessington !" he exclaimed, "am I never to be left in peace ? Am I never to sit down to a meal without having work thrust upon me ? Work—work—perpetually work ! I have heard no other word in the last six years. I declare there are times——" he rose suddenly from his seat and turned to the window. "There are times when I feel that for sixpence I'd chuck it all—the whole beastly round——"

Startled by his vehemence, Blessington wheeled towards him.

"Not your political career, sir ?"

There was a moment in which Chilcote hesitated, a moment in which the desire that had filled his mind for months rose to his lips, and hung there; then the question, the incredulity in Blessington's face, chilled it, and it fell back into silence.

"I—I didn't say that," he murmured. "You young men jump to conclusions, Blessington."

"Forgive me, sir. I never meant to imply retirement. Why, Rickshaw, Vale, Cressham, and the whole Wark crowd would be about your ears like flies if such a thing were even breathed—now more than ever, since these Persian rumours. By the way, is there anything real in this Khorasan business? 'The St George's' came out rather strong last night."

Chilcote had moved back to the table. His face was pale from his outburst, and his fingers toyed restlessly with the open newspaper.

"I haven't seen 'The St George's,'" he said hastily. "Lakeley is always ready to shake the red rag where Russia is concerned; whether we are to enter the arena is another matter. But what about Craig, Burnage? I think you mentioned something about a contract."

"Oh, don't worry about that, sir." Blessington had caught the twitching at the corners of Chilcote's mouth, the nervous sharpness of his voice. "I can put Craig, Burnage off. If they have an answer by Thurs-

day it will be time enough." He began to collect his papers, but Chilcote stopped him.

"Wait!" he said, veering suddenly. "Wait! I'll see to it now. I'll feel more myself when I've done something. I'll come with you to the study."

He walked hastily across the room; then, with his hand on the door, he paused.

"You go first, Blessington," he said. "I'll—I'll follow you in ten minutes. I must glance through the newspapers first."

Blessington looked uncertain. "You won't forget, sir?"

"Forget? Of course not."

Still doubtfully, Blessington left the room and closed the door.

Once alone, Chilcote walked slowly back to the table, drew up his chair, and sat down with his eyes on the white cloth, the morning papers lying unheeded beside him.

Time passed. A servant came into the room to remove the breakfast. Chilcote moved slightly when necessary, but otherwise retained his attitude. The servant, having finished his task, replenished the fire and left the room. Chilcote still sat on.

At last, feeling numbed, he rose and crossed to the fireplace. The clock on the mantelpiece stared him in the face. He looked at it, started slightly, then drew out his watch. Watch and clock corresponded. Each marked twelve o'clock. With a nervous motion he leant forward and pressed the electric bell long and hard.

Instantly a servant answered.

"Is Mr Blessington in the study?" Chilcote asked.

"He was there, sir, five minutes back."

Chilcote looked relieved.

"All right! Tell him I have gone out—have had to go

out. Something important. You understand?"

"I understand, sir."

But before the reply had been properly spoken Chilcote had passed the man and walked into the hall.

CHAPTER III.

Leaving his house, Chilcote walked forward quickly and aimlessly. With the sting of the outer air the recollection of last night's adventure came back upon him. Since the hour of his waking it had hung about him with vague persistence, but now in the clear light of day it seemed to stand out with a fuller peculiarity.

The thing was preposterous, nevertheless it was genuine. He was wearing the overcoat that he had worn the night before, and acting on impulse he thrust his hand into the pocket and drew out the stranger's card.

"Mr John Loder!" He reiterated the name as he walked along, and mechanically it repeated itself in his brain—falling into measure with his steps. Who was this John Loder? What was he? The questions tantalised him till his pace unconsciously increased. The thought that two men so absurdly alike could inhabit the same city and remain unknown to each other faced him like a problem: it tangled with his personal worries and aggravated them. There was something akin to dan-

ger in such an extraordinary resemblance. He began to regret his impetuosity in thrusting his card upon the man—his stupidity in letting himself go on the subject of Lexington. He turned hot and cold at the recollection of what he had said and what he might have said. Then for the first time he paused in his walk and looked about him.

On leaving Grosvenor Square he had turned westward, moving rapidly till the Marble Arch was reached; there, still oblivious of his surroundings, he had crossed to the Edgeware Road, passing along it to the labyrinth of shabby streets that lie behind Paddington. Now, as he glanced about him, he saw with some surprise how far he had come.

The damp remnants of the fog still hung about the rooftops in a filmy veil, there were no glimpses of green to break the monotony of tone—all was quiet, dingy, neglected. But to Chilcote the shabbiness was restful, the subdued atmosphere a satisfaction. Amongst these sad houses, these passers-by, each drearily filled with his own concerns, he experienced a sense

of respite and relief. In the fashionable streets that bounded his own horizon if a man paused in his walk to work out an idea he instantly drew a crowd of inquisitive or contemptuous eyes: here, if a man halted for half an hour it was nobody's business but his own.

Enjoying this thought, he wandered on for close upon an hour, moving from one street to another with steps that were listless or rapid as inclination prompted; then, still acting with pleasant aimlessness, he stopped in his wanderings and entered a small eating-house.

The place was low-ceiled and dirty, the air hot and steaming with the smell of food, but Chilcote passed through the door and moved to one of the tables with no expression of disgust and with far less furtive watchfulness than he used in his own house. By a curious mental twist he felt greater freedom, larger opportunities in drab surroundings such as these than in the broad issues and weighty responsibilities of his own life. Choosing a corner seat, he called for coffee; and there, protected by shadows and wrapped in cigarette smoke, he set about imagining himself some vagrant unit who had slipped his moorings and was blissfully adrift.

The imagination was pleasant while it lasted, but with him nothing was permanent. Of late the greater part of his sufferings had been comprised in the irritable fickleness of all his aims—the distaste for, and impossibility of, sustained effort

in any direction. He had barely lighted a second cigarette when the old restlessness fell upon him and he stirred nervously in his seat. Five minutes later he rose, paid his small bill, and left the shop.

Outside on the pavement he halted, and pulling out his watch saw that two hours stretched in front of him before any appointment claimed his attention. He wondered vaguely where he might go—what he might do in those two hours.

In the last few minutes a distaste for solitude had risen in his mind, giving the close street a loneliness that had escaped him before.

As he stood wavering, a cab passed slowly down the street. The sight of a well-dressed man roused the cabman. Flicking his whip, he passed Chilcote close, feigning to pull up.

The cab suggested civilisation. Chilcote's mind veered suddenly, and he raised his hand. The vehicle stopped, and he climbed in.

"Where to, sir?" The cabman peered down through the roof-door.

Chilcote raised his head. "Oh, anywhere near Pall Mall," he said. Then as the horse started forward, he put up his hand and shook the trap-door.

"Wait!" he called. "I've changed my mind. Drive to Cadogan Gardens—No. 33."

The distance to Cadogan Gardens was quickly covered. Chilcote had hardly realised that his destination was reached, when the cab pulled up. Jump-

ing out, he paid the fare and walked quickly to the hall-door of No. 33.

"Is Lady Astrupp at home?" he asked sharply as the door swung open in answer to his knock.

The servant drew back deferentially. "Her ladyship has almost finished lunch, sir," he said.

For answer Chilcote stepped through the doorway and walked half-way across the hall.

"All right," he said. "But don't disturb her on my account. I'll wait in the white room till she has finished." And without taking any further notice of the servant, he began to mount the stairs.

In the room where he had chosen to wait a pleasant wood fire brightened the dull January afternoon, and softened the thick white curtains, the gilt furniture, and the Venetian vases filled with white roses. Moving straight forward, Chilcote paused by the grate and stretched his hands to the blaze; then, with his usual instability, he turned and passed to a couch that stood a yard or two away.

On the couch, tucked away between a novel and a crystal-gazing ball, was a white Persian kitten fast asleep. Chilcote picked up the ball and held it between his eyes and the fire; then he laughed superciliously, tossed it back into its place, and caught the kitten's tail. The little animal stirred, stretched itself, and began to purr. At the

same moment the door of the room opened.

Chilcote turned.

"I particularly said you were not to be disturbed," he began. "Have I merited displeasure?" He spoke fast, with the uneasy tone that so often underran his words.

Lady Astrupp took his hand with a confiding gesture and smiled.

"Never displeasure," she said lingeringly, and again she smiled. The smile might have struck a close observer as faintly artificial. But what man in Chilcote's frame of mind has time to be observant where women are concerned. The manner of the smile was very sweet and almost caressing—and that sufficed.

"What have you been doing?" she asked after a moment's pause; "I thought I was quite forgotten." She moved to the couch, picked up the kitten, and kissed it. "Isn't this sweet?" she added.

She looked very graceful as she turned, holding the little animal up. She was a woman of twenty-seven, but she still looked a girl. The outline of her face was pure, the pale gold of her hair almost ethereal, and her tall slight figure still suggested the suppleness—the possibility of future development—that belongs to youth. She wore a lace-coloured gown that harmonised with the room and with the delicacy of her skin.

"Now sit down and rest—or walk about the room. I shan't mind which." She nestled into

the couch and picked up the crystal ball.

"What is the toy for?" Chilcote looked at her from the mantelpiece against which he was leaning. He had never defined the precise attraction that Lillian Astrupp held for him. Her shallowness soothed him; her inconsequent egotism helped him to forget himself. She never asked him how he was, she never expected impossibilities. She let him come and go and act as he pleased, never demanding reasons. Like the kitten, she was charming and graceful and easily amused; it was possible that, also like the kitten, she could scratch and be spiteful on occasion, but that did not weigh with Chilcote. He sometimes expressed a vague envy of the late Lord Astrupp; but, even had circumstances permitted, it is doubtful whether he would have chosen to be his successor. Lillian as a friend was delightful, but Lillian as a wife would have been a different consideration.

"What is the toy for?" he asked again.

She looked up slowly. "How cruel of you, Jack! It is my very latest hobby."

It was part of her attraction that she was never without a craze. Each new one was as fleeting as the last; but to each she brought the same delightfully insincere enthusiasm, the same picturesque devotion. Each was a pose, but she posed so sweetly that nobody lost patience.

"You mustn't laugh!" she protested, letting the kitten

slip to the ground. "I've had lessons at five guineas each from the most fascinating person—a professional; and I'm becoming quite an adept. Of course I haven't seen much beyond the milky appearance yet—but the milky appearance is everything, you know; the rest will come. I am trying to persuade Blanche to let me have a pavilion at her party in March—and gaze for all you dull political people." Again she smiled.

Chilcote smiled as well. "How is it done?" he asked, momentarily amused.

"Oh, the doing is quite delicious. You sit at a table with the ball in front of you; then you take the subject's hands, spread them out on the table, and stroke them very softly while you gaze into the crystal—that gets up the sympathy, you know." She looked up innocently. "Shall I show you?"

Chilcote drew a small table to the couch and spread his hands upon it, palms downward. "Like this, eh?" he said. Then a ridiculous nervousness seized him, and he moved away. "Some other day," he said quickly. "You can show me some other day. I'm not very fit this afternoon."

If Lillian felt any disappointment she showed none.

"Poor old thing!" she said softly. "Sit here by me, and we won't bother about anything." She made a place for him beside her, and as he dropped into it she took his

hand and patted it sympathetically.

The touch was soothing, and he bore it patiently enough. After a moment she lifted the hand with a little exclamation of reproof.

"You degenerate person! You have ceased to manicure. What has become of my excellent training?"

Chilcote laughed. "Run to seed," he said lightly. Then his expression and tone changed.

"When a man gets to my age," he added, "little social luxuries don't seem worth while; the social necessities are irksome enough. Personally, I envy the beggar in the street—exempt from shaving, exempt from washing——"

Lillian raised her delicate eyebrows. The sentiment was beyond her perception.

"But manicuring!" she said reproachfully. "When you have such nice hands! It was your hands and your eyes, you know, that first appealed to me." She sighed gently, with a touch of sentimental remembrance. "I thought it so strong of you not to wear rings—it must be such a temptation." She looked down at her own fingers, glittering with jewels.

But the momentary pleasure of her touch was gone. Chilcote drew away his hand and picked up the book that lay between them.

"'Other Men's Shoes'!" he read. "A novel of course?"

She smiled. "Of course. Such a fantastic story. Two men changing identities."

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Chilcote rose and walked back to the mantelpiece.

"Changing identities?" he said, with a touch of interest.

"Yes. One man is an artist, the other a millionaire; one wants to know what fame is like, the other wants to know how it feels to be really sinfully rich. So they exchange experiences for a month." She laughed.

Chilcote laughed as well. "But how?" he asked.

"Oh, I told you the idea was absurd. Fancy two people so much alike that neither their friends nor their servants can see any difference! Such a thing couldn't be, could it?"

Chilcote looked down at the fire. "No," he said doubtfully. "No. I suppose not."

"Of course not. There *are* likenesses, but not freak likenesses like that."

As she spoke Chilcote's head was bent, but at the last words he lifted it.

"By Jove! I don't know about that!" he said. "Not so very long ago I saw two men so much alike that I—I——" He stopped.

Lillian smiled.

He coloured quickly. "You doubt me?" he asked.

"My dear Jack!" Her voice was delicately reproachful.

"Then you think that my—my imagination has been playing me tricks?"

"My dear boy! Nothing of the kind. Come back to your place and tell me the whole tale?" She smiled again, and patted the couch invitingly.

But Chilcote's balance had been upset. For the first time he saw Lillian as one of the watchful, suspecting crowd before which he was constantly on guard. Acting on the sensation, he moved suddenly towards the door.

"I—I have an appointment at the House," he said quickly. "I'll look in another day when—when I'm better company. I know I'm a bear to-day. My nerves, you know!" He came back to the couch and took her hand; then he touched her cheek for an instant with his fingers.

"Good-bye!" he said. "Take care of yourself—and the kitten!" he added with forced gaiety as he crossed the room.

That afternoon Chilcote's nervous condition reached its height. All day he had avoided the climax, but no such evasion can be everlasting; and this he realised as he sat in his place on the Opposition benches during the half-hour of wintry twilight that precedes the turning on of the lights. He realised it in that half-hour, but the application of the knowledge followed later, when the time came for him to question the Government upon some point relating to a proposed additional dry-dock at Talkley, the naval base. Then for the first time he knew that the sufferings of the past months could have a visible as well as a hidden side—could disorganise his daily routine as they had already demoralised his will and character.

The thing came upon him with extraordinary lack of preparation. He sat through the twilight with tolerable calm, his nervousness only showing in the occasional lifting of his hand to his collar and the frequent changing of his position; but when the lights were turned on and he leant back in his seat with closed eyes, he became conscious of a curious impression,—a disturbing idea that through his closed lids he could see the faces on the opposite side of the House—see the rows of eyes, sleepy, interested, or vigilant. Never before had the sensation presented itself, but once set up it ran through all his susceptibilities. By an absurd freak of fancy those varying eyes seemed to pierce through his lids, almost through his eyeballs. The cold perspiration that had become his daily dread broke out on his forehead; and at the same moment Fraide his leader turned, and, leaning over the back of his seat, touched his knee.

Chilcote started and opened his eyes. "I—I believe I was dozing," he said confusedly.

Fraide smiled his dry, kindly smile. "A fatal admission for a member of the Opposition," he said. "But I was looking for you earlier in the day, Chilcote. There is something behind this Persian affair. You big trading people will have to keep your eyes open."

Chilcote shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I scarcely believe in it. Lake-

ley put a match to the powder in 'The St George's,' but 'twill only be a noise and a puff of smoke."

But Fraide did not smile. "What is the feeling down at Wark?" he asked.

"At Wark? Oh, I—I don't quite know. I have been a little out of touch with Wark in the last few weeks. A man has so many private affairs to look to——" He was uneasy under his chief's scrutiny.

Fraide's lips parted as if to make reply, but with a certain dignified reticence he closed them again and turned away.

Chilcote leant back in his place and furtively passed his hand over his forehead. His mind was possessed by one consideration—the consideration of himself. He glanced down the crowded, lighted House to the big glass doors; he glanced about him at his colleagues, indifferent or interested; then surreptitiously his fingers strayed to his waistcoat pocket.

Usually he carried his morphia tabloids with him, but today by a lapse of memory he had left them at home. He knew this, nevertheless he continued to search, while the need of the drug rushed through him with a sense of physical sickness. He lost hold on the business of the House; unconsciously he half rose from his seat.

The man next him looked up. "Hold your ground, Chilcote," he said. "Rayforth is drying up."

With a wave of relief Chilcote dropped back into his place. Whatever the confusion in his

mind, it was evidently not obvious in his face.

Rayforth resumed his seat, there was the usual slight stir and pause, then Salett, the member for Salchester, rose.

With Salett's first words Chilcote's hand again sought his pocket, and again his eyes strayed towards the doors, but Fraide's erect head and stiff back just in front of him held him quiet. With an effort he pulled out his notes and smoothed them nervously; but though his gaze was fixed on the pages not a line of Blessington's clear writing reached his mind. He glanced at the face of the Speaker, then at the faces of the men on the Treasury Bench, then once more he leant back in his seat.

The man beside him saw the movement. "Funking the dry dock?" he whispered jestingly.

"No," Chilcote turned to him suddenly, "but I feel beastly—have felt beastly for weeks."

The other looked at him more closely. "Anything wrong?" he asked. It was a novel experience to be confided in by Chilcote.

"Oh, it's the grind—the infernal grind." As he said it, it seemed to him suddenly that his strength gave way. He forgot his companion—his position—everything except the urgent instinct that filled mind and body. Scarcely knowing what he did, he rose and leant forward to whisper in Fraide's ear.

Fraide was seen to turn, his thin face interested and con-

cerned; then he was seen to nod once or twice in acquiescence, and a moment later Chilcote stepped quietly out of his place.

One or two men spoke to him as he hurried from the House, but he shook them off almost uncivilly, and, making for the nearest exit, hailed a cab.

The drive to Grosvenor Square was a misery. Time after time he changed from one corner of the cab to the other—his acute internal pains prolonged by every delay and increased by every motion. At last, weak in all his limbs, he stepped from the vehicle at his own door.

Entering the house, he instantly mounted the stairs and

passed to his own rooms. Opening the bedroom door, he peered in cautiously. The lights had been switched on, but the room was empty. With a nervous excitement scarcely to be kept in check, he entered, shut and locked the door; then, moving to the wardrobe, opened it and drew the bottle of tabloids from its shelf.

His hand shook violently as he carried the bottle to the table. The strain of the day, the anxiety of the past hours, with their final failure, had found sudden expression. Mixing a larger dose than he had ever before allowed himself, he swallowed it hastily and, walking across the room, threw himself, fully dressed, upon the bed.

(To be continued.)

A NATION AT PLAY.

THE PERIL OF GAMES.

THE signs of the times seem to be pointing to the fact that we as a nation are becoming over-intent upon our amusements; are forgetting the proper relations of recreation and work, and are inclining to mistake pastimes for serious business.

History tells us that Nero fiddled while the imperial city was in flames, and in fiction we read that a gladiatorial display ushered in the last days of Pompeii. May it not happen one of these days that we shall be found going forth to our play rather than to our work and labour while the fate of the Empire is hovering in the balance? Has it not, indeed, been so with us since the birth of this twentieth century? Is it too much to say that within the last two years the performances of an Australian XI. in England were more closely studied, and commanded more general attention, than the prospects of peace, or even the death-roll in South Africa; that for one man who troubled his head about the sayings or doings of Louis Botha there were a dozen at least who had at their finger-ends the latest performance of Victor Trumper? Which name, we would like to know, has been the more loudly sounded throughout the length and breadth of England—Sir Thomas Lipton or General Egerton? Was our failure to bring the Mad Mullah to book

in Somaliland to be mentioned in the same breath as the dismal shortcomings of the *Shamrock*?

If we have not in the last few years made any very appreciable advance in our researches in the arctic regions; if we have not yet satisfactorily solved the problem of air navigation; if we have not made substantial progress in the matter of our naval gunnery,—we may, at any rate, claim that we have evolved a new trade or profession. In days gone by there were a good many ways, taking one with another, of earning a livelihood either with respectability or *éclat*. There were the Church, the Bar, the Army, and the Navy standing, in the matter of prestige, though certainly not in that of money-making, to other professions much in the same relation as Eton, Harrow, and Winchester stand to the other public schools. Later on we arrived at a stage when we were prepared to extend the franchise of gentlemanship to a goodly proportion of doctors and bankers, stockbrokers and land-agents, actors and artists *cum multis aliis*; and still later we were invited to familiarise ourselves in every sense of the word with a sort of hybrid animal which, going by the name of a gentleman-help, was commonly neither the one thing

nor the other. Only, however, in the last decade of the nineteenth century did we discover that it was well within the limits of possibility for a *vetus ordinis heres* to drift into the position of being a professional football-player. Professional players of other games had long been familiar to us, and up to comparatively modern days there had been no difficulty about assigning to them their proper social status. But in the matter of the more popular game of the present era, the days of the 'Arabian Nights' would seem to have returned to us, and Abou Hassan, the rich merchant's son, may awake one morning to discover that he has become a professional football-player. For it would appear that those gentlemen who play this game frequently—playing it, we will say, as a pastime, for we seem to know that they have other professions—are in most cases members of a union which defines the proper times and proper places for playing, and puts a great taboo on games played in certain company. The resolutions passed by this all-important body are as binding as those of a trades-union, the laws immutable as those of the Medes and Persians: it has the power to make and unmake the professional player, to bid or forbid his playing in a particular match or on a particular day, and occasionally to stamp as a professional football-player a man whose last desire in the world would be to figure as such. And thereby hangs a curious tale. It was intimated

to a celebrated player some few seasons back that his acceptance of a wedding-present in the form of a house would be a capital offence—capital, that is, in so far as it would affect his rating. The presumption was that the present was being offered to him by his friends and admirers not from goodwill or admiration of his social qualities, but as a recompense for good service in the football-field. And on this ground—we really do not know whether the house was ultimately given or not—it was decided that if the gift was accepted the recipient would be held to have forfeited his status as an amateur, and would in the future be regarded as a professional football-player. When we read this story in the papers of the date, we found ourselves wondering at what exact point the line—in this case a very broad line—is to be drawn. Is it to be at the door of the house, and if so, why there exactly? This problem we propounded to a friend who poses as an authority on these matters, and were informed by him that the matter was as plain as a pikestaff: that the house had a pecuniary value, inasmuch as the possession thereof implied a yearly saving of the sum that must otherwise be paid as rent; and that, regarded from this point of view, the house was equivalent to a sum of money. But supposing, we inquired, that instead of a house the present had taken the form of a service of gold plate, and that the lucky bridegroom, thus saddled with

a white elephant, had sold the plate and bought a house with the money?

"My dear fellow," was the reply, "it's a matter of common-sense, not of casuistry!"

In the days of our youth, when we played the game of cricket with some success, we were now and again presented with a bat or a ball for some especial performance. These articles certainly had a pecuniary value, and though we were not in the habit of selling them there and then, the possession of them certainly kept money in our pocket, by obviating the necessity of purchase on our own account. Of course the prize, in our case, was not the original aim and object of our playing the game, nor are we to suppose that the recipient or non-recipient, as the case may be, of that particular house had had it in view at the period when he first threw his heart and soul into football. In both cases we should define the love of the game, and the necessity of taking exercise in some form, as primary motives, and the prize, whether it was a bat for a cricket score, a piece of plate for a boat-race, or a house for a distinguished football career, as separable but gratifying accidents. It is a fact—an unfortunate fact, perhaps—that we live in a generation which does not reward excellence with laurel or parsley crowns, but we should be sorry to think that the accidental circumstance of winning a more material prize must *ipso facto* convert the

recipient into a game-professional.

This tale of a storm in a teapot is by way of parenthesis, but the moral of it, as our friend the Duchess would say, is that successful athletes must not accept valuable wedding-presents, and that a Football Union is in the habit of doing its work, and investigating the circumstances that attend action, with far more thoroughness and exactitude than either county, district, or parish council.

Does not the mere existence of these Game Unions and Associations accentuate the fact that we are growing too serious over our amusements? Intelligent men go nowadays to committee meetings, &c., relative to some pastime, with all the seriousness of a politician engaged in an international controversy; and in country districts, for every elector who will take the trouble to go and listen to the member for the division perhaps once in every two years, you may count half a dozen at the least watching a local football-match on any Saturday afternoon in the winter months. For a year or two there was a certain amount of healthy excitement about the election of the members of the various councils established under the Local Government Act; latterly, so far as we can judge, any man may for the asking become a member of any of these councils on which he has a mind to sit, but there is the keenest possible competition for places on

the local football committee. If we read of thousands of people unable to secure places in the hall where the Leader of their party is advertised to speak on the burning political questions of the day, tens of thousands are willing to pay double prices to watch twenty-two paid men fighting out the final tie for the Association Football cup. In the same paper that tells us of widespread distress in the North of England, we read that in Staffordshire "seventy-eight employees left work in a body to watch the play [football], to the complete dislocation of the work of the colliery," and "the stipendiary awarded the colliery owners 5s. damages from each man and 3s. from each boy to cover the loss."

This furnishes a bit of pleasant reading for the ratepayer of the period.

"Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

It is the working man who is the king of the situation—one day clamouring for relief, on the ground that no work is obtainable; on another, content to leave work and wages to their own devices if only he may look on at a football-match. And yet he may plead, not without show of reason, that as his wife and daughters, in the matter of hats and boas, follow the fashions of their social superiors, so, too, he is only following the example of better dressed and more highly educated men than himself in regarding play and recreation as the primary objects of existence. We notice, perhaps, the

shortcomings of the mechanic more closely, because his increasing wants and requirements bear hard upon the pockets of the ratepayer; but we prefer to ignore the fact that men of higher sorts and higher conditions have set him the example of regarding work as a grievance, and the excitement of playing or even watching games as a necessity of life.

"The Circus," wrote the Roman satirist, "holds all Rome to-day: and a din strikes on my ear, from which I gather the success of the green rag. For, were it to fail, you'd see this Forum of ours sullen and dazed as when her consuls were routed at Cannæ's dusty field." Forty years ago this sounded to our ears like a poet's exaggeration, but now, if we read Sheffield or Birmingham for Rome—or, shall we say, the Oval for the Circus?—and then substitute Majuba Hill or Stormberg for Cannæ, we have the picture repeated.

As it was clearly not the working man but his social superior who was originally responsible for this modern form of lunacy, the monomania for games, the royal purple must be transferred to proper shoulders. So now

"Quidquid delirant reges, imitantur Achivi."

And as in the case of the hats and boas, the more unworthy the ground-matter for imitation, the more exaggerated that particular form of flattery. The cultured smoker of modern days rejects the pipe in favour of the cigarette, and now we hear on

all sides that the rising generation in our villages is besotting its intellect by excessive cigarette-smoking. We reject decent and sober-minded literature in favour of the society novel, that in nine cases out of ten teems with the nasty or the sensational; and now our police magistrates' time is taken up by half-grown but wholly developed criminals, whose minds have been contaminated by the vile trash of the penny novelette or low-class newspaper. Is it wonderful, then, that where rank and fashion takes up a new cult, worshipping the hero of the playing-field, we see an increasing multitude of our so-called working classes devoting every spare minute and a good many ill-spared minutes of their time to the same form of idolatry?

The public school, the training-ground, as we expect it to be, of our future statesmen and soldiers, is marching with, if not ahead of, the times, and the game-master is an essential feature of the programme. We cannot wholly quarrel with this, as circumstances are, for two reasons. In the first place, if the playing of ball-games is a matter of such paramount importance in England, our boys must be educated to take their part; and in the second place, the man who has come to the front in the athletic world before settling down to scholastic work has rubbed shoulders with all sorts and conditions of men, and on that account is a more capable educator in the ways of the world than the mere bookworm can claim to be. Furthermore, a

headmaster may with some justice remark that the modern parent is not over-careful to inquire whether the teacher's syntax is above suspicion, or whether he can tell us off-hand who was Anchises' nurse, or how many years Methuselah lived; but he is very much interested in the fact that his boy's tutor made a century at Lord's or stroked the winning University Eight. And yet in the face of this we venture to assert that the presence of the game-master is, under certain circumstances, a distinct blot on our public-school system. With the gentleman himself we disclaim the idea of having any personal quarrel. He may be, and very often is, one of the very best fellows in the world, but accident or the fashion of the day places him in a distinctly false position. It is true that where he is notoriously a good scholar or mathematician, or even a very excellent elementary teacher, he has the opportunity of being an immense power for good. For without undue stretch either of charity or imagination we may presuppose that the attainment of the intellectual excellence was his primary aim in life, and that the capacity for coming to the front in games was either innate or a result of that steadiness of purpose and concentration of energy in virtue of which the exceptional man does well all that he takes in hand to do at all. In the present Cabinet are several men of undoubted ability and capacity for work, who either have figured, or on occasion do figure, as successful game-players. But

neither was it his skill at golf that won Mr Balfour the Premiership, nor has any one ever seriously imagined that the appointment of our Colonial Secretary was even distantly connected with his prowess as a wicket-keeper. Yet in the same breath we may add that the accidental circumstance of the latter gentleman having proved his ability to hold his own in the best of company on the cricket-field may, in the eyes of some of the inhabitants of Britain beyond the seas, magnify at the same time his office and their opinion of his administrative powers. That little extraneous particle of sympathetic attention which Mr Lyttleton possibly or probably commands in the minds of a section of our colonists is intensified in the schoolboy's attitude towards his athletic tutor. It is always difficult to dissociate from the young mind the idea that work—"grinding" or "sapping," he calls it—is of itself toilsome and disagreeable, while game-playing, on the contrary, is pleasurable. A deeper impression is made on a boy's mind by what he sees than by what he hears; and finally, if he reasons at all, he reasons by analogy. Watching, then, his tutor's performances in the cricket-field, and convinced by the evidence of his eyes that the doctrine preached on the playground is sound and productive of happy results, he is ready to admit that—to use a homely phrase—his instructor "knows a bit more than other people," and therefore will accept his dogmata in the school-

room with greater interest and more confidence than those of a non-athletic master, whom in his own mind he writes down a "duffer." Apart from this, the teacher who to the solid merit of ripe scholarship adds the graceful elegance of athletic proficiency, is unconsciously posing as an object-lesson for boys by proving to them that mental cultivation need not in any way interfere with the skilful playing of games at proper times and seasons. If we can be sure, then, that our game-master is scholar of first and athlete of second intention,—scholar, shall we say, for eight hours and athlete for four hours of our day?—let us by all means enlist his services for our model school. But from the moment that a game-master is known to hold his place solely on the ground of his capacity for giving instruction in the art of game-playing, he must indeed partake of the nature of an angel if his presence in a school is not by way of being prolific of more harm than good. For he stands, as it were, convicted of being either a dullard by nature, or one who has wasted his opportunities and allowed game-playing to take the place of the more serious pursuits of life. And yet, whatever may be his shortcomings in the matter of scholarship, however pronounced his failure in the "Schools," his athletic attainments will establish him as a hero, and a model for imitation in the eyes of a majority of our boys, and more especially of the small fry.

The legend runs that in years

gone by a small Harrovian at Lord's grew pink with excitement when an ex-Cantab., who had performed a unique feat in a late University match, nodded to him as he passed by.

"Look, father, look!" he exclaimed, nudging the old gentleman; that was Cobden."

"Eh, who was it, my boy?"

"Cobden."

"Ah yes, to be sure, Cobden," repeated the old gentleman. "Now I wonder," for he felt bound to feign an interest in the stranger's personality—"I wonder whether he is any relation to the great Cobden."

"He is the great Cobden," was the answer.

To the small urchin, who too often, alas! has come out of the nursery—that is, the preparatory school—possessed by a rooted idea that Latin and Greek are "beastly," and that cricket is the first and foremost object of existence, the great "Cobden" or the great century-maker who takes the bottom form is a far more interesting and admirable individual than "Hoppy Smith," who was Bell scholar and corrects the VI. Form composition.

"I see from your last report," remarks a paterfamilias who is wiser than some, "that your Latin prose is very shaky, my boy, and your verses very careless. Now, that won't do if you want to go to Oxford and so forth. You can't get on in the world if you don't write good prose and a decent copy of verses."

"Not get on! Why, look at Mr Jones, father. They say that he couldn't do a Latin

verse or a bit of prose to save his life. And he is a long way the biggest swell among the masters. By George! you should see him hit!"

The opinion of the idle little monkey, who thus assigns to Mr Jones the great hitter the pride of place among his colleagues, is fortunately, perhaps, not likely to carry much weight, but he is by no means an exaggerated type of a daily increasing horde of youngsters who, hailing, we will say, from Boeotia or Arcadia, and congregating at our public schools, pin their faith on the heroes of the playing-fields, and arrive at the very comfortable, but not very profitable, conclusion that "sapping" is "rot" and "bosh," and that game-playing is the *summum bonum* and the end-in-view of school life. We must legislate for the ignorant and foolish as well as for the wise and the seriously minded, and it is doubtful policy in our life school to give the student a chance of copying from a model which has serious defects in its composition.

Preparatory schools, lest any stage in the training of our men of the future should fall behind in this respect, are yearly and daily paying a more pronounced attention to the cult of athleticism, and the art of playing ball-games on scientific principles is in a fair way to elbow out of its due place the proper training of the intellect. Whether Cæsar or Pompey, Hector or Achilles, Napoleon or Wellington, was the better man of the twain, is to the boy of twelve

a trivial question as compared with the rival claims of W. G. Grace and Ranji to be regarded as the hero *par excellence* of the nineteenth century. For one boy who knows that David wrote many of the Psalms, half a dozen will know the name of the able gentleman who answers questions in 'The Captain.' It is a matter of very minor importance whether the Mad Mullah is caught or continues to baffle our generals, but our small hero-worshipper is sorely grieved when he reads that a popular ex-Cantab. has been "held" out in the country "without opening his account." It is as well, perhaps, that Master Carruthers should take something better than Third Form when he goes to Eton; but it is absolutely essential that he shall play with a straight bat and qualify for the Lower Boys' XI. in his house. Even the learned Principal of Dotheboys Hall, albeit only a Pavilion cricketer himself, is careful to ensure the fact that *mensa* and *dominus* shall be taught by a Blue, or somebody who *ought* to have been a Blue. You may see him showing a parent round his playground when a boys' match is going on, and pointing out the various members of his staff. One has played football for Cambridge, another plays for his county in August, and a third was twelfth man for the Oxford XI.

Be it remarked, by the way, that this last celebrity is not quite such a *rara avis* as the uninitiated might imagine him to be—either university being

responsible for about half a dozen of the species in any given year.

And the young gentleman who is anxious to secure one of these appointments—comfortable for the time, perhaps, but, as in nine cases out of ten leading to nothing, delusively comfortable—is as careful to draw attention to the fact that he is good at games as to his place in the class-list. If, on the one hand, it may be very fairly said that no very recondite scholarship is required by the instructor of the very young idea, and that cricketers as a class are good fellows and good managers of boys, is there not, on the other hand, the certainty that the whole atmosphere of our preparatory schools is daily becoming more tainted with athleticism in the place of intellectualism?

We meet our friend Lambert, the senior assistant-master at a large preparatory school, in the train one afternoon. Lambert is a man of many parts, an ex-scholar of his college, a good cricketer, and, generally speaking, a cheery sort of fellow. To-day, however, he looks careworn, yellow, and dyspepsical.

"Well, Lambert, and how are things going with you?"

"Things going? Things gone, you mean, gone to the devil!"

What has happened? A simultaneous outbreak of measles, scarlatina, and diphtheria? A fire? A death? No.

"We have just lost our match at Foxborough by one wicket, and would you believe it?—that little double-distilled

donkey Palmer dropped two catches in the last over!"

We are relieved to find that it is nothing worse, but it is quite evident that if we are not careful to dissimulate our feeling of relief we shall fall at least fifty per cent in Lambert's estimation.

"Dear me! what a dreadful thing! What an incorrigible young scoundrel. He'll bring his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave if he isn't careful. What did you say his name was?"

"Palmer."

The name sounds familiar, and we rack our brains to discover in what connection we have lately read it.

"Palmer! Palmer! What do I know about Palmer?"

"Why, I've told you, haven't I? He dropped two catches, —things that a baby in arms might have caught."

"Oh yes, but it wasn't that. Palmer?" and as the light comes, "Any relation of that boy who got in top of the roll at Winchester?"

"Same fellow, —that's just the sort of silly thing he can do. He is as clever as they make them, and the annoying part of it is that he really could play cricket if he would only give his mind to it, but he simply won't give his mind to it: he stands in the field with his mouth wide open and dreams of Latin verses or some such rot, and then a dolly-catch comes and he drops it."

Suppressing a strong desire to suggest that perhaps the young scholar might not have won his way to the top of the

roll at Winchester if he had been in the habit of dreaming of cricket scores and catches in the country when he ought to have been doing Latin verses, we so far sympathise with Lambert as to admit that Palmer's conduct in not concentrating his attention on the matter in hand was most reprehensible.

Any one who studies the question at all carefully will admit that the question of game-playing in the modern preparatory school is approached with a far greater amount of seriousness than used to be the case twenty or thirty years ago. The young animal of every species, and more especially the young male, argues the game enthusiast, requires relaxation and exercise: the kitten plays with his mother's tail, the puppy races after a ball, the cockerel spars with his twin brother, and the playing of games comes natural to boys. So far, so good—we readily admit that a boy who does not care for outdoor games is a rare and unnatural creature, either priggish or over-pampered. But is it necessary, or even wise, that the fragrance of that catechising infection which we suppose to be as much an accompaniment of the zealous schoolmaster as it was of the serious Miss Blimber should so constantly extend to the playground? Is a game over which Providence in the shape of a Blue is continually keeping a watchful eye necessarily a better game or a greater relaxation than those

we played unwatched, unassisted, untutored in years gone by? There is more science, probably. But is there the same amount of free and healthy enjoyment? There is more knowledge of and reverence for the great names of the cricket- or football-field. But do our boys play the game with more zest themselves, or is there the same scope for originality? We fancy not. For we seem to remember that some forty years ago, at a period when working hours were perhaps too long and playtime all too short, we gave up every single available minute of a summer day to cricket, and never had the slightest difficulty in finding a sufficiency of keen and enthusiastic playmates. There was no one to coach us or set us right, no game-master to tell us at one minute that our bat was not straight, at another that point was not in his proper place, least of all was it ever necessary to hire a professional to bowl to us. Probably we had some vague ideas where the field ought to stand for fast and slow bowling,—possibly a father or elder brother had told us at some time or another that a crooked bat commonly implied a short innings. But experience was, after all, our game-master; the want of science was balanced by the presence of originality of method, we did our own bowling alike of necessity and choice, and found in a long-stop a sensitive and satisfactory substitute for a net, in a judicious spanking with the

bat the simplest remedy for a dropped catch or supposed slackness in the field. As boys were then, so would boys be now, if left a little more to their own devices and permitted, in the playground at any rate, to make a little more of original instinct unfettered by magisterial admonition and supervision.

There may be merit of a sort in a copy of Tom Brown's verses, consisting of gleanings from the stock-pot supplied by the 'Gradus' and the 'Vulgus'; if there is absence of originality, there is evidence of research. In a copy made up of endings borrowed from other boys and phrases extracted from some easy-tempered master who, acting on the principle of the unjust judge, is induced to lend an ear to constant importunity, there is no merit of any kind soever. A copy of either type as compared with a far more faulty copy, the result of a boy's personal effort and unaided originality, is as paste to a diamond or brass filings to retorted gold.

"Hammer it out yourself and I'll show you your mistakes afterwards," is the dictum of the real teacher who has in view the true aim of elementary education, which is, we take it, to develop a boy's own powers of resource and train him to think for himself. If the modern system of taking the management of their games entirely out of young boys' hands had no worse effect than that of stifling originality and reducing to a minimum the power of initiative, a strong

case would be made out against the over-assiduous attentions of the preparatory school game-master. But beyond all this we are in danger of training the young generation to believe with our friend Lambert that the game as a game is part and parcel of life's business, and that a dropped catch or failure to take a pass at football are matters of vital importance. As the modern master carries into the playground his passion for laying down the law, so, too, the modern boy is only too apt to enter the class-room with his thoughts so entirely pre-occupied by the pleasant things that lie outside its doors that little power is left to grapple with the stern realities of work, and with his brain clogged and crowded with so many facts and figures of the cricket- or football-field as to leave room in it for little else besides.

With the game-master, apart from his office and — for so we venture to believe it — his over-rigid sense of duty, we have long since disclaimed the idea of a personal quarrel, and with game-playing at proper times and seasons we have a most hearty sympathy. No one can feel more strongly that there are plenty of useful and all-important lessons to be learnt on the playing-fields. But they are lessons of a type that do not come by admonition or precept; for pluck and patience, endurance and concentration of energy, coolness in the presence of difficulties and modesty in the hour of success, may be numbered among self-taught virtues.

And after all, are the niceties and the little petty details of game-playing so seriously worth the teaching that men with all the capacity to become useful citizens should devote the best years of life to giving instruction in them? or are they so seriously worth the learning that the boys, whom we expect in the future to become worthy servants of the Empire, should fritter away their young lives in the too accurate study or the over-laborious practice of them?

We are growing accustomed to being called a nation of shopkeepers, and we seem to be going the right way towards earning the still less enviable title of a nation of game-players.

The *thw* and the *sinew*, the ready eye and the ready hand, the fortitude and the endurance, characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race which have won us our place in the world, may in part be due to our sporting and game-playing proclivities, but they are things that we may as well be without if they are to carry us no farther than to our cricket- or our football-fields. Not by such arts as these has the greatest Empire the world has ever known been built up. Let us remember while there is yet time that an empire almost as great tottered to its fall when the citizens of the mother-city grew too serious over their amusements. Never was England more formidable in the eyes of Europe than when she was Puritan; and that was an ascetic Rome whose legions bore down all opposition.

SILK O' THE KINE.

A TALE OF THE ISLES.

I.

*EILIDH,¹ Eilidh, Silk o' the Kine ;
Happy is he whose hand shall twine
Thy warm wild beauty of shadow and shine.*

*Like the glossy waves of a golden sea,
Eilidh, thy deep hair covers thee ;
Oh, Eilidh, Eilidh, a deep, deep sea,
A golden sea,
A deep, deep sea.*

II.

Heather-drowsy, heather-drowsy, lapped in the sunlight together,
Eilidh and Isla lay one day in the golden summer weather.
For the silken sea of her golden hair and its billows of shadow and shine
Had Sorch the Singer named her, Eilidh—Silk o' the Kine ;
And the laughing lovers were cradled in clouds of purple and gold,
As round their couch in the heather it rippled and glistened and rolled.
And the honey-sweet air was wild with the warble of birds and the whisper of rills ;
And the wind blew soft and sweet with the scent of the bloom of a thousand hills ;
And a myriad twinkling smiles awoke in the dreamy blue of the bay,
For, far and far above them, Eilidh and Isla lay ;
And her hand lay warm in his clasping hand ; two young lovers were they :
Two young lovers were they.

¹ *Eilidh*, pronounced ²*Isle-y*.

III.

Many a floating butterfly and yellow-banded bee,
Wondering and blundering across the blissful hours,
Paused o'er Eilidh's fragrant hair as it tumbled soft and free,
Dreaming and gleaming, a glossy golden sea
That rolled a happy kiss-deep among the heather-flowers.
Her eyes were deeper than the skies that arch the sunny South ;
The gipsy sun had kissed her cheek and a rose had kissed her
mouth ;
Her breast was like a blossoming wave that curves in a sea of
bliss,
As she leaned her golden head far back and turned her closing
eyes
Brimmed with the joy of life and love to the cloudless azure
skies,
And the rosy golden apple of her throat to his following kiss.
And she laughed the low sweet laugh of love and thought of the
crimson fray
That raged on the soft blue waters beyond the dreaming bay ;
She laughed the low sweet laugh of love that kept her lover
bound
Safe to her breast as round his breast her white arms clung and
wound.
She had prayed him and stayed him, with the sword at his side ;
And her laugh had conquered all the calls of glory and pride :
For her own love and her true love she held him safely there ;
It was only one away to them, but all the world to her.
She had pleaded ; she would die with him ; they were so young
to die ;
She had pleaded ; she had conquered, with one last low broken
cry :
So now she leaned her head far back with the perfect laugh of
love ;
And the blossoms murmured round her and the skies grew dim
above :
Her arm was round her true love's neck and her hand was in his
hand ;
And her heart against his heart that day in the silent summer-
land.
And the sun sank down to the waiting smiles that wrinkled the
blue of the bay ;

And a shadow covered the warm sweet hill where Eilidh and
Isla lay ;
But her hand lay warm in his clasping hand : two young lovers
were they :

Two young lovers were they.

IV.

The sun sank down and the darkness covered the torn red
ships ;
As over the dark blue sea they ploughed triumphantly home ;
And the warriors lay and panted with the battle-surf on their
lips ;
And the moon slunk out above them in a menacing cloud of
eclipse ;
And a mutter of distant thunder crept o'er the wandering foam.

Then the King stood up in the blood-stained prow of the *Raven*
and said,

"Who saved my life in the battle ? He shall take to-night for his
own

The Flower of the island women, a maiden, a queen to his bed ;
With a sword, if they will, between them ; but he shall not lie
alone.

Who saved my life in the battle ?" And the warriors with one
breath

Answered : "Cormic Achanna ; he saved the life of the King !"
When he slipped in the bloody grapple and screamed at the feet
of death

Achanna stood over the body and cleared a terrible ring,
Wheeling his battle-axe round him and shouting his own death-
song ;

For he deemed that fight was his last ; but the red blood splashed
in his face

And the laughing madness was on him : there was no hell so
strong

As the joy of the last great battle to the gloom of his ancient
race.

"Who is the Flower of our women ?" And Sorch the Singer rose
And touched his harp and sang as the ships went over the sea :
*"Every star in the deep dim skies and every wind that blows
Has heard the name of Eilidh and the song it made for me ;*

Oh, fair as the fairest rose on earth her flower-sweet face shall
be,

This night of nights, oh star of the battle, this night of nights
for thee ;

This night of nights for thee."

V.

*Eilidh, Eilidh, Silk o' the Kine,
Happy is he whose hand shall twine
Thy warm wild beauty of shadow and shine.*

*Eilidh, thy deep hair covers thee,
Like the glossy waves of a golden sea ;
Oh, Eilidh, Eilidh, the sea is deep
That holds thy gold in its emerald keep.*

This was the song that Sorch the Singer
Made one day as he saw her linger
 Bathing in the dazzled sea
 And looking backward wistfully
 Over its infinite mystery ;
With the cool white foam in the noonday heat
Murmuring sweetness over the sweet
Golden light of her golden feet,
 And her deep hair shimmering down to her knee.

For once in the warm blue summer weather
He lay with his harp in the deep sweet heather,
 And watched her white limbs glimmer and gleam
 Out, far out, through the sea's eternal dream,
 Swimming, with one bright arm like a wild sunbeam
Flashing and cleaving the warm wild emerald tide
That trembled and murmured and sobbed at her naked side,
And folded and moulded her beauty in sun-soft gold,
And swooned at her sweetness, and swiftly revived into cold
Clear currents of emerald rapture, again and again
Scattered a glory of kisses around her that broke into rainbows
 and rain,
As over and under her blossoming breasts they rippled and
glistened and rolled.

VI.

*Eilidh, Eilidh, Silk o' the Kine,
Happy is he whose hand shall twine
Thy glossy beauty of shadow and shine.*

*Eilidh, thy deep hair covers thee
Like the warm wild waves of a golden sea ;
Oh, Eilidh, Eilidh, a deep, deep sea,
A golden sea,
A deep, deep sea.*

The King stood up in the crimson glow that gloomed in the feasting hall,

“Achanna, to-night our island Rose, our Rose of the World is thine :”

And the smoky red of the rolling fire danced on the painted wall ;
As she came through the midst of them, trembling, Eilidh, Silk o' the Kine :

She came—oh, white as a star when the moon is all in eclipse,
Through the broad-flung oak-rough limbs of the warriors waiting the feast,

With the blackening blood on their hands and a mutter of song on their lips,

And the hell still hot in their eyes, though the heavy panting had ceased.

And the King laughed out : “Oh, Eilidh, go to Achanna thy lord,

Gladden his heart with thy beauty, take his hand in thine own ;
To-night if he will you shall lay between you a two-edged sword,

But when the drinking is over he shall not lie alone.”

And she stared in the face of the King as if in a dream she had heard

The voice of Isla her lover vainly trying to speak ;

And her red lips curved and struggled like the wings of a wounded bird,—

“Oh King, I am plighted,” she whispered, and the rose awoke in her cheek.

"Plighted!" he answered her roughly, with a thunder-cloud on his brow,

For what was a maiden troth to him but a kiss of the flying hours?

"Plighted, Eilidh, Silk o' the Kine—by God! you are plighted now By more than the babble of lovers asleep on a bank of flowers."

"Plighted," she answered slowly. "Oh King, my love is my own, And none can take it from me, not life, nor death, nor doom; I am plighted, oh King, her low voice broke in a hoarse deep moan, I am plighted, oh King, plighted, by the child that moves in my womb."

Then the King arose in his fury, and he saw that her girdle was wried,—

"By God! you shall die together or tell me your lover's name: His child shall be born in your anguish and clutch at your writhen side;

Mother and child, you shall burn together, one torch in one shrieking flame.

Tell me the name of the man!" The King's voice rang through the hall;

Then all was hushed, and never a whisper broke through the gloom

From the hard red lips of Eilidh where she stood before them all, Proud and peerless and silent, awaiting the word of doom.

"Tell me the name of the man!" and the great doors opened wide,

And through the sprawling limbs of the feasters a light foot sped; And suddenly Eilidh laughed out loud, for Isla was there at her side,

And her hand lay warm in his clasping hand; and she lifted her beautiful head

High in the triumph of love that knows there is nothing to fear, Now, in life or death, in earth or heaven or hell,

When the coil of the world is conquered and the very God draws near,

And touches the eyes of the soul with light, and whispers "All is well."

And all was well with Isla; for now in the world's despite The ache of remorse was over, and all the glory and pride Of the earthly battle had vanished in the dawn of the boundless night,

And he stood with his love in the shadow of death as a bridegroom with a bride.

Then all the crimson glow of the hall was hushed once more,
And Eilidh looked into Isla's face as they waited the word of death,

And only they heard, far off, on the desolate rock-bound shore,
The sea like a peaceful sleeper drawing a slow deep breath ;
Till as a tiger snarls with his foot on the bleeding prey
Slowly the savage lips of the King curled back and hissed :

"To-night you are ready to die ; but to-night you shall go your way,

And dream of the death that is ready to feed on the mouth you have kissed.

To-night you shall go to your lover and feed your love to the fill :

You shall play with his bleeding heart at dawn before he burns at the stake ;

Then Gloom Achanna shall take you for a night or a moon, if he will ;

Go !" and the hall was hushed once more till they heard the great sea break

Like a distant host of ransomed souls rushing away into peace,
Rushing away from the body of death in the last supreme release,
As Eilidh and Isla, hand in hand, passed through the silent hall,

Hand in hand through the gaping doors and into the starry light.
But Gloom Achanna envied Isla the love of that last brief night,
For he knew by the glory of Eilidh's eyes that love had conquered all.

VII.

Never a boat could leave that isle for its watchful midnight guard ;

But, when with isles of rose and green the golden east was barred,

A trembling herdsman came to the King at the dreadful break of day,

And said that, passing the hut in the heather where Eilidh and Isla lay,

He thought to see them clasped and kissed in the waves of her golden hair,

But the door was wide to the wind and the sea ; and only death was there.

For their couch of tawny fawn-skins was smoking wet and red ;
And Gloom Achanna was huddled across it, haggard and warm
and dead,

With the coverlet of the lovers for his reeking purple pall,
And the dagger of Eilidh deep in his heart, and the red sun
over all.

Then Soreh the Singer came to the King as he stared in empty
amaze

And said, "Oh King, as I watched the sun break through the
first gold haze,

I saw those lovers pass to the shore, hand in clasping hand ;
And they cast their raiment from them there on the golden sand ;
And they waded up to their golden knees in the clear green
waves, and there,

Clothed with the sun and the warm soft wind and Eilidh's golden
hair,

Isla broke his sword and watched it heavily shimmering down
Through the lustrous emerald gleam to the sea-flower forests of
dim deep brown.

And they kissed each other, once, on the mouth, and then, as I
stood in the heather,

I saw them, Eilidh and Isla, they swam out in the sunlight to-
gether :

Out, far out, through the golden glory that dazzled the green of
the bay :

Two strong swimmers were they, oh King, that swam out in the
sunlight together ;

Whether they went to life or death, two strong swimmers were
they :

Two strong swimmers were they.

VIII.

*Eilidh, Eilidh, Silk o' the Kine,
Happy is he whose hand shall twine
Thy warm wild beauty of shadow and shine.*

*Like the glossy waves of a golden sea,
Eilidh, thy deep hair covers thee :
Oh, Eilidh, Eilidh, a deep, deep sea,
A golden sea,
A deep, deep sea.*

ALFRED NOYES.

THE TRADER OF LAST NOTCH.

IN Manicaland summer wears the livery of the tropics. At the foot of the hills north of Macequece every yard of earth is vocal with life, and the bush is brave with colour. Where the earth shows it is red, as though a wound bled. The mimosas have not yet come to flower, but amid their delicate green the long thorns, straight or curved like claws, gleam with the flash of silver. Palms poise aloft, brilliant and delicate, and under foot flowers are abroad. The flame-blossom blazes in scarlet. The sang-dieu burns in sullen vermilion. Insects fill the world with the noise of their business—spiders, butterflies, and centipedes, ants, beetles, and flies, and mysterious entities that crawl nameless underfoot. A peahen shrieks in the grass, and a kite whistles aloft. A remote speck in the sky denotes a watchful vulture, alert for any mishap to the citizens of the woods, and a crash of twigs may mean anything from a buck to a rhinoceros. There is a hectic on the face of nature.

The trader of Last Notch went homewards to his store through such a maze of urgent life, and panted in the heat. He had been out to shoot guinea-fowl, had shot none and expended all his cartridges, and his gun, glinting in the strong light as he walked, was heavy to his shoulder and hot to his hand. His mood was one of patient protest, for the sun

found him an easy prey and he had yet some miles to go. Where another man would have said, "Damn the heat," and done with it, John Mills, the trader, tasted the word on his lips, forbore to slip it, and counted it to himself for virtue. He set a large value on restraint, which, in view of his strength and resolute daring, was perhaps not wholly false. He was a large man, more noticeable for a sturdy solidity of proportion than for height, and his strong face was won to pleasantness by a brown beard, which he wore "navy fash." His store, five big huts above the kloof known as Last Notch, was at the heart of a large Kafir population; and the natives, agriculturists by convention and warriors between whiles, patronised him very liberally. The Englishmen and Portuguese of the country held him in favour, and he enjoyed that esteem which a strong quiet man, who has proved himself to have reserves of violence, commonly wins from turbulent neighbours.

He was trying for a short cut home, and purposed to wade the Revue River wherever he should strike it. Over the low bush about him he could see his hills yet a couple of hours off, and he sighed for thirst and extreme discomfort. No one, he knew, lived thereabouts—no one, at least, who was likely to have whisky at hand, though, for the matter of that, he would have welcomed

a hut and a draught of Kafir *itywala*. His surprise was the greater, then, when there appeared from the growth beside his path as white a man as himself, a tall, somewhat ragged figure, — but rags tell no news at all in Manicaland, — who wore a large black moustache and smiled affably on him.

He noted that the stranger was a fine figure of a man, tall and slim, with clear dark eyes and tanned face, and he saw, too, that he wore a heavy Webley on his right hip. The newcomer continued to smile as Mills scanned him over, and waited for the trader to speak first.

"Hullo!" said Mills at length.

"'Ullo!" replied the stranger, smiling still. He had a capital smile, and Mills was captivated into smiling in sympathy.

"Who may you be?" he asked agreeably; "didn't expect to meet no white men about here. Where's your boys?"

The tall man waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the coast, as though to imply that he had carriers somewhere in that part of the world.

"Yais," he said pleasantly. "An' you are Jone Mills, eh?"

"That's me," said Mills promptly, lowering the butt of his gun to the ground and resting both hands on the muzzle. The stranger started slightly, but did not cease to smile.

"I don't seem to know you," pondered Mills. "I can't fix you at all."

"Ah, but you will. Le' me see. Was it Beira, eh?"

Mills shook his head decidedly. "I never was in Beira," he said.

"Not Beira?" queried the stranger, "Oh, but surelee. No? Well, Mandega's, per'aps?"

"Mandega's? Yes, I was there for a bit. I had a block of claims on the ditch, next to old Jimmy Ryan's."

"Ah, yais," said the tall man eagerly. "I know 'im. An' there you shoot the Intendente, not? That was ver' fine. I see you coom down all quiet, an' shoot 'im in the 'ead. It was done ver' nice, eh?"

Mills face darkened. "He was robbin' me, the swine," he answered. "He'd been robbin' me for six months. But that's nobody's business but mine, and anyhow I didn't shoot him in the head. It was in the chest. An' now, who the blazes are you?"

"You do' know me?" smiled the stranger; "but I know you. Oh, ver' well. I see you ver' often. You see? My name is Jacques."

"Jack what?" demanded Mills.

"Not Jack—Jacques. Tha's all. All the people call me Frenchy, eh? You don' remember?"

"No," said Mills thoughtfully; "but then I seen a good many chaps, and I'd be like to forget some o' them. You doin' anything round here?"

The man who called himself Jacques held up a finger. "Ah, you wan' to know, eh? Well, I don't tell you. I fin' anything, I don't tell all the people: I don't blow the gaff. I sit still, eh? I lie low, eh? I keep 'im all for me, eh? You see?"

"Well, of course," agreed Mills; "struck a pocket, I suppose. I shouldn't have thought you'd have found much here. But then, of course, you're not going to give your game away. Where's your camp? I could do with a drink."

"Back there," said the Frenchman, pointing in the direction whence Mills had come. "'Bout five miles. You don' want to come, eh? Too far, eh?"

"Yes, I reckon it's too far," replied Mills. "I'm not more than four miles from my own *kia* now. You goin' on?"

"Yais," agreed the Frenchman, "I go a leetle bit. Not too far, eh?"

They moved on through the bush. Mills shifted his gun from shoulder to shoulder, and suffered still from heat and sweat. His taller companion went more easily, striding along as Mills thought, glancing at him, "like a fox." The warmth appeared not to distress him in the least.

"By Jove," exclaimed the trader. "You're the build of man for this blooming country. You travel as if you was born to it. Don't the heat trouble you at all?"

"Oh, no," answered the Frenchman carelessly. "You see, I come from a 'ot country. In France it is ver' often 'ot. But you don' like it, eh?"

"No," said the trader, with emphasis. "I was after peahen, or you wouldn't see me out this time o' the day. English chaps can't stand it."

"Eh?"

"English chaps can't stand it, I said," repeated Mills.

"They mos'ly lie up till its cooler."

"Ah, yais."

They were now nearing the river. A steam rose over the bushes and spiralled into the air, and the hum of water going slowly was audible. A few minutes of walking brought them to its banks. The stream flowed greasily and dark, some forty yards wide, but in the middle it forked about a spit of sand not more than ten paces broad. It was a very Lethe of a river, running oilily and with a slumberous sound, and its reputation for crocodiles was vile.

Mills sat down and began to pull off his boots.

"As well here as anywhere," he said. "I'll try it, anyhow."

"I go back now," said the Frenchman. "Some day I come up an' see you, eh? You like that?"

"Come along any time," replied Mills cheerfully as he slung his boots across his shoulders. "You don't think that island's a quicksand, eh?"

The Frenchman turned and stared at it. "I do' know," he answered. "Per'aps. You goin' to try, eh?"

"Yes, I'll have a shot at it. You can mos'ly trust yourself on 'em if you walk light an' quick. But we'll see."

The Frenchman watched him as he waded out. The black water reached no higher than his knees, but the ground was soft underfoot, and he floundered anxiously.

"It sucks at you," he called. "It's all greasy."

He moved on, and came to the sand island.

"It's better here," he called. "I'll be all right now."

The Frenchman jumped to his feet.

"Look out!" he shouted, gesticulating violently. "You go down; walk off 'im!"

Mills glanced down, and saw that the creeping sand had him knee-deep. He dragged his right foot forth and plunged forward, but with the action his left leg sank to the crutch, and he only kept his balance with a violent effort.

The Frenchman danced on the bank. "Throw you' gun down," he shouted. "Throw you' boots down. You'in to the waist now. Push yo'self back to the water. Push hard."

He wrung his hands together with excitement.

Mills threw down his rifle, and the sand swallowed it at once. He turned his head to the man at the bank.

"It's no good, chum," he said quietly. "I reckon you better take a shot at me with that revolver."

The sand was in his arm-pits. The Frenchman ceased to jump and wring his hands, and smiled at him oddly. Mills, in the midst of his trouble, felt an odd sense of outraged propriety. The smile, he reflected, was ill-timed—and he was sinking deeper.

"What you grinning at?" he gasped. "Shoot, can't you?"

"I coom pull you out," said the Frenchman, fumbling at the buckle of his belt, and he forthwith stepped into the water.

He waded swiftly to within five feet of the sinking man and flung him the end of the

belt. Mills failed to catch it, and the Frenchman shifted his feet cautiously and flung again.

"Now," he shouted as the trader gripped it, "catch 'old tight," and he started to drag him bodily forwards.

"Careful," cried Mills; "you're sinking!"

The Frenchman stepped free hastily, and strained on the belt again. Mills endeavoured to kick with his entombed legs, and called a warning as his rescuer sunk in the sands. Thus they wrestled, and at length Mills found his head in the water and his body free.

He rose, and they waded to the bank.

"Of all the quicksands I ever saw," said the trader slowly, as he sat down and gazed at the place that had so nearly been his grave, "that one's the worst."

"'Orrid," agreed the Frenchman, smiling amicably. "You was ver' near buried, eh?"

"Yes," said the trader thoughtfully. "I suppose any one 'ud say you saved my life, Frenchy?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"Exactly," said Mills. "Well, there's my hand for you, Frenchy. You done me a good turn. I'll do as much for you one of these days."

"Eh?" said the Frenchman as he shook hands.

"You've got a nasty habit of saying 'Eh?'" retorted the trader. "I said I'd do as much for you one of these days. Comprenny?"

"Oh yais," smiled the Frenchman. "I think you will. Tha's all right."

"Well," said Mills, "I wish

you'd come up and see me at my *kia*. Sure you can't come now?"

"Yais, I coom now," answered the other.

Mills stared. "'Fraid you can't trust me to go alone, are you?" he queried. "'Cause, if so——"

"Tha's all right," interrupted the Frenchman. "I coom now."

"Right you are," said Mills heartily. "Come along then!"

They strode off in the direction of the drift, Mills going thoughtfully, with an occasional glance at his companion. The Frenchman smiled perpetually, and once he laughed out.

"What's the joke?" demanded the trader.

"I think I do a good piece of business to-day," replied the Frenchman.

"H'm, yes," continued Mills suspiciously.

It was a longish uphill walk to the trader's store, and the night fell while they were yet on the way. With the darkness there came a breeze, cool and refreshing; the sky filled with sharp points of light, and the bush woke with a new life. The crackle of their boots on the stiff grass as they walked sent live things scattering to left and right, and once a night-adder hissed malevolently at the Frenchman's heel. They talked little as they went, but Mills noticed that now and again his companion appeared to check a laugh. He experienced a feeling of vague indignation against the man who had saved his life; he was selfish

in not sharing his point of view and the thoughts which amused him. At times reserve can be the most selfish thing imaginable, and one might as well be reticent on a desert island as in Manicaland. Moreover, despite the tolerant manners of the country, Mills was conscious of something unexplained in his companion,—something which engendered a suspicion on general grounds.

The circle of big dome-shaped huts which constituted the store of Last Notch came into view against a sky of dull velvet as they breasted the last rise. The indescribable homely smell of a fire greeted the nostrils with the force of a spoken welcome. They could hear the gabble of the Kafirs at their supper and the noise of their shrill empty laughter.

"That's home," said Mills, breaking a long silence.

"Yais," murmured the Frenchman; "'ome, eh? Yais. Ver' naice."

"You may say what you like," continued the trader aggressively. "Home is something. Though never so 'umble, ye know, there's no place like home."

"Tha's all right," assented the other gaily. "I know a man name' Albert Smith, an' 'e sing that in the jail at Beira. Sing all the night till I stop 'im with a broom. Yais."

Mills grunted, and they entered the *skoff kia*—the largest of the huts, sacred to the uses of a dining-room. It contained two canvas chairs, a camp table, a variety of boxes to

sit upon, and some picture-paper illustrations on the mud wall. A candle in a bottle illuminated it, and a bird in the thatch overhead twittered volubly at their presence. Some tattered books lay in the corner.

They washed in the open air, sluicing themselves from buckets, and dressed again in clean dungarees in another hut.

"Skoff [food] 'll be ready by now," said Mills; "but I think a gargle's the first thing. You'll have whisky, or gin?"

The Frenchman pronounced for whisky, and took it neat. Mills stared.

"If I took off a dose like that," he observed, "I should be as drunk as an owl. You know how to shift it!"

"Eh?"

"Gimme patience," prayed the trader. "You bleat like a yowe. I said you can take it, the drink. Savvy? *Wena poosa meningi sterrik*. Have some more?"

"Oh yais," smiled the guest. "Ver' good wisky, eh?"

He tossed off another four fingers of the liquor, and they sat down to their meal. The food was such as most tables in Manicaland offered. Everything was tinned, and the *menu* ran the gamut of edibles from roast capon (cold) to *paté de foie gras* in a pot. When they had finished Mills passed over his tobacco and sat back. He watched the other light up and blow a white cloud, and then spoke.

"Look here, Frenchy," he said, looking at him steadily;

"I don't quite cotton to you, and I think it proper you should say a bit more than you have said."

"Eh?" queried the other smiling.

Mills glowered, but restrained himself. "I want to know who you are, and I guess I mean to know too, so out with it!"

"Ah, yais," replied the Frenchman, and removed his pipe from his mouth. He trimmed the bowl fastidiously with his thumb, smiling the while. Of a sudden he looked up, and the smile was gone. He gave Mills back a look as purposeful as his own.

"I'm the man that save you in the river," he said meaningly.

"Well," began the trader hotly, but stopped. "That's true," he answered thoughtfully, as though speaking to himself. "Yes, that's true. You've got me, Frenchy."

"Yais," went on the Frenchman, leaning forward across the table, and speaking with an emphasis that was like an insult. "You sink there in the sand. I stop and save you. I stop, you see, although the men from Macequece coom after me and want to kill me. But I don't run away; I don't say to you, 'I can' stop. You go down; you die.' I don't say that. I stop. I save you. An' now you say to me, 'Frenchy, 'oo the 'ell are you?' Yais."

Mills shrugged protestingly. The appeal was to the core of his nature; the demand was one he could not dishonour.

"I didn't say just that," he

urged. "But what are the chaps from Macequece after you for?"

"Tha's all right," replied the Frenchman with a wave of his hand. "You say, 'Frenchy, I don' like you. Dam you, Frenchy!' Ver' well. The men coom, you give me to them. They shoot me. Tha's all right; yais."

He replaced his pipe and commenced again to smoke with an expression of weary indifference.

"I'm not that sort," said Mills. "I'm open to admit I didn't quite take to you—at first. I can't say fairer than that. But tell me what you done to rile the chaps. Did you kill a bloke, or what?"

"Jones Mills," said the Frenchman—"Jones Mills shoot the Intendente at Mandega's. Kill 'im dead. Dead as pork. They don' chase Jones Mills. They don' wan' to shoot Jones Mills. No. Frenchy—po' ol' Frenchy—'e shoot a man in Macequece. Shoot 'im dead. Dead as pork. *Then* they all coom after 'im. Wan' to shoot 'im. An' po' ol' Frenchy, 'e stop to pull Jones Mills out of the river. 'E save Jones Mills. Jones squeak an' say, 'Shoot me quick befo' I choke.' But Frenchy stop an' pull 'im out. Yais. An' then they shoot Frenchy. Yais!" He blew a huge volume of smoke and lay back serenely.

"Look 'ere, Frenchy," cried Mills, stretching his hand across the table, "I'm in this. They won't catch you here, old son. Savvy? There's my hand for you."

"Eh?"

"There's my hand, I'm tellin'

you. Shake hands, old son. You may be a hard case, but you *did* save my life, and it's up to me to see you through. We'll be able to call quits then."

The Frenchman rose with a serious face, and the two shook hands over the candle. The Frenchman held Mills's hand a moment longer.

"I know you," he said. "You do' kno' me. I trust you, Jone. I know yo' a good man."

He sat back again, and Mills turned matters over. In that rough community no man would own himself devoid of gratitude. "I'll do as much for you," was the common acknowledgment of a favour. It appeared to Mills that his new acquaintance might be a precious scoundrel, but that point was not at present in issue, and there remained a debt to be satisfied before he could raise that point. The knowledge that Frenchy had shot a man did not trouble him in the least, so long as the accompanying circumstances and the motive were in accordance with the simple standards of Manicaland. Here came in the doubt, engendered by nothing more concrete or citable than a trifle of mystery in the man's manner, and some undefined quality that disagreed with the trader. He glanced over to him; the Frenchman was blowing rings of smoke and smiling at them. There was nothing in his face but innocent and boyish amusement.

"Gad, you're a cool hand!" exclaimed Mills. "How d'you reckon we better work it?"

"I do' know," replied the other indifferently.

"You don't, eh? Well, d'you think they'll follow you all night?"

"I don' think," said the Frenchman, with confidence and a swelling of his chest—"I don' think they wan' to meet me in the night. Not ver' naice, eh? Leetle dangerous."

"H'm. You've got a bit of an opinion of yerself, anyhow. If that's all right, it'll be time enough to clear by daylight. Did you bolt just as you are—no niggers, no *skoff*, no anything?"

"No time," was the answer. "So I coom out without everything. Just like this."

"I can get you a couple of niggers," mused Mills, "an' you'll want a gun. Then, with *skoff* for a fortnight, you ought to be up at the Mazoe before they find your spoor. What do you think?"

"I think i's ver' naice," smiled the other.

"Then we'll *hamba lala*" (go to sleep), said Mills rising. "I don't know how you feel, but I'm just done up."

A bed was soon fixed for the Frenchman, who retired with a light-hearted "goo' night." Mills, keeping full in view his guest's awkward position, and the necessity for packing him off at daylight, determined not to sleep. He went out of the kraal and listened to the night. It spoke with a thousand voices; the great factory of days and nights was in full swing; but he caught no sound of human approach, and returned to the huts to prepare his guest's kit for the departure.

He found and partially cleaned an old rifle, and unpacked a generous donation of cartridges. Meal for the carriers, blankets and tinned meats for the Frenchman, were all at hand. Candles, a lantern, matches, gin, a pannikin, a pair of pots, and so on, soon completed the outfit. Packing is generally an interesting operation, and Mills was an expert in it. He forgot most of his perplexity and ill-ease as he adjusted the bundles and measured the commodities. He had the whole of the gear spread out on the floor of the *skoff kia* when a voice accosted him.

"You needn't bother no more, Jack," it said softly.

A man tiptoed in. He was short and lightly built, and carried a sporting rifle in his hand. His reddish moustache was draggled with dew and his clothes were soaked in it. He looked at Mills with gleeful blue eyes.

"Where's Frenchy?" he asked softly.

Mills laboured to express surprise. "What're you talkin' about?" he demanded loudly.

"Don't shout, blast yer!" whispered the other vehemently. "We saw yer go up 'ere together, Jack, and nobody ain't gone away since. There's five of us, Jack, and we want that swine—we want 'im bad."

"What for?" asked Mills desperately, without lowering his voice.

The other made an impatient gesture for silence, but his words were arrested by a clamour in the yard. There were shouts and curses and the sound of blows.

"We've got 'im, Charley," shouted some one triumphantly.

The smaller man rushed out, and Mills followed swiftly. There was a blackness of moving forms in the open, and some one struck a match. The man called Charley stepped forward. Mills saw the face and hand of a man standing upright, brilliantly illuminated by the flame of the match; and on the ground three men, who knelt on and about a prostrate figure. One was busy with some cord. In the background stood Mills's Kafirs. The match burned down to the holder's fingers, and he dropped it.

"Well, Dave," said Mills, "what's the meanin' o' this game o' yours—comin' to a man's *kia* in the middle o' the night and ropin' his mate out o' bed?"

The man who had lit the match laughed. "That you, Jack?" he said. "Well, you wouldn't be so ready to call this bloke 'mate' if you knew what he'd been up to."

"The—swine!" commented Charley.

"Get a lantern," commanded Mills to the Kafirs. "What d'you mean?" he asked of the tall man.

"He shot a *woman*!" said Dave. The tone was eloquent of the speaker's rage and disgust.

Mills stared open-mouthed. "A *woman*!" he gasped.

"A woman," replied Dave. "Shot her, as bold as the devil, on the street, in the day-time, and did a bolt for the bush. Every man that could put foot to the ground is out after him."

A Kafir arrived then with the lantern Mills had designed for the Frenchman, and by its light he was able to see the faces of the men. They were all known to him. The man who was cording the prisoner's arms had seen his daring work at Mandega's. He knelt on the prostrate form as he worked, and the Frenchman's face showed like a waxen mask on the ground. Blood was running from a deep cut on his cheek.

"I save yo' life, Jone," he gasped.

"Shut up!" snapped one of the men, and struck him on the mouth.

"Here," protested Mills; "go slow, can't you! There's no call to bang him about."

They stared at him with astonishment. "Why, man," exclaimed Charley, "didn't we tell you he shot a woman?"

"What's that he said about savin' your life?" demanded Dave.

"He did," explained Mills. He told them the story, and they listened without sympathy.

"It was a bloomin' plucky thing to do," concluded the trader. "I'd ha' bin dead by now but for him, and I owe 'im one for it."

"Oh, nobody's sayin' he isn't plucky," said the man who had been tying the Frenchman's arms, as he rose to his feet. "He's the dare-devillist swine alive, but he's done with it now."

Dave came round and clapped Mills on the shoulder.

"It's worked you a bit soft, old man," he said. "Why, hang it all, you wouldn't have us let him go after shooting a woman, would you?"

"Oh! stow it," broke in one of the others. "If it wasn't that 'e's got to go back to Macequese to be shot, I'd blow his head off now."

"I'm not asking you to let him go," cried Mills. "But give the bloke a chance, give 'im a run for it. Why, I wouldn't kill a dog so; it's awful,—an'—an'—he saved my life, chaps, he saved my life."

"But he shot a woman," said Charley.

That closed the case,—the man had committed the ultimate crime. Nothing could avail him now. He shot a woman—he must suffer.

"Jone," moaned the Frenchman—the cords were eating into his flesh—"Jone, I saved yo' life."

"Why couldn't you tell me?" cried Mills passionately; "why couldn't you trust me? I could ha' got you away."

"That'll do," interrupted Dave, thrusting Mills aside. "We'll trouble you for a drink and a bite, old boy, an' then we'll start back."

Mills led the way to the *skoff kia* in silence. There was food and drink still on the table, and the men sat down to it at once. The Frenchman lay in the middle of the kraal, bound; his captors' weapons lay at their feet. He was as effectually a prisoner as if their five barrels were covering him. Mills stood moodily watching the men eat, his brain drumming on the anguished problem of the Frenchman's life or death without effort or volition on his part.

"Got any more *poosa*, old

boy?" asked Dave, setting down the whisky-bottle empty.

"Yes," said Mills thoughtfully. "Plenty." He shouted for a boy, and one came running.

"Go to the store-hut," ordered Mills slowly, "and bring a bottle of whisky." He spoke the "kitchen-Kafir" that every one in Manicaland understands.

"Yes, baas," said the native.

"But first," said Mills, still speaking slowly and quietly, "take a knife and cut loose the man on the ground. *Quick!*" The last word was a shout.

Dave sprang to his feet and stood motionless. The others were arrested in the action of rising or reaching their weapons. From the wall beside him Mills had reached a revolver and held them covered. The barrel moved over them, presenting its black threatening mouth to one after the other. It moved in jerks, but not without purpose. It held them all subject, and the first movement doomed.

"Jack!" cried Dave.

"Shut up!" commanded Mills. "Don't move now. For God's sake don't move. I'll shoot the first one that does."

"He shot a woman," they protested.

"He saved my life," said Mills. "Are you all right, Frenchy?"

"Yais," came the answer, and with it the ghost of a laugh.

Mills did not look round, and the steady remorseless barrel still sailed to and fro across the faces of the men in the hut.

"Clear out, then," he shouted. "I'll only give you five minutes. You shot a woman. And, Frenchy——"

"Yais, Jone."

"This makes us quits, see?"

"Ver' good, Jone. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Frenchy."

Dave ripped out a curse and shifted slightly. The barrel sprang round to him, and he froze into stillness.

"Don't do that again, Davy," warned Mills.

"You'll catch it hot for this," snarled one of them.

"Very like," replied the trader.

He counted a liberal five minutes by guess. He dared not look away from his men. At last he spoke.

"It was up to me, boys," he said with a sigh. "I couldn't do no less. If it 'ad been a man 'e shot I'd ha' kept you here all day. But I've done enough, I reckon, seein' it was a woman."

He dropped the revolver to the ground.

"Now!" he said.

They sat round and stared at him. For full a minute no one spoke. Mills gave them back their eyes gloomily, leaning with folded arms against the wall. Then Dave drew a long breath, a very sigh.

"Well, Jack," he said, shaking his head, "I didn't think it of you,—I didn't, indeed. A skunk like that! a woman-shooter, and a Frenchman!! You didn't use to be like this."

"We're quits now, him and me," answered Mills. "He

saved my life, and I'm satisfied. So if you've got anything to say—or do—then get it over."

Charley burst out at this in a fuss of anger. "You ought to be shot," he shouted. "That's all you're fit for."

"Charley's right," growled one of the others.

"Oh, cut it off," cried Dave impatiently; "we're not going to shoot Jack. But I guess we won't say we've lost the Frenchman yet."

He lowered his brows and turned his eyes on Mills.

"You an' him's quits, Jack," he said. "What do you think about it?"

Mills looked up slowly, like a man newly awaked from a dream.

"You might get a shot at him from the path," he answered musingly. "That is, if he's keeping north. I'll show you the place."

"You don't think we'd have a chance of catching him?"

"Not a ghost," replied the trader decisively. "Once you get into the kloof, he's lost. All you can do is wait till he breaks cover down below, an' try a long shot. By God!" he cried with sudden energy, "I'll try a lick at him myself. We're quits now, the—the woman-shooter!"

He snatched a rifle and led the way, the others tumbling after him. Some hundred yards beyond the kraal the footpath dipped abruptly towards the valley, and at an angle of it there was to be gained a clear view of the bush beneath, where it surged at the foot of the hill and ran down the kloof: at the

lower part of the kloof it ceased, and the ground was bare red earth for a space of some thousand yards. Mills sat down on a stone. Dave squatted beside him, and the others grouped themselves on adjacent boulders.

The sun was well into the sky by now—it was about six o'clock in the morning. The air was of diamond, and the chill of the night had already passed. The men glued their eyes on the bare patch and waited.

"Funny game you played up there," whispered Dave to the trader.

Mills nodded without speaking.

"I'm not blaming you," continued the other. "I reckon I understand, old boy. But are you goin' to shoot at him?"

"I am that," was the reply.

"Well, I hope you get him," said Dave. "The chaps'll forget the other business then. They didn't like it, you know—nobody would."

"It's not because I care for them or what they think," began Mills.

"I know it's not," interrupted Dave. "You know all the ranges, I suppose?"

"Nine hundred yards to that black spot," said Mills. "The spot's a bit of a hole in the ground. Twelve hundred to the big boulder."

He rose off the stone he was sitting on and lay down on the path, belly under, and ran up the back-sight of his weapon with care. Flinging back the bolt, he blew into the chamber and thrust a cart-

ridge in; tested the air with a wet finger, and wriggled the butt home into his shoulder. Dave watched him in silence: Mills was, he knew, a good shot, and he was now preparing, with all the little tricks and graces of the rifle-range, to pull trigger on the man he had risked—nay, almost thrown away—his life to save from the consequences of an unspeakable crime.

"Ah!" breathed Mills, with an artist's luxurious satisfaction.

Down the valley a figure had broken from the bush, and was plainly to be seen against the red ground. The men on the hill flopped down and prepared to shoot.

"Don't fire," Dave warned the others. He was watching Mills. The trader's face bore no signs of his recent mental struggle. It carried no expression whatever save one of cool interest, just touched with a craftsman's confidence. His barrel was steady as his head. The little figure below was moving over the rough ground towards the black spot. They could see its legs working grotesquely, like a mechanical toy.

"So," murmured Mills. "Now just a *little* farther. So!"

He fired.

There was no leap into the air, no tragic bound and sprawling tumble. The little figure in the valley fell where it was, and never moved.

Mills jerked open his breech.

"I'll bet that took him in the spine," he said.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

TO THE "WHOLE HOG."

AN ALLEGORICAL ODE.

EMBLEM of thoroughness, perfected Whole,
 King Hog, in Whom all excellences meet
 To sovereign One-ness, absolute, complete:
 Supreme ideal of the strong man's goal,
 Whose glomerate bulk defies
 Th' inglorious arts of barren compromise:
 Star of ambition, Crown of toil, to thee,
 I, with all possible respect, in homage bend the knee.

Thou art no common hog, who, being slain,
 Is straitly hewn to separable parts,
 Which all may purchase in the public marts,
 And, at their pleasure, cut and come again;
 Of thee shall no man choose
 His favoured portion, and the rest refuse;
 He that would "go" thee piecemeal courts a fall,
 For Whole thou art, and must be swallowed Whole, or not at all.

Thy shrine is girdled by a vantage fence
 Whereon men sit, and watch thee from afar,
 Craving but craven, all agog to mar,
 In some degree, thy corporate opulence;
 Ravin'd, they lack the grace
 To screw their courage to the "sticking"-place;
 "Willing to wound," they sit "afraid to strike,"
 From private motive some, and some from inward fears, belike.

For there be those that would essay the meal,
 But for thine utter singleness forbear;
 They have no stomach for such lordly fare,
 And qualms of surfeit blunt their puny zeal;
 Westphalia's mellow Pride
 Has charm for him that cares for naught beside;
 These the crisp Rasher, those the crackling Loin,
 Would severally delight; but thee, alas! may none disjoin.

And there be many, torn this way and that,
 Who of their stars entreat a favouring sign,
 Or with black arts an auspice would divine
In the weird leapings of an occult cat;
 While others fear to go,
 Lest they feel tardily discreet, and lo!
A strong head-gale impedes their fenceward way;
"Inform us, then, good Hog," say these, "*How sits the wind
to-day?*"¹

Thus far the craven. There be other some
 That would absorb thee for the very sport;
 But it would irk them. "Life is all too short.
Why should we lose our equilibrium?
 What profit that the Hog
 Hath orby charms that none may catalogue?
Have we not friends? 'Let these attain the quest.
We will observe the strife, and show a tolerant interest."

But ever and anon there cometh one
 True to himself, and trustful in the gods—
 Who dares all consequence, and fears no odds—
Knows what he wants, and means to have it done—
 Steeled with the Right of Might,
 Stung by imperative pangs of appetite,
Leaping the fence, he rushes bravely on,
"I go the Whole Hog, I!"—one snap—and the Whole Hog
 is gone!

DUM-DUM.

¹ Pigs are supposed to see the wind.

SOME BIG LOST NORWAY SALMON.

THE narrative of a fisherman, solemnly vouched for though it may be, is not necessarily believed in by even his dearest friends, for it deals with the unknown and is incapable of proof, and without altogether imputing evil motives men judge the teller of such tales harshly. The corries of the forests of Scotland lie open to the sun, and if a stalker, coming home, was to boast of having met with a stag as big as a wapiti, with a head of five-and-twenty points, and that beast was not seen again by other eyes, there would be a good negative proof of his non-existence, and the stalker would be set down as a liar. But a great river is a mystery, and hides many secrets in its depths. It is often the abiding-place for months of huge fish which may never be seen: they come occasionally to the surface, but perhaps at a time when only the trees and ferns and insects are spectators. Now and then an out-of-the-way monster is captured whose presence has never been suspected, but who shows plainly by shape and colour how long he has made the river his home. Or it may chance — and this, I think, often happens with big fish — that he stays too long in the fresh water, and gets caught in the ice, and so a ponderous decaying carcase first shows riverside men the creature which had been sagacious

enough to avoid having anything to do with them. The water, after it closes over a lost fish, tells no tale: nothing is more substantial and solid than a salmon in the grip of the steelyard; nothing more delusive and shadowy and intangible than one whose connection with you is broken.

So — though I write this melancholy paper with all the honesty of which I am capable — I hardly expect to be able to make others see matters as I saw them, or to convince sceptical people that due allowance must not, here also, be made for fisherman's tales.

In the Julys of 1902-3 we, a party of three, sometimes four, rods, fished a Norway river, and we captured in the two months a hundred and sixteen salmon, running up to 43 lb., and with an average weight of 18½ lb. The walls of the smoking-room and dining-room of the lodge were ornamented with the carefully traced-out likenesses of many fish over 40 lb.; fish as big as 45 lb. caught with a fly, up to 56 lb. caught by spoon or prawn. Everything in the world is relative, and this is curiously so with fishing. An angler sallies forth along the pleasant river-banks, "among pale gander-grass and azure culver-keyes," and catches a number of quarter-of-a-pound trout, and one something over the pound, and comes home

happy and contented. Or he fishes a river where salmon average 8 to 10 lb., and gets one double the usual weight. Our sport was good, but we went out one year with a soldier who pushed a week further north than we did, and got a hundred salmon to his own rod in six weeks, several of which were over 40 lb.—one 48. And, to finish this comparison of sport, I read a few days ago an account of what seemed to be almost a pathetic contest; where some scores of working men met in an angling competition in England, and the first prize was gained by one who had secured for his long day's work some 4 ounces of fish: the fifth winner had, I think, his catch recorded in decimals of an ounce. We often got sea-trout on our big salmon-flies: they were fine bold fish, averaging 3 lb., with an occasional big one; but they gave us no satisfaction here, for they often took the fly just as it swung over a place where it might have been taken by a salmon, and so they were dragged in at once with the strong tackle, and ignominiously handlined by the men, and jumped ashore or into the boat as if they had been burn-trout. We were not at the top of the tree, nor yet at the bottom, but fairly well up in its pleasant branches, and we were happy on our river, and contented with our lot—contented, that is to say, in a general way, for there were times when anything approaching such a virtue was far from some of us, and never farther than one dull evening when I,

having lost a very heavy fish after a long hunt, came home full of sorrow and found that an old friend and brother angler had just ended a wild chase over a difficult country and been finally broken before he reached the impassable blockade of a bridge.

Some three or four years ago another friend fishing in a certain pool of this river hooked a big salmon in heavy water which finally went down, and, it being very difficult if not impossible to follow, he got broken. Then the trees along the bank were cut. This year this man's brother got smashed, as I have said, above the bridge, and next day we brought a boat down, and moored it at a "ness" above where the catastrophe happened, so that, supposing a wild fish took the same course again, there would be some chance of following him for an extra 200 yards or so. Some chance, certainly. I do not know what the other members of our community thought, as they looked at that boat and then at the deep heavy water racing past it down to the six-arched wooden bridge. In the state the river was in then I doubt if our splendid boatmen would have been able to do anything: the difficulties at the "ness" above were, I felt in my heart, pretty sure to be very much more complicated by greater difficulties at the bridge. To hit off the same narrow arch through which the fish went, and go through it without smashing the boat against one or other of the piers, and then find yourself still joined on to

the salmon in the comparative calm of the pool below, seemed as if it would be too great a combination of good luck for poor mortals to expect. We thought the only way would be to let the fish away with a great length of line, and then follow the track when we saw which arch he was making for, but all control of him would certainly be lost in that rapid passage. This was when the river was big. It fell to me later on, when the water had fallen a foot or eighteen inches, to have a brisk run with a 20-pounder down to this very boat, and as he was determined we took to the boat, and landed him on the opposite side above the bridge. But this was then a perfectly safe though troublesome proceeding.

On the night when the double defeat just mentioned took place, I hooked a big fish with spoon, and there is nothing sensational to relate about the fight which then took place. He crossed over to the far side of a strong wide stream, and went down the river with a longer line out than was desirable; but there was no difficulty in following him, and keeping fairly well abreast of him, and knowing the water which lay below us we had high hopes of landing him. But the hooks had not enough grip; the heavy strain probably cut the hold, and after going down some 500 or 600 yards the spoon came quietly away. I had him on long enough to know that he was a very good salmon, but we never saw him. This was

a great disappointment, and it was with a despondent mind that I tramped up again, and fished a long, awkward, bank-protected place which occasionally gives a great reward but oftener nothing. My brother-in-law's fight had been of a much more stirring kind. From the platform where he rose the fish to the next pool are some 200 or 300 yards of rapid water and wooded banks, but these are easily negotiable by an active man. Then a duck of the rod at the right angle to get under a wire rope, and you are arrived at a pool with a good backwater in it, where many salmon get gaffed. But the river was very big that day, and the fish, though he stayed there some time, and even let his pursuers see the top of the casting-line, would have none of the gaffing-place. Then follows a country which tries a man now if he has to go over it quickly, but was much worse that day before certain trees and branches were cut. The bank is steep and high and wooded in places, and you have to go up and down deep hollows in it, now in the river and now on land, ever holding well up a heavy rod, and knowing that if you give any slack you give it at your peril. A long bit of marshy ground follows, with a "ness" at the low end, and a quick turn in the river to your side, fringed with low bushes from which your man has to fend the line with the gaff if you have much out. Next a quiet place which, as the water was that day, takes you over the

waders, and a small backwater where the boat was afterwards sent. Then began the real difficulties: the bank gets steeper and more wooded; there is a steep slope, difficult to get up, and more trees, followed by an all but impossible point, where, if you got round at all, you would be over the armpits. Finally—some 200 yards below—that ominous brown bridge. Outside the backwater was running a very heavy stream.

So it can easily be seen that when a man linked to a big salmon has arrived by rapid progress down such a road as I have described to this particular haven—this backwater—he will be in a somewhat dilapidated condition, no matter how good his state of training may be: wet up to the waist (waders are a useless encumbrance at such times), the perspiration streaming off him, his arm aching with holding up a heavy rod. One has so many things to think about at such a time. Look well to your feet on the steep bank, down which, if you once slip, you need not bother further about your salmon, and at the same time look up at the point of your rod; for with a long line out in the heavy water, especially if there is a wind blowing, you must often do that to gauge what strain you are putting on. You see to your footing when you have to enter the river; but whilst you snatch a moment to guess rather than make sure into what depth your next step is to be taken, a furious bolt of the fish almost drags the rod-top into the water, and then,

whatever the consequences may be, your first care must be to get it up again.

Here came my friend that ill-omened night, hard-pressed, sweating, blowing, legs feeling sometimes strangely weak, but bravely sticking to his work, and still, so far, the victor. Past the trees, past the ness, into the backwater, out of it. "Can I get round that awful point?" Even so, the bridge is within 200 yards, and there is little chance in such a stream of being able to stop the fish above it. I think that point was then impassable—not to be got round, in hot blood or cold. The fish is far away in the deep racing stream: the backing is flying out, the reel-handle a blurred mass: if you were to touch the line now it would cut you to the very bone. Pressure on the side-plate,—more pressure, more still: a little slacking of the whirr: the butt to the fish, the top far back over your shoulder,—a miracle if it stops him, but such have happened. The hand now on the line, tighter, tighter still; the rod bent to a circle and furiously dragged at till you feel the middle joint must go if the top stands: then a momentary and most tremendous tension, and then sudden ease: the rod flies straight.

So he was broken, the word conveying in this case of course nothing of disgrace: you want a steel wire at such a crisis: something better than the entrails of a worm. We met and mourned together: my experience had been heart-breaking,

though nothing to his. But my time was to come.

Two days later I started at a big deep pool, fished by casting or throwing from a boat. It was full of swirls and eddies and cross-currents, caused by the salmon-trap at the head and its approaches: these had spoilt the pool, and flies worked badly and untruly in it. One fish killed and one lost was my account here so far. Fly did as usual, nothing; but at the third or fourth cast with prawn I hooked a salmon. He gave me no time to observe the formula of letting out slack line and then striking hard: he bolted off at once, and we thought that very likely he was only lightly held and would get off. The more deliberate appropriation of a prawn promises best. The fish was far below us when he took the bait, and the line, taut for a few moments, was soon slack enough; for he came right up-stream as hard as he could go, and very much faster than I could reel up, and actually passed under the stern of the boat. Its nearness alarmed him, and he turned and went as hard down again. We saw a mighty back-fin cutting through the water like a torpedo, and for some seconds there was an appalling uncertainty as to whether he was on or off; then the half-gathered-in line was straightened and a good deal more run out. For some few minutes I had the usual pleasant give-and-take, and then he made a violent rush out of the pool and started

off on what proved to be a long journey down the river. So out of rough Laxigar, with its possibly awkward stump-guarded little island at the tail, we followed in the boat with fairly comfortable minds. The trace was a very strong treble one of excellent gut; the spinning-line had just been well tested, and found unbreakable with any reasonable strain; the hooks were big and sharp; and the water below us was of a safe and pleasant nature, with no fosses to stop us. There was no reason why, with a little care, we should not follow the fish to the fiord miles away, if he was minded to go there. We had to follow him far enough. He went in rapid and yet stately fashion through the long reach of "Church," and at the top of the next pool, "Bank," stopped in a small bit of deep water guarded, save for a narrow inlet and outlet, by shallows. The river was big that day; if it had been small very likely the fish would never have left the pool where he first met us, or leaving Laxigar, he would have probably given us an opportunity of killing him in "Church," and then this history need not have been written. But he fell under the spell of the heavy water. I had a very anxious time in that shallow protected place where he stopped. It was close to the shore; but I had to keep in the boat, for the land was an island some 200 yards long, and if I had got out and he had made up his

mind to go down, he would certainly have broken me. For a long time the fish was afraid to go down owing to the thin water and unwilling to go up, and for twenty minutes or half an hour we were practically anchored by him. He sulked in the deep hole so close that the top of the long trace was nearly always out of the water, and if, with all the strain I could put on him, he was shifted a yard or two he at once got back to his old place. The water above and below was fairly rapid, and it was not easy to hold a boat in it; but after a time my gaffer (Mons) tried it, and we got above the fish, and on the far side, and then below him. And ever as the extra strain moved him a little, and we thought he would go down, back he went to his old quarters. He was so near that Mons could almost reach him with an oar; but the salmon paid extraordinary little attention to all the pokings and splashings which were administered to him. He stood still, or moved a yard or two, and felt as a heavy log of wood or as a water-logged cask might feel. Once I caught a glimpse of his long shadowy form, and by this time we knew we had to do with something very heavy.

At last, after making both fisherman and boatman very anxious and irritated, he worked his way out by a narrow channel into deep water, and we, rejoicing, followed him. He passed swiftly through "Bank," through "Boyces," and at the bottom

of this pool we landed, and got on to ideal ground for following a big fish. For hundreds of yards the river ran now, on our side, by a smooth grassy lily-of-the-valley-covered bank, where you could go at any speed, and keep on level and equal terms with your salmon. He passed through the tail of "Boyces," and into the swiftly running but steady stream of "Cut bushes." Two hundred yards or so of this led into a pool called "Kirkeide," and at the lower end of this latter is a huge backwater, a most desirable and suitable place for landing a tired fish. We had come the best part of a mile: the long continuous strain was telling on him: he still kept well out in the stream, but his strong rushes had ceased, and as we neared a place in the bank where a few days before I had landed a 27-pounder, I thought that we might be able to doubly mark it by also getting ashore this much greater prize. But the salmon was still too strong and too far out in the stream to come in here.

And now surely never had anglers a better opportunity of gauging, before they handled, their possible prize. The short sight he gave us of him when he passed under the boat told us little: the glimpse caught of him when sulking, nothing, but that he was big. The weight test on the arms was a very fallible one: a 30-pounder in a stream feels very heavy. But when he got into the clear smooth water above "Kirk-eide" we saw him almost as

plainly as if he had been on the bank. For a hundred yards or more we could see his every movement: follow the line till it went into the water and joined the trace: follow still the trace leading fair up to his mouth, so disproving what at times we had been afraid of—that he was foul-hooked. The great, pale, silvery-green, symmetrical form shone ghostly-like, but with wonderful distinctness, in the dark emerald-green water. We could see his fins working: now and then pulling impatiently, as it were, at his reins, and sometimes, turning half over, showing the ridge of his back. He might lunge about, and give some trouble at the landing, but his real fighting was over: he was becoming tractable, and could be led instead of leading us.

And we began to make almost sure of him. That men who had fished for many years and quoted half a dozen sayings about premature confidence should ever allow themselves to be sure of a salmon before he was on the bank shows to what a pitch ignorance and presumption can lead mortals. We knew the strength of the tackle. We knew by this time that the fish must be well hooked: we saw ever coming nearer the calm smooth backwater into which he was to be gently and yet firmly towed, and if he should manage to struggle still farther down, we had the boat still with us, dragged behind by a keenly interested farmer, who had left his hay-making to see the sport. With

audacity, which no doubt deserved punishment, we even speculated on his weight. "He is a very big fish," said Mons. "I think he is bigger than P.'s,"—a 48-pounder which my man had gaffed the year before.

And then—without a struggle or jerk—with no extra strain put on it, the rod-top, which for the best part of an hour had formed a fair and beautiful bow, flew straight. The fish was free! So done was he that for perhaps eight or ten seconds he stood almost in the same place, giving ample time if he had been nearer the bank for an active man to run down and gaff him even yet. He stood so, almost motionless, and then slowly disappeared into deep water. The splendid trace had parted: either in the hole where he had sulked so long, or, more likely, when he made his first wild rush upstream in Laxigar, the gut must have got a terrible rub on a rock.

So the long struggle ended. This was the greatest calamity of my fishing life—the greatest blow of the kind I have ever received. He was so very nearly ours: a great triumph was so very close.

To be suddenly divorced from a very big salmon after a long fight is—in this country at least—the greatest misfortune which can happen to a sportsman: one which admits of no hope, or possible later victory. To miss an extremely good stag is a bitter experience, but then, before the day is over, you may get at him again in

a better place, and kill him; you may come across him the next week, or the next season. But when a big fish gets off, he is to all intents and purposes lost to you for ever. In one small fraction of a second you jump from the highest hope to the blankest despair. Once in some blue moon a man may catch a fish in which the broken tackle of a previous day still remains, but the chance is not worth considering: if after an hour's fight you part company, it is as well to realise that you part company for ever. Some one, maybe in the autumn, may catch that salmon, with a great bony hook in his lower jaw, and far gone in weight; but even if that man was you, the captured one would be far different from the splendid sea-fresh monster which triumphed over you in July.

Then came the idle, useless, miserable speculations as to weight—our gaffers were, as I have said, used to seeing big fish, and were wonderfully good judges of size, before the steel-yard was applied. "I think that fish is 28 lb." "I fear he not more than 26," and about the latter figure he was pretty sure to be. I remember one night the three men each guessed, separately, exactly the weight of a 30-pounder. But I shall be told, and of course rightly told, that for even the most experienced the guessing

of the size of a salmon on the shore and in the water, no matter how clearly seen, is a very different thing. We thought our lost salmon might be caught by the netters in the still water below, or in some trap above, when, if met with soon, he would be recognisable by my tackle, and in that case I offered to buy him at market price, and pay a handsome sum in addition. But we heard and saw nothing of him, unless he was the "Stor Lax," which, a day or two afterwards, went through an angry man's net as if it had been paper, or the still greater one of which a glimpse was seen higher up the river a few days afterwards, jumping in an inaccessible hole.

A question which was in continual debate amongst us, especially when the river was big, was, How far is it possible to hold a heavy fish and keep him in a certain place when he makes up his mind to leave it? One day Sivert, and a lady fishing with him, saw a very big salmon indeed jump clean out of the water in a pool from which it is practically impossible to go down. The former—a man used to big fish all his life, and not in the least given to exaggeration—set down this fish, which he saw very clearly, as being quite 60 lb.¹

In this particular pool we all discarded spinning-rods and light lines. I used a very

¹ A week or so after we left, a Norwegian gentleman got hold of a salmon in the river, which he lost after a three-hour struggle, the fish going down for probably three-quarters of a mile. It was set down at 30 kilos—a good bit over 60 lb.

powerful greenheart, with the thickest Kelson line made, and a trace which was probably as strong as the Kelson—that is, practically unbreakable. The reel was screwed up to its highest tension. Now, supposing a fish of this size was to be hooked firmly with a big fly, we had little doubt what the result would be if he put forth all his strength. The iron would be the weakest link in the chain, and it would go. But a 60-pounder is not likely to take a fly, especially in such a confused jumble of a pool as this was: supposing he took a prawn, or two prawns rather, tied on first-rate, big, well-tempered hooks, how would the fisherman stand in the fight which would then take place? I think this would depend almost entirely on whether that fight was a long or a short one. A big fish, dealt with strongly and masterfully from the very first, often seems to lose heart, and it might be possible to swing him in within reach of the gaff before he knew he was in danger: ordinary-sized salmon in this particular pool were often so treated. The night after I wrote this, one of the two ladies of our party hooked a fish in this very pool on a strong trace and a No. 7 Durham Ranger. She was wading in fairly deep and strongly running water, and very wisely gave the rod to Sivert, her gaffer, who was standing close to her, and made the best of her way to shore. He following the fish for a few yards instead of

giving it any line, hauled it almost by main force into a tiny bit of slack water, and the salmon, bewildered and not realising its position, lay here long enough for the hastily brought gaff to be exchanged for the rod, and it was got ashore in about three minutes, a fresh-run 19-pounder. Once from the Bridge of Awe, on the famous river of that name, I and a friend fishing with me saw a salmon lying in a bit of slack water some 60 yards below us, waiting to run up. We were high above it. He held the rod over the bridge, with its point perpendicularly down, and I, keeping my eye on the plainly seen 18-lb. fish, pulled out the line yard by yard till the fly, swaying about, reached it, and was promptly taken. The fish immediately ran up-stream under the bridge; we ran off it, and below, hauled it down, and it was gaffed and on the bank within three minutes by a watch. But such work as this is a happy accident, a chance, not the legitimate prolonged battle we discussed. Granted the 60-pounder, or, to make things sound more probable, a good 40-pounder, well on, deeply hooked with absolutely reliable tackle, in a small bit of comparatively calm water, and a raging torrent all round, above and below, and no possibility of following anything that goes out of it, what are you to do? It may be taken for granted that if such a fish made a determined bolt the moment he was hooked, he would have such a

little way to go that he would be out of the pool and into a wild mass of white water before he could be stopped. I hooked one night in a reasonable place a small fish which did this. He made, without the delay of a second, a furious rush out into a strong stream, and went some 400 yards or so without a moment's check. I have had to do with many wild fish, both small and great, but never with such a one as this, and I have never had a reel "screech"—if that is the legitimate word to use—as my reel did then. There was no difficulty in following, except a steep bit of bank to run up now and then; but the fish went so quick that he very soon completely took what I believe is called one's "first" wind, and I had no time to take in a second supply, and in a very short time I was absolutely and completely done for the time, and quite incapable of following on at all; and if my gaffer had not been close at hand to take the rod, I should have been disgracefully broken in the open, and without any excuse. In more than thirty years' fishing I have never experienced anything of this kind, and I could not—till it happened—have believed that any fish, big or small, could have made such an example of a fairly strong man in good condition. Mons had then to go at his topmost speed for a long way, and it was a day before he quite got over the pumping operation he went through. The salmon

had fully 150 yards of line out when he was stopped. He only weighed 16 lb., and must, I think, have been hooked in some exceedingly tender part of his mouth. I was fishing with only ordinary strong tackle, and had no reason or object in being too hard on the salmon, but I am quite sure that if I had been armed with unbreakable stuff, and had tried to check that run, which began the instant he was hooked, something would have smashed: the rod, if gut and line and hook had all stood. And if a real monster was to play the same game, and be off at once down some water where he could not be followed, he would in a few seconds run out all the line, and break it at the reel, or cut it when so far below you. But if this big fish, instead of being in such a frantic hurry, was to hesitate, and ponder, maybe, on his position, and wonder what it was that had hold of him, and what it was best for him to do—if he were to give you, the fisherman, even a few seconds' time, then would come your chance and opportunity. Last night—I write these notes by the river—I hooked a good fish in a deep run above another bridge, just where the water left the lake in a strong stream. The arches of this bridge were only three or four feet high, and it was impossible to get through them even without a rod, and the rock on which you stood was isolated and you could not get up to the lake, and so a fish hooked here had to be played and killed—or lost—without your being able to

move. The salmon deliberated a moment or two, and let me get tight hold of him, and then tried to make a rush to get under the bridge, and I stopped him by sheer force within a couple of yards of it, and then he bolted up towards the lake, and I stopped him again. I was using the powerful, almost unbreakable, tackle described as necessary for the famous pool below, and consider that I was sure of that fish if the hold had been a good one, having twice stopped him by sheer force, and so disheartened him; but he was lightly hooked, and got off, leaping high out of the water just before his escape. He seemed to be about 25 lb.

This bridge hole was not much use to us; but two or three days later one of the ladies got hold of another fish here, and held him tight at the right time. This one was well hooked, and very likely would have been landed, but in one of his short runs he managed to get the strong reel line across a very sharp sunken rock, and it went as if it had been a bit of worsted.

When our time came for this top beat we all fished diligently for the 60-pounder with fly and prawn. The pool where he lived, or rather where his one and only appearance had taken place, was rather a troublesome one to manage properly, for you had to stand in strong water, and casting a prawn from a salmon-rod, without a spinning-reel, is not easy for the uninitiated. The bottom was bad in places, and if the leads hung up, and a break had to be

effected, that was a bit of work which required a very surprising exertion of strength indeed, and made the hauler feel that he might have a sublime confidence in his trace if he had anything on it better than a rock.

The ladies of our party were for the most part fortunate. One of them killed by fair fishing, and with no advantage given her, more fish than any one else—twenty—and the other hooked and landed the heaviest we got this year—a 34-pounder, with fly. But they had their ups and downs: a broken spoon-ring cost the first a very fine salmon, after half an hour's play in the lake, and the latter lost three fish in one night. "I am the most miserable woman in the world!" she cried to me when we met that midnight. Doubtless she considered herself so to be: she had then no hope of ever having any luck again. But two nights later she got two fish, and the next night her 34-pounder. To finish up this tale of calamities, her husband, after beginning very well, parted with a heavy fish in a pool which seldom gave anything, and the next night, when none of us had any adventures, got hold of three good salmon and lost them all.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear one say, who has lost something which it was a great trouble to him to lose, that he would have given his little finger to have got it; and many a one has honestly felt this, for example, as he helplessly

watched the best stag of the season disappear unscathed over a skyline. But it is, for reasons given earlier, much more trying to lose a very big fish than a deer. As there is nothing which in a moment makes a tired, despondent, perhaps hopeless, man suddenly become alert and keen as the hooking of a big fish, so there can be few things more appalling than the sudden losing of him when he is nearly done. There is no gradation, or slowing down as it were: the gap is immediate and immense. He is on, and you are full of the most exhilarating hope: he is off, and with the speed of light blank misery is upon you. I do not know what the sensation of losing a fine lion would be like, except that it would certainly be an unpleasant one; but if the life of a man depended on it, it would be very much easier for him to go to Africa, and stay there till he shot a very fine lion indeed, than, in any part of the world within a given time, make sure of killing a 50-lb. salmon with rod and line. It is fortunate for our race that the rash offers to sacrifice parts of our persons which we sometimes make in emergencies are not taken literally, or we should rarely see any one keen about shooting or fishing going about unmaimed. But let no one think that the offer of sacrifice is called forth by a little thing: the sudden straightening of a rod when a 30- or even a 40-pounder gets free is a dire misfortune, though one to be got over in time; but the two or

three occasions in a man's life when he is given a greater chance than this, and it does not come off, are marks by which he will sometimes measure the years.

I once lost two very heavy fish in the same week, both hooked in the "Seal" pool of the Awe. I kept a heavy strain on the first with a powerful rod for an hour, but never saw him, and then he went down and cut me on some bad rocks below. Two days later I played the second fish in the same place for nearly the same time, and then he too went down and got the line round a rock in the middle of the river. I gave the rod to the man who was with me, and climbed high up on the hillside, and then I clearly saw the salmon, lying motionless close to the far side of the stone in a bit of quiet water. I went a hundred yards above him and waded out and worked away till by chance my line came clear, and he went on down the river; but by the time I got back to land and was able to follow on and reel in the long line which was out, he got across another of those places which in this part of the river have saved so many fishes' lives, and cut me. I saw him very plainly in the slack water by the stone, though of course not nearly so well as the lost Norway one, and I believe that these two were the heaviest salmon I have ever hooked.

Salmon naturally were to us the chief topic of conversation, as they were our chief

article of food; and next to salmon we were, or I was, chiefly interested in bears. Bears are not at all plentiful in this part of Norway, yet we occasionally come within measurable distance of them. At an inn where we lunched one day, when driving to the river, we just missed seeing the skin of one which had been killed the week before. Then there was pointed out to us a place where a few years before a poor hunter had been mistaken for a bear when beating for the game, and two of his companions had fired at him as he crouched in some scrub, their bullets going through both his shoulders. The man was terribly injured, but he is still alive. A day or two later we came still nearer to a bear, for he crossed the river within half a mile of where we were staying: about midnight two belated girls coming home saw a big animal swimming over, and did not realise till he got out of the water and shook himself what sort of a beast he was. He was traced in the morning through the fields, and within a few yards of the "Fredheim" of the village, and a feeble attempt was made to pursue him over the mountains, but no good "bear-dog" was available, and he escaped. One

midnight, as we walked home to the lodge through the heavily hay-scented air, Sivert told us a grim story of long ago, which he was careful to say he did not vouch for, though he "had seen the cave." A man committed a murder, and was captured. It was in the late autumn, and the local bear had taken up his habitation in his hole for his long winter and spring siesta. The authorities, instead of executing the criminal themselves, ordained that chance should settle his fate, and not they, and put him into the cave, to keep company with its shaggy tenant, on the understanding that if he was devoured it would be well, or if, when a certain time in spring came, and he was in a condition to come out, it would be well also. So here the murderer spent the dark months; his wife brought him food and drink, and he sat, we may be sure, very quietly, and did nothing to disturb his unpleasant bedfellow, and Sivert assured us that when the sap began to run up the birches he came out unharmed.

Some of us would almost have risked a night in that cave if the doing so would have given us the great fish we had lost.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

"SALLY": A STUDY.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.

XI.

It was in this spirit of intense exaltation that Saleh went with the young Fairfaxes to the ball at Aston Manor-House. Harry undertook to chaperon his sisters, but was far too busy to look after any one save himself and certain young ladies who claimed his attention. Alice and Sibyl, therefore, were left completely to their own devices, and the former chose, in obedience to some momentary whim, to give a large share of her dances to Saleh, an act which bore him aloft on the wings of delight. I have said that he danced beautifully, and upon this evening the haunting suspicion of inferiority was forgotten. The music, the bright lights, the sheen of soft silks, the rustle of women's skirts, the glitter and movement, elated and excited him. The open preference for himself which he thought to detect in Alice's favours intoxicated him. Reason had ceased to whisper its sombre warnings in his ears. A divine certainty of success was his. A tag of verse, committed to memory laboriously at Mr Le Mesurier's bidding, sorely against the grain, came to his mind:—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

He would test his fate to-night!

But, for all his new-born confidence, the courage was for the moment lacking. Perhaps he feared to jeopardise such joy as was already his; perhaps, almost unknown to him, the conviction that the risk of failure was great still lingered; perhaps Alice's complete unconsciousness of the feelings with which she had inspired him had a certain repressive effect of which he was unaware. Whatever the reason, however, he danced the first four dances that she had given him without suffering a word to escape him that could prepare her for what was to come, and this though his mind was made up, and his determination to tempt Providence unshaken. Reluctantly he yielded her up to another partner, and saw her float lightly away in his arms. Then he stood with his back against a door-post watching her animated face and graceful figure, and dreaming of the hopes that centred in her.

A hand laid suddenly upon his arm caused him to return to the things of the gross earth with a shock, and looking round he saw the little Princess standing by him. She was in evening dress, with a bodice of crimson satin cut low and trimmed with black chiffon; and with a kind of inward shrinking Saleh noted how

dark the skin of her neck looked by gaslight, and how swarthy were the arms now bared to the shoulder. She had a string of marvellous pearls round her neck, great gold bracelets on her wrists, and a second string of pearls twisted in and out among the black masses of her hair. Her great eyes were looking at him with a sort of elfish amusement.

"How do you do?" she said. "You are not dancing now?"

"No," said Saleh; "but I am engaged to dance presently."

"With Alice Fairfax, I suppose," she said mischievously; "but as she is dancing with some one else now, you had better come and sit out with me."

"Thank you," said Saleh, with very little of gratitude in his voice; "but won't you dance instead."

"No, thank you. I don't want to dance with you. These horrid people would laugh if they saw us dancing together. Besides, it wouldn't be proper, and I want to talk to you."

She led the way into one of the sitting-out rooms, and Saleh reluctantly followed. She had not seemed to notice the arm which he tentatively offered, and inconsequently enough Saleh felt hurt by the fact, though he lacked the perception to understand that this little Oriental shrank instinctively from allowing a fellow-Asiatic of the opposite sex to touch her, as any white man might have done without offence.

She threw herself down in the corner of a vast Chesterfield, arranging her skirts with a sort

of cosy feline movement vaguely suggestive of her Eastern origin. Saleh seated himself beside her, pulling up the knees of his well-cut evening trousers, and crossing his neat little feet in their pumps and silk stockings.

"I was rude and unkind the other day," she began, "but you angered me. Now I am going to be rude again, but it is because I want to be kind. You think that you are in love with Alice Fairfax."

"How do you know?" asked Saleh, unconscious of the admission he was making.

The little Princess laughed.

"I know because I am not blind," she said. "Do you remember that I told you you were like one of my hounds? Well, if you could have seen yourself as you stood looking at her from that doorway, you would have needed no telling. Your eyes were following her about slavishly—just like a dog's. Now,"—as Saleh would have interrupted,— "don't be angry. I do not mean to be rude. After all, she is so nice that you would not mind being *her* dog, would you?"

"No," said Saleh. Though his dislike of the little Princess was no whit diminished, to talk even to her about Alice was in itself pleasurable.

"I know," she resumed, "and that is why I am sorry for you, and why I am talking to you now. Listen. You love her so much that you would ask her to marry you—isn't it so?"

"Yes," answered Saleh. "I mean to ask her."

"And I say that you shall do nothing of the kind!" cried the

little Princess, with all the fire that she had shown at their first interview. "You do not know these English as I know them. They despise us: they call us 'niggers.' Oh, I know what you would say,—that they treat us civilly, that you and I are guests here to-night, are received by them on equal terms. But that is nothing. Up to a point they can make-believe to regard us as human beings, but only up to a certain point. They will talk with us, laugh with us, flirt with us, perhaps, but they will not wed with us! I know."

"But your brother, Prince Alexander, he has married an English girl. I have heard people talk of it," objected Saleh.

"And how have you heard them talk of it,—with disgust, with horror,—as a degradation, a disgrace!"

The conversation at the Fairfax lunch-table recurred to Saleh's memory, fraught suddenly with a new meaning.

"I had not thought of it in that way," he said haltingly.

"And the girl my brother married was not like Alice Fairfax. She fell in love with his good looks, and when once a woman has got over something that is repellent to her, her passion is stronger than any ordinary feeling—while it lasts. It is morbid, and all morbid things are more violent than nature, because they have beaten nature before they have prevailed. I am sorry for my brother now."

"Why?"

"Because morbid passions

are short-lived. But Alice is not like that. She is just an ordinary commonplace English girl,—not in the least like the angel you fancy her, but even more unlike the neurotic morbid creature who is my brother's wife. She would never do what my sister-in-law did, and though I hate her for it, I know that the reason is that she is more normal, more healthy, and could not sin against her nature, even if she would."

"If you are going to abuse Alice I won't listen to you," said Saleh sullenly, drawing away from her.

"I am not abusing her. Can't you understand that I am praising her—as she would account praise? She would say that my brother's wife was a degraded, horrid woman."

"She did," said Saleh musingly, blurting out the truth unthinkingly, more to himself than to his hearer.

The little Princess sprang into a more upright attitude, her cheeks darkened by the rush of blood under her skin, her eyes flashing with fury.

"She said that?" she exclaimed. "The hateful, proud wretch! But I knew it, I knew it, and . . . and she was right! Nature did not mean brown folk and white to mate together: it is contrary to her law. In the East we Orientals feel the same repulsion: it is only those of us who are morbid, depraved, debased, who can overcome the repugnance inspired by the pale faces, which are like nothing so much as animated corpses, since death bleaches the colour out of our

cheeks; but people like you and me who have been brought up here in England have been robbed even of our nature. To us that which should be horrible has become natural, even attractive, it may be. The English, who have taken so much from us, have taken that too. We cannot even keep our taste, our judgment."

"But they give us something in exchange," said Saleh. "I could never have felt about a girl as . . . as I feel about Alice—not if I had remained in the East, not if I had never come to England."

"And is that anything to be thankful for?" cried the little Princess, in bitter derision. "Can you be glad because you have been taught to feel as you ought not to feel, because you have learned to want what you cannot have?"

"But . . . you may be wrong. You hate the English, and you misjudge them." Saleh longed to convince himself, but the miserable doubts which of late had taken root in his mind had sprung up now into sudden maturity with the speed of Jack's beanstalk, were flourishing luxuriantly, bearing a heavy crop of bitter fruit.

"I do not misjudge them in this. I *know*—I have good reason to know," the girl replied, her voice vibrating with passion. "Listen. If I had lived all my life in India,—if the English had not robbed us, depriving us even of the surroundings which should have been ours by right of nature and inheritance,—I should have scorned to think of a European

with love. I should have felt about white people as . . . as they now feel about *us*. But I grew up here. I have never been to India. I have been made to associate with English people all my life, and so . . . so . . . when love came to me, it was . . . through an Englishman." Her voice was subdued to a whisper—a whisper that vibrated with intense passion. Saleh followed her words with an eager and painful excitement.

"Are you speaking of a man called Fred Castle?" he asked.

The girl gave a little inarticulate cry of pain, such as might have escaped from a tortured animal.

"Who told you?" She seemed to scream the words, though her voice was still hushed.

"I heard the Fairfaxes talking about it," replied Saleh, "but I did not understand. I mean that I did not know that it meant so much."

The little Princess wrung her hands, and then clasping them together, let them fall into her lap. Saleh noticed that the knuckles stood out white and prominent, the skin strained over them by the violence with which the fingers were pressed into the palms. For a moment or two there was silence between them. Then the girl spoke again.

"I might have known," she said, and in her tone there was a sort of desperate rage and impotence. "I might have known that people talked of it and . . . laughed. I was not spared even that humilia-

tion. To them it is something 'funny'—a jest, a good story!

"Yes: it was Fred Castle. I was fool enough to love him, and he—he loved me." She spoke the words softly, as though even in her pain the memory brought to her some measure of comfort. "But . . . he could not do it. He was too weak, and public opinion was too strong. He went away to India—and people said, I suppose, that 'he was well out of it,' and laughed at *me*!" Again she wrung her hands in that odd un-English fashion. Again she restrained her gestures with obvious effort, and clasped her writhing fingers in her lap.

"Why could not the English have left us alone!" she almost wailed. "I could have been so happy if I had been left alone!"

"You don't know what the life of women in the East is," said Saleh, bent on consoling her, for his sympathies were awakened suddenly by the sight of her pain. "If you had been born and bred in India, you would have been shut up behind the curtain all your life. You would not have been able to go about as you do in Richmond Park. You could not have gone to balls, or have played hockey, or . . . or anything."

The little Princess laughed a discordant laugh.

"How appalling!" she exclaimed, with bitter sarcasm. "No walks, no balls, no hockey! What immense privileges to have lost! And what sorry things I should have had in

their place! Only love, and marriage, and . . . and motherhood, perhaps! Only everything!"

Again the silence fell, and in the distance came the soft strains of a valse tune and the faint sound of dancing feet. Saleh felt that he had nothing of comfort to offer to her, and that he himself was all on edge from listening to her words. Yet even now he hoped against hope that her case might be unique, that it might have no special application to his own circumstances. An uneasy feeling impelled him to ask a question.

"Why do you tell me all this?"

"Because you ought to know. Because I do not want these English to have something else to laugh about. You do not belong to India, but you are a 'nigger' too, just as I am." She laid a stress that was fierce upon the word, and Saleh winced.

"If you speak of love and marriage to Alice Fairfax, she will laugh at you. It will be one more humiliation for us all. I don't mean that to happen, if I can do anything to prevent it."

"She wouldn't laugh," said Saleh indignantly. "You do not know. She likes me, I am sure. She is so sweet, so kind. She couldn't be cruel if she tried."

The dance had ended, and the couples were beginning to overflow into the sitting-out rooms. The little Princess rose suddenly.

"Take me over there," she

said, indicating two vacant seats, the backs of which rested against a tall screen. She led the way, and Saleh again followed her obediently. Somehow her talk, though it made him uneasy, miserable, fascinated him, much as a snake fascinates a bird. They seated themselves in the places she had selected, and the little Princess spoke again, sinking her voice to the lowest of whispers.

"You say that she is kind to you,—you fancy that she is fond of you. I know what that is worth. She is much kinder to you than to any Englishman with whom you have seen her. Isn't that so?"

"I think she is," said Saleh, with something of triumph in his voice.

"Kinder, for instance, than she is to Major Dalton?" pursued the little Princess.

"Yes—much," said Saleh joyfully. "She certainly likes me better than Major Dalton."

"That does not follow," said the little Princess blighting. Her sex gave her the intuition which poor Saleh lacked. "She is nicer to you than to anybody. Do you know why? It is because you *matter less*. Because, being only a 'nigger,' you do not seem to her to stand on the same footing as other men. She thinks she can be kind to you without danger of seeming too kind. She can't imagine a mere 'nigger' even daring to fall in love with her!"

She spoke brutally, tauntingly, as though she took pleasure in the pain she was

inflicting; and Saleh interrupted her with an angry exclamation, that broke in upon her tense sibilant whisper.

"It is a lie!" he said. "I won't believe it. She isn't like that. You don't know her."

"Hush!" said the little Princess. "Hush!"

Saleh obeyed her mechanically, and in the silence that followed he became conscious for the first time of voices on the other side of the screen. He had been so wrapped up in his own affairs, his own painful emotions, that hitherto he had been totally unaware of all that was going on around him. A man's voice was speaking.

"I suppose you wanted to hurt me," it said. "You have given him four dances already."

"And why shouldn't I?" came the reply, in the low murmur of musical feminine speech. "He is our guest, you know."

The man's voice grumbled something that Saleh could not catch.

"You mustn't say that about him," the girl's voice objected.

"But it's true," said the man. "I should hate it if you flirted with any one—but to flirt with a thing like that!"

"How can you say such a thing—such a hateful thing?" cried the girl, with real indignation in her voice. "I have never flirted in my life. But to flirt with a poor little creature like that! Why, the idea's horrible. How can you

think such a thing of me? How can you?"

"It is all very well; but if you don't call it flirting to dance four dances with the same man out of the first half-dozen, I'm at a loss for a definition."

"But he's different. Nobody could flirt with him. Oh, it's dreadful that you should think such a thing possible!"

"Of course I have no right to object," said the man's voice sulkily. "But the little beast is head over ears in love with you. You can't pretend to be blind to that obvious fact."

"He is nothing of the sort. He wouldn't dream of such a thing. It would be an insult. He wouldn't dare to feel like that."

"And I suppose you are going to give him some more dances presently?" hazarded the man, still sulkily.

"I was going to give him one," replied the girl hesitatingly. "But . . . but . . ."

"Don't," pleaded the man. "Don't, Alice; I can't bear it. You must know. I care so much—so terribly."

There was the sound of a little happy sigh. Then very softly—

"Do you?" said the girl's voice.

"Yes—you know I do. And, dear, I don't want only this; I want—just everything. Do you care a little?"

The inaudible answer was accompanied again by that sigh of happiness, and then there was a silence through which Saleh sat rigid like one turned to stone.

"But you really were mistaken about him," the girl's voice said presently, in eager explanation. "He didn't look at things in that way at all, any more than I did. Don't you see that such a thing was impossible—quite impossible?"

"Well, we won't bother about him; but you mustn't give him that dance, Alice," said the man masterfully, with a ring of joy in his voice. "You see the little beggar is a man for all he is a nigger, and I can't allow my queen to become the idol of even a savage's worship."

"I am your High Mightiness's very humble servant," said the girl with a gay laugh, "so of course I must do the bidding of my lord and master. You shall have the dance yourself. You see I am beginning to honour and obey already!"

"But I want you to love too. Do you? Just a little?"

The opening bars of a new valse drowned her soft reply, and Saleh, suddenly conscious of what he had been doing, sprang to his feet, and turned a face, grey under its brown skin, upon the little Princess.

"You brought me here on purpose!" he said, in a voice of concentrated passion. "You have made me behave like a cad!"

The little Princess rose too, and laid a hand upon his coat-sleeve.

"Yes, I brought you here on purpose, though of course I did not know what you would have to listen to. It was Alice Fairfax and Major Dalton. I am very sorry for you—sorry for

your pain. I—I have been through it all myself. There is nothing to be said, but at any rate you are convinced; at any rate you will be spared the humiliation which was in store for you; at any rate you will not make an exhibition of yourself—as I did! There is nothing for any one to laugh and mock at now. Let that comfort you. We brown people have 'given ourselves away' enough, and often enough, without you adding to the list. But I am sorry, dreadfully sorry, and now you will understand how much you owe to the English. Oh, why can't they let us alone!"

"It is not the English," cried Saleh in a choking voice. "It is not the English! It is we ourselves who are all wrong! Oh, why was I ever born, why was I ever born! *Allah-hu! Allah-hu!*" Unconsciously in his grief he made use of the cry of his own people. At that moment he felt himself to have reverted suddenly to the condition of the Oriental, to be utterly an alien.

The little Princess watched him critically, noting how in the extremity of his pain the veneer which the white folk had superadded was stripped from him, and from her heart she was glad because the brown humanity they shared in common had not been exposed in his person to wanton insult. His individual agony signified little in her estimation. That was his affair, and he must make with it the best terms he might. What really mattered was that he had,

through her agency, been spared the humiliation of an inevitable rebuff, which, as being, in a sense, a triumph gained by the white race at the expense of the suffering Oriental, would have mortified her also by proxy.

"Don't let them see. Whatever you do, don't let them know," she pleaded now, earnestly, eagerly, half-entreating, half-commanding. "Don't let this English girl understand that she has hurt you, that she has had the power to wound you. Don't let the English have that satisfaction too! Learn to hate them and to make others hate them, as I do!"

"I don't hate them!" cried Saleh. "I hate myself, because I can't be one of them,—because I am all wrong, made all wrong from the beginning; and I hate you, because you are hateful, and cruel, and wicked, and . . ."

He broke off, stuttering and gesticulating. His hand flew to his belt, and grabbed at vacancy just above his left hip. The movement was due to a slumbering instinct suddenly awakened, and had the *kris* he sought been in its place it would in that instant have gone hard with the little Princess, and Saleh, thrown back with a jerk upon his Malayan nature, might have run *amok* through that English ballroom, his *sorak* clanging discordantly through the voluptuous dance-music, his weapon stabbing indiscriminately the staid white shirt-fronts of men and the dainty frocks of screaming women.

The little Princess watched him with a kind of interested contempt. The traditions of her people had taught her to look for stoicism in a man, and a sneer curled her lips as she noted his working features and his frantic gesticulations.

"Even if you are a 'nigger' don't let them . . ." she began, but she got no further. Saleh's hand came away empty from his hip, then was lifted above his head, and an instant later was dashed into her face, wiping from it as by magic the half-pitying, half-jeering smile with which she was regarding him.

He had acted on the impulse of the moment, acted in direct defiance of all that he had learned since his arrival in England, but in obedience to the inherited instinct that held the brown woman as a chattel, and bade him chastise her when insolent. It was the stirring within him of the Malayan soul that had so long been lulled in anæsthesia; a stirring made more violent by the truth so abruptly, so mercilessly revealed, that his transformation into a white man—a transformation he had fondly believed to be triumphantly complete—was only a

mockery, a sham. The bitter realisation of his racial inferiority was upon him now in all its fulness, and while it inspired him with self-loathing, causing him to feel that, as he had phrased it, he was "made all wrong," it aroused in him a certain savage lust to give free play to his lower impulses. If he could not rise to the level after which he had yearned, he would put no further restraint upon himself. He did not argue, he felt; and so his hand fell and the blow brought him an instant's relief. If he could not kill, at least he could inflict pain! Then he turned away, and passed through an open French window out into the night.

The little Princess was left alone in the deserted room, with one hand pressed to her smarting cheek. She felt dizzy, and physically sick with anger and indignation; yet in her too the blow had struck a chord of inherited memory, and though she would gladly have seen Saleh torn to pieces in punishment for that which he had done, he excited in her, for the first time in their intercourse, something of respect, and even of admiration.

(To be continued.)

HERALDRY.

IT may be remembered by readers of 'Rob Roy' that on a certain Sunday afternoon—an afternoon of ineffable boredom—Sir Hildebrand Osbaldiston's sons disperse "to the pastimes to which their minds severally inclined them,"—Percie to discuss a pot of March beer with the steward, Thorncliff to cut a pair of cudgels, John to dress Mayflies, Dickon to play at pitch-and-toss by himself, and Wilfrid to bite his thumbs and hum himself into a slumber,—while the good knight himself, after a passage of arms with that arch dissembler Rashleigh, whom he both fears and distrusts, abruptly exclaims: "Have a care, thou provena too cunning for thyself—two faces under one hood is no true heraldry. And since we talk of heraldry, I'll go and read Guillim." The modern country squire has probably never heard of 'Guillim,' much less read that classical volume; and if by chance he unearthed it from the dusty shelves of his neglected library, the perusal of a few pages would make him end as Sir Hildebrand began, "with a yawn resistless as that of the goddess in the Dunciad." And yet to minds of a certain bent there is much that is interesting and attractive in the 'Display of Heraldry by John Guillim'—for choice, the fifth edition, dedicated "to the most august and dread sovereign, Charles

II.," and "interlaced with much variety of history." All students of the Science of Arms owe a debt of gratitude to Guillim, for his was the first attempt to systematise and illustrate the subject, and his work stands in much the same relation to Heraldry as Grimod de la Regnière's immortal treatise does to the master-science of cookery. No one goes for a recipe to the one or for a coat of arms to the other. Yet each of them is in its way a classical work, full of sententious maxims and quaint illustrations, and in Guillim's case deeply tinged with symbolism. It was as if the herald had the key to unlock the secret book of Nature, and to him only was revealed the hidden meaning of all things in heaven and earth. Each armorial bearing had its peculiar significance, not only the lion and the eagle, but the baser kind of reptiles—the scorpion and the cockatrice,—and this not only in the case of animate objects, but of flowers, metals, implements of war, and so forth; but even terrestrial bodies do not suffice him, for, as Fuller says, "he mounteth to the verie skies about Stars (but here we must call them *estoiles*) and Planets, their use and influence."

Of recent years, Heraldry, which was regarded by our ancestors as a necessary part of a liberal education, has fallen into neglect and dis-

repute. It has been described as the science of fools with long memories, or as an eccentric collection of monstrous symbols described in a barbarous jargon. And yet to the student of medieval history or architecture some knowledge of it is absolutely indispensable. Go where we will, armorial bearings in one form or another confront us at every turn. Not only are they conspicuous on family plate and the panels of carriages, as well as in our palaces and cathedrals,—in the Houses of Parliament, in Westminster Abbey, and in St George's Chapel,—but there is scarcely a country church which has not its monuments or brasses of knights and ladies with their coats of arms sculptured or engraved, telling their own tale of the family of those who repose below. Heraldry, in fact, is "history in hieroglyphics,"—or better, perhaps (as Mr Planché calls it), history in shorthand—easily deciphered by those who care to read. In Gothic architecture especially, heraldic emblems and symbols are pregnant with memories of the past. Take, for instance, the arms of some of the Cambridge colleges, and we have the whole story of their foundation. King's has the lilies granted by Henry VI.; Queen's has the arms of Margaret of Anjou, with half the kingdoms of Europe blazoned on the shield. Christ's and John's have the Beaufort arms

of Henry VII.'s mother—"the Lady Margaret,"—and Trinity has the Tudor rose and lion of Henry VIII. Gray's famous lines irresistibly occur to one, and indeed serve as a *memoria technica*:—

"Anjou's proud heroine and the paler
rose,
 The rival of her kingdom and her
woes,
 And either Henry there,—
 The martyred Saint, and the majestic
lord
 Who broke the bonds of Rome."

It is not proposed in these pages to do more than give a few illustrations of the historical side of Heraldry. Those who wish to study the science in detail will find no lack of excellent manuals, — Boutell, Barrington, and Planché—to say nothing of the sumptuous volumes in which Dr Woodward of Montrose has exhaustively treated British and Foreign Heraldry, ecclesiastical as well as secular.¹

The oldest form of "charges" on a shield was by simple lines, known as "honourable ordinaries"—a bar, a bend, a cross, a chevron, and so forth, possibly derived from portions of the warrior's dress, such as the scarf or the sword-belt. Hence it follows that the most ancient coats of arms are invariably the simplest. The shield of the Hohenzollerns is merely four quarters of *argent* and *sable*,—the black and white, so conspicuous on the sentry-boxes of Berlin. The De Veres—the most illustrious family in Eng-

¹ Another work on Heraldry on a large scale, by Mr Fox-Davies, is now in the press, and will probably appear this month.

land, if not in Europe—bore a shield “quarterly *gules* and *or*, with a *mullet argent* in the first quarter.”¹ The great house of Neville were content with a plain St Andrew’s cross—

“The silver *saltire* upon martial red.”²

The original shield of the De Valence was plain bars of blue and silver. The family of Marmion (the ancient Champions of England) bore “*vair*, a fess (thick band) *gules*,” and the Tichbornes “*vair*, a chief *or*.” It may be explained that *vair* was the bluish fur of a squirrel used for lining cloaks, and in much favour with heralds. Cinderella’s slipper was of fur (*vair*), which in the course of time got perverted into glass (*verre*).

Simple as these ancient coats of armour undoubtedly were, the right to bear them was jealously guarded by their owners; and one of the most famous lawsuits in history was that of Scrope and Grosvenor,—both claiming the right to bear a “*bend or*”—a golden bar passing diagonally across the shield,—associated in our times with the name of a famous racehorse. This trial took place towards the end of the fourteenth century before the High Court of Chivalry. It lasted five years, and the record of the proceedings fills two large folio volumes. Four hundred witnesses were ex-

amined, including the most famous names in the history of the time—John of Gaunt, Owen Glendower, Harry Percy (“Hotspur”), and Geoffrey Chaucer the poet. All the northern squires—Stanleys, Breretons, Traffords, Holfords—appeared to support the Cheshire knight, but Sir Richard Scrope’s personal influence was too strong. He was a great soldier and statesman, had fought at Cressy and Najarra, had been twice Lord Chancellor, and was the intimate friend and companion of the Black Prince. It was generally proved by the evidence of numberless witnesses as well as by deeds and charters, by the blazoning on tombs and cathedral windows, that both families had used the *bend or* since the Conquest, but the verdict of the court was in favour of Sir Richard Scrope. One thing, however, was undoubtedly proved—the antiquity of the Duke of Westminster’s family, even if we are sceptical as to the origin of the name of Grosvenor—*le Gros Veneur*—the Grand Huntsman of the Norman kings,—an office denoted in their crest of a “talbot” or dog of the chase.

Next in importance to the “ordinaries” come the animals; and of these the lion is naturally the favourite charge. But the lion of the herald is not the glorified cat of the

¹ The *mullet* is the rowel of a spur, and has five points. The star (*étoile*) has six.

² The *saltire* = *saultoir*—the gate to a deer-park, and it is suggested that the Nevilles bore this cognisance as being Wardens of the royal forests.

menagerie or the somnolent animal that guards the fountains in Trafalgar Square, but rather "the ramping and roaring lion" of the Psalmist—the incarnation of strength and ferocity—with gaping jaws, with a lean elongated body and huge projecting claws that tear the air. Pre-eminent among "the beasts of rapine," he has been naturally selected as the symbol of martial valour and kingly dignity, from the lion of Judah to the winged lion of Venice. But for two centuries after his appearance in the shield of Richard Cœur de Lion he was miscalled a leopard by English and French heralds alike. The Black Prince in his will speaks of his "leopard helm," and there was actually a "Leopard Herald" in the reign of Henry V. The reason for this was that the lion's normal position was supposed to be *rampant*, and a lion *passant gardant*—with his full face turned to the spectator—was a *lion leopardé*, "wherein," says Guillim, "they offer great indignity to that roiall beast, in that they will not admit him to show his full face, the sight whereof doth terrify and astonish all the beasts of the field." Naturally enough, the lion was the favourite cognisance of the noblest families,—especially among the Anglo-Norman laity,—and figures on the shields of the Mowbrays, Arundels, Percies, Talbots, and Greys in every colour and every position.

If the lion has been the favourite cognisance of kings, the eagle has no less been the immemorial symbol of Imperialism. The bird of Jove figured on the coins and standards of ancient Rome—

"Signum letiale cohortis
Regia fulget avis";

and this ensign subsequently passed, like a historical heirloom, to the Holy Roman Empire. The eagle is enamelled on the sword of Charlemagne, still preserved in the Royal Treasury at Vienna, and was borne not only by the head of the Empire, but by the princes, counts, and margraves of the various provinces. The arms of the unhappy kingdom of Poland, dating back to 1255, are "*gules*, an eagle displayed *argent*, crowned *or*." Brandenburg, Westphalia, Moravia, Silesia, all bear the eagle on their shields; while the arms of Austria are displayed on the breast of the great double-headed eagle, with wings and tail spread out to their fullest extent. The two heads signify the double sovereignty of the Emperors of the East and West conjoined in the same person; and the eagle itself "was not one eagle with two heads but two eagles, laid one above the other with their heads looking different ways, East and West."¹ The German empire is satisfied with a single eagle, bearing on its breast the arms of Prussia with the Hohenzollern escutcheon; but

¹ Woodward's Heraldry, vol. i. p. 260; quoted from Nisbet, who in turn quotes from the great French authority Menestrier.

Russia has a double eagle of truculent and portentous aspect—with extended necks and huge red claws stretching out on either side, as if eager to grasp and rend its prey. When the first Napoleon adopted “Cæsar’s eagle shield,” he chose an eagle just ready to soar into the air—*ministerium fulminis alitem*—grasping the thunderbolt in either claw. Guillim has much to tell us about the eagle—its swiftness, its powers of vision, and its care for its young:—

“It is storied that the old eagles make a proof of their young by exposing them against the sunbeams, and such as cannot speedily behold that brightness are cast forth as unworthy to be their offspring. In which respect, William Rufus, King of this land, gave for his device an eagle looking against the sun, with the word *perfero*, I can endure it, to signify he was in no whit degenerate from his puissant father, the Conqueror.”

The eagle is common enough in English Heraldry, and among other places it appears in the arms of Queen’s College, Oxford, which was founded by Eaglesfield, Queen Philippa’s chaplain. On the eagle which serves as a lectern in the college chapel is the felicitous inscription, “Regina avium, avis Regimensium”—“The Queen of Birds, the Bird of Queens.”

Among other familiar “charges” are the falcon and the raven, the swan and the heron, the “Peacock in his Pride” and the “Pelican in her Piety,” where she is represented as “vulning herself”—i.e., drawing blood from her breast to feed her young one. It is

the appropriate crest of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and also of the ancient family of Lechmere, with the motto “Christus Pelicano”—an obvious allegorical allusion to the Passion of our Lord. The raven is naturally borne by the family of Corbet—a good instance of “canting arms” or *armes parlantes*, so common in early times, when—if there was a charge at all upon a shield—it generally alluded to the name or profession of the wearer—such as the swallows (*hirondelles*) of the Arundels, the Cross Moline of Molyneux, or the bulls’ heads of the Boleyns. Guillim says the raven is “a clamorous and fraudulent bird,”—as well as suspicious—“for it will not feed its young till it sees what colour they be of. Meantime they live on heavenly dew.” The crane is also represented—holding in one claw a stone called its “vigilance,” from the idea that the noise of its fall would waken the bird if it fell asleep. But the most popular of all is the martlet or merlette—probably the house-martin, whose wings are so closely pressed to its sides that, according to the well-known line in Butler,

“The herald’s martlet hath no legs.”

It is one of those “differences” which mark the fourth son of a family, because, says Guillim, “that creature [the martlet] seldom alights on the land, and younger brothers usually have little land to rest on.” An *orle* (border) of martlets appears in the shield of Aymer de Valence

(Edward I.'s cousin), whose tomb is one of the glories of Westminster Abbey, and who was conspicuous among the brilliant throng of knights present at the siege of Caerlaverock Castle in 1300:—

“Belle banière i fut baillans,
De argent et de azure burlée,
O la bordure poralée
Tout entour de rouges merolos.”¹

If the chroniclers are to be believed, Aymer de Valence (created Earl of Pembroke) was as ruthless as he was brave; and his tragic death in France at a tournament not long after his third marriage was regarded both by Scots and English as a judgment on him for consenting to the death of Nigel Bruce and the saintly Earl of Lancaster. His widow (Gray's “sad Chatillon”) founded Pembroke College, Cambridge, where the martlets, borne by her husband, are still conspicuous on the college arms.

A fabulous bird, called an *allerion*—somewhat resembling a martlet, but which is said to be an eagle without beak or claws,—is borne by the family of Montmorency, and also by the house of Lorraine, who trace their descent from Godfrey de Bouillon. Camden tells us that this warrior “at one draught of his bow, shooting against David's tower in Jerusalem, broched three feetless birds, called allerions, upon his arrow,” and subsequently assumed them in his arms. But in this instance, as Mr Planché remarks, it is probably

the chronicler who drew the long bow, and not Godfrey de Bouillon!

The most interesting class of charges, from a historical point of view, are “Augmentations”—i.e., additions made by the sovereign to the original arms as marks of honour for some public or personal service. Some of these, such as the crowned heart of the Douglasses and the famous star of the De Veres, are familiar enough to every student of history. The Kirkpatrick's still bear the dagger with the motto “*Mak siccar*,” adopted by their ancestor who slew the Red Comyn in the Grey Friars' Church at Dumfries; and the descendants of Sir Reginald Bray (if there be any) might use for their crest the “crown in the hawthorn-bush,” borne by him in allusion to his having found the crown which had fallen from Richard III.'s helmet and was placed on Henry VII.'s head on Bosworth Field. The Dukes of Norfolk bear the Scottish lion on an escutcheon with his mouth pierced by an arrow, in memory of the Earl of Surrey's victory at Flodden. Sir John Ramsay added to his coat a sword piercing a human heart, as a reward for stabbing Ruthven and saving James VI.'s life in the mysterious Gowrie Plot. Scottish augmentations are usually connected with some personal service to “one of the earlier kings,” whose mythical portraits line the long gallery

¹ “Beautiful was the banner that shone there, with its bars of silver and blue, and with a border of red martlets all round the edges.”

at Holyrood—Alexander I. or Malcolm II. for preference,—when, like that discreetest of squires, Quentin Durward, they slay the wolf or the boar and save the monarch's life. The Cunninghams, the Armstrongs, the Scrymgeours, the Seatons, the Keiths, and the Bairds all commemorate in their crests or coats of arms family legends of this kind, which are probably as much founded on fact as the story which, according to the late Lord Malmesbury, Anthony Trollope, when a boy at Harrow, used to tell of his family pedigree:—

"Tallyhosier, the Norman, came over to England with William the Conqueror, and being out hunting one day with his Majesty in the New Forest, happened to kill three wolves, and *trois* being French for 'three,' *loup* French for 'wolves,' he was called *Trois-loup*, which with many changes and corruptions during countless centuries became *Trollope*."¹

The "augmentations" granted to successful soldiers and sailors in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are usually conspicuous for their bad taste and preposterous heraldry. Nelson's coat of arms is an absurd compound of bombshells, palm-trees, disabled ships, and ruined batteries. Sir Sidney Smith's arms are equally bizarre and undignified. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's two crescents and a fleur-de-lis are simple and expressive; and the same may be said of the St George's cross, with the arms of France in the centre, which appears on the arms of the Duke of Marlborough, and the

Union flag in the "point of honour" of the Duke of Wellington's shield, who quarters the arms of Wellesley and Colley. Marshal Blucher's arms are a medley of the Prussian eagle, a sword, a field-marshal's baton, a laurel wreath, and an iron cross; the last-named object also appears in Moltke's coat with a gold "W" (Wilhelm) on it. Bismarck wisely kept his family arms (a trefoil and oak-leaves) intact, but added as supporters a black and a red eagle, bearing the banners of Alsace and Lorraine; though, as he characteristically said, he would have preferred the names of Schleswig and Holstein, as they were the finest fruits of his unscrupulous diplomacy.

But peace has her victories as well as war, and the motto "*ferro non gladio*," as well as the supporters, two Vulcans, of the Guests, the great iron-masters of Glamorganshire, seem appropriate enough. Sir Henry Halford, George IV.'s physician, was granted a silver rose on his shield as well as a staff entwined by serpents, the emblem of *Æsculapius*, the god of medicine, and the *caduceus* of the College of Surgeons. Sir William Gull was granted for his service to the (then) Prince of Wales in 1871 a "canton" charged with an ostrich feather and the motto "*Sine Deo frustra*." As a contrast to these well-deserved "augmentations" we may quote the armorial bearings given by Queen Elizabeth to that famous ex-

¹ Memoirs of an Ex-Minister, vol. i. p. 234.

plorer and freebooter, Sir John Hawkins, "a demi-negro, proper, manacled with a rope," to commemorate his exertions in promoting the slave-trade! The descendants of Holwell, one of the few survivors of the Black Hole of Calcutta, who wrote an account of that ghastly tragedy, bear a death's head on a black *canton* in the corner of the shield.

Of common "charges" it may be said briefly that there is nothing animate or inanimate in the heavens above or in the earth beneath that may not constitute an heraldic "charge"—*i.e.*, may not be represented on the shield. Figures of saints are not uncommon among families who bear their names, such as St George, St Martin, or St Paul; a German family, named Teufel, naturally enough has a red devil on a gold shield; and "the family of Adam in Bavaria improve on sacred History by eliminating Eve and by representing Adam as holding the apple in one hand and the serpent wriggling in the other."¹

In the middle ages, and in the golden time of Chivalry, warlike emblems were of course the most numerous,—above all, the sword itself, either singly or in groups of three. It appears in the arms of the City of London, where it does not (as is commonly supposed) represent the dagger with which the Lord Mayor, Sir William Walworth, stabbed Wat Tyler, but is the emblem of St Paul, the patron saint of

the City. The arms of the See of London are two swords crossed. The two familiar red swords on Dresden china are the arms of the Kings of Saxony. Among other weapons, borne as charges, we find the skene (dagger), the Lochaber or Danish battle-axe, pheons—*i.e.*, the barbed head of a spear (the broad arrow of the Customs House)—swepees (mangonels), gauntlets, spurs, and caltraps—*i.e.*, cheval-traps—those wicked little spiked balls which Bruce used with such effect to lame the English cavalry at Bannockburn, and one of which (it may be remembered) sorely inconvenienced the Antiquary's friend, Dr Heavistern, who chanced to sit down on it.

To the Crusades we owe many familiar devices on coat armour—such as the water-bouget, a double leather water-bottle, so necessary in Eastern warfare; the bezant, a Byzantine coin, as familiar to pilgrims as pieces-of-eight were to sailors on the Spanish Main; Saracens' heads, a common device especially among Hungarian potentates,—a souvenir, in fact, of their long struggle with the Turks. The Austrian princes of Schwarzenburg have as one of their quarterings a raven, with a gold collar, perched on the head of a dead Turk and picking out his eyes! The Morisons in Fifeshire have an equally curious device—"three Saracens' heads conjoined in one neck"—called in French heraldry "*tête de Gérion*."

¹ Woodward's Heraldry, vol. i., p. 208.

But naturally the most popular charge of all in the age of Chivalry was the Cross itself, and no less than 385 varieties of this symbol are enumerated in Berry's 'Encyclopædia Heraldica.' Heraldry seem to have exhausted their ingenuity in inventing new forms and shapes for this favourite emblem, and among the most graceful in design is the *cross patonce*, with floriated ends, which appears between five martlets on the arms attributed to Edward the Confessor, and borne at present by the City of Westminster. It was for assuming these arms that the unfortunate Earl of Surrey was beheaded in Henry VIII.'s reign, although they had undoubtedly been granted as an "augmentation" to his ancestors by Richard II. The "arms of Jerusalem" were a cross-potent—*i.e.*, with ends like a crutch—between four crosslets of gold on a silver field—a violation of the well-known law which forbids metal upon metal, but justified by the feeling that only precious metals could be used in blazoning the arms of the holiest of cities. The arms of the See of Lichfield are the cross of St Chad—*i.e.*, a cross-potent quadrate of red and silver—and are extremely effective in design; so, too, are those of the See of Australia, the four stars which make the Southern Cross, but more regularly disposed than in the actual constellation. And it may be noticed here that the arms of the older bishoprics,

unlike those of the modern colonial sees, are simple and dignified in character—the cross, the saltire, the keys, the sword, and the mitre are the well-known symbols which predominate. The arms of the See of Chichester are, however, an exception to this rule. Originally, as appears from an ancient seal, they represented Our Blessed Lord in Glory, seated on a throne, with His Hand raised in benediction and with a two-edged sword issuing from His mouth. But in modern times, by what Dr Woodward calls "a perversion almost unique in its absurdity," instead of the Lord of Life and Glory, as described in the Revelation, we have the figure of Prester John—the mystical king of a Christian tribe in Tartary—seated on a tombstone, with a sword passed through his mouth.¹ When and how this astounding change was effected from the holiest of emblems to the bizarre figure described by Mandeville and Marco Polo, Dr Woodward does not say.

Volumes have been written on the origin of the Fleur-de-Lis, one of the commonest as well as the most graceful of heraldic charges. It was of universal prevalence in the middle ages, not only on coats of arms but on the encaustic pavement of churches, in the diaper-work of shields, on the borders of coronets, on the heads of sceptres, and on the pommels of swords; but of course it is chiefly associ-

¹ Woodward's Ecclesiastical Heraldry, p. 178.

ated with the royal standard of France. It is difficult to see (as Dr Woodward observes) why, at a time when every prince and potentate of Europe was choosing a lion or an eagle as the symbol of his kingly dignity, France alone should have selected a simple flower of the field. The popular tradition is that, on the occasion of the baptism of Clovis, the Blessed Virgin sent an angel from heaven bearing a lily to the king. Certainly it is a fact that at the Council of Trent the French bishops claimed precedence for their sovereign on the ground of his having received the sacred fleur-de-lis direct from heaven. In any case it was a national emblem from time immemorial, though it took its first definite heraldic shape on the great seals of Philip Augustus and St Louis. The original coat of arms was *semé* (powdered) with fleurs-de-lis; but Charles V. reduced the number to three,—"pour symboliser la Sainte Trinité,"—and this is the number borne by the English kings, who had quartered the arms of France, from the time of Henry V. till the year 1801. Indeed this flower is almost as familiar on English as on French soil. It appears, for instance, on the north point of the mariner's compass, having been placed there by its inventor, Flavio Gioja, in honour of his patron, Charles II. of Anjou, King of Naples. It also figures in the arms of Eton College granted by Henry VI., along with the lion of England and three garden lilies in the

chief—i.e., upper part of the shield. It was frequently given as a special mark of royal favour; and above all it is conspicuous in the arms of Scotland, where "the ruddy lion ramps in gold" amidst a tressure *fleury and counter-fleury*—i.e., with fleurs-de-lis springing from both sides. This tressure was said to have been granted by Charlemagne to King Achaius, and to symbolise the old alliance between France and Scotland. It gave some colour to the theory that the fleur-de-lis was not the iris at all, but a spear's head; for assuredly a ring of spears would be a more effectual defence than a circlet of lilies.

Of the fabulous monsters which appear so often as crests and supporters of coats of arms, the dragon is undoubtedly the most ancient if not the most important. It was said to have been the standard of King Arthur himself:—

"The Dragon of the great Pendragonship,
That crowned the state pavilion of the King."

It was certainly borne in the banners of the Saxon kings, and figures above Harold's head in the Bayeux tapestry. It appears also on the great seal of Owen Glendower, and supported the arms of the Tudor kings. But as a "charge" in a coat of arms it has been quite superseded by its first cousin, the griffin. This monster, which has the head and wings of an eagle and the body of a lion, and is supposed to combine the strength

and valour of both, can lay claim to an extremely ancient origin; for golden griffins were discovered by Dr Schliemann among the buried treasures of Mycenæ, and are supposed to have come from India in the retinue of Dionysus. Till quite late in the middle ages griffins were believed to have a real existence. Their claws were kept in the treasury at Bayeux and displayed on the high altar on great occasions; and griffins' eggs (probably those of an ostrich, or merely cocoa-nuts) were regarded as a rarity of the highest value.

The *unicorn* is undoubtedly the most graceful and picturesque of these fabulous creatures, and was used as a supporter of the ancient arms of Scotland long before the Union. The horn, which was perhaps originally the spike fixed to the headpiece of a war-horse, was the symbol of strength and an antidote against poison,—"insomuch," says Guillim, "that the general conceit is that the wild beasts of the wilderness used not to drink of the pools, for fear of venomous serpents there breeding, until the *Unicorne* hath stirred it with his *horn*."

The *mermaid*—generally represented with a mirror in one hand and a comb in the other—is a favourite charge, especially in Scotland; and Sir Walter Scott (when created a baronet) used it as the dexter supporter of his shield. In

foreign Heraldry the mermaid is known as a siren, and is borne by the princes of the house of Lusignan in memory of the fairy Melusina, and her romantic marriage to one of the family.¹

Assuredly, no one would care to put his hand into the nest of the *cockatrice* as depicted by the medieval herald—an awesome beast, a griffin with a cock's head—"called in Latin," says Guillim, "*Regulus*, for he seemeth to be a little king among serpents not in regard of his quantity but in respect of the infection of his pestiferous breath and poysonfull aspect."²

The *Crest* was always held to be an important accessory to a coat of arms—an emblem of dignity and honour—usually differing from the charge in the shield itself, and often referring to some personal achievement or some striking event in the family history. Thus "a most ancient and distinguished bearing" (as Sir Walter Scott calls it) is that of the Earls of Derby—an eagle feeding a swaddled infant in its nest, called in the north the bird and the bantling,—in allusion to the foundling discovered in an eagle's nest—the real (or adopted) heir of the house of Lathom. The Duke of Leinster's crest is a chained monkey, referring to the story of the ape who carried off the heir of the Fitzgeralds from his cradle to the house-top. More singular

¹ The arms are "une sirène posée dans une cuve" (tub). Melusina is the heroine of a story by Hans Andersen and a poem by Matthew Arnold.

² Guillim, p. 175.

still was the crest of the Dudleys of Clopton—a woman's bust, hair dishevelled, bosom bare, a helmet on her head—in memory of Agnes Hotot, that valiant heiress who donned her father's armour, overcame his foe in single combat, and saved the estates. A grimmer reminiscence of the past is the crest of Lloyd of Plymod,—“a dead Englishman's head, couped and bearded, proper,”—which probably dates from the time of Llewellyn and the “ruthless king.” Among the early Scottish crests the Wardens of the Marches bore a horse's head bridled, or a spur between a pair of wings—both devices being highly significant of the constant watch and ward kept up along the Border, when the men-at-arms slept beside their horses, and, like the knights of Branksome,

“Carved at the meal
With gloves of steel
And they drank the red wine through
the helmet barred.”

The crest was originally some simple and striking object; large and imposing in aspect, as may be seen from the few extant examples, and such as could be easily distinguished at a distance, and, like Henry of Navarre's white plume, might serve as a guide and rallying-point on the battlefield. The lion and the falcon, the boar's head and the ostrich feathers, served this purpose admirably. They were carved and painted in bold conventional lines, and there could be no possible mistake about the nature of the cognisance or the identity of the wearer. The crests of the

more distinguished knights were familiar to friend and foe alike. When the Lady Isabelle on her adventurous flight from Liège with Quentin Durward sees a body of lances advancing under a knight's pennon, she is at once relieved of her anxieties. “It is the banner of the Count of Crèveceur. I know the cloven heart which it displays.” Again, when the minstrel gazes from Loch Achray towards Benledi, and sees the sunlight glancing on the helms of the chieftains, he at once recognises his enemies:—

“I see the dagger crest of Mar,
I see the Murray's silver star
Blaze o'er the ranks of Saxon war.”

So, too, Eustace and the Lady Clare have no difficulty in distinguishing the varying fortunes of the battle from the cognisances of the principal actors:—

“Amid the scene of tumult high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly;
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight.”

But the heralds of modern times have departed from the stern simplicity of design which marked the arms and crests of our forefathers. They have adopted what would be called in architecture the flamboyant style or a rococo type in decoration. Landscapes, thunderstorms, shipwrecks, cities rising from the waves, and palm-clad islets (as in the arms of Cortez and Columbus)—a forty-foot reflecting telescope (Sir John Herschell) or the Falls of Niagara (the see of that name),—such are a few of the pictorial vagaries of modern Heraldry.

Crests have been equally vulgarised. Instead of the solitary figure of the lion or the eagle dominating the helmet, plain for all men to see, and full of force and vitality, a variety of complicated and preposterous devices has been introduced which could under no circumstances have been worn above a medieval helmet. The *nouveaux riches*, as well as the ennobled soldiers and sailors, are apparently determined to get their full money's worth from the College of Arms. Thus the crest of Lea (Bart. in 1892) bears an antelope behind three spear-heads; Lord Rendell has a "staff raguly" with a wolf carrying a banner on it; Lord Addington supports his crest with Roman fasces; an *épergne* figures as the crest of one of the numerous family of Smith; but the abysmal depths of realism have probably been reached in the case of a newly "arrived" family, who bear for a crest "a corrugated boiler-plate, fess-ways"—*i.e.*, set up on end.

Badges—which are quite distinct from crests—were in high favour both with sovereigns and the great nobles from Edward I.'s reign until Queen Elizabeth. They were borne by the retainers and men-at-arms of the feudal household, were embroidered on robes, woven upon tapestry and coverlets, and sculptured upon

tombs and above fireplaces. The old ballads are full of allusions to the silver crescents of the Percies,¹ the dun bull of the Nevilles, and the greyhounds of the house of York. The last-named still survive in the official garb of heralds and on the badge of the King's messengers. The badge was also largely used for decorative purposes to fill up the space round a coat of arms. On the famous gateway of St John's College, Cambridge, there may be seen sculptured in high relief the portcullis of the Beauforts, the rose of the Tudors, and the daisies which were the emblem of the foundress, the Lady Margaret. On Richard II.'s tomb in Westminster Abbey, where the king is buried beside his wife, Anne of Bohemia, is a profusion of heraldic ornaments, crests, and badges, now obscured by the dust of centuries—"the ostrich feathers, and lions of Bohemia, the eagles of the Empire, the leopards of England, the peacocks of the Plantagenets, and the sun rising through the black clouds of Crecy."² Other badges, such as the sprig of broom worn by the Plantagenets and the ostrich feathers adopted by the Black Prince, are familiar to us from childhood, and the White Hart of Richard II. is almost as well known. The origin of the badge was supposed to be a stag caught in

¹ The crescent is a favourite device in Heraldry and the well-known symbol of the Turkish Empire, being (according to Dr Schliemann) a direct inheritance, from the mythical foundress of Byzantium, Keroessa, daughter of the moon:—

"Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns."

² Stanley's Memorials of Westminster, p. 143.

Windsor Forest with a gold collar inscribed "*Nemo me tangat, Cæsaris sum.*" The well-known signs of inns perpetuate the memory of this as well as of other badges worn by our kings,—such as the Swan of Henry IV., the Bristled Boar of Richard III., and the Chequers (alternate squares of blue and silver) of the Earls of Warren, who were said to have held a monopoly of beer licences. The sign of the famous inn at Cumnor—"the Rampant Bear chained to the Ragged Staff"—was really two distinct badges united by the Earl of Warwick (the Dudley of Kenilworth, in whose favour the title was revived) in allusion to his remote ancestor Sir Artegal, one of King Arthur's knights, whose name in Welsh was Arth or Urso. Some of these badges had a mystical meaning—often very far-fetched. The famous salamanders of Francis I., which are carved in such profusion on his castles at Blois and Chambord, with the motto "*Nutrisco et extinguo,*" were typical of the courage which the fire of adversity is powerless to consume. The badge of the Emperor Charles V. was an eagle chained to the Pillars of Hercules—the limits of his empire—with the motto "*Ne plus ultra*"; but after the discovery of America the *ne* was struck out. His son, Philip II. of Spain, bore an equally significant device—Bellerophon slaying the sea-monster—with the motto "*Hinc vigilo,*" implying that he was only waiting for his opportunity to extir-

pate the monstrous heresy of England.

Badges passed out of use and fashion in James I.'s reign, and the only ones in vogue at the present time (if we except the Pelham buckle and the Stafford knot) are the national emblems of the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock or trefoil. The Rose has been a favourite flower with English sovereigns since the days of Edward I. The famous Red Roses—the badge of the house of Lancaster—"flores inscripti nomina regum"—were brought by the first Earl from Provins (not Provence, according to Dean Stanley), where they had been planted by the Crusaders on their way back from Palestine. The White Rose of York is said to have come to the family through the Cliffords, who wore the flower in memory of Fair Rosamund. The Tudor rose of Henry VIII. may still be seen in the hats of the Yeomen of the Guard at the Tower.

The Thistle first appears as a national emblem on a groat in James III.'s reign (1460), and in an inventory of his wardrobe there is an entry of a coverlet "of variand purper tarter browden with thrisselis." There is also a picture preserved at Holyrood of this monarch and his queen, Margaret of Denmark (probably painted by Mabuse), where the tapestry behind the kneeling figure is powdered with thistles. The legend connecting the Thistle with King Achaius is a pure myth; and the same may be said of the well-known story of a barefooted Dane treading on a

thistle at the battle of Largs (or the moat at Slains Castle), and uttering an involuntary cry of pain which gave the alarm to his enemies and saved the day for Scotland.

The mottoes, which are the necessary adjunct of a coat of arms, are in most instances commonplace truisms or sentimental maxims which appear to have been taken haphazard from the Latin Grammar or the headings of the nearest copy-book. They even descend to some punning reference to the surname of the bearer, as in the "*Ver non semper viret*" of the Vernons and the "*Ne vile velis*" of the Nevilles, or the "*Forte scutum salus ducum*," of the Fortescues, borne in allusion to their ancestor Sir Richard Forte, who protected his chief with his shield at Hastings. Sometimes they are appropriate and sometimes the reverse. The motto of the Cavendishes, "*Cavendo tutus*," applies to the present Duke of Devonshire; but that of the Drummonds, Earls of Perth,—"Gang warily,"—is singularly unsuitable to a family that lost their estates in the '45. Occasionally, however, these mottoes strike a higher note. Lord Kimberley's motto, "*Frappe fort, Agincourt*," recalls the prowess of his illustrious ancestor Sir John Wodehouse at that famous battle; and that of Dakyus, "*Strike, Dakyus, the devil is in the hemp!*" is stirring, if not explicit. As a pendant to the Wodehouse motto may be mentioned the proud device of the Chateau-

briand family, who bear the royal fleur-de-lis of France, which was granted to their ancestor by St Louis after the battle at Mansourah in 1250, with the motto "*Mon sang teint les bannières de France*." The motto of the Montmorencies asserts their claim to be the oldest family in Christendom,—"*Dieu aide au Premier Chrétien*." The "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" of the Order of the Thistle is full of significance; and so too is the motto which the Mackintoshes bear along with their crest, a ferocious wild cat—the ancient cognisance of the Clan Chattan—"Touch not the cat but with a glove." The Duke of Athol's motto, again, which must have puzzled many of the Clan Murray, refers to a time when his ancestors harried the Saxon to some good purpose: "*Furth [forth], Fortune, and fill the fetters*," which might have been addressed by the chieftain to his clansmen or by the laird to his son—"Go forth, good luck be with you, and fill the byres with cattle"—i.e., Make your fortune in the south. (The *fetters* were the bars of the cow-pens.)

Again, the motto of the Marischal College at Aberdeen has probably mystified many Aberdonians. It runs thus in old Scottish:—

"They saye :
Quhat say they :
Latt them saye."

This motto was placed there by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, a great diplomatist and statesman, and the richest

and most powerful Scottish nobleman of the sixteenth century. So extensive were his estates that it was said (probably with some exaggeration) that he could cross the Border at Berwick and travel to John-o-Groat's without ever eating a meal or taking a night's rest off his own lands. In an evil hour for himself and his family he had added the temporalities of the Cistercian Abbey of Deir to his already vast possessions, and this in spite of public disapproval and of the warnings of his own wife. Like Pilate's wife, she had suffered many things from a dream in which the monks of Deir appeared to hack away the foundations of Dunnottar Castle (the seat of the Keiths in Kincardineshire) with their penknives until the majestic fabric toppled over and sank in the waters.¹ But the earl, in defiance of all warnings and public clamour, annexed the abbey and placed the haughty inscription we have mentioned on one of the towers of Dunnottar as well as on the magnificent

college which still bears his name. But in little more than a century (after the Rebellion of 1715) his castle was in ruins, the family estates were confiscated, and his descendants were exiles. The two last Earls Marischal died in the service of Frederic the Great of Prussia. A pendant to the haughty motto of the Earls Marischal is the inscription on the Castle of St Malo, which Anne of Brittany erected in defiance of the townspeople: "*Qui qu'en grogne; ainsi sera; c'est mon plaisir.*"

We may conclude this somewhat lengthy list of historical illustrations with the melancholy motto of the Courtenays, — one of the most illustrious families in Europe, — so eloquent of their undeserved misfortunes: "*Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?*" — "*Whither have I fallen? What have I done?*" Three earls perished on the scaffold during the Wars of the Roses; a fourth was beheaded by Henry VIII.; and his son, the last direct heir of his race, died in poverty and in exile.

¹ The Scottish Regalia was hidden at Dunnottar Castle during the Civil War in 1652 — "the last strong place in Britain on which the royal flag floated." Thence it was secretly carried off and buried in the church of Kinneff. (See an interesting letter from Walter Scott to Croker, February 1818.)

THE APPEARANCES AT THE BLACK KNOLL.

A FEW years ago I was suddenly laid aside from active work for a time. I was not without warnings, if I had been able to interpret them. For a month before my breakdown I had been conscious of irritability and impatience when listening to the arguments of counsel whom I had been accustomed to hear with pleasure and instruction. As I was usually, I believe, considered a reasonably patient judge, this should have warned me that there was something wrong; but instead of that, I only felt a pained surprise that some of my learned brothers of the Bar should have suddenly become so prosy and obstinate.

Things came to a crisis one day in June. I was trying a case with a jury, and had more than one warm passage at arms with the leading counsel for the plaintiff, an old friend of my own; and the worst of it was that the jury, disregarding my charge, gave the plaintiff a verdict.

At the end of the trial, feeling cross and ill, I thought that I would walk part of the way home. I was exhausted by the vitiated air, and made the common mistake of a tired man of thinking that immediate exercise would revive me. I accordingly was driven to the Athenæum, and dismissed the carriage, intending to walk home to my house in Cadogan Square through the Green

Park. Till I got to the middle of the Green Park I felt somewhat the better for the air, but at that point I found that I was marking time and making little way, and when I reached the top of Constitution Hill I was nearly exhausted. I attempted to cross in the direction of the Wellington Club, and in trying to escape one hansom was nearly run down by another—and would have been, if a strong hand had not pulled me from under the horse's nose. I found myself on the pavement in the arms of my old friend and doctor, Dr Bramford, whose brougham was fortunately standing close by. He immediately made me get into it, and ordered the coachman to drive to his house, telling me in the meantime that I must not speak. He took me into his consulting-room, and, having given me a strong restorative, at once subjected me to a close examination. He then said abruptly, "Have you any unfinished cases?"

I replied that there were some half-heard cases, but that I fortunately had finished the jury trial upon which I was engaged, and should be free till the following Monday.

"You must be free for the next six months," he replied gravely. "You are completely run down, and must at once apply for leave of absence. Now listen to me; I am going to give you some directions

which you will not like. You must go to West Dean and remain there for the next two months."

"But, my dear friend," I remonstrated, "I can't be spared. We are short of judges as it is, and besides, West Dean is insupportable at this time of year: no one is there, and during this hot weather there is nothing to do."

"That is just the reason why I am sending you there: you must for the next two months at least live the life of a vegetable, and the fewer people you see the better. You have some friends there, have you not?"

"Well, it happens that my friends Mr and Mrs Hargreave are living there just now."

"That is just the thing," said Dr Bramford. "Don't offer a visit, but take rooms in some good hotel in their neighbourhood. In case you require medical advice, I'll give you the name of a reliable man at West Dean. I shall write to him as to treatment. Before I leave for my holiday in August run up and see me, or I'll come down and see you; and I hope that by that time I shall be able to hold out some prospect of your having a little mild grouse-driving later in the autumn. But remember, you must not think of work until October. I don't forbid riding, or even golf in great moderation; but no hard exercise, please."

With this I was obliged to be content. I arranged for leave of absence, and during the following week took up my

quarters at West Dean. My friends the Hargreaves gave me a general invitation to dine with them whenever I liked, which I readily availed myself of. The weather was overpoweringly hot, and as I was still feeble I never ventured far from my hotel, but strolled about in a shady garden in the neighbourhood.

Not far from my hotel there was a beautifully shaded little street or lane—quiet as well as shady, as it practically served only the self-contained villas that abutted upon it, and was little frequented. Most of these houses were occupied, but one was "To sell" or "Let unfurnished," as was testified by half a dozen house-agent's tickets.

The gate stood invitingly open, but I did not venture in for several days. One day, however, curiosity prevailed, and I found myself in a short avenue leading to the house. The only sign of life that I saw was a handsome blue Persian cat, which passed me haughtily and went out as I came in; but I watched him go into the next villa, which, to judge from the joyful greetings of children, was evidently his home.

The avenue was curved and about sixty yards long; it was densely shaded by trees and shrubs, and opened abruptly on a large handsome villa of at least three stories. The house stood in brilliant sunshine, but something, perhaps the loneliness of the scene, oppressed me. The windows of the public rooms (which were about a

foot open) looked out on the sea, and on a trimly kept lawn on which grew several healthy Scots firs, from which no doubt the house took its name, "The Black Knoll."

I could see in the strong sunlight that the rooms on the ground-floor were all empty and unfurnished. Adjoining the house on the south there was a well-stocked garden. I walked all round the place; but although the open windows and the trimness of the grounds indicated that the house and grounds were cared for, I saw no one. I rang the bell at the front door; it echoed through the empty house, but no one appeared.

Feeling tired and hot, I crossed the lawn and sat down under the firs, from which position I got a fine view of the sea, which washed the foot of the cliff on which the house stood, and the undulations and headlands of the coast.

The place both fascinated and repelled me. On several hot days I sat there till late in the afternoon, but I could never look at the deserted house without a shudder. Indeed I became unreasoningly nervous, and had almost decided to discontinue my visits when one day something happened.

As far as I can remember, it was about five o'clock in an afternoon towards the end of June when I sat down under my favourite fir-tree. I remember beginning to read a book which I had in my pocket, but I became drowsy and must

have soon fallen into a deep sleep. I awoke (or thought that I awoke) with a start. The sun had disappeared, but there was a strange light, neither daylight nor twilight, which enabled me to see surrounding objects distinctly. On turning my head towards the house I was surprised to see a man beckoning to me from the steps leading to the front door. He was bareheaded and wore a frock-coat—a professional man apparently, of about thirty years of age. I did not at once respond, and he again beckoned impatiently but did not speak. I rose stiffly and walked towards him.

"You must hasten, sir," he said impatiently; "he is sinking." He then turned and went rapidly into the house, I following as quickly as I could.

To my surprise I found that what I had supposed to be an empty house was luxuriously furnished. The hall and stairs were richly carpeted and the walls adorned with many heads of deer and other big game. I followed my guide upstairs, and found him waiting at the door of a bedroom.

As to what I saw and heard (or thought I saw and heard) in that room my recollection has never varied. The door was at the side. The room was deep, lofty, and airy, with two windows looking to the sea. One window was wide open and the other closed and the blind down. There was no artificial light, but the weird light pervaded the room. On an iron bedstead facing the windows

lay a fine-looking, soldierly, tall old man with a heavy grey moustache. Even to an inexperienced eye (and mine was not) the stamp of death was upon his face. A middle-aged lady sat beside the bed. In the shadow of the closed window and near the foot of the bed I saw indistinctly the forms of two females, one a tall elderly woman and the other young. They stood side by side, but neither moved nor spoke, and throughout no one took any notice of them.

My guide, who was evidently a medical man, at once approached the bed and whispered—

“He is here, General.”

The old man, who had been looking vacantly at the open window, turned his eyes fiercely upon the lady who was sitting beside him.

“Take her away,” he said to the doctor.

The latter touched her arm and said something which I did not catch. She answered angrily, but rose and left the room.

“I give you two minutes,” said the doctor to me, and turned and walked to the open window with his watch in his hand.

The old man, who was breathing heavily, beckoned to me to put my ear closer to his mouth. I did so, and he whispered in a low but distinct voice—

“Poisoned, all poisoned! Tell Burton he must insist——”

Suddenly, as he spoke, he paused and looked fixedly at

some object behind me: I saw his face change, and called to the doctor, but before he could reach the bed his patient was dead.

I may observe in passing that one curious feature of the incident was that the doctor, who had been so eager to bring me to his patient, showed not the slightest curiosity as to what he had said to me. Having satisfied himself that all was over, he said to me—

“I need detain you no longer, sir; I thank you for coming.”

Another curious feature was that, beyond feeling a mild surprise at finding the house furnished and occupied, I felt no astonishment or trepidation at what I saw and heard. I was calm and observant, and even when the old man died so suddenly during our interview, I felt no horror or shrinking either at his death or the ominous words which he whispered into my ear. At the same time I noted everything that I saw and heard.

As I turned to leave the room I observed that the two female forms near the foot of the bed were still there, but as I looked they suddenly faded and vanished before my eyes. On reaching the door, which was not closed, I found myself face to face with the lady who had been sent away. She at once drew me into the next room and closed the door. She was a rather handsome woman of forty years of age, but as I saw her, her beauty was marred by a look of sullen anger and fear. She showed no signs of grief.

"Is he gone?" she asked coldly. I bowed gravely. "What did he say to you?" she said, seizing my arm. I did not reply,—the question required consideration: besides, I felt strangely drowsy.

"What did he say?" she repeated angrily. I still remained silent: I could not have spoken had I wished to do so. She spoke again, and I saw her dark eyes flash; but her voice sounded very far off, and I could not distinguish the words. I became more and more drowsy; I lost consciousness.

When I recovered, or awoke, I found myself lying under the firs. The sun had set in earnest, and a heavy dew was falling, which chilled me to the bone. I rose shivering. Where I stood there was deep shade; but by the light of the midsummer twilight, aided by a fitful moon, the house with its open uncurtained windows and empty rooms looked grey and ghastly, like the face of a man who has had something terrible to tell but has died before finding utterance, leaving nothing but a mask which provokes but baffles scrutiny.

I struck my repeater,—it sounded a quarter to ten. I was startled by something rubbing against my leg,—it was a Persian cat; I felt his bushy tail. Cold and stiff, and I confess not a little scared, I groped my way down the dark avenue, now and then tripping over the cat, which skipped before me out of pure

devilry, and regained my hotel about ten o'clock thoroughly exhausted.

The vision or dream at the Black Knoll had made a deep impression upon me, and I was determined to know all that was to be known about the house.

The next time that I dined with Hargreave I said nothing about it until his wife left the dining-room. I then said, "Do you know anything about a villa called the 'Black Knoll'?" There seems to be some difficulty in selling or letting it. Is there anything against it?"

"I can't say that I know of anything," said Hargreave with some hesitation.

"It is unfurnished?"

"Absolutely. Everything was sold off: I bought some good heads myself at the sale."

"It belonged to a General somebody, did it not?"

"Yes, it belonged to old General Seagrove, but he died about three years ago."

"That was after you came to live here; was he married?"

"Yes, twice. His first wife died about four years ago, and he married a second time a cousin who lived with them."

"A middle-aged woman with dark eyes?" I interrupted.

"How do you know that, Judge?" said Hargreave with a start.

"Never mind, Hargreave; you must answer questions put from the Bench. Had he any family?"

"When we first came here his

first wife was alive, and there was living with them a young girl of about eighteen years of age, who I understood was their daughter. She died almost immediately after the first Mrs Seagrove."

"What did they all die of?"

"All of the same thing—heart failure, or some such natural cause; I can't exactly remember."

"Ah! Who certified that?"

It occurred to me that heart failure does not always result from natural causes.

"I suppose their medical attendant, old Swinnerton Jones."

"I thought that the doctor who attended the General at the time of his death was a young man."

"So he was," said Hargreave, looking at me curiously. "Dr Jones fell ill two or three days before the General's death, and a young fellow call Collinson was called in."

"What is his address?"

"He is not here now. Surgery was his line, and I believe he has a very good practice in London."

"I thought that the doctor's name was Burton."

"Strange you should say that: there *was* an old fellow called Burton, an old army doctor, who used to visit the General occasionally, but he and the second Mrs Seagrove did not hit it off, and he did not visit at the Black Knoll after her marriage. I should think you would hear of him at the Oriental Club. And now that I have answered your questions, will you kindly tell

me how you came to know about the Seagrove *ménage*?"

"I never heard of them before, and know nothing about them; but for all that, I believe that I have seen them all." I then described to Hargreave in detail the dream or vision I had had.

"What do you make of that?" I said as I concluded.

"The less said about it the better," said Hargreave, who had listened with great attention. "If you will allow me to give a bit of advice, I think you had better not tell any one else about that dream, at least here. I may tell you in confidence that there has been a lot of idle chatter about the deaths of these three people, which I do not doubt has led to the house remaining unsold. At the same time, your dream is an ugly reflection of the popular suspicion, and might help to strengthen it if it became known."

"To a certain extent I quite agree with you, but there are two points upon which I intend to satisfy myself. First, I intend on my return to town to see Dr Collinson,—not for the purpose of asking him any questions, but to see whether in appearance he is the man whom I saw in my vision. The other matter is more serious: if Dr Burton is alive I intend to tell him what I saw and heard."

"Do you think that would be judicious?" said Hargreave. "Burton does not like the second Mrs Seagrove, and would be only too glad to hear anything against her;

and assuming the worst, I do not see what evidence could now possibly be obtained."

"I am quite awake," I replied, "to the seriousness of such a step, and trust that I shall not find it necessary to take it."

For some reason which I never ascertained the subject seemed distasteful, if not positively painful, to my friend, and I never again mentioned it to him. But I did not abandon my investigation. Hargreave had told me that although the house had a bad name he had never heard of anything ghostly having been seen in it. My hopes of information, therefore, rested on Dr Collinson and Dr Burton, should I decide to sound them.

By the end of July I was sufficiently recovered to return to town and see Dr Bramford. While in town I took the opportunity of calling upon Dr Collinson. On being shown into his consulting-room I found him looking at my card. He was a good-looking young man, extremely like the medical man whom I had seen at the Black Knoll; but as at first he sat with his back to the window with his face in shadow I could not be quite certain. He evidently knew me by name, and said politely that he was glad that I had sufficiently recovered to be back in town.

I complained of a sprained wrist, as to which I wished his advice; and after he had examined it and given me directions, he asked me where I had been recruiting.

I said, "At West Dean."

"Oh, I know West Dean well," he said with a smile; "I was in practice there for five years."

"By the way," I said, "did you know old General Seagrove?"

"Not well," he replied, "but I happened to be attending him at the time of his death. He went downhill very rapidly."

This admission was almost enough for my purpose, and though strongly tempted, I decided not to pursue the subject in the meantime. I rose as if I were going to leave the room, and managed to reverse our positions and get a good view of his face. Beyond a doubt he was the man of the vision; I should have recognised him anywhere.

That settled the first point of inquiry.

I then said, "Did you ever meet a friend of the General's called Burton at West Dean?"

"I think not, but I know the man you mean. He was an army doctor and a great friend of the General's."

"Will you kindly give me his address?"

"I regret to say that he died suddenly last Saturday," said the Doctor.

This was a serious check. At first I felt some disappointment, but on reflection I saw that it relieved me of an interview which, although I did not admit as much to Hargreave, might have led to mischievous results. I pursued the inquiry no further.

Such, stated baldly, were my experiences. I do not presume to express an opinion as to what weight, if any, should be attached to them,—whether they possess any psychical significance or are to be regarded merely as the feverish dream of a sick man. That I must leave for experts to decide. But I fear that an expert in psychical research would decline to express an opinion without further and independent investigation. He would say, "Give me the real names of the General and the house, and I shall investigate for myself, and if necessary occupy the house." Such, I understand, is the approved course.

Now, while I should like for

my own satisfaction to elicit an expert's opinion upon what appear to me to be somewhat unusual features in the case (especially the introduction of myself as an actor in the death-bed scene), I am not prepared to give facilities for investigation which might lead to the identification of the house or its occupants.

On my own mind the incident has left a sinister and lasting impression. Whether the house is now sold or let I do not know; it was not sold or let when I last heard of it. But this I know, that I would not accept a present of the Black Knoll, neither should I care to visit it again even at midday on the brightest day in summer.

HERBERT SPENCER: A PORTRAIT.

HE was a noticeable man. Few would have mistaken the tall figure, with the look now of reflection and now of authority, for that of an undistinguished person. The expression was still more striking in repose. The bald head was large and well proportioned; the forehead was spacious, though more remarkable for breadth than height; the eyes were light-coloured, not prominent or brilliant; the nose was strong and well-arched and seemed to grow more aquiline with years; the upper lip (a trait inherited from his mother) was long; the chin strangely weak for such a man; the long black hair and the beard (we are describing him as he was in the 'Seventies) as yet only streaked with grey. It might well be the head of a philosophic thinker of the first rank. In earlier years (if the sun was a true artist) there was an expression of aggressive energy on the face, and even a touch of cruelty on the nostrils and upper lip, which afterwards all but completely disappeared. Late in the 'Seventies the growing consciousness of fame imparted a look of pardonable self-satisfaction, and old friends who had known him only in his prime failed to recognise him in the portraits of later years.

To all appearance he was in perfect health. The easy, good-natured swing as he walked, the vigorous stride and the

tinge of colour on the cheek-bones, spoke of freedom from ailment. On inquiry, a very different story was learnt. He had "broken down" (his own habitual phrase) so long before as 1855. The disaster, for such it proved, was due not to over-work but to pre-occupation. He was then engaged on the most continuously reasoned of his books — the 'Principles of Psychology'; and as he was at the time residing in lodgings and leading a more or less solitary life, his ideas remained with him, accompanied him in his walks and disturbed his sleep. The result of the constant preoccupation was a grave lesion of the higher cerebral centres. There was not then, nor was there till nearly thirty years afterwards, any impairment of his constitutional vigour. Only those portions of the brain connected with the act of reflection were affected. It was the beginning of a long curriculum of nervous illnesses and diminished strength, which seriously reduced his power of production and chequered his whole subsequent life. On the first occasion he remained disabled for eighteen months, when he resumed work, and found his strength insensibly return to him. In after-years, when a relapse took place, he hurried away to Derby, where he could distract himself among the friends of his boyhood, or ran down to Brighton or Tunbridge

Wells. He returned in a few weeks recruited, and without an effort took up the thread of his meditation where he had dropped it. Many a man breaks down who has got into a wrong groove or is working on hopelessly false lines, and then he never seems to get over it. But Spencer's relapses were always curable. His health even improved as he advanced in life, and it is a testimony to his mental rectitude that he was stronger when he was midway in the development of his system than when he began it. Few undertakings can have seemed less hopeful than the prospectus of that system which he issued about 1860. Yet he persevered with it, not only through ill health but through discouragement and long apparent failure, and it was only as he approached his seventieth year and his originally fine constitution gave way, that the writing of certain of the proposed volumes was (as it proved, only temporarily) abandoned. Make the necessary deductions, add a number of *parerga*, and you have a sum-total of achievement that would be remarkable in one who had all his life enjoyed vigorous health. Nor can the quality be pronounced anywhere defective. The animation of 'Social Statics' never indeed reappeared in any of his later writings; but there is no failure in originality or depth of thought, consecutiveness of reasoning, or symmetry of structure.

The key to this result lies, no doubt, in the faculties which

moved naturally on these high levels, and always returned to them whenever the over-bent bow recovered its tension. It lies also in the simplicity of his life. That had one aim—dedication to scientific truth. All else was sacrificed to this, or rather no sacrifice was called for; all that was foreign to this supreme purpose fell off of itself. All his habits were adjusted to it. After breakfast he glanced hastily at 'The Times'—often for long stretches, if his head were feeble, not looking at it at all; when he did read it, we may assume that it was less to study contemporary politics than to discover instances of Government bungling. Between nine and ten he was commonly to be seen in Kensington Gardens, at the Bayswater end, the head slightly bent in reflection, but not absorbed in it, and always with a frank greeting for an acquaintance. Punctually at ten he appeared at his working rooms, which he kept apart from his residence to secure himself against intrusion. There for three hours he dictated to an amanuensis or, in after-years, to a shorthand-writer his letters and "copy." In an enfeebled state of the brain he found penmanship the hardest part of composition, and it is probable that if he had had to write his books with his own hand most of them would never have been written at all. At one he returned to lunch at his boarding-house. He had spent his first years in London in soli-

tary lodgings, and only resigned himself to the humdrum conversation of a boarding-house on being assured by a medical friend that he would never regain his health if he continued to live by himself. The early part of the afternoon was given up to business. He superintended his own printing, bookbinding, and publishing. Long before his fame was assured he had the courage to incur the additional cost of stereotyping his books, and his ultimate gains through this wise economy were great. For many years, when he was publishing his works in parts, he even supervised the issue of the successive numbers to subscribers. He then made his way to the Athenæum Club, where he was sure to find his most intimate friends, looked through the periodicals, and played a few games at billiards. Three or four evenings a-week he dined out in a steadily increasing circle. If he remained at home he seldom read. Reading for half an hour after dinner, he said, would keep him awake for hours. He usually played billiards the evening through. He went early to bed, but not always to find sleep. Insomnia dogged him from middle life to old age.

His recreations had the same object as his systematic dining out and his regular visits to the Club—to gain relief from the obsession of his thoughts and keep himself in working order. Some of them were peculiarly blended with his work. His cerebral strength

was so reduced when he was composing his 'First Principles' that he could only proceed with it by alternately rowing in a boat (on a Highland loch) for a quarter of an hour and then dictating for another quarter. The most abstruse portion of his 'Principles of Psychology'—the polemic against Berkeley and Hume and the exposition of his "transfigured realism"—was dictated in a racquet-court at Pentonville in the intervals of the game. When tennis was revived he became an adept in it. His chief indoor resource was undoubtedly billiards, which he played steadily rather than brilliantly. He sat down sometimes to a rubber of whist, and was not scrupulous about flinging up his cards if he did not feel in the humour to go on. He went to theatres and concerts, and was quite content with very third-rate performances, though he had sharp insight into such things too. With a baritone voice of good *timbre* and some knowledge of music, he cultivated part-singing till he found reading at sight to put too great a strain on his head. He was a bit of an artist, and the walls of his study were hung with his water-colours. His great out-of-doors recreation was angling. Few autumns failed to find him on the banks of a Scottish trout-stream or salmon-river, where (with "flies" specially made under his instructions) the sport was pursued with as much method and thoroughness as he ever applied to a problem in philosophy. While he was

still robust, he was fond of taking long walks in company on off-days, and his assistants can remember excursions to Hampton Court, or "spending a happy day" with him at Rosherville. On these occasions he was the most genial of companions. There were no airs and no disquisitions. He might have been a man with his mark still to make, instead of being the greatest of living philosophers.

He shunned publicity. At one time, indeed, when failure stared him in the face and his small means were being frittered away in the publication of books that did not pay their expenses, he would gladly have accepted a Government appointment of a certain class, and the late Lord Derby unsuccessfully endeavoured to obtain for him the post of Inspector of Prisons. He was asked to contest a northern constituency; but even if he had possessed health, leisure, and means, he would soon have found himself out of place in a Legislature where two out of three measures passed would have been in the teeth of his most cherished convictions. He took part in few public demonstrations. He was present at a breakfast given about 1868 to Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist, but did not speak. He spoke at a meeting of the Midland Railway Company at Derby, protesting against the autocratic management of the railway. He was entertained at a banquet by some professors and deputies in Paris in 1878, and after replying to the toast

of his health, proposed "fraternity between France and England." He consistently refused scientific and academical distinctions. He resisted the suggestion of the President, Sir Joseph Hooker, that he should become a Fellow of the Royal Society. He refused to be nominated for the Presidency of the British Association. When an Italian academy sent him a diploma of the second class, he reclaimed indignantly against the slight, and after a heated correspondence with the Italian ambassador in London, the matter was compromised by sending him a first-class diploma. He refused to be elected Lord Rector of the oldest Scottish university. When the same university proposed to dub him Doctor of Laws, he declined in a letter which recalled the spirit, though not the manner, of Samuel Johnson's reply to Lord Chesterfield. No academical institution, he said, had held out its hand to him when he was struggling for recognition; now that a degree was offered to him, he no longer needed it. Of one singular honour he was unaware till long after it had been bestowed. His name has been given to a snow-clad range in the Southern Alps, where Mount Spencer towers above its giant sister-peaks as (his admirers would have said) the philosopher towered over his contemporaries. On the whole, he reminds one of what was said of Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna, where that nobleman was the only un-

decorated plenipotentiary in a crowd of *décorés*, and yet was "sufficiently decorated." Spencer was without distinctions and was all the more distinguished.

Such was Herbert Spencer as he appeared on the streets, at the club, in his rooms, at work and at play. What was he in himself? To answer the question we must inquire under what influences he was reared. How was he, as a thinker, evolved?

Herbert Spencer was born at Derby in 1820 (a year that witnessed the birth of a cluster of notables—John Ruskin, John Tyndall, and Marian Evans), and was the son of a mathematical teacher and author there. The father seems to have been a nonconformist in the primary sense, who conformed to no conventions which he could escape—a trait markedly inherited by his more distinguished son. He did not, however, inherit (if his own account is accepted, though others may differ) his father's aptitude for detail, while he certainly showed no such neglect of larger matters (care of his property, &c.) as he ascribed to his father. The latter's influence on him must otherwise have been deep and lasting. But it was perhaps rather to be traced in his bent towards the sciences than in any special inclination for mathematics. His mind (and the fact seems to make rather for Weismann's theory than for his own) was not eminently mathematical, and he looked with little favour on the won-

derful new developments which we owe to Imaginary Geometry.

To his bringing up at the headquarters of the Midland Railway is no doubt due his early dedication to the profession of engineering. He seems to have met with indifferent success in it. In the 'Forties, as in the 'Nineties, the profession was crowded, and he found himself compelled by the excessive competition to abandon it. But it was the cause of his first appearance as an author. The momentous question of broad *versus* narrow gauge was then exciting the railway mind, and it elicited from Spencer his first essay.

To his Nonconformist surroundings (for though his uncle was an Anglican rector his own family was Wesleyan) he owed, in all probability, his early views on the province of government. The Nonconformist of 1662, who survived till the Education Act of 1870 made him a solecism, held that Government conducted on worldly principles—any kind of Government excepting a theocracy, or rule of the saints—was a thing with which no Christian could have anything to do: the principle of Government was constraint; the principle of the Christian life was voluntary obedience; to the consistent Nonconformist Government was a *sin*. Spencer secularised this doctrine: Government to him was a moral offence and administrative nihilism a necessary deduction from a demonstrable principle of ethics. The theory coincided with his own predominant inclinations. Self-

sufficing by nature, asking nothing of the State excepting police-protection and justice (which latter he hardly expected to obtain and on one occasion refused to seek), not ungenerous, but thinking he could help others less by supporting them than by making them support themselves, he was a born propagandist of the doctrine, and his second essay in authorship was a series of letters addressed to a Non-conformist newspaper.

These letters signalised his entrance on a literary career in London. He had not rashly embarked on a sea that was then even less buoyed and beacons than it is now. He had first thought of emigrating to the Antipodes. It was the time when a colonising enthusiasm spread over England, and Spencer was caught up by the first of its three waves—that which colonised the central portions of New Zealand. It is interesting to conjecture what might have been his fortune if he had carried out his intention. With his great general ability and his practical capacity, he could not have failed to rise to distinction in days when these were a sure passport to power in the infant colony. Would he have retained it? These colonial democracies, like the French Revolution, rapidly use up their children, and, like the many able and cultivated men whom the Land of Promise in the South Seas attracted, he might have held office for a time and then been flung aside. For one thing, he would have

had an opportunity of trying the grand law-case of his life—*Man versus the State*. He would have seen a voluntary association—indeed, two such associations—founded in a manner after his own heart for the colonisation and government of large territories, become insolvent and practically confess their incapacity for their self-assumed tasks by surrendering their charters. He would have seen an eminently English colony, under democratic impulsion, outstripping even its sister-colonies in the race towards an organised system of State socialism.

Happily, he entered on a far greater career. From 1848 to 1851 he was sub-editor of 'The Economist.' Possibly the only influence that his short tenure of the post had on him was to whet his opposition to the interference of Government with the banking system and the currency. In London he came in contact with the stream of philosophic Liberalism, which blended itself with his inherited Nonconformity. The union of the two gave birth in 1851 to 'Social Statics,' a work which, popular as it is in style, shares with Emerson's 'Nature' and Stirling's 'Secret of Hegel' the unenviable distinction of having taken eleven years to go through a single edition. The book marked the beginning of his speculative life, which was crowned forty years later by the completion of the work. It expressed the negative one of the two strands of his thought, which here and there inosculated or were

forcibly intertwined, but were really unrelated to one another. The book stands now like "an obelisk on a lonely plain," but its doctrines were those of traditional English Liberalism. They were the doctrines of Adam Smith, Thomas Chalmers, and the old Whigs; they were also the doctrines of Bentham, the Mills, Grote, and the Radicals. When a political system dies, its soul transmigrates into a book, which thus embalms the past when it is imagined to embody the future. This was the fate of 'Social Statics.' The tide of legislation set flowing by Lord Shaftesbury had begun to run in the opposite direction even before the book was published, and it has been running ever since with increasing swiftness, till it has carried us to the brink of a system of State socialism. Spencer never let himself be swept away with it, or even moved a hair's-breadth from his first position. In a succession of essays and treatises he stated and restated, with sometimes tedious iteration, his original thesis. He remained the faithful Abdiel of doctrines which the whole world is forsaking. On two points only did he abandon his early views. Arriving at the conclusion, on biological grounds, that the family and not the individual is the social unit, he ceased to hold that women and children have equal rights with men. He was an avowed opponent of giving votes to women years before he ceased to be quoted as a supporter of female suffrage.

Only the remorseless logic of a system could have driven him to concede equal rights to children. Yet it is believed that the family of a late distinguished surgeon and scientific writer was brought up on that principle, and (it is said) with none of the evil results that might have been expected to follow.

It was probably during those early years in London that he became acquainted with the writings of Carlyle. It is hard for us now to measure the influence that great man exerted on the generation which came to maturity in the decade 1845-55. His stamp was on everything. The journalism and authorship of the day were saturated with his words and phrases, his tricks of language and turn of thought, his ideas and way of looking at things. Mill and Tennyson, Maurice and Ruskin and Froude, and a host of second-rate writers, bear his mark. They are *filis de* Carlyle. With more light than heat, Spencer could never have become a disciple of one who had more heat than light. But he derived from Carlyle a number of important ideas which deserve to be set down in detail. 1. The conception of an Unknowable and the fundamental unintelligibility of things is common to the Empiricist and the Transcendentalist. 2. The idea of force, which lies at the foundation of his system and which the physicists say he has confounded with energy: see 'Sartor,' *passim*, and especially bk. i. ch. xi. 3.

Carlyle's declaration that "all entities obey the same rigorous set of laws" is the "universal postulate" which makes practicable the construction of a philosophy of evolution. 4. The key-stone of Spencer's science of religion is his doctrine of ancestor-worship. But this (as he himself admitted in conversation) is only Carlyle's 'hero-worship,' made scientific by the addition of a hypothesis to which we shall by-and-by refer. 5. The view that hero-worship is the tap-root of all forms of worship becomes in Spencer the theorem that all religions and all superstitions are modifications of the worship or propitiation of ghosts. 6. The view that Government is founded on the worship of ancestors or heroes is also Carlyle's: see 'Sartor,' bk. viii. ch. vii., and 'Hero-Worship,' lect. i. That faith is akin to loyalty is a corollary drawn by both thinkers. 7. The analogy between the social and individual organisms is suggested by Carlyle in reference to circulation, economic and physiological: see 'Sartor,' bk. iii. ch. vii. 8. Feelings, not thoughts, govern the world, says Spencer in opposition to Comte: Carlyle had previously, and perhaps with more accuracy, said the same thing in his 'Hero-Worship,' lect. i. 9. Verse is emotional speech, says Spencer in (anticipated) opposition to Darwin's profounder theory that it is *sui generis*: Carlyle had expounded ('Hero-Worship,' lect. iii.) the commoner view twenty years earlier. 10. Spencer's description of all art

was that it was marked by an ever-nearer approach to reality. Give us reality, not vain imaginations, was Carlyle's unceasing cry. 11. The vindication of a soul of truth in things false is Carlyle's apology for Mahomet. 12. The doctrine of the national ownership of the land, which is a salient proposition in 'Social Statics,' was preached in 'Past and Present.' 13. Even the misconception of Kant's "forms of the sensibility" as "forms of thought," which Professor Sylvester first pointed out as a common English error, is Carlyle's ('Sartor,' bk. iii. ch. viii.) And there are a number of identities of word and phrase.

Carlyle suggests Emerson, and from Emerson Spencer derived the idea of "the rhythm of motion," which appears in 'First Principles' as a generalisation of observed facts and a deduction from the persistence of force.

In those years it may have been that he met with Mansel, of whose 'Prolegomena Logica' he spoke with admiration, as he long afterwards spoke of the interview with evident interest. Mansel led him back to his own master, Sir W. Hamilton. From the elder thinker and his expositor he received that peculiar view of the Unknowable which raises it to the rank of a positive entity and source of all existence, together with two-thirds of the arguments he uses in its support.

Besides the notion of a social consensus, he probably derived

from Comte the very idea of a Social Science. From the younger Mill he took the conception of a series of social sciences, or departments of social science, which Mill tried and failed to "carve out."

We are still only at the outworks of the citadel. Whence came the grand transforming idea of evolution, by means of which he was, with others, to change the face of science? It was in the air. The 'Vestiges' had made it a topic of daily discussion. Darwin was known to be occupied with the subject. A hundred eager inquirers were looking for the key of life in precisely this direction. If a definite stimulation must be assigned, we should refer it to the writings of Dr W. B. Carpenter. That under-estimated thinker, it was once unkindly observed, spent the second half of his life in showing that he had anticipated all his contemporaries in the first. He did, in fact, anticipate very many of them. His 'Principles of Comparative Physiology,' in particular, for the first time wrought out the conception of development as applied to animal organs and functions and (still more notably) to the growth of the mind. There, too, was stated and illustrated Von Baer's famous law, which Spencer acknowledges to have been epoch-making with him, and which, indeed, is one of the bases of his system. It ought in justice to be added that Spencer never would admit being under obligations to Carpenter, and that when

such obligations were ascribed to him many years ago in one of the quarterly reviews, he evidently disapproved of the ascription. The matter remains for exact determination. What is certain is that Spencer had read the book named with a degree of attention which he seldom bestowed on a printed volume.

A score of large constructive ideas—that may seem a long list of assimilations from foreign sources. Yet it is shorter than that of his most original contemporaries. Carlyle's debt to Goethe and the Germans was greater. Mill's indebtedness to Bentham, his father, and the Economists was far greater. Hamilton's appropriations from the whole range of ancient and modern philosophy were incomparably greater. When all necessary deductions have been made, Spencer remains the most original philosophic thinker of his time.

Thus equipped—the equipment, however, being put on piece by piece and year by year—Spencer began his new speculative life. It was a life possessed henceforward by a great inspiring idea, and everything really distinctive that he was to write was devoted to its exposition. From 1852 to 1857 he was one of a small but brilliant band who made the early numbers of 'The Westminster Review' as remarkable in their way as the first numbers of 'The Edinburgh.' In it appeared the finest essays he ever wrote. Some have even wished that he had gone on writing essays. Systems are ropes of

sand, and much of the labour of systematising is expended in making the logical connections.

The publication of the 'Principles of Psychology' in 1855 signalised his entrance on the field of mental philosophy in a commanding manner. How came a civil engineer to write such a book? Its maturity is complete, its grasp of the great problems all-embracing, its originality astonishing, the vistas it opens up novel and far-reaching. It is written on the lines of none of its predecessors. Scheme and treatment and style are alike new. The question can be answered as fully as questions about the origin of a great book ever can be answered. In the early 'Fifties Spencer was thrown into the society of a number of men and women with whom the discussion of philosophical problems was a passion: this supplied the stimulus. The sketch we have given of his philosophical development has shown from what sources no small part of the materials was drawn. For the rest we can only account as we should for a great poem or a scientific discovery. It was the outcome of new faculties. Spencer was himself a step forward in the history of creation.

A few years later, in 1859 or 1860, he issued the prospectus of a new system of philosophy. The leaders in science, scholarship, and theology—Darwin and Mill and Buckle, even Jowett and Liddon—hastened to enrol themselves as subscribers. But otherwise it attracted little attention. Its

encyclopædic character even excited some derision. He heeded it not. He was laying deep and wide the foundations of a structure that would last for generations. The electric circuit of his thought was complete. Nothing essential remained to be added. He had "built up the universe into stacks," as Carlyle said of Comte; he had mapped it all out into departments and sub-departments, like the machinery of Government. Every new fact was to find its place in one or other of these and be explained by one or other of the two great formulas of integration and differentiation. His work was planned for the rest of his life.

Spencer was now, at forty, in full possession of his resources. What faculties commanded them? Pre-eminent among them all was (what Kant would have called) his architectonic faculty. It is shown in the highest degree in his classification of the sciences, which places him in this respect beside D'Alembert and Ampère, and far above Comte. It is shown in the general scheme of his system. It is shown in the plan of every book, and the structure of almost every paragraph and sentence. It is luminously exhibited in the masterly outlines of his 'Descriptive Sociology,' which evoked the enthusiastic admiration of M. Taine, and well deserved that enthusiasm. It marked everything that he did. He would sit down to his desk and in a few minutes, with no apparent premeditation, map out in all its rami-

fications a department of social science. As he talked or as he wrote, part after part of a subject, which at first might seem "a wilderness of building, far withdrawn," came into view, and grew distinct, and assumed the proportions of a stately pile. The predominant bias of his mind towards construction he communicated in a measure to others. If Bentham taught his disciples the art of analysis, students learnt from Spencer the nobler art of synthesis. One aspect of his master-faculty was (what may be called) the inductive flight. From a momentary glimpse of a law as embodied in one or two facts, he swiftly rose to a point of view whence the whole scope of the law was seen. A striking example of this power may be given. On the basis of a single sentence that was found for him in a historian who must have been all-unconscious of the bearings of his statements, Spencer reared his entire theory of the genesis and development of religious systems. His power of divination may be another aspect of the same faculty. He would instruct an assistant to ascertain whether there was historical evidence for such and such a series of facts; and if the search was at first baffled, the facts were ultimately found to be as he had divined. If he possessed none of the poetical imagination which enabled Scott to revive, from the brief narrative of Commines and a few passages in other writers, the *costume* of the age of Louis XI., he undoubtedly laid claim to the higher scientific imagination

(as he deemed it) which reconstructs an extinct social or physical state, or conceives an as yet unknown cause, or conjectures the operation of a known cause in hitherto unimagined ways. When he said of a scientific friend (Huxley) who had refused to accept the development theory before the publication of the 'Origin of Species,' that "he did not allow his imagination to outrun his facts," he evidently implied that *he* had let his imagination outrun the facts. And, again, when he said that the want of a practical acquaintance with the details of science (of which he could not but be conscious) could be supplied by "imagination," he plainly felt that he possessed the desired quality. Imagination in this sense is but the onward leap of the mind, the impulse to intellectual conquest and discovery. It is the foundation of originality.

Spencer's originality was co-extensive with his powers. He took a new view of every subject that he treated, or soon made it new by far-reaching developments. All his books are original: not one of them is planned on old lines. If the exordium of a treatise or essay is sometimes unpromising, or even commonplace, you have only to wait and you are carried insensibly into the heart of an original argument. He needed no research in others' writings to find ideas. Before sitting down to write or dictate, he looked through his collection of facts on the topic in hand—chiefly passages from the accounts of travellers among savage peoples, or cut-

tings from newspapers, and the ideas proper to the facts seemed to arise naturally out of them as he advanced. He was very jealous of his originality. If an anticipation by others of an idea arrived at independently by himself was pointed out to him, he either deleted it or acknowledged the coincidence. His sensitiveness on this score was well illustrated in a controversy with Mr Tylor. Spencer had elaborated, in a remarkable series of chapters, a theory of religious evolution which he believed to be, in its developed form, absolutely original. Unfortunately for his dream, Mr Tylor had expounded substantially the same theory in a work that had been published years before. Yet it is certain that Spencer had not read the exposition, or suspected its existence; and it may even be doubted whether he had perused a single page of 'Primitive Culture,' though the book stood on his shelves. Mr Tylor had a perfect right to assert his own priority, which was undeniable; but it was assuredly not from him that Spencer derived his views. The suggestion had been received from a writer in whom no one would have expected to find it. The following pregnant sentence occurs in Southey's 'History of Brazil':—

"Their diabolism was rooted deeper [than this belief in a Universal Parent]: dreams, shadows, the nightmare, and delirium had generated superstitions which a set of knaves systematised and increased and strengthened" (vol. i. p. 227).

Out of so small a germ sprang such splendid blossoming. The obligation was not acknowledged at the time, because Spencer believed (having read the passage hastily) that Southey was giving the Brazilians' account of the origin of their beliefs (as if savages were philosophers!), while he was giving his own view of the matter. The real originator of the theory, however, was a greater than Southey. Nearly two centuries and a half ago the author of 'Leviathan' had occasion to trace the source of religious ideas. Men's fears (says the follower of Lucretius) accuse certain "powers," or agents "invisible," as the authors of their good or evil fortune.

"And for the matter or substance of the invisible agents so fancied, they could not by natural cogitation fall upon any other conceit, but that it was the same with the soul of man; and that the soul of man was of the same substance with that which appeareth in a dream to one that sleepeth; or in a looking-glass, to one that is awake; which, men not knowing that such apparitions are nothing else but creatures of the fancy, think to be real and external substances, and therefore call them ghosts: as the Latins called them *imagines* and *umbræ*, and thought them spirits, that is, thin aerial bodies, and those invisible agents which they feared to be like them. . . ."¹ "From this ignorance," Hobbes had previously said, "of how to distinguish dreams, and other strong fancies, from vision and sense, did arise the greatest part of the religion of the Gentiles in time past."²

So near may one be to a great discovery without making it! The hour had not come

¹ Hobbes, *Leviathan*, ch. xii.

² *Ibid.*, ch. ii.

in Hobbes's time, nor, in Southey's, the man.

Of Spencer's minor intellectual qualities the most notable were his fertility and his facility. In one of the few instances of direct insight into things which are scattered through his abstract pages he speaks of men whose thoughts come in single file, and who have consequently to retire to the quiet by-paths of life. His own thoughts came in platoons. The reading of a single page evoked a crowd of ideas which called for immediate utterance. He would pile Pelion upon Ossa — he could accumulate deductive and inductive arguments in support of any position whatever, sound or unsound, with Gladstonian affluence. His imagination rioted among possible explanations of obscure phenomena. The Haythorne Papers are examples of this faculty in its happiest exercise. It may have been the diversified character of these early papers and his encyclopædic range which misled Emerson to describe him, in an infelicitous *obiter dictum*, as "a stock-writer, who could write equally well on all subjects." The sage missed the intuitions, which alone he valued, and was repelled by the logic, which he flouted. Spencer groped habitually in depths where Emerson could not follow him. He was the philosopher of causation.

His facility was equally a consequence of rapid cerebration. "Thinking is so hard," said Goethe, quoting his friend Meyer. Spencer can never have found it hard. He said

himself that thinking and reading were equally fatiguing. To a spectator, reading seemed to him the harder. When he was reading, the muscles of his face contracted with the labour of concentrating the attention. When he was dictating the most abstruse matter, there was no visible effort. The eyes wore the far-away look of the thinker, while the face was in repose and the thoughts flowed on for hours with never a break. He lived and moved naturally on these high levels. Jean Paul sat down to the harpsichord; others have used wine or some still more potent spirit, or have been stimulated by conversation, or inspired by a book. Spencer needed no auxiliaries. He rarely had even a note. When did he prepare? What Walter Scott said of himself—that in one sense he never thought of his books except when he was writing them, and in another they were never out of his thoughts — might have been said of Spencer. Sir Andrew Clark accounted for his frequent relapses by saying that he was haunted by his work. And this was doubtless the truth. He advised one whose health had given way to "take a little run whenever he fell into a train of thought." When met with on the streets or in the Park, he always looked as if he were in "a train of thought." Of express preparation there can have been but little.

The ease with which his thoughts came to him was aided by discipline. He carried method into everything. Classification, pursued through

life, had become a second nature. Every fact as it was learnt, every idea as it arose, were at once mentally pigeon-holed. The outward arrangements reflected the inward order. Drawers, enclosures in drawers, and ingeniously constructed, portfolios contained accumulations of facts which supplied him with matter. Such arrangements were more practicable to him than they would have been to a less systematic thinker. He had painted the universe over with formulas. Had these been other than his own, they would have been the half-truths or whole falsities that have to be "swallowed." But they had grown with his knowledge and expanded with his thought till, in most things, they accurately expressed as wide and deep a conception as it lay in him to take. On some subjects they must have clouded his vision. Would his religious opinions have been the same but for that formula of "the Unknowable"? He even admitted in later years (speaking of Lewes's last books) that, fixed in his own point of view, he was unable to place himself at another's. These formulas retarded his acceptance. To his coevals his writings were as darkness visible. On men brought up in the school of Reid, like Professor Ferrier and Principal Tulloch, his 'Principles of Psychology' had much the same effect as "the lofty diction of the chorus of Clouds" had on "the simple-hearted Athenians," or Mr Gladstone's solemnities on

Macaulay. A new generation had to grow up before he could become intelligible. Some of these still remember, at a distance of thirty years, the midnight glow with which they devoured pages that baffled their elders. When the philosophy of evolution has served its turn, a reformer will be needed to sweep the heavens clear of these mental constructions, only to replace them by others which will tyrannise in their room.

Spencer had great practical capacity. He was a first-rate man of business, and managed his own printing, bookbinding, and publishing with manifest advantage to himself. He was an efficient member of committees. He had a strong contempt for handlessness, and he did not believe in a talent for metaphysics which was not a talent for anything less. No one could have been less of the bookworm or the dreamer. He would have accepted Johnson's definition of genius. He was himself many-sided, and with different antecedents might have been an enterprising merchant, a daring engineer, a distinguished statesman, or a successful commander.

No bookworm, we have said, and yet his knowledge was immense. With the biological sciences his acquaintance was extensive, and of perhaps none of the physical sciences was he altogether ignorant. It was a knowledge mainly of principles and results; details and processes he either ignored or left to be acquired when the need arose. How or when or where

it was all picked up remained a mystery after years of intercourse with him. He was rarely to be found reading, and in fact he read little. The problem may be partially solved by suggesting that much of it was hived, drop by drop, through habitual association with the leaders of science. A glance at an article or half-an-hour's browsing in a book would do more for him than a laborious perusal would do for another: his inductive imagination would anticipate conclusions and fill up the gaps. He possessed large stores of miscellaneous knowledge. To other men's opinions on a subject or a science he was indifferent. He wrote a treatise on psychology, and had not perhaps read one book on the subject through. He built up a philosophy of religion, and possibly had not read a single page on the science. It is more strange, and may have been due to the necessity of economising his strength, that he had read none of Darwin's works after the 'Origin.' Of history he knew little, though once at least he made an effort to repair his deficiencies in that department; of biography, little; of general literature, not a great deal. He was well read in Shakespeare, and made apt citations from the plays; he enjoyed Scott, and liked William Black's short Highland stories; he keenly relished 'Tristram Shandy,' but condemned 'Tom Jones' on account of its multiplied improbabilities; he considered the 'Autocrat' a gem. He was acquainted with no foreign language but French, and was

ostentatious in his contempt for "classical learning."

His conversation was hardly ever literary, and seldom touched on moral topics: it was mainly scientific and speculative. It was full of facts, always strung on an idea; it abounded in hypotheses. His fertility, already remarked on, was most noticeable then; and his emancipation from his own formulas was then most complete. In manner, it was calm and deliberate; when he was much interested, it grew eager and animated. The style was often unkempt, with as little as possible of the mechanical rise and fall and balanced structure of his book-sentences. Sagacity was its chief characteristic; what the Germans call *Weltweisheit* (wisdom of world-wide significance) might be defined as its province. Trivial it never was, and he once rebuked a personality by quoting Shakespeare on "the meanness of common knowledge." Very much of it was well worthy of permanent preservation, and it is to be hoped that some privileged auditor will do for him what Eckermann did for Goethe and Professor Knight for "Rabbi" Duncan.

It would be easy, were it worth while, to show that Spencer's moral qualities ran parallel with his intellectual attributes. As the foundation of them all, he was a man. He was even aggressively masculine, and if an infusion of the feminine element is requisite to a perfect character or the highest order of genius, he had neither. What answered in him to ambition was the in-

wardly necessitated choice of a field of labour and its steadfast cultivation through long discouragement and apparent failure: when it slowly dawned on him after the death of Mill that he was now at the head of philosophy in these islands and America, perhaps the mission was consciously pursued. He had the male animal's instinct of battle. He never shrank from an encounter: he replied to criticisms which might well have been left unnoticed; if one was for years ignored—that by Professor T. H. Green—it was because he “did not understand it”; and the septuagenarian's prolonged controversies with two such formidable disputants as Huxley and Weismann showed no falling off in spirit, vigour, or pertinacity of defence. On these occasions his bearing was knightly: there were no personalities, no captious arguments, no mere retorts; only once, and then under provocation, was scorn expressed. He so consistently disparaged physical courage that he can hardly have possessed it. Civic courage he undoubtedly had. When he was elected a member of the committee of the London Library he found it tyrannised over by a late historical peer: he set himself to break down the despot's authority. Once at least, in the Athenæum Club committee, he made a stiff fight on behalf of a candidate of literary distinction at a time when politicians and bishops were supposed to have prior claims. He was loyal to his friends: when Sir Joseph Hooker was in danger of being

throttled by red-tape, Spencer went with others to the rescue—his loyalty on this occasion being whetted by his hatred of officialism. He was always ready to be helpful in a good cause: he found both capitalist and publisher for a well-planned but afterwards mismanaged review. In these cases he was impartial: he can have had as little sympathy as acquaintance with Spinoza's philosophy; yet he took part in procuring English support towards erecting a statue of the Dutch philosopher at The Hague. He had a genuine sympathy for the victims of ill-health, particularly where it was due to overwork, and many a sufferer has benefited by his generosity. If he received a service, it seemed as if he could not rest till he returned it fourfold: he was not equally prompt to retaliate on injury—commonly, he did not retaliate at all. He was never mercenary, and when he was accused of being on one occasion actuated by interested motives, he was deeply wounded by the baseless charge; but his quiverful of arguments held no personal missile that he could retort on the slanderer. He was not vindictive and he was placable; anecdotes of forgiveness, and more than forgiveness, where a real injury had been done, come back to memory. Yet he could feel deep indignation, on public and private grounds, and when he was angry he grew pale, as formidable men are said to do, though there are exceptions to the rule. He was incapable of jealousy: at a time when he might have dis-

puted Mill's ascendancy he quietly accepted the second place, and when on Mill's death he succeeded to the leadership he showed no exultation. With all his depth of thought he had a native simplicity of character: and with all his knowledge, like many another great man—like Turgot and Malesherbes, Lytton and Gladstone—he had no “knowledge of men.” He was taken in fifty times if he was taken in once. His radical goodness was answerable for his ignorance. He believed that others were as upright as himself. Unbending rectitude was his governing principle. His most brilliant disciple has said that “in a world like our own it is impossible for the righteous always to act consistently up to their most sacred convictions.” Mr Grant Allen's master was, then, a unique example of a man who went through life without compromising a principle. There was, perhaps, a single deviation. It was desired to issue a French translation of his book on Education with the omission of the first chapter, which offended the Ministry of Education: he reluctantly agreed that it should be omitted. He had many attached friends and few enemies or none; in most companies he bore himself with an easy superiority and received much deference; he was never the victim of calumny or persecution; he was never made the object of a personal attack and rarely of hostile remark.

The late Principal Tulloch writes in a letter, which his biographer has thought worth printing, that he saw at the Athenæum Club “the great philosopher, S., gloating over his dinner with unphilosophic eyes, and afterwards moving about among his friends with the air of a man of the world acquired too late in life.” The frank unaffected manner of his middle life certainly stiffened in later years; but the learned Principal's own eyes must have been “unphilosophic” indeed when he discovered gluttony in one whom another St Andrews professor (the late genial and accomplished T. S. Baynes) as truly as wittily named “an Epicurean in theory and a Stoic in practice.” With a range of feeling answering to his range of thought, it may be doubted whether he was susceptible of deep or high emotion. Bereavement saddened him, but left no lasting mark. He was, perhaps, most moved in 1864 or 1865, when it seemed likely that he might have to discontinue the publication of his works, and when his father said, “It will break Herbert's heart if he has to give up.” Sheltered by his fame, his celibacy, his retired ways and his devotion to abstruse pursuits, he lived a protected life. It was a life animated throughout its whole extent by a sense of duty, which was none the less noble that it was supported by no supernatural sanctions.

A TURKISH FARM.

"ONE first single to Colophon," said the traveller abstractedly to the Greek ticket-clerk, and waited for an answer. But the Greek gazed in blank astonishment through the wicket until the traveller awoke from dreams of the past and repeated the request in gesture, coupled with the name of a more modern destination.

To one who knows Smyrna, Caravan Bridge Station might serve as a type of the jumble of East and West that greets him at every street corner. The very name carries him back to the days before railway-trains, when the strings of camels brought in the rich stores of Asia Minor to the greatest of its ports, and behold! on either side of the gates that close the level crossing while the train passes, there are the strings of camels waiting still with their loads of grain or of charcoal, and between the cypresses of the Turkish cemetery the caravans pass up and down across the bridge with a jingling of bells and a padding of soft feet in the dust. Immemorial custom is not to be altered by so paltry a contrivance as the railway, and in spite of iron roads and clamorous officials most of the merchandise comes down to the sea in the old fashion, the stolid felt-clad driver leading, on his tiny donkey, and the great scornful beasts of burden following, slowly, sleepily, the very em-

bodiment of oriental indifference. The bustling steam devil must have caught the spirit of the country; slowly he dragged the train round the foot of Mount Pagus, painfully he laboured through the smiling valley of the Tachtali Chai, long he lingered at the wayside stations while the engine-driver and the guard and most of the passengers exchanged compliments with the station-master and the porter—if I may dignify by that name one clad in torn and baggy trousers of blue cotton, a yellow waistcoat, and a white felt skull-cap. As we proceeded the prospect widened. To the left the view was bounded by the snowy line of Tmolus, Tmolus of the gold-laden stream which brought the wealth of Cræsus down to his city of Sardis; to the right rose a chain of wooded hills, and behind them the topmost peak of the island of Samos. Over all the plain lay the first magic of the spring; every tree was jewelled with bursting buds which, like the cestus of the goddess, adorned without concealing; the fields were green with corn and the banks set with iris and narcissus, and with anemones of every shade from white to scarlet, from lavender to deepest purple. It was the plain of Colophon, horse-breeding like that of Argos; the famous cavalry must have ranged it in the brave days when to send the horsemen of

Colophon into action was to end the fight, for which reason, and because language is the handmaid of history, the name of the city lives on in our speech with the sense of a termination. How rich the plain is still you may gather from the fact that a little farther up the line lies a big farm belonging to the Sultan, and wherever the Sultan holds private property, there the property is sure to be worth holding. All this country under the hills was ruled once by a great family of Beys, independent princes like the Kara Osmans, the princes of Karamania, and, like the Kara Osmans, deposed and ruined, their great house fallen into decay, their descendants beggared and forgotten. Two generations back a Dutch merchant of sporting proclivities, head of one of the houses which formed the Dutch company trading with the Levant, cast his eyes upon the wooded hills stocked with panther and with boar, bought a small farm-house near the gorge through which the Tachtali Chai pierces its way to the *Ægean* Sea, and came out for recreation with his dogs and his gun. He saw the fall of the Turkish princes, his predecessors, and protected the last of them when the hand of the Sultan fell heavy upon them. His son, sharing his tastes, added, not field to field, but forest to forest and marsh to marsh, so that his grandchildren inherited twenty thousand acres of wood and mountain and valley, fruitful

an hundredfold to him who drains and ploughs and clears.

Develikeui! the name was written up in Turkish and Greek and French on a tiny station some six miles from the hills, and the train stopped that an Albanian, a Circassian, and a couple of veiled Turkish women might alight. The handsome wife of the Greek station-master put her head out of the window to see the arrivals, true descendant she of those beautiful Smyrniotes who roused Kinglake to eloquent passages. Unfortunately they no longer wear the lovely dress, half-Western, half-Oriental, which lent them such charm in his day, but it is packed away somewhere in the family boxes—"the dress of my grandmother"—and the gold chains and ornaments which belonged to it are brought out on high days and festivals of the Orthodox Church. A covered cart was waiting at the station, and with it an escort consisting of a gaily dressed Greek, mounted on an ambling nag, and armed with a rifle, for on a Turkish farm even the shepherd will sling a gun over his shoulder when he goes out to tend his sheep. The driver cracked his whip and set off jauntily, as one who takes a little stroll down Piccadilly. But let no one, except he have sound bones, attempt to pass over the roads from Develikeui to Malcajik. Roads indeed! mere tracks through the cornfields, a world too wide (but an acre or two wasted by the wayside

is of no consequence where land is to be had for the asking) innocent of stones, rutted deep into the soft soil, and the ruts filled by the spring rains which had made the countryside so green and smiling. Presently an unusually big morass obliged the driver to throw himself on the mercy of a neighbouring bank, along which he sped with swift and careless equanimity, turned a sharp corner at an angle of 45°, and continued with one wheel in the marsh and the other on the rising ground high above it, to which it clung by the special mercy of Providence. When the track grew definitely too difficult even for that courageous whip, he turned off and took to a grass-field full of anemones, which offered considerably better going than the Sultan's highway. The only visible attempt to mend the road was where a pond of mud had been half filled with branches, an expedient which will never supersede the principles of Macadam. The whole drive was more of the nature of steeple-chasing than of carriage exercise, the last obstacle on the course being no other than the river itself. Down a slope of pebbles rattled the cart, and at a hand-canter (and with much splashing) the pony dashed through the water and up the opposite bank. Other means of transit there were none, save where a picturesque and narrow footbridge spanned a pool to which the village cattle came down to drink under the budding plane branches.

And so to the farm, a white

house standing unpretendingly by the roadside at the entrance of the village street, with a line of pollarded sycamores in front of it. By the doorway is a rough seat formed of two big stones, and this is the Court House of the village, where the proprietor administers justice during the off moments of the day. One who farms in Turkey must be willing to lay his hand to many ploughs besides that which turns the furrow, and to play the part of sheikh or bey or head of the family as his tenants may demand. Accordingly you may see often enough a suppliant standing before the primitive justice-seat under the sycamores, a dark-faced gipsy, perhaps, talking volubly and punctuating his sentences by bending down and touching the dust at his hearer's feet till his prayer shall be answered, and the marauding camel, which had been found in a neighbour's cornfield, led out of the stable and restored, with a warning, to its owner.

The population of the village is singularly diversified. The main part of it consists of Turks and Greeks, for the farm lies in the belt of Greek-inhabited country which stretches along the seaboard. The orthodox church is a conspicuous object in the village square. It boasts a wooden tower, constructed by a local carpenter in emulation of the glories of Smyrna. Though it leans over to the south with a most decided inclination, it is none the less the glory of Malcajik. Many good towers have a similar peculiarity, and as for

solidity, why, the campanile of Pisa stands, and that of Venice has fallen. The church itself makes no claim to architectural merit. It consists of a white-washed room, furnished with tall gilt candelabra and crystal sconces which hang before the gaily pictured altar-screen. One of these pictures must have had a curious history. It represents the favourite saint of the Eastern world, whether it be Orthodox or Mohammedan, St George, slaying a small but vivacious dragon, with a blue sea and a red-roofed Dutch town in the background, and it is riddled with bullet-marks made by the rifles of the Bashi-bazouks in the wars at the beginning of last century. The mellowing varnish gives a pleasant glow to the red roofs and the European landscape, so oddly transported from their home to adorn an Asiatic village. The Turks have their mosque farther up the street by the edge of a stream, where good Mohammedans can perform the prescribed ablutions. Over the doorway is written in Arabic a verse from the Koran: "Upon the Faithful prayer is enjoined," and though none, I fancy, can read the words of the holy book except the Mollah who leads the prayers, the injunction is kept rigorously by the congregation. Outside the village, a few cypress-trees mark the Moslem cemetery; and farther away two more of the dark straight spires of death grow upon the spot where some men were murdered by robbers long ago. It is only recently that the

robber bands have disappeared,—indeed one of the present owner's family was captured by them and held to ransom. He was treated with the utmost civility, and a polite message was despatched to the farm explaining the cause of his absence. The money was duly found, and he parted with his hosts—if I may so call them—on the best of terms. They understand the ordering of these matters in Asia Minor.

Greeks and Turks get on well enough together, with occasional tiffs, which are generally due to the graspingness of the former. When they differ, the disentangling of rights and wrongs is no easy matter; it needs a natural instinct backed by long years of training to direct aright the sword of the blind goddess in the East. While I was at the farm, a Greek girl was brought in for protection with the following tale. Her father was accused of wishing to make her turn Mohammedan and marry a rich Turk who had already a wife or two. The Turk had offered her father a hundred pounds for the girl—at least so said a Greek miller of her village, whose testimony was scarcely to be called unbiassed since he admitted that he also wished to marry her. As for the cause of the discord, her views were uncertain, except that she firmly refused to marry the miller; meantime she stayed contentedly at the farm as a servant, and I trust she has since settled her matrimonial difficulties by selecting a spouse of her own persuasion

in Malcajik. Here, as everywhere, the shiftless Greek works hard and prospers; the Turk, good fellow as he is, law-abiding and trustworthy, sits idle, and falls daily into greater poverty. He is satisfied if he can keep the wolf from the door, and even if the wolf's nose be well over the threshold, he will merely retreat to the farther end of his house, hoping, *Insha'llah*, that the animal will come no farther. But wives and children must be fed, be it ever so meagrely, and with reluctance he finds himself obliged to drive his master's buffaloes afield and prune the vines with his master's knife, receiving in return a quarter of the produce of corn and wine.

It is not amiss in these times, when our feelings are daily lacerated by descriptions of atrocities, to bear witness to the fine qualities of the Turkish peasant, and to the fact that where, as on the coast of Asia Minor, his Government does not spur him on to evil, he lives at peace with his neighbours of every creed. The wealth and the authority of the European colony in Smyrna have enabled it to exercise a prevailing influence upon the officials in and about the town. At the worst moment of the Armenian massacres there were indeed signs that they desired to incite the Mohammedan population to similar horrors in Smyrna: they were held back by the strong representations of the European merchants, and the danger was averted. Unprompted, there was no national instinct which would

have led inevitably to the slaughter of Greek or Armenian. The well-wishers of Turkey, of the people, not of the Government (and I will venture to say that the well-wishers are all who know the Turkish peasant), can hope for no better result from the intolerable disorders that reign in the European provinces than that the Turk should be driven back into Asia. European Turkey is nothing but a burden to the Asiatic provinces. The heavy price of the long frontier defences, the price of waste and war and rebellion, is paid out of the pocket of the Malcajik farmer and his like, upon whom fall also the death-duties of a legacy of misgovernment, of brutality, and of hatred.

Yuruks form the next great division of the population. They are nomads divided into many tribes, some of Turkoman, others of Semitic origin, and all alike ruled on the tribal system by beys. The Ottoman Government, in order to facilitate taxation and conscription, has ordered them to build houses and leave their roving life; but the order is obeyed in a very half-hearted manner, the mud houses being allowed to fall into ruin, while their owners roam the surrounding country in their black tents as of old. Then come the gipsies, a thieving, roguish lot, speaking a tongue of their own, but eager to show off a sketchy acquaintance with many others, carrying the same ill fame with them wherever they go, and, except the Jews, the most widely distributed

race on the earth's surface. You cannot answer for it that the bold-eyed woman who stands smiling before you in the Eastern sunlight is not as well acquainted with your native town as you are. A German military *attaché*, who was travelling with a friend in the uttermost parts of Asia Minor, came across a camp of these ingratiating children of the Evil One, and riding through it, his companion, though ignorant of the East, yet recognised the familiar type, and exclaimed in disgust, "Sie sind lauter Zigeuner!" Whereat a wrinkled old hag standing by her tent door laughed aloud and shouted back to him, "Ja! Zigeuner sind wir! aus Berlin!" But the most curious inhabitants of the village are the Tachtagis, a strange race of whom little is known, but who are supposed to be a part of the indigenous population. As their name implies, they are woodcutters, and like the Yuruks they are passing from a nomad to a settled existence; for though they generally prefer to keep to the hills, to which the many invaders of their country have driven them, some few of them are to be found living in the villages. Outwardly professing Mohammedanism, they follow a secret religion, and serve a God who is popularly supposed to be worshipped with devilish rites. They are ruled by priests, who travel round like justices in eyre to settle disputes, and hold a yearly religious gathering at dead of night in the

graveyard. Their ceremonies and customs are unlike those of their fellow-countrymen. When one of them marries, the bride is paraded round the village covered with woven rugs, on the top of which is laid a red cloth decked with flowers and coloured muslins. She rides a horse on which a fine carpet has been spread, and whoever lends the horse takes the carpet—a system which would seem to offer a strong incentive to neighbourly kindness. The Tachtagis are bound by a secret oath, and keep no promise made without it. Some years ago the proprietor of the farm, having borne with their lying and stealing to the breaking-point of endurance, threatened to turn them out bag and baggage, and was proceeding to put the threat into execution when the headman came to him, and, under the seal of secrecy, revealed the Tachtagi oath, and bound himself and his people by it to keep the peace, since when there has been no trouble with them. In the winter there is also a floating population of Albanian labourers, brought over by enterprising contractors, for whom they work for four or five months, and at the end receive a wage of £5. The contractor is by way of keeping them and feeding them: he keeps them in an outhouse, and feeds them on the smallest possible allowance of hard bread; and from one end of the winter to the other they never sleep warm or touch a warm meal. Yet they come

over in hundreds every year, which throws an unpleasing light on the possibilities of life in the Albanian highlands.

With all these varied tillers of the soil, barely a hundredth part of Asia Minor is under cultivation. Of the twenty thousand acres which lie round the farm only five thousand are cultivated; the rest consists of scrub and wooded hills, which are not entirely without profit, much less without pleasure, to their owner. The narrow gorges of the forests are filled with game; the thick under-wood is the home of the wild boar; in the caves above are the lairs of panther and jackal; and high over all, in the holes of the topmost rocks, live the pigeons and the eagles. The gorges used to be the haunt of brigands, and so great was the fear of them that until five years ago the mill up in the mountains had fallen into disuse; but now security reigns, and the miller has returned, and lives with the sound of the rushing stream and the grinding of mill-wheels for ever in his ears. In the spring the scrub is white and gold with heather and gorse, and here the Yuruks pitch their tents and pasture their cows and camels. We passed an encampment one afternoon in the course of a long ride, and were invited in. Under the thin black goat's-hair shelter, full of holes, through which the north wind entered, an unwelcome guest, we sat on a carpet of honour by the wood fire, while the head of the family roasted and boiled coffee, and

set before us a bowl of delicious unsalted butter and thin flaps of bread, the bread of the nomad all the world over. They entertained us with the simple courtesy of the East, giving of their best with a dignified hospitality which made it easy to accept and to enjoy. No false shame and no apologies spoiled a repast which was an equal honour to him who gave and to him who received it.

If the country were under a better government and the facilities for transport greater, its wealth would be incalculable. An Englishman catches himself at every moment considering what he might have done with it if it had been his. Everything grows, and grows in the greatest perfection. As for food, the farm is almost self-supporting, producing fruit and wine and corn, meat and milk and cheese, oil and vegetables and tobacco. And to crown all, a delicious climate. "These Ionians," says Herodotus, "have built their cities under the finest sky and climate we know of; for neither the regions that are above it, nor those that are below, nor the parts to the east or west, are at all equal to Ionia." There are, moreover, other products of the soil unrecognised by the farmer. The coasts of Asia Minor are classic ground: scratch the earth but a very little and you are in the Greater Greece, the hardy Greece that occupied the richest parts of the Mediterranean littoral, the luxurious Greece that attracted, and submitted to, the Persian.

Much of the legend and of the poetry which have been the finest romantic inheritance of Europe were born in the country near Malcajik. The very roots of Greek tradition are to be found not far off, where, on a hillside overlooking the plain of Hermus, the Niobe, a great tragic figure carved in the solid rock, guards the throne of Pelops and the foundations of the city of Tantalus. She sits like an embodiment of history, bending forward over her mighty knees and watching with sightless eyes the march of conquerors across the plain below. Homer sang of her, and Homer himself was a native of the land, Colophon being one of the seven cities which claim the honour of having given birth to him. The farm is full of traces of the past. Every bit of rising ground is crowned with a tumulus, on top a stratum of earth heaped up by the centuries, then the loose stones calcined with sacrificial fires and sprinkled with the bones of burnt-offerings, and last the roughly set slabs forming the sarcophagus, and containing earthenware pots and gold ornaments and the bones of the hero who ruled at Colophon or rode in the famous horse. They laid him where his spirit could look out over the wide plain and back to the green hillside crowned with the walls of his own city, and hear the tramp of their horses' feet as they rode down to conquer Æolian Smyrna or to give the casting vote, which was the privilege of Colophon, at the

assembly of the Panionium. When Colophon was founded, Mycenæ and Phœnicia ruled the Mediterranean; she welcomed the conquerors back from Troy; while Rome was building, Colophon was a great power, she saw the rise and fall of the Lydian kings, and took part in the struggle with Persia. The ruined walls enclose a larger area than that of any of the early towns of Asia Minor, except Pteria. They must have been built shortly before the fall of the city, for they are of the finest Greek stone-work, resembling the walls of Lysimachus at Ephesus. The large dressed stones lie evenly together without the aid of mortar, and at intervals the line of the wall is broken by projecting towers, or by a gateway just wide enough to admit of a chariot passing though it, and the marks of the chariot-wheels are still visible on the stone threshold. An inner wall encloses the Acropolis, high placed on the spur of the hills, with a little plateau below it, deep in soil, which covers, perhaps, the palace of the first rulers and the rude dwellings of the first settlers. On the hillside behind the walls stretches a vast necropolis. Not too far from the sea for commerce and not so near that it would be open to the attack of hostile seafarers, the situation was ideal in the eyes of the Greek colonists. For a thousand years they prospered; but in the third century before our era Lysimachus, who walled Ephesus, extended the power

of that city over the neighbouring districts, to the detriment of Colophon. The town was captured and laid desolate, what remained of the inhabitants were carried off and settled on the edge of the sea at Notium, and the mother city was never repeopled. Slowly the mountain streams forced their way through the streets, covered the lower town with a deep bed of silt, and broke down, where they passed, the strong girdle of the walls. The work of disintegration was also one of protection. All that escaped Lysimachus, all the wealth of a thousand years of Greece, lies buried under the river mud. No later settlement rose over the ruins of that which he destroyed, no despoiling hand crushed the broken marbles into lime, or built them into fortress and dwelling,—the kindly streams covered all alike, and who can tell what treasures lie waiting the excavator? “It is the richest site in Asia,” said a German archæologist. I believe the British Museum has obtained the necessary permit from the Turkish Government, and waits only for funds to begin operations; but we who have left the Cretan excavations to languish for want of a few thousands, though they opened a fresh and undreamt-of chapter of history, will presumably think twice be-

fore we put our hands into our pockets for the recovery of the possible treasures of Colophon. The German opened his eyes in amazement when I hinted at the difficulty. “Ah! yes,” he said; “I have heard, but I scarcely believed. In England you can only get money for converting people to one of your many Churches. With us it is different.”

Meantime the Turkish peasants in the little village under the poplar-trees at the foot of the hill drive their bullocks and their wooden ploughs over the soft soil below which the streets and temples of Colophon lie hidden, the olives spread their grey branches across the agora, and the roots of the arbutus-bushes find a passage through the close joints of the walls. No foe but Time can draw near the Acropolis, and Time himself is scarcely to be feared, for he ceased to move in Colophon two thousand years ago. The dead lie undisturbed in the great tumuli by the city gates, the heroes that lived and fought before the history of Europe began, the mariners that bartered with Egypt and with Tyre, the poets that helped to frame the song of Troy. “Shut them in with their triumphs and their glories and the rest”—we must return to our vineyards and our corn-fields.

THE MILITARY BOOK-SHELF.

MANY of us can remember as one of the saddest moments in our lives the day when, after a lapse of years, we returned as men to the school which we had left as boys. It might have been that the buildings were unaltered, some of the masters and tutors may have been the very men who had once trained our minds, only, in common with the buildings, a little more scarred by the ravages of time than when we had seen them last. Yet all was so different. Memory took us back to that day when those buildings were symbolic of all that was worth living for in life: when the masters were our mentors; when their views and theories were to us infallible, and, in the breadth and scope of their superiority, infinite. Vain imaginings of an embryo mind, undeveloped and unburnished by contact with the world and men and matters. And now, on our return, how sad it was to find that the very buildings which had seemed to us so vast, so impressive, and so grand, had apparently shrunk to the simple significance of ordinary dimensions. That the very men, upon whose smallest word we were wont to hang with fanatical reverence, were just creatures of ordinary calibre — often, from the very nature of their calling, narrow-minded, cramped, and

paltry in their views. What a shock it was to find that while we had advanced they had stood still—that all that we had esteemed and revered was but very ordinary clay.

It was with feelings almost akin to these that we put down Lord Wolseley's book.¹ To us, for very many years, Lord Wolseley as a soldier had represented all that was great and noble. We knew that he was brave: the record of this is scarred upon his wounded frame. We believed him to be a great general, a man possessed of as great administrative abilities as he was proved possessed of soldierly qualities. Our faith was not even shaken, when he raised his plaintive cry in the Upper House. His country had not treated him well, and this indiscretion was but an ebullition of honest feeling, distorted by the extraordinary circumstances of the channel into which it was poured. But even the most steadfast of Lord Wolseley's admirers will allow that this present venture adds nothing of lustre to the name of the Field-Marshal. We would not have minded a vein of bitterness in his work. Perchance he may have had cause for bitterness: many greater soldiers and penmen than he have shown a taint of gall in the records which they have left behind them. But Lord

¹ *The Story of a Soldier's Life.* By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, O.M., K.P., &c. 2 vols. Archibald Constable & Co.

Wolseley's treatment of the contemporaries with whom he worked in his public life is such that the only conclusion it is possible to draw from his book is that he can never have possessed a broad or even charitable mind. No man who can stoop, even if it be in anger, to the spiteful innuendoes and cheap sarcasm which pervade his life's story as far as he gives it, could ever have possessed a balanced judgment which is worthy of the qualification of "great."

Let us quote from the last page in the work, just one extract, as an example of the "trail of the serpent," which throughout the narrative intrudes itself upon the reader's notice :—

"Keep your hands off the Regiment, ye iconoclastic civilian officials who meddle and muddle in Army matters. Clever politicians you may be, but you are not soldiers, and you do not understand them; they are not pawns on a chess-board. Leave the management of our fighting men to soldiers of experience in our British Army of old renown, and do not parody us by appearing in public decked for the nonce in a soldier's karki coat . . . !"

We could hardly forgive the want of taste implied by the innuendo in the last line if it were contained in the peroration of a platform speech on Army Reform. But that it should be the final blessing from the pen of a man whom we are willing to honour and desire to respect is pathetic in the extreme. But apart from the too thinly veiled personal attack which this sentence, typical of the Field-Marshal's reflections through-

out his book, implies, we can read in it the taint of that exclusiveness and snobbery which is typical of the narrow-minded British officer, of which evidences abound all through the text of Lord Wolseley's *Memoirs*,—that "narrowness" which, in the past, has clogged the mental advancement of our Army, and which, in spite of the revelations of recent years, would seem to be still in the ascendant. We cannot really blame the Field-Marshal that he still entertains this animus against those who have not crystallised in the bed-rock of military ignorance and prejudice: bias and prejudice have been his close associates throughout his life's work. But we feel keenly the revelation of the fact, since we had counted him as one of the few whose broadness of intellect had raised him superior to this poison which during the past century has stunted the practical development of our Army. The officer ranks of the Army should, it is true, be a "class service." But the delineation of the qualifications for this class should not be a question of heredity or association with particular aristocratic families. It should be a qualification for the candidate, no matter his forebears, to take his place in "the aristocracy of brains." But would such an end have been possible with a Commander-in-Chief who allowed sentiments as expressed in the following reflections to rule his selections for preferment :—

"These men die that England should be great, and they die for her without a murmur; and yet it is

their valour and their self-sacrifice that enables home tradesmen to make fortunes, live at ease, and to marry their sons and daughters into gentle families."

Or again—

"Peace - preachers who manufactured rum, shoddy cottons, bad carpets, worse guns, and still worse powder for sale to the natives in or near our colonial and foreign possessions, this so-called army had a supreme contempt. At the period, however, many of our cavalry regiments were largely supplied with the sons of these rich merchants as officers. Indeed, one regiment of great renown in former days was commonly known as the 'Trades Union.'"

Can anything exceed the narrowness of these sentiments? As far as we can understand them, they imply resentment that these sons of tradesmen should be prepared to show the same natural devotion as the men who claimed to be of "gentle families." Now the commonest virtue is brute courage. We have every evidence that these sneered-at sons of tradesmen possessed it in as highly a developed form as the self-styled "gentle" officers. We have the Field-Marshal's evidence that it is a virtue common to all mankind—even low-born privates can lay claim to it. But it is a sin and a presumption to find the son of a merchant daring to place at his nation's call this very common virtue of personal courage, which for years has been about the only asset that the British officer could set against the confidence which the country

placed in him. Does the Field-Marshal forget that all the favours he has won, all the dignities that have come to him, are the outcome of the gratitude which these sneered-at tradesmen have been anxious to show to him, and which he has never shown a disposition to refuse?

No! if it is possible to trace any cause which has brought us within an ace of military ruin, it has been this curse of "army caste," of which we find such a startling example in the Field-Marshal's work. But if this revelation will have impressed upon the country the necessity of bringing the nation's brain to bear upon the question, then perhaps the author, all unwittingly, may have rendered us as great a service as any of those for which he takes credit to himself in his book. Let us banish this anachronism of "caste," and set ourselves to officer our services as we do our Indian Civil Service—which is admittedly at once the finest and most intellectual governing body in the world—from the "aristocracy of brains." Let us share in our public services with our great business houses the intellect which is the secret of their success. Let us be practical, and welcome the advice of thinking men, who have studied our services and given us disinterested opinions. Take, for instance, the following passage from the work of a thinking civilian,¹ which was given to us almost sim-

¹ The Problem of the Army. By L. S. Amery. Arnold.

ultaneously with the Field-Marshal's memoirs:—

"The selection, education, and general training of our officers have only recently been the subject of an exhaustive inquiry by a committee. . . . The recommendations of that committee included alterations in the present entrance examinations, a re-organisation of the Sandhurst course, and the admission of larger numbers of University and Colonial candidates. They might well have been a little bolder. To put the original education of our officers on a better basis, the right step would be to create a real military University, giving the best historical, scientific, and military education. By the very best I mean an education so good that people will send their sons to this University for the sake of education alone, even when they have no intention of entering them for the Army. That, indeed, is already the case with Kingston Military College in Canada. Commissions would be given by nomination to the pick of these students, and they would supply the bulk of officers of the Regular Army, though of course a considerable number of nominations would still go to other Universities. . . . In any case, exchanges between the Imperial Army and the local defence forces, whether of the United Kingdom or of the Colonies, should be freely encouraged."

Here is a rational suggestion for the abolishment of "caste" that we can cordially support, and one which, if the Field-Marshal would but sink his "caste" prejudices, he must support. That is, if his evidence before the War Commission was sincerely given, when he said, "The great bulk of the young men of ability in England do not come into our badly paid profession," or if, in the references in his work to the American army and its Academical institu-

tions, he was stating his convictions when he made this statement: "The far-famed Military School of 'West Point' (the best of such schools to be found in any country)." West Point, we have reason to know, does not draw the "caste" distinction between the sons of tradesmen and those of so-called "gentle" birth. We have the story of a now very distinguished American general, who, when he undertook the journey from the backwoods to West Point, saw a railway for the first time, and had never worn anything but leather breeches; of the men whose parents could barely read and write, and of many cadets who have read of their successful nomination to the Academy with the soil of their parents' retail trade upon their fingers.

But although the tone of Lord Wolseley's reflections as they appear at intervals all through his two volumes have hurt our nicer feelings and proved a great and bitter disappointment, yet we must not allow them to wholly damn the work. Far from it—they are but the poison-meat in the shell-fish, which when removed leaves a nutritious and appetising meal. There is not a soldier who has fought for this country during the last fifty years who will not find pleasure in a perusal of the narrative of Lord Wolseley's distinguished career—whether he follows it as ensign in Burma, subaltern in the trenches before Sebastopol, captain in the Indian Mutiny, staff-officer at home and abroad, and commander of the Red

River and Ashantee Expeditions. The record is a magnificent one, and the narrative cannot but awake memories and stir the blood of all of us who have knowledge of those unequalled sensations to be found alone "in War's alarms."

There is nothing to our mind more fascinating than a comparison of those incidents which stand most marked in our own careers with those related by our fellows. This is the one great solace which nature gives us with increasing age—the greatest compensation it affords for vanished youth and vigour. What reminiscences the Field-Marshal's varied military career recalls! How military history repeats itself even down to our most recent wars! How human all generals are, except perhaps the few Heaven-sent master-minds which reach this planet about once a century! How the petty jealousies of the human mind are evident in Lord Wolseley's description of the Relief of Lucknow!—the same selfish meanness that the civilian author whom we have already quoted refers to in the following reference to the South African War:—

"No one who has followed from within the conduct of the South African War can fail to have been struck by the very serious lack of an *esprit de corps* of the Army over and beyond that of regimental units and the personal staffs of senior officers. Lord Kitchener alone can say how many times De Wet or some other Boer leader escaped because Colonel A. was unwilling to risk anything in order that Colonel B.'s column should have the 'bag.'"

The Field-Marshal not only suggests but positively states that Sir Colin Campbell had determined that Lucknow should be relieved with the Highlanders in the advance-guard,—that the dramatic rendering of the tale of relief in history should find his well-loved "Hielandmen" first grasping the hands of the feeble defenders. Wolseley, with the commendable precocity of a young company officer, determined that it should be otherwise, and gives us the still more dramatic incident of the first meeting of the besieged and relief force in his clasping the hand of Captain Tinling of his own battalion, as the besieged company of the 90th met the relieving company of the same battalion "in the big square of the Motee Mahul." What a moment that must have been! But we in our generation have had a *rencontre* just as dramatic. It will be remembered that one company of the Dublin Fusiliers was detained in Ladysmith when Sir George White sent the battalion on 1st October 1899 down to Colenso. That one company remained to endure the horrors of the investment. The part which the battalion outside Ladysmith played in the relief is still as green in our memory as the shamrock which her late Majesty ordered her Irish regiments to wear on St Patrick's Day, as a tribute to their devotion during the war. That devotion requires no recapitulation here. But those of us who were privileged to see the reunion of the one isolated company with the gallant remnant

of the battalion will ever cherish the memory of the scene.

The battalion, which had entered upon the campaign over a thousand bayonets strong, could only muster some few score files to march into relieved Ladysmith. Sir Redvers Buller—who, whatever his shortcomings as a general in the field may be, possesses that sense of justice and manly appreciation which is the breath of all right-minded Britishers—permitted the magnificent remnant of this battalion, which had suffered 70 per cent in casualties in the relief of Ladysmith, to march into the relieved town at the head of his victorious army. The company which had remained inside the invested lines—what was left of it—was lining the streets with the other units of the garrison. The men stood leaning wearily upon their rifles, gaunt, drawn, pale, and thin. They had done their best to turn out smart and trim, and though their tunics hung in festoons from their spare shoulders and wasted chests, yet they were clean and soldierly withal. Then came the head of the relieving army. What a contrast—what men! Though they would have barely numbered a German company, though their clothes were in tatters and their bearded faces were dulled by fifteen days of continuous blood and cordite-grime, yet those Irishmen were men. In their eyes flashed the

light of success, in the swing of their carriage was that which all the art of dress and burnish can never accomplish. The knowledge that every trial fearlessly faced, every bodily hurt unflinchingly risked, every disheartening difficulty cheerfully met, had been crowned with ultimate success, and that they had been the edge of the axe¹ with which Buller had hewn his way into Ladysmith. Notched and chipped, it is true, but never turned! Then these passive and active heroes met. The eyes of the sternest of us were dimmed, and the most callous for the moment could not speak.

It is interesting to glean from the Field-Marshal's book some insight into the importance which was attached to musketry in the few years preceding the Crimea, and then to turn to more modern treatises on the same subject. According to the Field-Marshal, when in 1854 the Minie rifle was issued to his battalion, it was with the utmost difficulty that officers could be induced to attend the newly opened musketry schools to learn the theory and practice of rifle shooting. "It was thought an excellent joke when a one-armed officer was selected for the purpose." All this goes far to convince us that the "final blessing" from the pen of the late Commander-in-Chief, although it is high-falutin enough for tub-thumping, is not convincing argument. "Keep your

¹ Writing of Sir Redvers Buller, on p. 178 of his 'The Story of a Soldier's Life,' vol. ii., Lord Wolseley says, "He was a first-rate axeman."

hands off, . . . ye inconoclastic civilian officials who meddle . . . in army matters; . . . you are not soldiers, and you do not understand them!" sounds well, but when we come to study the subject it occurs to us that the ruck of soldiers do not understand their own affairs, and even the greatest of them may fall under this accusation if the following quotation from the Field-Marshal's work be true. "The army at first did not attach much importance to this serious matter of re-armament. . . . All soldiers knew that the Duke of Wellington had to the last resisted the introduction of the rifle-musket . . . !" !

It should not be inferred that we would have an undivided civilian control in the conduct of our army. Far from it: all we desire to do is to break down that "exclusiveness" and "contempt" for all things civilian which has so retarded progress in the past. The army, in common with other professions, produces, even under its present hide-bound condition, men who, whatever their calling, could not help themselves from belonging to "the aristocracy of brains." Now we have had added to our book-shelf this month a little brochure in 140 pages of large type which, under the modest title of 'Some Lessons from the Boer War,'¹ deserves a place in every officer's valise. In its simple way it is far more valuable to

the subaltern than the many miscellaneous works—aids to scouting, &c.—which have been rushed out by military publishers aiding and abetting ambitious soldiers in self-advertisement. As we are discussing musketry, the following catches our eye:—

"The question of musketry is of paramount importance, and ordinary target practice on the range should be regarded as only the first step towards making a soldier a good field shot. A good first-class shot, with reference to the military classification, is, to all practical purposes, other things being equal, as good a man for shooting in the field as the best Wimbledon marksman. . . . There is, however, other things being equal, the very greatest difference between the value of the shooting of the first-class shot and that of the third-class shot; . . . our object should be to make all our soldiers *first-class* shots at target practice; . . . having attained this, we should devote our time to field practices!"

We would almost go further, and maintain that the officer who could turn his squadron or company out as a unit of first-class shots at 500 yards would be able to take into the field a unit that would at once be adaptable to all the ranges necessary in war, and would arrive at as good results as if he spent three times the time with long-range practice at the butts.

Coincidents find a considerable place in the reminiscences of a soldier's life. The Field-Marshal relates a very curious one which occurred after the action of Rampur Kushia, when Sir Hope Grant was engaged

¹ Some Lessons from the Boer War. By Lieut.-Col. T. D. Pilcher, C.B., A.D.C. Isbister & Co.

in crushing out the last flicker of the Indian Mutiny. A *sowar* of the 1st Panjab Cavalry had discovered on the body of a killed mutineer two miniature portraits. This was told to Sir Hope, and he expressed a wish to see them. They proved to be likenesses of his own father-in-law and mother-in-law. We are reminded by this of a most peculiar coincidence which occurred at the close of the Chitral campaign. In the winter which preceded the commencement of Umra Khan's brief military career, Major Roddy Owen, the well-known gentleman rider, chanced to meet Captain Younghusband—the same famous explorer who is now conducting our nibble upon the frontiers of Thibet—at dinner. Major Roddy Owen was about to rejoin his battalion, then stationed in Quetta, and, being an ambitious man, requested Captain Younghusband to give him some suggestion as to the best means to gain recognition in India. Captain Younghusband had recently returned from travels in the Pamirs, and when returning had stayed at Chitral. He expressed an opinion to Major Roddy Owen which resulted in that officer returning to India with a letter of introduction to Mr Gurdon,¹ the then political officer in Chitral. Upon his arrival in India, Major Roddy Owen posted this letter to Mr Gurdon. Almost immediately afterwards the news of the Umra Khan upheaval came upon India as would a thunder-

bolt. When the news came, Mr Gurdon was besieged in Chitral, Major Roddy Owen was in Calcutta, Captain Younghusband in England, and the letter of introduction somewhere in the post. Captain Younghusband hurried out to India as the correspondent of the 'Times,' Major Roddy Owen joined General Low's force as correspondent of the 'Pioneer.' It will be remembered that Chitral was relieved by Colonel Kelly's column operating from Gilgit, when the advance brigade of General Low's force had reached the Lowari Pass. The two correspondents, Major Roddy Owen and Captain Younghusband, on hearing of the relief, determined to push through alone from the Lowari Pass to Chitral. This they did, and there met Mr Gurdon. They became the latter's guests for the night. Strange as it may seem, the first post for the besieged garrison came through from Gilgit that night, and as Major Roddy Owen and Captain Younghusband sat at Mr Gurdon's table at dinner, the letter of introduction written by Younghusband and forwarded by Roddy Owen was delivered as the three persons concerned were sitting at meat together.

The reference to correspondents in the above anecdote brings us back sharply to the Field-Marshal's Memoirs. We can hardly expect the man who wrote in the 'Soldier's Pocket - Book' of newspaper

¹ Now Captain Bertrand E. M. Gurdon, C.I.E., D.S.O.

correspondents as "the curse of modern armies" to have changed his opinion with regard to those civilian penmen whose duty carries them into the camps of the great. We find in Volume II. this reference: "Meanwhile all the civilian newspaper writers and other hangers-on about the camp, amateurs and people of that sort, . . . those who have no responsibility and who take no part in the fighting themselves." We are ready to admit that a general in the field often has had cause to feel animus against those men who do their duty to their employers generally as conscientiously as, and very often better than, soldiers do theirs to their employers; but we hardly think that the late Commander-in-Chief has cause to turn upon them as he does, especially when later in the same volume we find this reflection: "As those at home discuss some military achievement described in the morning papers, few realise how much the soldiers and sailors concerned hang upon the question, 'What will they say in England?'" As it is the duty of these "hangers-on," often gentlemen with university education, to furnish the cue which will answer this question, the army should have no particular bias against them. If it has, the inference is that it is so imperative that a favourable answer should solve the question, that it were better

not to let the information arrive through any but interested channels. Perish the thought! No; it is the "caste" trouble again. We ourselves perhaps held similar views once, until we saw one of these "hangers-on" place himself at the head of a half-company of Native Infantry that had lost its white officer, and had become sticky in consequence, and lead it in an assault as if to the manner born. Before we let the Field-Marshal's strictures pass, we would recommend our readers to turn to a praiseworthy volume recently published under the title of 'The Last Post.'¹ Modestly reposing at the end of this volume is a roll of fourteen names, correspondents who through wounds or disease gave up their lives directly in the service of their employers during the South African war. This is the only public recognition that we have ever heard of this corps having received. Yet those in this roll have only done what we soldiers are prepared to do—give up our lives in the service of our employers. The only difference is, we soldiers profess to be brave men, and barter this "virtue" for a certain equivalent in gold and position. The "hangers-on" do not profess to be brave, but are nevertheless often courageous enough to speak the truth—where others might have failed.

The executioner's rope comes sooner or later into every

¹ 'The Last Post,' being a Roll of all Officers who gave their Lives for their Queen, King, and Country in the South African War. By Mildred G. Dooner. Simpkin.

officer's ken if he sees much active service. The Field-Marshal draws a very interesting parallel between the difficulty experienced in the Crimea to find an executioner for a soldier criminal and the readiness with which the men of his own company volunteered to hang mutineers in '57 after the men had witnessed the ghastly evidences of the Cawnpur massacre. This recalls a rather gruesome hanging story from South Africa. During the second year of the war, in the southern Free State, before the system of concentration camps had come into full force, there were a great many cases of violation by natives of Boer women left unprotected on the farms by the Burghers. It behoved us to put down such atrocities with an iron hand. The orders received were that on the barest suspicion column commanders had the authority to make examples of the accused and to leave them hanging, to impress the Kaffirs of the fate in store for bestial offenders of like kind. It so chanced that a column arrived at a farm near the Basutoland border where the female inmates complained of ill-usage by Kaffirs from a neighbouring kraal. The kraal was surrounded; the Boer women recognised four of the men as having been concerned in the outrage. The officer commanding the column was satisfied with the evidence, and turned to the young officer who was his provost-marshal and ordered him to execute the culprits within an hour. As in the case of the Crimean

soldiers, the British troopers who formed the provost party were reluctant to volunteer for the duty of executioner. They all pleaded ignorance of the correct procedure. The young provost-marshal then recollected that he had two Australian Bushmen as prisoners. These men had been discovered asleep on their posts when sentries, and were awaiting trial. In his dilemma it occurred to the provost-marshal that if these prisoners would undertake the execution he might be able to get them off trial. He went to the column commander with his scheme, and it was sanctioned. Being honestly sorry for the Bushmen, who had come so many thousand miles, as volunteers, to fight for the mother country, he went down to the provost waggon and had the prisoners arraigned before him. He dilated upon the enormity of their "crime," the trust of sleeping comrades, their corps' good name, and the effect in Australia, &c., until he made the men weary of his preaching. Then he hinted at a possible way out of the trouble, and finally said, "Well, the officer commanding is prepared to let you go back to duty if you will hang four natives for us, who have been rapeing defenceless Boer women. Will you do it?" The face of the elder of the prisoners, a stout well-made "Cornstalk," broadened into a smile as he answered, "Would we hang four men of that kidney? *Would a duck swim, sir?*" The rest of the incident is closed.

We have remarked earlier in

this paper how often it is easy to find parallels in contemporary military history with incidents in past campaigns. To our mind one of the best descriptions in Lord Wolseley's work is the anecdote which he tells of his faithful servant Andrews. The Field-Marshal was not present at the storming of the Redan on September 8, 1855. He had been severely wounded in the trenches some days previously, and was unfit. He describes well his feelings when he knew that the attempt was about to be made. His bitter disappointment that he could not be present. His attempt to drag himself out, weak as he was, to see the assault, and his tears, when his trembling fingers had not strength enough to girth his pony. But he had allowed his man—the faithful Andrews—to go, with the condition that he should return at once with the news as soon as the fate of the venture had been determined. True to his orders, Andrews returned. He had been with the 90th into the Redan; all was well. The wounded officer was beside himself with delight at this great news. Then later came the terrible story of incapacity,—how the British assault had not been supported, and how the British troops were driven out by a Russian counter-attack. The whole nation can appreciate the Field-Marshal's feelings when he heard this

later and definite information. It was exactly what we experienced over Spion Kop. First came the news that we had taken the hill. This seemed tantamount to the relief of Ladysmith on the following day. Then when this joyful information should have arrived we heard that we had been hurled back, by somebody's bungling, with hideous losses, from the position we had taken. When we discover the causes of these somewhat similar misfortunes—on the expert authority of the Field-Marshal in the one case, and from the testimony of our own eyes in the other—we are not surprised that civilian intellect should concern itself with our welfare. The matter is of some little importance to the nation.

This reference to Spion Kop reminds us of another work which has only just found its place on the book-shelf.¹ If we were to set ourselves the task of studying the memories of our neighbours, and were to put the question, "What British troops took part in the fighting on Spion Kop?" we should find that about 50 per cent would probably be able to tell us that Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry were there, and the balance, except individuals who had had relatives upon that fateful hill, would not be able to name a single unit. The object of Mr Stirling's labours, we take it, has

¹ Our Regiments in South Africa, 1899-1902. By John Stirling. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

been to compile a popular work which will place on permanent record the individual share which each unit in the regular army took in the Boer War. With this praiseworthy intention, Mr Stirling has wisely confined himself, in arranging his material, to the published official records, except in a few cases where non-official evidence does not lend itself to any special pleading. It is this absence of controversy which enhances the value of the book. Although we would be the last to accept the despatches issued by officers commanding in the field as final evidence with regard to the conduct of military operations, yet for the purposes of compiling Regimental Records they furnish the best material open to an author desirous of avoiding the field of controversy. It has been Mr Stirling's endeavour to collect and place upon record all that is good and creditable with regard to our regiments in South Africa, and it is pleasing to find that, condensed as these records are, yet they fill five hundred and twenty-five pages. We can confidently leave all that is controversial and discreditable to the historian, who, doubtless with the very best of intentions, as a rule seems more fascinated by the evil than the good which he separates in his sifting. But we were speaking of Spion Kop. We have only to turn to the index in Mr Stirling's book and we find that, with the aid of cross references, we can rapidly sum

up the good which every British unit accomplished during that portion of the Tugela battling. The particular value which we find in the book is that it places on record and within easy reach of all the principal achievements of the less known units. Now, how many people can give the number of a single battery of field artillery which took part in the Spion Kop operations? Few indeed! This prompts us to quote an example from Mr Stirling's records:—

“78th Battery.—Joined Buller in Natal in time to take part in the operations about Venter's Spruit, Spion Kop, Brakfontein, Vaalkrantz, and the final fourteen days' fighting about Colenso. In his despatch of 8th February 1900 General Buller said, ‘Lieutenant Archdale, 78th Battery, is especially mentioned for the manner in which he withdrew the battery waggons under a heavy enfilade fire, which struck two of the three waggons and several horses.’ Lieutenant Blake Knox in his ‘Buller's Campaign,’ referring to the retirement at Brakfontein, says: ‘It so happened that as three of the guns of the 78th Battery were retiring one of the enemy's shells struck a gun-carriage and disabled it and at the same time wounded Captain Dawson. Despite a terrific hail of shrapnel the brave gunners repaired the carriage, and putting their horses in motion, rescued their weapon and brought it under the shelter of one of the kopjes, the 73rd Battery covering its retirement. This was a really magnificent piece of work.’ One officer and 1 non-commissioned officer of the 78th were mentioned in General Buller's despatch of 30th March 1900. The battery was brought round to Cape Colony and taken to the Transvaal. On 11th July 1900 the battery was with Smith-Dorrien near Krugersdorp in a stiffly-contested fight. The guns had been pushed too far forward and were rescued with great difficulty,

Captain W. E. Gordon of the 1st Gordons getting the V.C. for gallantry in helping to pull out the guns, and Captain Younger, who was killed, being stated as worthy of it. The battery remained in this district under Barton, and was often in heavy fighting in October, particularly about the 23rd, 24th, and 25th, when the Boers were severely defeated. Two guns were with Colonel E. C. Williams in the South-West Transvaal in 1901 (Lord Kitchener's despatch of 8th July), and two in the same district with Colonel Hickie (despatch of 8th July). The battery took part in several stubborn actions in the Western Transvaal under General W. Kitchener and Sir Ian Hamilton at the close of the campaign, and always did well. Few of the batteries saw more hard fighting. Four officers and 4 non-commissioned officers and men were mentioned by Lord Kitchener in despatches."

In our opinion, this book and the 'Last Call' furnish valuable additions to the South African corner of the "book-shelf," and everyone whose interests were closely bound up with the Army in South Africa owes a debt of gratitude to both authors.

We must, however, return to Lord Wolseley's book.

We have taken the Field-Marshal to task over the tone which runs through his work, and which must detract from the value which men set upon the conclusions to which he has come at the end of his life's work. But we would not for a moment dismiss our readers with the impression that the book contains nothing that is attractive or valuable. It contains a narrative which to all soldiers, and the majority of laymen also, will furnish fascinating reading. The style

is blunt and soldier-like, and the descriptions of foreign lands, battles, and incidents strong without being forced. For an Irishman, perhaps Lord Wolseley lacks in his writing that sparkle and sense of humour which lends so great a charm to so many of his countrymen. His closing chapter, "Our Habitual Unpreparedness for War," should be read by all who take an interest in army matters. We must allow that in a great sense the claim which the late Commander-in-Chief makes on behalf of Mr Cardwell is in no small degree due to himself, for without a doubt we owe the successful issue—long deferred as it was—of the South African war to the short-service system which Mr Cardwell inaugurated and which the Field-Marshal so steadfastly fostered and adhered to. This is a just claim, and the present Commander-in-Chief won his achievements in South Africa through the very system which he once combated. But we would have welcomed a friendlier reference to Lord Roberts than the following, the only one which we can pin down to him in the work: "I remember hearing it, and the Reserve system generally, decried and denounced publicly by a now distinguished soldier at a dinner given in the City some twenty years ago." Twenty years is a long cry, and gives ample scope for a wise man to change his mind. Besides, before a system is tested there will always be

two opinions concerning its ultimate efficiency. We have heard that at the present moment there is some sort of a discussion over our fiscal policy. Possibly twenty years hence a decided opinion will have been definitely arrived at, and there will be no such discussion! But there are two statements in the last chapter which, coming from the mouth of an ex-Commander-in-Chief, we would impress upon our readers for their steadfast inquiry — be they soldiers or civilians. They are these: "And this [a highly trained standing army] we can never have without some form of compulsory military service." "When under the pressure of impending danger one Govern-

ment purchases the munitions and stores war would require, the next Administration, when the war clouds have cleared away, uses the stores to supply the ordinary wants of peace, and are thus able to save a corresponding amount upon their Army votes for one or more years to come."

In simple language, if one Government were to make us properly prepared for war, there is no guarantee that the next, in order to curry favour with the country by a reduction in the Budget, would not exhaust the reserve which its predecessors built up at such pains. If this be true, what chance have we of permanent security!

RICHARD COBDEN.

THERE is nothing stranger in the controversy which now divides England than the respect shown by either side to the name of Richard Cobden. Even the Tory party (or at least a section of it) has treated with reverence the man who hated its principles and threw contempt upon its sincerity; while the Radicals have an instinctive sympathy for him who regarded all war as a crime, and who would cheerfully have surrendered India after the Mutiny. But neither what Cobden did nor what Cobden thought justifies this extraordinary cult. Not even the wisest of men may claim acceptance for his doctrines, sixty years after their promulgation, without question, and we shall search history in vain for a parallel to the blind worship thus offered to an agitator, not only by the sons of his colleagues but by the descendants of those politicians whom he flouted with unceasing bitterness. How shall we explain the phenomenon? Certainly not by the wisdom nor the achievements of Cobden himself, the soundness of whose doctrines was disproved before his death, nor by the realisation of his proud hopes, every one of which has been disappointed. The explanation of his influence may rather be found in the sad truth that agitation, if only it be noisy enough, reverberates in succeeding generations, and that when once a politician

becomes a cult, the world ceases to ask what he was or what he thought.* The best antidote, then, to Cobden is Cobden himself, and no fair-minded critic can read his speeches without the conviction that the respect shown to him and his doctrines during the last half-century is based on nothing better than ignorance.

When we turn from the fetic to the man we encounter a type which is unhappily not rare in English history. Sincere, indefatigable, and narrow-minded, a man of limited and pertinacious brain, who knew what he wanted, and meant to get it, though he did not realise its results—such was Richard Cobden. He was, moreover, an optimist, who believed devoutly in the perfectibility of man, and who was sanguine enough to be quite certain that he was himself incapable of error. So sure was he of his own position that in his eyes his opponents were either fools or knaves. He had a faith in the finality of his scheme which was almost touching, and since the future held as few secrets for him as the present, he professed to know, not only the cause of all existing evil, but the sure and ultimate result of his proposals. He therefore did not hesitate to convert what should have been a mere matter of business into a sort of religious belief. Protesting all the while that he was a practical man, he declared that Free Trade was

a panacea for all the evils to which mankind is subject. "Free Trade! what is it?" he asked. "Why, breaking down the barriers that separate nations; those barriers, behind which nestle the feelings of pride, revenge, hatred, and jealousy, which every now and then burst their bounds, and deluge whole countries with blood." Now, of course, there is no policy which could gratify these loose, if noble, sentiments, and the frequent recurrence of such passages as this is proof enough that Cobden did not take a sternly practical view of his duties. Yet in one respect he was sternly practical: he had a very shrewd notion of what would profit himself and his class. He entered upon the struggle, not to benefit the whole community, but to enrich the manufacturers, of whom none was more zealous than himself. If he could he would have replaced the domination of the great landowners, which in his eyes was an infamy, by the far more disastrous domination of the capitalist. In other words, he was supporting that new power without responsibility which came into being in the early years of the nineteenth century. As Enoch Craggs says in 'Endymion': "Master Thornberry is the most inveterate capitalist of the whole lot, and I always say, though they keep aloof from him at present, they will be all sticking to his skirts before long. Master Thornberry is against the capitalists in land; but there

are other capitalists nearer home and I know more about them." And Enoch Craggs proceeded to say that he would "sooner be ruled by gentlemen of estate, who have been long among us, than by persons who build big mills, who come from God knows where, and, when they have worked their millions out of our flesh and bone, go God knows where." But Cobden, who sat for Job Thornberry's portrait, did not share the scruples of Enoch Craggs. He believed that there was something sacred in profitable industry, that a mill-lord was invariably a nobler person than a landlord, that the dukes of England were criminals when they were not fools. Yet he had no fear of them. "If the Duke of Richmond," said he proudly, "sets up the Noodles and Doodles of the aristocracy, why, before we have done with them, they shall be as insignificant and more contemptible than the round-frocked peasantry upon his Grace's estate." In spite of all protest, then, Cobden's agitation was conducted in the interests of a class. To buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest—this was his maxim, a maxim, said he, agreeable to the highest behests of Christianity, a mere paraphrase of the Christian doctrine, "do to all men as ye would they should do unto you."

But it is when we consider the prophecies of Cobden that we discover most clearly the recklessness of his argument. He was perfectly certain that

if England adopted the principles of Free Trade the rest of the world would instantly follow her example. On this point he had no doubt whatever. He reiterates his prophecy with a confident assurance, which to-day appears merely ridiculous. "We have a principle established now," said he in 1846, "which is eternal in its truth, and universal in its application, and must be applied in all nations, and throughout all times, and applied not simply to commerce, but to every item in the tariffs of the world; and if we are not mistaken in thinking that our principles are true, be assured that those results will follow, and at no very distant date." No politician ever delivered himself more tightly bound hand and foot than did Cobden in this astounding pronouncement. Nearly sixty years have passed, and "those results" have not followed. The inference, therefore, is clear: Cobden and his fellows were very much mistaken in thinking that their principles were true; yet we are still asked to put our faith in Free Trade on the mere word of an agitator. Again and again did Cobden repeat this vain boast. "I believe," said he on another occasion, "that if you abolish the Corn Law honestly and adopt Free Trade in its simplicity, there will not be a tariff in Europe that will not be changed in less than five years to follow your example." And, vainest hope of all, it was to America that he looked

for the speediest adoption of his opinions. "Well," he observed in his cheerful fashion in 1846, "there is one other quarter in which we have seen the progress of sound principles—I allude to America"; and the America to which he alluded with so much effrontery is to-day supplying us with corn, and excluding our manufactures by means of the McKinley tariff.

But, confident as he was that his example would be followed, he was yet more confident that repeal would not throw the land out of cultivation. "Throw the land out of cultivation by removing the Corn Law! who say that? The worst farmers in the country—the landlords, rather, of the worst-farmed land." Those prophets who dared to hint that the repeal of the Corn Laws would restrict agriculture were denounced by Cobden as "selfish, ignorant beings." In the same spirit he boldly asserted that while the landowners "had nothing pecuniarily, had nothing ultimately to fear from free trade in corn," that if the principles of Free Trade were fairly carried out, "they would give just as much stimulus to the demand for labour in the agricultural as in the manufacturing districts." In brief, the bagman's millennium was to be an age of gold for everybody; wages would rise, the landowners would increase their wealth, and, above all, the farmer-tenants of England would reap an enormous benefit. "I be-

lieve," said Cobden, "when the future historian comes to write the history of agriculture, he will have to state: in such a year there was a stringent corn law passed for the protection of agriculture. From that time agriculture slumbered in England, and it was not until, by the aid of the Anti-Corn Law League, the Corn Law was utterly abolished, that agriculture sprang up to the full vigour of existence in England to become what it now is, like our manufactures, unrivalled in the world." So vain a pronouncement as this would be ludicrous if it were not tragic. But in Cobden's eyes repeal had no drawback. The importation of foreign corn would not, he was sure, lessen the sale of home-grown corn by a single bushel. With free commerce the energies of the people would be so vast that they would consume corn and provisions brought from abroad faster than the quantity imported could increase. And while we were to profit by throwing open our ports to the food of all the world, we should still preserve our independence intact. "Dependence on foreigners!" he exclaimed in the House of Commons,—“who in the world could have supposed that that long-buried ghost would come again to light.” In fact, the mere notion that Free Trade could inflict a hardship upon any single Englishman was met by Cobden with contemptuous derision. Even though Russia and America deluged our country with corn, the value of land could not possibly

diminish. The value of silks, of cottons, or of woollens might be affected by competition; but Cobden was perfectly assured that the taste for land, inherent in human kind, would never let its value decrease a shilling an acre. And while the value of our English acres would, in his fond imagination, never diminish, America would be diverted by the prospect of supplying us with corn from the development of her own manufactures. She would be content to dig and delve; she would devote her energies to supplying us with corn, and yet, by some miraculous process, would not prevent the sale of a single quarter grown in England.

So the Corn Laws were repealed, and, as every one knows, all Cobden's predictions were falsified. But he was not one to be daunted by the failure of his hopes. Like all Radicals, he lived in a fool's paradise where facts were of no account, and where, if principles proved fallacious, it was not the fault of the optimist who framed them, but of some vile conspirators against the common good. For many years Cobden had declared that repeal would increase the wages of the labouring class; nor was he abashed when he witnessed their speedy fall. It was enough for him to point out that the cost of living had decreased a little more than wages, and he was wholly indifferent to the fact that this argumentative jugglery was what he had been denouncing in his speeches for ten years. But he had a remedy ready. He told the land-

lords that they must abolish battue-shooting, and, to confront the depression of agriculture, which he had said would never be depressed, he urged the labourers "to set gins and snares upon their allotments and in their gardens to catch all the hares and rabbits they could, and when they caught them to be sure to put them in their own pots and eat them themselves." This is a sad descent from the dreams of eternal peace, the visions of disbanded armies and of swords beaten into ploughshares, which were wont to decorate the agitator's harangues. The demagogue who once saw in the Free Trade principle "that which will act on the moral world as the principle of gravitation in the universe," was three years later forced to substitute for his extravagant dogmas a humble policy of gins, snares, and boiled rabbits.

Now, if politics be anything better than a gamble, the failure of Cobden's predictions should have shaken his own opinion, and given a sharp warning to his countrymen. But no disaster could dim the free-trader's self-satisfaction. He had formulated a doctrine which in his eye was wholly independent of fact, a principle of moral gravitation, immovable by events. And the perfect trust which he professed in his own creed has been reflected for sixty years in the trust of others to whom Cobden is but a name, and who have never been at the trouble to test his statements. But Cob-

den did not limit his programme to repeal,—he held firm and definite opinions on all matters of high politics; and it is well that those who cherish a blind faith in him should realise whither his leadership would have carried them. In the first place, he was a stalwart opponent of the army and navy. He held that the motto, *si vis pacem, bellum para*, was a monstrous perversion of the truth; and if he did not see an immediate return for money spent, he was convinced that the enterprise was bad. "Buy in the cheapest market, sell in the dearest"—this Christian maxim was sufficient for him, and it made no allowance for national dignity or a policy of empire. The brain which refused to look beyond a monthly balance-sheet could not take a large view, and assuredly Cobden saw no empire beyond Manchester, no policy beyond a "full breeches pocket." Though by his own action England became dependent upon foreign countries for her supply of food, he saw no reason why a navy should be built to keep open the seas. When he first travelled abroad he was struck with what he thought the extravagance of the navy. "The cost of the Mediterranean Squadron," said he, with the forethought of a bagman, "in proportion to the amount of trade it was employed to protect, was as though a merchant should find that his traveller's expenses for escort were to amount to 6s. 8d. in the pound on his sales." This might be

true enough if hostile countries stood to one another merely in the relation of buyers and sellers; but if Cobden had had his way, we should long ago have lost any trade of our own that was worth protecting. However, so sternly denationalised were his sympathies that he believed disarmament the natural corollary of free trade. When Sir Robert Peel had at last passed his famous measure, Bastiat, a French economist and Cobden's friend, was gravely disappointed. It was not enough that the markets of England were thrown wide open to French commerce. "What you have to show France above all else," said Bastiat in an astounding letter, "is that freedom of exchange will cause the disappearance of those military perils which France apprehends. England ought seriously to disarm." It would be hard indeed to surpass the pedant naïveté of this French free-trader. It was not enough that England should surrender her markets,—she must surrender herself as well, or France would not believe in her sincerity.

But while the policy which we should have pursued towards foreign countries demanded our disarmament, so also did our colonial policy. Cobden denied that our dependencies oversea needed any protection. Doubtless he would have let our colonies go, in the same spirit in which he would have renounced India, or "thanked his stars that America had broke loose." He

indignantly repudiated the argument that ships of war were necessary to protect our colonial trade, and he had so little knowledge of mankind as to believe that wealth and commerce were the real tests of a nation's power in the eyes of its enemies. Which is to say that a traveller is safest from a highwayman when he carries most money in his pocket. The disarmament which he advocated was, of course, one-sided, like his free trade; but happily the country, which followed him innocently in quest of that costliest commodity, cheap food, was not prepared to disband its army and to break up its ships of war at the bidding of a rival. Moreover, while Cobden would have preserved a friendly attitude to the Colonies, so long as they cost nothing, he had no doubt that our outpost on the Mediterranean should be handed back to Spain. England at Gibraltar was, for him, a spectacle of brute violence. "Upon no principle of morality," said he, "can this unique outrage upon the integrity of an ancient, powerful, and renowned nation be justified; the example, if imitated, instead of being shunned universally, would throw all the nations of the earth into barbarous anarchy." But it was the Indian Mutiny which inspired him to his highest flight of abnegation. He refused to regard the murderous outbreak as a mutiny at all. In his eyes it was a rebellion and civil war, and he would have treated the natives who had tortured English women

and children, not as criminals, but as belligerents. His fiercest indignation was amiably reserved for the victims of native outrage. "Verily the sins of the fathers," said he, "have been visited on the children to the third and fourth generations." When he read that the boats in which the garrison at Cawnpore were promised a safe passage had been treacherously sunk, and the survivors blown from the guns, he surmised that this was done in imitation of our treatment of the sepoys. "The last accounts," he admitted to Mr Bright, "would lead one to fear that God is not favouring our cause, and that too many of our countrymen are meeting the fate that was intended for the natives." Happily it is rare to find even a Radical politician who from his comfortable arm-chair will condone the slaughter of his countrymen and the horrible torture of his countrywomen; and to find a parallel to Cobden we must go back to James Mill, in whose "just" mind another atrocity inspired the amiable reflection that had *no black hole* existed, those who perished in the Black Hole of Calcutta would have experienced a different fate. As for Cobden, he was content to besmirch his countrymen. He deplored that the English had inspired neither love nor respect in the Indian mind, which was pervaded, he was sure, by a fierce spirit of resentment not unmixed with contempt for the ruling class. But while he was ready enough to find excuses for the natives, he knew no

words too hard for the British officer. He, the poor officer, was deficient in moral and mental energy, and had long since surrendered the business of his regiment to the hands of natives. We do not suppose that Cobden ever troubled to read the faithful accounts of heroism which give a splendour even to this dark page of our history; but it is unlikely that the consideration of facts would have changed his resolute opinion. Meanwhile, he had a very simple remedy to propose. His policy was to suppress the Mutiny, and then to scuttle. "It will be a happy day," said he, "when England has not an acre of territory in continental Asia." He was sternly convinced that we could neither govern India well nor continue to hold it permanently, no matter what reforms were carried out. Had he lived unto this time, what a splendid pro-Boer he would have made! The truth is, he misunderstood the temper of England as grossly as he underrated the courage of our soldiers. His commercial mind would not believe that a single Englishman who had wife or child would ever again live in the interior of India. But in this respect, as in every other, Cobden's prophecy was unfulfilled. We hold India to-day with a firmness which he could never have anticipated, and despite his pessimism there still remain unnumbered Englishmen brave enough to serve their country "beyond the range of our forts or the sound of the regimental drum."

It is unlikely that any statesman of the future will advocate Cobden's policy of disarmament and surrender. Indeed, it would be hardly worth while to record these excesses of Whiggism, were it not for Cobden's posthumous influence. But when a man is thrust upon us as an authority, it is our plain duty to test his judgment in more subjects than one, and wherever you try Cobden he is found wanting. He, who was always ready to reproach his opponents with ignorance, was singularly lacking not only in the understanding of his compatriots but in the sense of history. Yet want of knowledge never counselled him to silence. He was as ready to give a final opinion upon foreign politics as upon the markets of Manchester. He was so deeply in love with his own dreams of peace, that he believed war was an impossibility. In 1849 he was perfectly convinced that France had no desire of conquest, and that Napoleon was a man of peace. His sanguine mind pictured the whole world one vast Manchester, in which "the stream of commodities was allowed to flow freely," and in which the manufacturers, the true salt of the earth, might collect mountains of gold, high beyond the dreams of avarice. Had this famous ideal of ledger and balance-sheet been realised, the working-man would have had as short a shrift as the landowner. When Cobden wished to create a prejudice against the great landlords of England, he declared that high rents and uncertain tenure were driving

the labourers to emigrate, and thus depriving the country of its noblest citizens. But what was sauce for the goose was not sauce for the gander. While he thought that the farmer needed protection, he held that the mill-owner and his workmen should be left to fight it out. He hated Factory Acts as bitterly as he hated trades-unions. He would have permitted nothing to come between the manufacturer and his profit. If it were necessary to restrict the hours of labour, the workmen should rely not upon Parliament, but upon their own efforts. Combination being manifestly intolerable, the remedy of each man was plain: he should save £20 and emigrate to America. In other words, what was tyranny in a landowner was enterprise in a manufacturer. Indeed, those eager Radicals who believe that the teaching of Cobden is infallible would do well to remember his famous pronouncement upon workmen's combinations. "Depend upon it," said he, in the true accent of Manchester, "nothing can be got by fraternising with trades-unions. They are founded upon principles of brutal tyranny and monopoly. I would rather live under a Dey of Algiers than a Trade Committee."

But the worst of the Manchester School was that it despised the elegance and the amenity of life. The distribution of calicoes was, in its eyes, a far higher aim than beauty or happiness. The responsibility of a great Empire

was as nothing compared to smoking chimneys and a roaring trade. The energy which could not show a quick and tangible return was misapplied. The duty of good government began and ended at home; and if the colonies were not profitable, let them go. Tradition, history, association were insignificant beside the profit of a factory. Many men have held this sordid doctrine; no one has ever preached it with so fine a lack of humour as Richard Cobden. The Pyramids filled him with vexation as monuments of wasted labour. "Six millions of tons of stone, all shaped and fitted with skill, are here piled in a useless form. The third of this weight of material, and less than a tenth part of the labour, sufficed to construct the most useful public work in England — the Plymouth Breakwater." Is it not magnificent? But happily the ancient Egyptians were not wholly engrossed by utility: they had also a sense of grandeur and stateliness, and they have left us monuments which will outlast all the bales of calico that ever were sent out of the warehouses of Manchester.

And as Cobden was vexed with the Pyramids, he was sadly disappointed at the size of Attica and Sparta. He spoke foolishly concerning "the squabbles of their tribes, the wars of their villages, the geography of their rivulets and hillocks." There was no room here, thought he, for a brisk trade in cotton goods; and the achievements of the

Greeks in the arts and sciences seemed trivial indeed to one who measured cities by their population and countries by their commerce. "What famous puffers those old Greeks were!" Were they? If they were, they might boast of civilising the world, and of teaching all the nations of the earth the liberal lessons of literature and philosophy, law and science, sculpture and painting. But they did not believe that to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest was the last word of human morality: their own markets, moreover, must have been so small that even in their heyday they would not have been worth the serious attention of Manchester. And their rivers, or rather their rivulets, were they not contemptible! Cobden once sallied out on a summer's day to see the far-famed river Ilyssus, and he found it was no better than "the bed of a winter torrent." Why, it wouldn't have turned a mill, or floated a pleasure-boat. And there were the washerwomen of Athens "using every drop of water for their linen and such sanitary purposes." It mattered nothing that Æschylus and Sophocles, Thucydides and Plato, had wandered by its marge, that it was imperishably associated with the greatest deeds and the greatest words known to us. It was small; it did not hum with industry; and therefore was only to be compared with the Mississippi in ridicule. Nor did the dis-

tinguished writers of Greece fare much better in Cobden's regard than its rivulets. After all, of what account was the historian of the Peloponnesian War? He did not mark the rise and fall of markets; he did not foresee the splendour of commerce; he was therefore not worthy the regard of a modern Radical. "It has been said," observed Cobden, "that one copy of 'The Times' contains more useful information than the whole of the historical books of Thucydides, and I am inclined to think that that is strictly true." It is a poor thing, this ideal of size and useful information, yet it is eminently characteristic of Cobden, who was perfectly satisfied that the unknown was paltry, and that Manchester had spoken the last word of culture and refinement. But if Athens was the creation of "puffers," the English universities, which encouraged an interest in dead and gone villages, had not a word to say in their own defence. Cobden, for instance, paid an amiable visit to Oxford, and pronounced it "the largest investment for the smallest return of all the academies in the world." However, for once he checked his opinion by observation, and "after seeing some of the examinations, he was inclined to think that there is a greater effort required to face the ordeal than we generally suppose." For com-

placent ingenuousness this admission would be difficult to beat. Who was Cobden, that he should judge "the effort required to face an ordeal" which he could but have dimly understood? And what would he have thought of a scholar who, without a day's training, gave him his opinion upon cotton-printing?

But in one field Cobden was supreme. In political agitation he has had few equals. He manufactured votes with a skill which has been the despair of all his successors. He confessed in 1846 that "there were not 100 men in the Commons or 20 in the Lords who at heart were anxious for total repeal." But he knew how to coerce them from the outside; he had not studied the career of O'Connell for nothing; and his "forty-shilling freehold bludgeons" produced an effect far beyond the reach of argument. And yet agitation without argument is not the safest of political weapons, and we believe that there are other things more estimable in the world than cheap food at home and closed markets abroad. Thus, out of his own mouth we have sketched the opinions of Richard Cobden, the man upon whose word we are asked to keep our Empire bound hand and foot, and we confess that we like not the security.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

MR CHAMBERLAIN'S CAMPAIGN—A SPEECH AT LEEDS—BLIND FAITH AGAINST PRACTICAL POLICY—THE FEDERATION OF THE COLONIES—MR DISRAELI'S OPINION—THE RADICAL'S CONTEMPT OF THE WORKING MAN—FREE TRADE IN MEN AND GOODS—THE DESTITUTE ALIENS—ENGLAND'S EARLIEST EMIGRANTS—HAKLUYT'S 'VOYAGES.'

MR CHAMBERLAIN'S first campaign has ended in triumph. Two electoral successes, which not even the cunning of a hostile press can explain away, appropriately coincided with a speech at Leeds, and gave the weight of popular authority to the courageous championship of a just cause. The result of the campaign, it need not be said, has been immeasurably to enforce Mr Chamberlain's position. He has met the assaults of his opponents with the contempt of a born fighter, while he has conducted his own attack with a spirit and cheerfulness which doubtless made the blows harder to bear. His mastery of details, his management of facts, prove the seriousness of his intention. He is no demagogue dealing in highly coloured generalities, but a statesman, who has neither avoided research nor shirked inquiry. Above all, he is not bound hard and fast by first principles. He does not mistake a practical advantage, which must perforce shift and move with circumstances, for an unchanging moral law. He would enable the country to make the best use of its energies, and save it from the slavery of a pedant doctrine, which has long outlived its prudence or its profit. And he has set forth

his case with so fine a lucidity, that its import is plain to all. Of course it is ever easier to believe than to think. The indolent man, content to murmur Cobden and pass on, saves himself from not a little trouble: but Mr Chamberlain is arousing the indolent; he is showing that superstition is not the best guide in public affairs; and he has achieved this with so splendid an energy that his battle is already more than half won.

As if to prove his dislike of decayed superstitions, he opened his speech at Leeds with the proposition that Free Trade is not an inspired doctrine. One would have thought that this was self-evident, but the fidelity of the Free-Feeders to the name and fame of Cobden makes the statement a necessity. To the simple mind, unhampered by a blind faith, it would appear that the business of the country was a matter for practical discussion; but the disciples of Cobden have decreed that the question of Free Trade may not be raised even in the timidiest of voices. But Mr Chamberlain is blasphemous enough to believe that no policy may escape revision in a changing world, and that no policy needs more careful revision than that which was based on unredeemed

pledges and falsified predictions. In his opinion, therefore, it is time that we looked beyond Cobden, and examined the affairs of our country with our own eyes; and if we take the trouble to do this we shall discover that England is fast losing her trade. The other side declares that our loss is due to the inefficiency of the British workman, but this Mr Chamberlain indignantly denies, and with good reason, since the British workman in America or on the Continent is the best that may be had. The Free-Traders, however, have no doubts. The pro-Boer mind, which believed our army to be nothing more than a barbarous or helpless mob, can easily support a doubtful argument with the "inefficiency of the British workman." But never was there a more foolish remedy suggested for a dying trade than the schools of Charlottenburg. You might just as well recommend fresh air and a nourishing diet to a dead man. Education is an admirable thing, but, as Mr Chamberlain has said, it cannot make our trading area larger than it is. However, the opponents of reform, in their zeal to confute Mr Chamberlain, contradict themselves most handsomely. In the same breath they declare that the British workman is hopelessly inefficient, and that Great Britain was never so prosperous as to-day. Lord Rosebery, who not long since assured the country that it would be ruined if it did not instantly acquire the French and German tongues, is now content to

advise "commercial repose." But conflicting remedies cannot all be right, and we believe that Mr Chamberlain is absolutely just both in his diagnosis of the disease and in the cure which he proposes. He admits neither the inefficiency of the workman nor the stupidity of the manufacturer. He proves that the evils which beset the prosperity of Great Britain may be attributed to the altered conditions of international commerce. "During the last thirty years," says he, "and with increasing rapidity, our trade with the protected countries, our trade in manufactures with the protected countries, has been decreasing, while at the same time their exports of manufactures to us, to the workshop of the world, have been increasing." If Richard Cobden were alive to-day he would see that his prophecies were one and all false; but it is not likely that he would revise his ill-founded opinions. He would be content, no doubt, to murmur his familiar platitudes concerning the brotherhood of man and universal peace; and what Cobden would have done his disciples are doing to-day with a pitiful lack of logic and a total disregard of facts.

But what is most admirable in Mr Chamberlain is his wide outlook. He sees, beyond his figures and his trades, an Imperial ambition. In other words, he has reversed the process of Richard Cobden, for whom the immediate gain was the principal end, and who threw his highly coloured

pictures of fraternity into his peroration, because he wished to send his audiences away with a noble sentiment. Mr Chamberlain, on the other hand, desires, no less than the bogey against whom he is playing his game, to increase the prosperity of England. But beyond this prosperity he discerns the possibility of Imperial Federation. He would employ our trade, not merely to increase our wealth, but to heighten our dignity and to strengthen our arms. As he insisted once more at Leeds, our Colonial trade has continually increased, and, while this trade has increased, the distance between us and our Colonies has immeasurably decreased.

"We have got rid of the provincial idea," said he, "that the sea is an impassable barrier to union. We see it now as the highway which connects us. The distance between, let us say, on the one hand, the Hudson Bay Territory, and, on the other hand, the Yukon, is greater than that between this country and Canada. It would not take much longer now to go to Australia than it took our ancestors some 100 or 150 years ago to go from Land's End to John o' Groats. All is changing. Invention is moving the world, and now there is no physical difference, no physical difficulty which prevents the federation of the British race."

Here, then—in this proximity—is the basis of Mr Chamberlain's ideal. Let us realise that our Colonies are nearer to us, both in blood and interest, than the foreign countries which lie across the Channel. Let us give the Colonies the reciprocal preference which they demand. Nor is this a new policy. It

has been before the country so long that the least imaginative citizen might have accustomed himself to it. As long ago as 1872 Mr Disraeli sketched in a few lines the policy which Mr Chamberlain is advocating to-day. "The self-government of the Colonies," said he, "when it was conceded, ought to have been conceded as part of the great policy of consolidation. It ought to have been accomplished by an imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the sovereign as our trustee, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and responsibilities by which the Colonies should have been defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the Colonies themselves." In this remarkable passage Mr Disraeli sketched once and for always the policy which should guide us in our relations with our Colonies, and he displayed that gift of prophecy which marks the real statesman, and in which Cobden was so miserably deficient. But Mr Disraeli did more than define his policy: he imposed it as a sacred obligation upon his successors. "In my opinion," said he, "no Minister in this country will do his duty who neglects any opportunity of reconstructing as much as possible our colonial empire, and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land."

It is a noble passage, and Mr Chamberlain, if he recall it, may feel a pride that he at least is doing his duty as the greatest of our modern statesmen foresaw it.

Mr Chamberlain's ideal, then, is Mr Disraeli's—imperial consolidation accomplished by an imperial tariff,—and in this ideal there is nothing sordid. It is no longer a question of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. By binding our Colonies to the mother country we achieve far more than a mere commercial gain—we establish an Empire proof against the assault of all the world. And this lofty ambition is whittled away by Mr Chamberlain's opponents into a big and little loaf. The champions of the working man, in truth, have small faith in the working man's honour or patriotism. They would have us believe that their favourite had no other impulse save hunger. Now, a piece of mouldy bread may be the useful symbol of an electioneering dodge, but it is not flattering to the working man. Mr Morley, in his 'Life of Gladstone,' has quoted an excellent warning from Aristotle's Politics: *Τὸ ζῆτεῖν πανταχὶ τὸ χρήσιμον ἥκιστα ἀρμόττει τοῖς ἐλευθεροῖς*,—and it would be well if Mr Morley's friends took to heart this excellent advice. Truly it does not befit the free man to keep his eye always upon what is profitable; and we cannot think so meanly of the working man as to believe that he will decide a great political issue by

the size of a loaf. Of course his loaf is not likely to decrease, and he may accept with an easy confidence Mr Chamberlain's assertion that the cost of living will, under a preferential tariff, remain the same. But even if his loaf shrink, even if the cost of living rise, is he so mean-souled a citizen that he would prefer his immediate and paltry gain to the ultimate grandeur of his race?

But there is nothing so curious in political controversy as the contempt in which the Radical holds the working man, whom he would make his dupe. The working man, says his patron, may enjoy the privileges of citizenship, but he may not share its responsibilities. In other words, he is free to vote; he is not free to play his part, however small it may be, in supporting the Empire. As no theory can be more contemptuous than this, so none can be more immoral. To deprive a citizen of a justified pride in his country, to declare him unfit to pay his mite to the treasury, is more insulting than to rob him of the franchise, while at the same time it takes away a wholesome incentive to toil. As Mr Chamberlain told the working men of Leeds, they, "like all other Englishmen, ought to be willing to make a sacrifice, if necessary, for a great end, for a great cause." He declared, with perfect truth, that the unity of the Empire was of as much importance to them as to anybody else or any other class; and for our part we cannot despise the working

man so bitterly as to drive him without the pale of honourable citizenship with nothing to palliate the indignity save a big loaf. Thus Mr Chamberlain has brought his first campaign to an end, and with a dignified appeal to working men. For them, indeed, the outlook is serious. If, for the sake of a superstitious reverence for an outworn policy, we surrender our trade, there will be nothing left for the working man save emigration. England, once the home of enterprise and industry, will degenerate into a museum of antiquities: it will become, like Greece or Holland, a paradise of museum-touts and hotel-keepers; it will be forced to live upon the past, with an ignoble present, and a dim, degraded future. For a living state there is nothing so noble as a great tradition; but even our own tradition of a thousand years will be small comfort to us if we surrender our national life, merely that we may curry favour with America, or take a Pecksniffian pride in a faded and sentimental doctrine.

But in our anxiety to enjoy the blessings of cheap labour as well as of cheap food, we have opened our ports not merely to the surplus manufactures but to the surplus population of foreign countries. In other words, we permit our rivals to dump men as well as goods, and the question of alien immigration clamours for solution. But here again the sentimental politician answers according to a formula. Foreign immigrants, he will tell you,

have helped in the past to establish the industries of England, and therefore we ought to encourage the destitute adventurers of Eastern Europe to overcrowd the East of London. It is true that in the Middle Ages many a skilled artisan landed in England, there to ply his trade and to instruct the native Briton in the secrets of his craft. As late as the end of the seventeenth century this immigration of skilled workmen and thrifty artisans went on. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes enriched England, while it impoverished France, and we would not for a moment under-rate the services rendered to Great Britain in arms and arts by the discarded Protestants of France. Their names are written upon our roll of fame, and they have proved themselves both loyal citizens and distinguished soldiers. But during the last twenty years immigrants of another kind have crossed the Channel. Many thousands of aliens, driven by harsh enactments from Russia, Poland, or Roumania, have found shelter amongst us, without let or hindrance. They are not the most desirable acquisition. Their standard of comfort is low; their needs are easily satisfied. If only they get a footing in London, they will live as close as sheep in a pen; and being inured to hardship from the cradle, they will find a margin of profit in what for the Englishman is mere starvation. While they profit themselves by a change of domicile, they inflict

many grievous burdens upon the places where they congregate. Among them are many criminals, anarchists, and prostitutes, who increase the work of our magistrates and policemen. Many of them, being paupers, demand relief of the law, and so increase the local rates. Moreover, wherever they gather they remain separate by custom and language from their neighbours, and thus create a kind of *imperium in imperio*. Confessing no debt to the land which grants them a free hospitality, they deal only with the tradesmen of their own kind, and by the ingenious system of "key-money" which they have introduced, they have driven many of the native inhabitants into the streets.

Such is the indictment, and it must be confessed that it is most of it true. Nor is the evil diminishing. In 1901 there were 286,925 aliens in the United Kingdom, half of whom were found in London, and almost one-fifth of whom were packed into the single borough of Stepney. These figures are astonishing enough; but it is as well not to exaggerate the truth. There are as yet only two countries, Sweden and Spain, which may boast so small a proportion of aliens to the total population as England. At the same time, since legislation must regard the future as well as the present, it should be remembered that the increase is steadily preserved, and that there is no reason to expect a diminution. How, then, are we to deal with this growing evil? At present we

do nothing. The ports of England are as wide open to the destitute Jew who has been thrust out of Russia as to the corn and cotton of America, and, alone among the civilised nations of the world, we make no attempt to control the influx. We ask no questions as to money, character, or ability. As, for many years, we have shaped our commercial policy by a superstition, so it pleases us by a superstition, equally pestilent, to believe that every man, whatever his race or creed, is free to do what he likes directly he sets foot on English soil. In other words, we have been for many years the philanthropists of Europe. We have supported with a kind of foolish pride a vast workhouse for the destitute of other countries; for, though we may boast a smaller proportion of aliens to natives than the rest of the world, we have still the worst of the bargain, since we take whoever comes, and ask no questions. But at last our legislators have been persuaded to display some interest in this pressing question, and two responsible statesmen have promised that henceforth the State shall control the immigration of aliens into this country. After all, we demand no more than that we should enjoy a privilege which Jersey has claimed for many years. We shall return to his own country any alien who within two years of his arrival proves himself either a criminal or a person of notoriously bad character; we shall banish any alien who is convicted of

felony or misdemeanour; and we shall prohibit our unwelcome guests from taking up their abode in an overcrowded quarter. These restrictions are neither harsh nor unreasonable; and though their imposition will not be easy, their difficulty should not deter us from attempting to keep England for the English, and from recognising that we owe a greater debt to our own countrymen than to the straylings from Russia, which in revenge resolutely closes its door against the intruder.

Yet though we have every right to deplore the influx of destitute aliens into England, there was a time when we ourselves were the most courageous and persistent emigrants upon earth. We hoisted our flag in the most inaccessible corners of the New and Old World. We sailed the untravelled seas, and endured the hardships of savage lands. Not only did our valiant ancestors discover unknown continents; with their maps and charts they showed the way to other adventurers, thus sharing the secrets of the deep with all men. But they did not leave their homes, these hardy ancestors of ours, to dispossess their civilised neighbours of a living. It was a true spirit of enterprise which drove them abroad, the love of the unknown, the hope of the magnificent. And nothing can be a pleasanter contrast to the dull statistics of destitute aliens

than the splendid record of emigration contained in Hakluyt's '*Voyages*,' recently reprinted.¹ For this great work, the prose epic of England, as Froude called it, is a pæan of praise to English valour and adventure. Written more than three centuries ago, it remains the finest relation of voyages which our literature has to show. It was the one achievement of Hakluyt's life, and sufficient to establish an imperishable reputation. He was but a youth, and one of her Majesty's scholars at Westminster, "that fruitful nursery," when he resolved upon what was to be the work of his life. It was his hap to visit the chamber of Mr Richard Hakluyt, his cousin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, and there he found lying open upon his board certain books of cosmography with a universal map. His mind was made up: henceforth he "would by God's assistance prosecute that knowledge and kind of literature, the doors whereof were (after a sort) so happily open before him."

So it was that an accident persuaded Gibbon to give his life to the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. He happened, while yet a boy in the library of Stourhead, upon a book which rather irritated than appeased his curiosity. He was immersed in the passage of the Goths over the Danube, "when the summons of the dinner-bell reluctantly dragged him from his intellectual feast."

¹ The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation. By Richard Hakluyt. Glasgow: Maclehose.

For all those, then, who love good literature, the chamber in the Middle Temple, where Hakluyt first caught sight of a universal map, and the stately library of Stourhead, in which Gibbon discovered the continuation of Eachard's Roman History, should be equally famous. And Hakluyt, like Gibbon, once inspired, never turned away from the purpose of his life. He thought no labour too great, if only he might reach the height of his ambition, and he was the more readily pricked on to his task because, when he crossed the Narrow Seas, he found other nations miraculously extolled for their enterprise by sea, but the English exceedingly condemned for their sluggish security, and continual neglect of the like attempts. "After great charges," then, "and infinite cares, after many watchings, toils, and travails, and wearying out of his weak body," Hakluyt brought his masterpiece to a conclusion, and celebrated in stately prose the prowess of England. In Elizabeth's age the world was yet

young, and the captains of whom Hakluyt wrote were as reckless as schoolboys, yet brave as heroes. They sailed wherever fortune led them, happy only if they might set foot upon untrodden ground, or thwart the Spaniard. Yet withal they displayed a barbaric taste for splendour. They loved the courts of strange emperors as they loved the open sea. They are never so happy as when they are describing the glitter of gold and jewels; but, on the other hand, they do not shrink from tragedy, and it would be difficult to match the terror of Penguin Island, as described in Cavendish's last voyage, elsewhere in literature. But wherever the subjects of Elizabeth journeyed, to "Guiana, whose rich feet are mines of gold," or to "rich Mexico, the seat of Montezuma," they acquitted themselves like men; they laid the foundations of the great empire, which is our heritage; and we shall be false to our splendid tradition if we do not defend it against the assaults of pedants and professors.

THE EARL OF STAIR.

ANY passenger, southward bound by the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, looking from the right side of the carriage as the train crosses the Doon between the stations of Dalrymple and Cassilis, may notethetheriver run darkling under a wooded cliff, sweeping in a sickle bend round a flat "holm" or meadow-land. Many centuries ago, before Saxon speech became current in Ayrshire, this fertile piece of land received in the Gaelic the descriptive name of *dal-chruim-puil*, the land-portion or farm of the bending water. Time went on; civilisation imposed upon land-owners the obligation of written titles, and clerks had to express phonetically in modern characters the sound of ancient place-names, framed in a language that had passed away. This one they wrote "Dalrimpill," a most successful attempt, representing exactly the sound of the primitive Gaelic. People got through the business of living without surnames till well on in the fourteenth century. When these could be dispensed with no longer, the readiest and commonest expedient of country gentlemen was to assume the name of the lands they owned, to be handed down as the family surname. There is no evidence of what race was Adam de Dalrimpill who died in the year 1300, save that the names of his son Gilchrist and his grandson Malcolm indicate Gaelic descent. The said Mal-

colm divided his barony between his sons John and Roland, who, in their turn, resigned the lands in favour of another Celtic lord, to wit, John Kennedy of Dunure, ancestor of the present Marquess of Ailsa. The resignations of the two halves of the barony were confirmed by charters of Robert II. in 1371 and 1377 respectively.

Now the new owner of Dalrymple was provided already with a surname, that of his clan Kennedy, shortly to become all-powerful in the south-west; wherefore John and Roland de Dalrimpill, in parting with their patrimonial acres, retained the family name derived therefrom. History is mute concerning the subsequent fortune of Roland, nor is it known that he left descendants; but John had a son or grandson, William de Dalrymple, who, in 1450, married Agnes Kennedy, heiress of Stair-Montgomery, and founded the long line of Dalrymple of Stair. From that time forward, successive lairds and cadets of the house took the part in affairs befitting their respectable rank and standing; their names recur frequently, tossed about in the stormy annals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, closely associated with those of their numerous and powerful kinsmen, the Kennedys; rendering them military service in their incessant feuds, and receiving protection, pa-

tronage, and profitable marriages in return.

But towards the end of the sixteenth century, the Kennedys had risen to such a degree of power as enabled them to indulge in civil war among themselves. The mighty sept was rent by one of the cruellest faction feuds recorded in Scottish history. The leader of one side was John, fifth Earl of Cassilis, that of the other being his brother Hew, Master of Cassilis, ably seconded by Kennedy, Laird of Bargany. The feud ran the usual course—raiding, arson, and murder repaid by murder, arson, and raiding—until the snowy Yuletide of 1596, when a bloody encounter took place near Maybole between the Earl's forces and those of Bargany. The latter was slain and his men were put to flight, among them being Thomas, brother of the laird of Stair—for the Dalrymples had taken side with the Master of Cassilis. Not long after this, the victorious Earl was riding into Galloway, when, meeting the aforesaid Thomas upon the Brig of Girvan, straightway he had him seized and hanged "besyd the yett of Craigneill." The chronicler of the Kennedys regretfully records that Thomas was "ane pretty little manne and werry kynd. He was ane manne that had never offendit manne"—the terrible Earl always excepted.

Blood for blood being the code of the day, kindly Thomas Dalrymple was speedily avenged by Mure of Cloncaird, who rode to the House of the Inch in

Galloway, and there slew the Earl's master of the works. But time had far ampler reparation in store. Bit by bit, the sway of the Kennedys ebbed away from Galloway; acre by acre their lands passed to other owners; step by step the Dalrymples gained ground in that province, until James Dalrymple of Stair, eighth in descent from the first William de Dalrimpill, laird of Stair, made the name illustrious by his eminence as a lawyer and judge. Appointed a Lord of Session in 1657 by Protector Cromwell, he was confirmed in that office by Charles II. at the Restoration, and created a baronet in 1664. In 1671 he rose to be President of the Court of Session: ten years later affairs took a turn adverse to one of his creed, religious and political; he was removed from office, and sought shelter in Holland. Returning in 1688 with William of Orange, he became the first Lord President after the Revolution, and in 1690 was created Viscount Stair, and Baron Glenluce and Stranraer. These subsidiary titles were significant of the measure wherein Dalrymple of Stair had supplanted the ancient oppressors of his house, for Glenluce and Stranraer were towns in the very heart of the territory once owned by the Earl of Cassilis, and the House of the Inch or Castle Kennedy now stands a roofless ruin, a romantic feature in the pleasure-grounds of the principal residence of the Dalrymples. Bargany, too, has become Dalrymple territory by

the marriage of the late Earl of Stair with the heiress of the Hamiltons who succeeded the Kennedys in possession.

Supreme though he rose to be as a lawyer, it may be doubted whether the name and fame of Viscount Stair ever reached so many distant lands as the tragedy of his daughter Janet, whose story, as the *Bride of Lammermoor*, woven into undying romance by the *Wizard of the North*, has been translated into almost every European language.

Through two succeeding centuries Fortune has not ceased to smile upon this great Whig house, nor have her favours fallen upon unworthy heads. To run over the services rendered by the Dalrymples to the State in diplomacy, at the bar, on the bench, in the profession of arms, and in literature, would be to borrow liberally from the pages of history. Yet the personality of the tenth Earl of Stair, upon whom the grave has lately closed, merits more than passing comment. Not upon his public acts is it so good to dwell (albeit upon these fitting eulogy might be spoken) as upon the stalwart, simple, and kindly character revealed to friends and neighbours in every rank of life—upon the example consistently set of the right bearing of a great territorial lord.

Beginning active life as a Guardsman, John Dalrymple wrested the county of Wigton from the Tories by six votes in 1841, and held the seat for fifteen years, retiring, by acceptance

of the Chiltern Hundreds, in 1856. During fifty-two years he was Lord-Lieutenant of Wigtownshire, continuing to hold that office till his death; for seven-and-twenty years he held also the Lieutenancy of Ayrshire, which he resigned in 1897. For thirty-four years Lord Stair was Governor of the Bank of Scotland, and for three years—1869-71—he represented the Crown as Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland. Chairman of the Wigtownshire County Council from its creation, his last public act, four days before his fatal illness, was to preside over its deliberations, and this with an alert vigour seldom manifested by one in his eighty-fifth year.

Lord Stair was a staunch Whig, as befitted one of his descent; but although he supported Mr Gladstone in his first Mid-Lothian campaign, he sternly refused to follow him in his ill-starred enterprise against the Irish Union. Few, if any, peers have exerted more puissant territorial influence in party politics—not by electioneering pressure, but by legitimate force of example and as the result of the respect he had earned for his opinions. In no part of the United Kingdom did Liberal Unionism take greater effect at the general election of 1886 than in the south and west of Scotland. Lord Stair's sense of party discipline must have been sorely tried before he could bring himself to break away from his leader,—in all right sense he was a good party man; but

when he saw that leader guiding the party astray, he was not one of those who merely shrug their shoulders and hang back: he threw his whole might into the movement of resistance.

Never was there a man whose crest, a rock, and whose motto, "Firm," more aptly fitted his character. This was manifested in a striking degree when the Conservative Lord Lytton and the Liberal Lord Rosebery contested for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. Each candidate secured a majority in two "nations," which left the issue to be decided by the casting vote of Lord Stair as Chancellor. Lord Rosebery had scored the larger aggregate of votes; he was a distinguished member of that political party in which Lord Stair had served so long and actively; but the contest had been waged on avowedly party lines: Lord Stair was loyal to his principles, and gave the casting vote in favour of the Unionist candidate.

Yet might Lord Stair have exercised all the social magnetism of affluence, have used all legitimate influence, in support of his political convictions, have discharged with credit all the legislative and administrative duties intrusted to him—have fulfilled, in short, to the utmost the hereditary and personal obligations incumbent upon one in his exalted station, without causing his countrymen to feel that by his death there has been removed an individuality almost unique. The dignity of his position, so worthily up-

held, and the unfailing discharge of its duties unto extreme old age, must have ensured for him a full meed of respect; but it wanted something far more rare than these to attach to him the singular affection which he won from all who enjoyed his intercourse. There was something infinitely refreshing in his bluff, downright conversation, revealing the simple, manly nature, untainted by any trace of self-consciousness or arrogance of rank. Meet him where you might—in his own hospitable house, in a London street, at a board meeting—he always seemed to carry with him something of the open air. In every dealing with him, men felt that they had to do with a *man*—

"The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that."

And how Lord Stair loved Scotland! For many of his later years he never was willingly away from it for more than a few days. A great landowner, his estates and the welfare of those who lived upon them were his constant care. No man was more thoroughly versed in national lore, none had a more exquisite sense of Scottish humour, none could tell Scottish stories with better effect, and perhaps none now living had so many to tell.

Lord Stair will be sorely missed, and for long. So many persons of different generations had grown up familiar with his rugged countenance, marred as it was by the loss of an eye in shooting, with his slightly stooping figure and kindly

smile, that it seems as though a feature has been lost from Scottish landscape. Among the stories he used to tell with great zest was one in his own experience. Many years ago, when he was still Viscount Dalrymple, a neighbouring laird in Galloway happened to die—a man of ancient lineage and considerable property, but without any title to peculiar distinction above his fellows. The tenants of this gentleman, having resolved to erect a monument to his memory, appointed a deputation to wait upon the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Dalrymple, to solicit a subscription. They were duly received, and stated their case. Lord Dalrymple replied that he had always felt a great regard for Mr —, and was extremely sorry to lose so good a neighbour: at the same time he could not think that Mr — had done anything to de-

serve a public memorial, and he must decline to subscribe anything. The deputation, having tried hard to persuade his lordship to reconsider his decision, but in vain, rose to withdraw. They filed silently from the room; but the last man, pausing with his hand on the door, fired this parting shot—

“Vara weel, my lord; ye’ll no subscribe to oor laird’s monument the day. Maybe the day’ll come when ye’ll be wantin’ a monument yersel’, and maybe ye’ll no get it!”

Whether stone and bronze shall be employed or not to commemorate the Earl of Stair seems a light matter for those who knew the man. *Exegit monumentum ære perennius*: his memory will long be cherished by his countrymen as the very type of a kindly Scottish gentleman.

REQUIESCAT!

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JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER IV.

To those whose sphere lies in the west of London, Fleet Street is little more than a name, and Clifford's Inn a mere dead letter. Yet Clifford's Inn lies as safely stowed away in the shadow of the Law Courts as any grave under a country church wall; it is as green of grass, as grey of stone, as irresponsive to the passing footstep.

Facing the railed-in grass plot of its little court stood the house in which John Loder had his rooms. Taken at a first glance, the house had the deserted air of an office, inhabited only in the daylight hours; but as night fell lights would be seen to show out, first on one floor, then on another

—faint beacons of humanity, unconsciously signalling each other. The rooms he inhabited were on the highest floor, and from their windows one might gaze philosophically on the tree-tops, forgetting the uneven pavement and the worn railing that hemmed them round. On the outside of the door his name appeared, but the paint had been soiled by time and the letters for the most part reduced to shadows. On the whole, taken in conjunction with the gaunt staircase and bare walls, the place had a cheerless look.

Inside, however, the effect was somewhat mitigated. The room on the right hand, as one entered the small passage that

served as hall, was of fair size though low-ceiled. The paint of the wall panelling, like the name above the outer door, had long ago been worn to a dirty and nondescript hue, and the floor was innocent of carpet; yet in the middle of the room stood a fine old Cromwell table, and on the plain deal book-shelves and along the mantelpiece were some valuable books—political and historical for the most part. There were no curtains on the windows, and a common reading-lamp with a green shade stood on a desk. It was the room of a man with few hobbies and no pleasures—who existed because he was alive, and worked because he must.

Three nights after the great fog John Loder sat by his desk in the light of the green-shaded lamp. The remains of a frugal supper stood on the centre table, and in the grate a small and economical-looking fire was burning.

Having written for close on two hours, Loder pushed back his chair and stretched his cramped fingers; then he yawned, rose and slowly walked across the room. Reaching the mantelpiece, he took a pipe from the pipe-rack and some tobacco from the jar that stood behind the books. His face looked tired and a little worn, as is common with men who have worked long at an uncongenial task. Shredding the tobacco between his hands, he slowly filled his pipe, then lighted it from the fire with a spill of twisted paper.

Almost at the moment that he applied the light, the sound

of steps mounting the uncarpeted stairs outside caught his attention, and he raised his head to listen.

Presently the steps halted, and he heard a match struck. The visitor was evidently uncertain of his whereabouts. Then the steps moved forward again and paused outside the door.

An expression of surprise crossed Loder's face, and he laid down his pipe. Then, as the visitor knocked, he walked quietly across the room and opened the door.

The passage outside was dark, and the new-comer drew back before the light from the room.

"Mr Loder——?" he began interrogatively. Then all at once he laughed in embarrassed apology.

"Forgive me!" he said. "The light rather dazzled me. I didn't realise that it was you."

With a quickness of intuition unusual to him, Loder recognised the voice as belonging to his acquaintance of the fog.

"Oh, it's you!" he said. "Won't you come in?" His voice was a little cold. This sudden resurrection left him surprised—and not quite pleasantly surprised. He walked slowly back to the fireplace, followed by his guest.

The guest seemed nervous and agitated. "I must apologise for the hour of my visit," he said. "My—my time is not quite my own."

Loder waved his hand. "Whose time is his own?" he said.

Chilcote, encouraged by the remark, drew nearer to the fire.

Until this moment he had refrained from looking directly at his host; now, however, he raised his eyes and despite his preparedness he recoiled unavoidably before the extraordinary resemblance. Seen here, in the casual surroundings of a badly furnished and crudely lighted room, it was even more astounding than it had been in the mystery of the fog.

"Forgive me!" he said again. "It's physical—purely physical. I'm bowled over against my will."

Loder smiled. The slight contempt that Chilcote had first inspired rose again, and with it a second feeling less easily defined. The man seemed so unstable, so incapable—yet so grotesquely suggestive of himself.

"The likeness is overwhelming," he said, "but not heavy enough to sink under. Come nearer the fire. What brought you here? Curiosity?" There was a wooden arm-chair by the hearth. He indicated it with a wave of the hand; then turned and took up his smouldering pipe.

Chilcote, watching him furtively, obeyed the gesture and sat down.

"It is extraordinary!" he said, as if unable to dismiss the subject. "It—it is quite extraordinary!"

The other glanced round. "Let's drop it," he said curtly. "It's so confoundingly obvious." Then his tone changed.

"Won't you smoke?" he asked.

"Thanks!" Chilcote began to fumble for his cigarettes.

But his host forestalled him.

Taking a box from the mantelpiece, he held it out.

"My one extravagance!" he said ironically. "My resources bind me to one, and I think I have made a wise selection. It is about the only vice we haven't to pay for six times over." He glanced sharply at the face so absurdly like his own, then lighting a fresh spill, he held it towards his guest.

Chilcote moistened his cigarette and leant forward. In the flare of the paper his face looked set and anxious, but Loder saw that the lips did not twitch as they had done on the previous occasion that he had given him a light; and a look of comprehension crossed his eyes.

"What will you drink? Or rather, will you have a whisky? I keep nothing else. Hospitality is one of the debarred luxuries."

Chilcote shook his head. "I seldom drink. But don't let that deter you."

Loder smiled. "I have one drink in the twenty-four hours—generally at two o'clock, when my night's work is done. A solitary man has to look where he is going."

"You work till two?"

"Two—or three."

Chilcote's eyes wandered to the desk. "You write?" he asked.

The other nodded.

"Books?" Chilcote's tone was tinged with anxiety.

Loder laughed, and the bitter note showed in his voice.

"No—not books," he said.

The other leant back in his chair and passed his hand across his face. The strong

wave of satisfaction that the words woke in him was difficult to conceal.

"What is your work?"

Loder turned aside. "You mustn't ask that," he said shortly. "When a man has only one capacity, and that capacity no outlet, he is apt to run to seed in a wrong direction. I cultivate weeds—at abominable labour and small reward." He stood with his back to the fire, facing his visitor; his attitude was a curious blending of pride, defiance, and despondency.

Chilcote leant forward again. "Why speak of yourself like that? You are a man of intelligence and education." He spoke questioningly, anxiously.

"Intelligence and education!" Loder laughed. "London is cemented with intelligence. And education! What is education? The court-dress necessary to presentation; the wig and gown necessary to the barrister. But do the wig and gown invariably mean briefs? Or the court-dress royal favour? Education is the accessory; it is influence that is essential. *You* should know that."

Chilcote moved restlessly. "You talk bitterly," he said.

The other looked up. "I think bitterly—which is worse. I am one of those unlucky beggars who, in the expectation of money, have been denied a profession, even a trade, to which to cling in time of shipwreck, and who inevitably drift out to sea. I warned you the other night to steer clear of me. I come under the head of flotsam."

Chilcote's face lighted. "You came a cropper?" he asked.

"No. It was somebody else who came the cropper. I dealt in results."

"Big results?"

"A drop from a probable eighty thousand pounds to a certain eight hundred."

"And you? How did you take it?" The question involuntarily escaped Chilcote.

"I——? Oh, I was twenty-five then. I had a good many hopes and a good deal of pride; but there is no place for either in a working world."

"But your people?"

"My last relation died with the fortune."

"Your friends?"

Loder laid down his pipe. "I told you I was twenty-five," he said with the tinge of humour that sometimes crossed his manner. "Doesn't that explain things? I had never taken favours in prosperity; a change of fortune was not likely to alter my ways. As I have said, I was twenty-five." He smiled. "When I realised my position, I sold my belongings with the exception of a table and a few books. I put on a walking suit and let my beard grow; then, with my entire capital in my pocket, I left England without saying goodbye to any one."

"For how long?"

"Oh, for six years. I wandered half over Europe and through a good bit of Asia in the time."

"And then?"

"Oh, then I shaved off the beard and came back to London." He looked at Chilcote,

partly contemptuous, partly amused at his curiosity.

But Chilcote sat staring at him in silence. The domination of his personality and the futility of his achievements baffled him.

Loder saw his bewilderment.

"You wonder what the devil I came into the world for," he said quickly. "I sometimes wonder the same myself."

At his words a change passed over Chilcote. He half rose, then dropped back into his seat.

"You have no friends?" he said. "Your life is worth nothing to you."

Loder raised his head. "I thought I had conveyed that impression."

"You are an absolutely free man."

"No man is free who works for his bread. If things had been different I might have been in such shoes as yours—sauntering in legislative by-ways. My hopes turned that way once; but hopes, like more substantial things, belong to the past——" He stopped abruptly and glanced at his companion.

The change in Chilcote had become more acute: he sat fingering his cigarette, his brows drawn down, his lips set nervously in a conflict of emotions. For a space he stayed very still, avoiding Loder's eyes; then, as if decision had suddenly come to him, he turned and met his gaze.

"How if there was a future," he said, "as well as a past?"

CHAPTER V.

For the space of a minute there was silence in the room; then, outside in the still night, three clocks simultaneously chimed eleven and their announcement was taken up and echoed by half a dozen others—loud and faint, hoarse and resonant; for all through the hours of darkness the neighbourhood of Fleet Street is alive with chimes.

Chilcote, startled by the jangle, rose from his seat; then, as if driven by an uncontrollable impulse, he spoke again.

"You probably think I am mad——," he began.

Loder took his pipe out of his mouth. "I am not so presumptuous," he said quietly.

For a space Chilcote eyed

him silently, as if trying to gauge his thoughts; then once more he broke into speech.

"Look here," he said, "I came to-night to make a proposition. When I have made it you'll first jeer at it—as I jeered when I made it to myself; then you'll see its possibilities—as I did; then——" he paused and glanced round the room, "then you'll accept it—as I did." In the uneasy haste of his speech his words broke off almost unintelligibly.

Involuntarily Loder lifted his head, but the other put up his hand. His face was set with the obstinate determination that weak men sometimes exhibit.

"Before I begin I want to say that I am not drunk—that

"I am neither mad nor drunk." For almost the first time he looked fully at his companion with his restless glance. "I am quite sane—quite reasonable."

Again Loder essayed to speak, but again the other put up his hand.

"No. Hear me out. You told me something of your story. I'll tell you something of mine. You'll be the first human being, man or woman, I have confided in for ten years. You say you have been treated shabbily; I have treated myself shabbily—which is harder to reconcile. I had every chance—and I chucked every chance away."

There was a strained pause, then again Loder lifted his head.

"Drugs?" he said very quietly.

Chilcote wheeled round with a scared gesture. "How did you know?"

The other smiled. "It wasn't guessing—it wasn't even deduction. You told me—or as good as told me—in the fog, when we talked of Lexington. You were unstrung that night and I— Well, perhaps one gets over-observant from living alone." He smiled again.

Chilcote collapsed into his former seat and passed his handkerchief across his forehead.

For a space his companion watched him, then he broke into speech.

"Why don't you pull up?" he said curtly. "You are a young man still. Why don't you drop the thing before it

gets too late?" His face was unsympathetic, and below the question in his voice there lay a note of hardness.

Chilcote returned his glance. The suggestion of reproach had accentuated his pallor. Under his excitement he looked ill and worn.

"You might talk till Doomsday but every word would be wasted," he said irritably. "I'm past praying for, by something like six years."

"Then why come here?" Loder was pulling hard on his pipe. "I'm not a dealer in sympathy."

"I don't require sympathy." Chilcote rose again. He was still agitated, but the agitation was more restrained. "I want a much more expensive thing than sympathy—and I am willing to pay for it."

The other turned and looked at him. "I have no possession in the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said coldly. "You are either under a delusion or you are wasting my time."

Chilcote laughed nervously. "Wait!" he said. "Wait! I only ask you to wait. First let me sketch you my position—it won't take many words."

"My grandfather was a Chilcote of Westmoreland. He was one of the first of his day and class to recognise that there was a future in trade, so breaking his own little twig from the family tree, he went south to Wark and entered a firm of shipowners. In thirty years' time he died the owner of one of the biggest firms in England—having married the

daughter of his early chief. My father was twenty-four and still at Oxford when he inherited. Almost his first act was to reverse my grandfather's youthful move, by going north and piecing together the family friendship. He married his first cousin; and then, with the Chilcote prestige revived and the shipping money to back it, he entered on the ambition of his life, which was to represent East Wark in the Conservative interest. It was a big fight, but he won—as much by personal influence as any other. He was an aristocrat, but he was a keen business man as well. The combination carries weight with your lower classes. He never did much in the House, but he was a power to the party in Wark. They still use his name there to conjure with."

Loder leant forward interestedly.

"Ah, Robert Chilcote?" he said. "I have heard of him. One of those fine unostentatious men; strong in action, a little narrow in outlook, but essential to a country's staying power. You have reason to be proud of your father."

Chilcote laughed suddenly. "How easily we sum up, when a matter is impersonal! My father may have been a fine figure, but he shouldn't have left me to climb to his pedestal."

Loder's eyes questioned.

"Don't you grasp my meaning?" Chilcote's excitement was rekindling. "My father died, and I was elected for East Wark. You may say that if I had no real inclination

for the position I could have kicked. But I tell you I couldn't. Every local interest—political and commercial—hung upon the candidate being a Chilcote. I did what eight men out of ten would have done. I yielded to pressure."

"It was a fine opening!" The words escaped Loder.

"Most prisons have wide gates!" Chilcote laughed unpleasantly. "That was six years ago. I had started on the morphia tack four years earlier, but up to my father's death I had it under my thumb—or believed I had; and in the realisation of my new responsibilities and the excitement of the political fight I almost put it aside. For several months after I entered Parliament I worked hard. I believe I made one speech that marked me as a coming man." Again he laughed derisively. "I even married——"

"Indeed!"

"Yes. A girl of nineteen—the ward of a big statesman. It was a brilliant marriage—politically as well as socially. But it did not work. I was built without the capacity for love. First the social life palled on me; then my work grew irksome. There was only one factor to make life endurable—drugs. Before six months were out I had fully admitted that."

"But your wife?"

"Oh, my wife knew nothing—knows nothing. It is the political business—the beastly routine of the political life—that's wearing me out." He stopped nervously, then hurried

on again. "I tell you it's hell to see the same faces, to sit in the same seat day in, day out, knowing that you must hold yourself in hand, must keep your grip on the reins——"

"It is always possible to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds."

"To retire? Possible to retire?" Once more Chilcote broke into a loud sarcastic laugh. "You don't know what the local pressure of a place like Wark stands for. Twenty times I have been within an ace of chucking the whole thing. Once last year I wrote privately to Vale, one of our big men there, and hinted that my health was bad. Two hours after he had read my letter he was in my study. Had I been in Greenland he would have looked me up with the same haste and the same determination. No. Resignation is a meaningless word to a man like me."

Loder looked down. "I see," he said slowly, "I see."

"Then you see everything. The difficulty—the isolation of the position. Five years ago—three—even two years ago I was able to endure it; now it gets more unbearable with every month. The day is bound to come when—when"—he paused, hesitating nervously—"when it will be physically impossible for me to be at my post."

Loder remained silent.

"Physically impossible," Chilcote repeated excitedly. "Until now I was able to calculate—to count upon myself to some extent, but yesterday I received a shock—yesterday I

discovered that—that"—again he halted painfully—"that I have passed the stage when one may calculate."

The situation was growing embarrassing. To hide its awkwardness Loder moved back to the grate and rebuilt the fire, which had fallen low.

Chilcote, still excited by his unusual vehemence, followed him, taking up a position by the mantelpiece.

"Well?" he said, looking down.

Very slowly Loder straightened himself. "Well?" he echoed, studying his visitor.

"Have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing—except that your story is unique and that I suppose I am flattered by your confidence." His voice was intentionally brusque.

Chilcote paid no attention to the tone. Taking a step forward, he laid his fingers on the lapel of Loder's coat.

"I have passed the stage where I can count upon myself," he said, "and I want to count upon somebody else. I want to keep my place in the world's eyes and yet be free——"

Loder drew back involuntarily, contempt struggling with bewilderment in his expression.

Chilcote lifted his head. "By an extraordinary chance," he said, "you can do for me what no other man in creation can do. It was suggested to me unconsciously by the story of a book—a book in which men change identities. I saw nothing in it at the time; but this morning as I lay in bed,

sick with yesterday's fiasco, it came back to me—it rushed over my mind in a great inspiration. It will save me and make you. I'm not insulting you—though you'd like to think so."

Without remark Loder freed himself and walked back to his desk. His anger, his pride and, against his will, his excitement were all aroused.

He sat down, rested his elbows on the desk, and took his face between his hands. The man behind him undoubtedly talked madness; but after five years of dreary sanity the madness had a fascination. Against all reason it stirred and roused him. For one instant his pride and his anger faltered before it, then common-sense flowed back again and adjusted the balance.

"You propose," he said slowly, "that for a consideration of money I should trade on the likeness between us—become your dummy, when you are otherwise engaged?"

Chilcote coloured. "You are unpleasantly blunt."

"But I have caught your meaning?"

"In the rough, yes."

Loder nodded. "Then take my advice and go home," he said. "You're unhinged."

Chilcote returned his glance, and as their eyes met Loder was compelled to admit that though the face of his companion was disturbed it had no traces of insanity.

"I make you a proposal," Chilcote said nervously. "Do you accept?"

For a moment Loder was silent, seeking a sufficiently

forceful reply. Taking advantage of the pause, Chilcote broke in afresh.

"After all," he urged, "what I ask of you is a simple thing. Merely to carry through my routine duties for a week or two occasionally, when I find my endurance giving way—when a respite becomes essential. The work would be nothing to a man in your state of mind—the pay anything you like to name." In his eagerness he had followed Loder to the desk.

"Won't you give me an answer? I told you I am neither mad nor drunk."

Loder pushed back the scattered papers that lay before him.

"Only a lunatic would propose such a scheme," he said brusquely and without feeling.

"Why?"

The other's lips parted for a quick retort; then in a surprising way the retort seemed to fail him.

"Oh, because the thing isn't feasible—isn't practicable from any point of view," he said.

Chilcote stepped closer. "Why?" he insisted.

"Because it couldn't work, man! Couldn't hold for a dozen hours."

Chilcote put out his hand and touched his arm. "But why?" he urged. "Why? Give me one unanswerable reason."

Loder shook off the hand and laughed, but below his laugh lay a suggestion of the other's excitement. Again the scene stirred him against his sounder judgment; but his reply when it came was firm enough.

"Oh, as for reasons," he said; "there are a hundred, if I had time to name them. Take it, for the sake of supposition, that I were to accept your offer. I should take my place in your house at—let us say at dinner-time. Your man gets me into your evening clothes and there, at the very start, you have the first suspicion set up. He has probably known you for years—known you until every turn of your appearance, voice, and manner is far more familiar to him than it is to you. There are no eyes like a servant's."

"I have thought of that. My servant and my secretary can both be changed. I will do the thing thoroughly."

Loder glanced at him in surprise. The madness had more method than he had imagined. Then, as he still watched him, a fresh idea struck him and he laughed.

"You have entirely forgotten one thing," he said. "You can hardly dismiss your wife."

"My wife doesn't count."

Again Loder laughed. "I'm afraid I scarcely agree. The complications would be slightly—slightly——" He paused.

Chilcote's latent irritability broke out suddenly.

"Look here," he said, "this isn't a chaffing matter. It may be moonshine to you, but it's reality to me. Don't ridicule the idea. I'm in dead earnest."

Loder said nothing.

"Think it over before you refuse." Chilcote's tone was urgent.

For a moment Loder remained motionless; then he rose suddenly, pushing back his chair.

"Tush, man! You don't know what you say. The fact of your being married bars it. Can't you see that?"

Again Chilcote caught his arm.

"You misunderstand," he said. "You mistake the position. I tell you my wife and I are nothing to each other. She goes her way, I go mine. We have our own friends, our own rooms; marriage—actual marriage—doesn't enter the question. We meet occasionally at meals—and at other people's houses; sometimes we go into society together for the sake of appearances, but beyond that nothing. If you take up my life, nobody in it will trouble you less than Eve—I can promise that." He laughed unsteadily.

Loder's face remained unmoved.

"Even granting that," he said, "the thing is still impossible."

"Why?"

"There is the House. The position there would be untenable. A man is known there as he is known in his own club." He drew away from Chilcote's touch.

"Very possibly! Very possibly!" Chilcote laughed quickly and excitedly. "But what club is without its eccentric member? I am glad you spoke of that. I am glad you raised that point. A long time ago I hit upon a reputation for moods as a shield for—for other things,

and the more useful it has become the more I have let it grow. I tell you you might go down to the House to-morrow and spend the whole day without speaking to—even nodding to—a single man, and as long as you were me to outward appearance no one would raise an eyebrow. In the same way you might vote in my place, ask a question, make a speech if you wanted to——”

At the word speech Loder turned involuntarily. For a fleeting second the coldness of his manner dropped and his face changed.

Chilcote, with his nervous quickness of perception, saw the alteration, and a new look crossed his own face.

“Why not?” he said quickly. “You once had ambitions in that direction. Why not renew the ambitions?”

“And drop back from the mountains into the gutter?” Loder smiled, and slowly shook his head.

“Better to live for one day than to exist for a hundred!” Chilcote’s voice trembled with anxiety. Once again he extended his hand and touched the other’s arm.

This time Loder did not shake off the detaining hand; he scarcely seemed to feel its pressure.

“Look here!” Chilcote’s fingers tightened. “A little while ago you talked of influence. Here you can step into a position built by influence. You might do all you once hoped to do——”

Loder suddenly lifted his head. “Absurd!” he said.

“Absurd! Such a scheme was never carried through.”

“Precisely why it will succeed. People never suspect until they have a precedent. Will you consider it—at least consider it? Remember if there is a risk it is I who am running it. On your own showing you have no position to jeopardise.”

The other laughed curtly.

“Before I go to-night will you promise me to consider it?”

“No.”

“Then you will send me your decision by wire to-morrow. I won’t take your answer now.”

Loder freed his arm abruptly.

“Why not?” he asked.

Chilcote smiled nervously. “Because I know men—and men’s temptations. We are all very strong till the quick is touched; then we all wince. It’s opium with one man—ambition with another. In each case it’s only a matter of sooner or later.” He laughed in his satirical, unstrung way and held out his hand. “You have my address,” he said. “*Au revoir!*”

Loder pressed the hand for an instant. “Good-bye!” he said meaningly. Then he crossed the room quietly and held the door open.

“Good-bye!” he said again as the other passed him.

As he crossed the threshold Chilcote paused. “*Au revoir!*” he corrected with emphasis.

Until the last echo of his visitor’s steps had died away Loder stood with his hand on the door; then closing it quietly, he turned and looked round the room. For a considerable space he stood there, as if weighing

the merits of each object ; then very slowly he moved to one of the smaller book-shelves,

drew out May's 'Parliamentary Practice,' and carrying it to the desk, readjusted the lamp.

CHAPTER VI.

All the next day Chilcote moved in a fever of excitement. Hot with hope one minute, cold with anxiety the next, he rushed with restless energy into every task that presented itself—only to drop it as speedily. Twice during the morning he drove to the entrance of Clifford's Inn, but each time his courage failed him and he returned to Grosvenor Square—to learn that the expected message from Loder had not come.

It was a wearying condition of mind, but at worst it was scarcely more than an exaggeration of what his state had been for months, and made little obvious difference in his bearing or manner.

In the afternoon he took his place in the House ; but though it was his first appearance since his failure of two days ago he drew little personal notice. When he chose, he could repel advances with complete success, and of late men had been prone to draw away from him.

In one of the lobbies he encountered Fraide surrounded by a group of friends. With his usual furtive haste he would have passed on ; but, breaking away from his party, the old man accosted him. He was always courteously particular in his treatment of Chilcote, as the husband of his ward and godchild.

"Better, Chilcote?" he said, holding out his hand.

At the sound of the low, rather formal tones, so characteristic of the old statesman, a hundred memories rose to Chilcote's mind, a hundred hours, distasteful in the living and disagreeable in the recollection ; and with them the new flash of hope—the new possibility of freedom. In a sudden rush of confidence he turned to Fraide.

"I believe I've found a remedy for my nerves," he said ; "I—I believe I'm going to be a new man." He laughed with a touch of excitement.

Fraide pressed his fingers kindly. "That is right!" he said. "That is right! I called at Grosvenor Square this morning, but Eve told me your illness of the other day was not serious. She was very busy—she could only spare me a quarter of an hour. She is indefatigable over the social side of your prospects, Chilcote. You owe her a large debt. A popular wife means a great deal to a politician."

The steady eyes of his companion disturbed Chilcote. He drew away his hand.

"Eve is unique!" he said vaguely.

Fraide smiled. "That is right!" he said again. "Admiration is too largely excluded from modern marriages." With

a courteous gesture he freed himself, and turning away rejoined his friends.

It was dinner-time before Chilcote could desert the House, but the moment departure was possible he hurried to Grosvenor Square.

As he entered the house the hall was empty. He swore irritably under his breath, and pressed the nearest bell. Since his momentary exaltation in Fraide's presence his spirits had fallen, until now they hung at the lowest ebb.

As he waited in unconcealed impatience for an answer to his ring he caught sight of his man Allsopp at the head of the stairs.

"Come here!" he called, pleased to find some one upon whom to vent his irritation. "Has that wire come for me?"

"No, sir. I inquired five minutes back."

"Inquire again."

"Yes, sir." Allsopp disappeared.

A second after his disappearance the bell of the door whizzed loudly.

Chilcote started. All sudden sounds, like all strong lights, affected him curiously. He half moved to the door, then stopped himself with a short exclamation. At the same instant Allsopp reappeared.

His master turned on him.

"What the devil's the meaning of this?" he said. "A battery of servants in the house and no one to open the hall-door."

Allsopp looked embarrassed. "Crapham is coming directly,

sir. He only left the hall to ask Jeffries——"

Chilcote turned. "Damn Crapham!" he exclaimed. "Don't talk. Open the door yourself."

Allsopp hesitated—his dignity struggling with his obedience. As he waited the bell sounded again.

"Did you hear me?" Chilcote said.

"Yes, sir." The man crossed the hall.

As the door was opened Chilcote passed his handkerchief from one hand to the other in the tension of hope and fear; then, as the sound of his own name in the shrill tones of a telegraph-boy reached his ears, he let the handkerchief drop to the ground.

Allsopp took the thin envelope and carried it to his master.

"A telegram, sir," he said. "And the boy wishes to know if there is an answer." Picking up Chilcote's handkerchief, he turned aside with elaborate dignity.

Chilcote's hands were so unsteady that he could scarcely insert his finger under the flap of the envelope. Tearing off a corner, he wrenched the covering apart and smoothed out the flimsy pink paper.

The message was very brief:—

"Shall expect you at eleven to-night. LODER."

He read it two or three times, then he looked up. "No answer," he said mechanically; and to his own ears the relief

in his voice sounded strained and harsh.

Exactly as the clocks chimed eleven Chilcote mounted the stairs to Loder's rooms. But this time there was more of haste than of uncertainty in his steps, and reaching the landing, he crossed it in a couple of strides and knocked feverishly on the door.

It opened at once, and Loder stood before him.

The occasion was peculiar. For a moment neither spoke; each involuntarily looked at the other with new eyes and under changed conditions. Each had assumed a fresh standpoint in the other's thought. The passing astonishment, the half-impersonal curiosity that had previously tinged their relationship, was cast aside—never to be re-assumed. In each the other saw himself—and something more.

As usual Loder was the first to recover his composure.

"Ah! I was expecting you," he said. "Won't you come in?"

The words were almost the same as the words of the night before, but his voice had a different ring; just as his face, when he drew back into the room, had a different expression,—a suggestion of anticipation that had been lacking before. Chilcote caught the difference as he crossed the threshold, and for a bare second a flicker of something like jealousy touched him. But the sensation was fleeting.

"I have to thank you," he said, holding out his hand.

He was too well bred to show by a hint that he understood the drop in the other's principles. But Loder broke down the artifice.

"Let's be straight with each other—since everybody else has to be deceived," he said, taking the other's hand. "You have nothing to thank me for—and you know it. It's a touch of the old Adam. You tempted me and I fell." He laughed, but below the laugh ran a note of something like triumph—the curious triumph of a man who has known the tyranny of strength, and suddenly realised the freedom of a weakness.

"You fully understand the thing you have proposed?" he added in a different tone. "It's not too late to retract—even now."

Chilcote opened his lips, paused, then laughed in imitation of Loder; but the laugh sounded forced.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I never use the word retract."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Then the bargain's sealed."

Loder walked slowly across the room, and taking up his position by the mantelpiece, looked back at his companion. The similarity between them as they faced each other seemed abnormal—defying even the closest scrutiny. And yet—so mysterious is Nature even in her lapses, they were subtly, indefinably different. Chilcote was Loder deprived of one essential; Loder, Chilcote with that essential bestowed. The difference was not physical; it lay in that baffling, illusive

inner illumination that some call individuality and others soul.

Something of this idea—misted and tangled by nervous imagination—crossed Chilcote's mind in that moment of scrutiny, but he shrank from it apprehensively.

"I—I came to discuss details," he said quickly, crossing the space that divided him from his host. "Shall we——? Are you——?" He paused uneasily.

"I'm entirely in your hands." Loder spoke with decision. Moving to the table, he indicated a chair, and drew another forward for himself.

Both men sat down.

Chilcote leant forward, resting his clasped hands on the table. "There will be several things to consider," he began nervously, looking across at his companion.

"Quite so." Loder glanced back appreciatively. "I thought about those things the better part of last night. To begin with, I must study your handwriting. I guarantee to get it right, but it will take a month."

"A month!"

"Perhaps three weeks. We mustn't make a mess of things."

Chilcote shifted his position.

"Three weeks!" he repeated. "Couldn't you——?"

"No. I couldn't." The other spoke authoritatively. "I might never want to put pen to paper, but on the other hand I might have to sign a cheque one day." He laughed. "Have you thought of that? That I might have to, or want to, sign a cheque?"

"No. I confess it escaped me."

"You risk your fortune that you may keep the place it has bought for you?" Loder laughed again. "How do you know I am not a blackguard? How do you know that I won't clear out one day and leave you high and dry? What is to prevent John Chilcote from realising forty or fifty thousand pounds and then making himself scarce?"

"You won't do that." Chilcote spoke sharply and with unusual decision. "I told you your weakness last night; it isn't money. Money isn't the rock you'll split over."

"Then you think I'll split upon some rock? But that's beyond the question. To get to business again—you'll risk my studying your signature?"

The other nodded.

"Right! Now, item two." Loder counted on his fingers. "I must know the names and faces of your men friends as far as I can. Your women friends don't count. While I'm you, you will be adamant. But the men are essential—the backbone of the whole thing." He laughed again pleasantly.

"I have no men friends—I distrust the idea of friendship."

"Acquaintances, then."

Chilcote looked up sharply. "I think we score there," he said. "I have a reputation for absent-mindedness that will carry you anywhere. They tell me I can look through the most substantial man in the House as if he were gossamer, though I may have lunched with him the same day."

Loder smiled. "By Jove!"

he exclaimed; "Fate must have been constructing this before either of us was born. But I must know your colleagues—even if it's only to cut them. You'll have to take me to the House."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all." Again the tone of authority fell to Loder. "I can pull my hat over my eyes and turn up my coat-collar—nobody will notice me. Besides, we can choose the fall of the afternoon. I promise you 'twill be all right."

"Suppose the likeness should leak out? It's a risk."

Loder laughed confidently. "Tush, man! Risk is the salt of life. I must see you at your post, and I must see the men you work with." He rose, walked across the room and took his pipe from the rack. "If I do this thing I'll do it well."

The pipe filled, he resumed his seat, leaning across the table in unconscious imitation of Chilcote.

"Got a match?" he said laconically, holding out his hand.

In response Chilcote drew his match-box from his pocket and struck a light. As their hands touched, an exclamation escaped him.

"By Jove!" he said with a fretful mixture of disappointment and surprise, "I hadn't noticed that!" His eyes were fixed in annoyed interest on Loder's extended hand.

Loder, following his glance, smiled. "Odd that we should both have overlooked it! It clean escaped my mind. It's

rather an ugly scar." He lifted his hand till the light fell more fully on it. Above the second joint of the third finger ran a jagged furrow—the reminder of a wound that had once laid bare the bone.

Chilcote leant forward. "How did you come by it?" he asked.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, it's ancient history."

"The results are present day enough. It's very awkward! Very annoying!" Chilcote's spirits, at all times over easily played upon, were damped by this first obstacle.

Loder, still looking at his hand, didn't seem to hear. "There's only one thing to be done," he said. "Each wear two rings on the third finger of the left hand. Two rings ought to cover it." He made a speculative measurement with the stem of his pipe.

But Chilcote still looked irritable and disturbed. "I detest rings. I never wear rings."

Loder raised his eyes calmly. "Neither do I," he said. "But there's no reason for bigotry."

But the other's irritability had been awakened. He pushed back his chair. "I don't like the idea," he said.

Loder eyed him amusedly.

"What a queer beggar you are! You waive the danger of a man signing your cheques, and shy at wearing a piece of jewellery. I'll have a fair share of individuality to study."

Chilcote moved restlessly. "Everybody knows I detest jewellery."

"Everybody knows you are capricious. It's got to be rings

or nothing, so far as I make out. We can't counterfeit the scar."

Chilcote again altered his position, avoiding the other's eyes; at last, after a struggle with himself, he looked up.

"I suppose you're right!" he said. "Have it your own way." It was his first small tangible concession to the stronger will.

Loder took his victory quietly.

"Good! Then it's all straight sailing?"

"Except for the matter of the — the remuneration——" Chilcote hazarded the word uncertainly.

There was a faint pause, then his companion laughed brusquely.

"My pay?"

Chilcote was embarrassed. "I didn't want to put it quite like that."

"But that was what you thought. Why are you never honest—even with yourself?"

Chilcote drew his chair closer to the table. He did not attend to the other's remark, but his fingers strayed to his waistcoat-pocket and fumbled there.

Loder saw the gesture.

"Look here," he said, "you are overtaking yourself. The affair of the pay isn't pressing; we'll shelve it to another night. You look tired out."

Chilcote lifted his eyes with a relieved glance. "Thanks!" he said. "I do feel a bit

fagged. If I may, I'll have that whisky that I refused the other night."

"Why, certainly." Loder rose at once and crossed to a cupboard in the wall. In silence he brought out some whisky, two glasses, and a bottle of soda-water.

"Say when!" he said, lifting the whisky.

"Now, thanks! But I'll have plain water instead of soda, if it's all the same."

"Oh, quite." Loder recrossed the room. Instantly his back was turned Chilcote drew a couple of tabloids from his pocket and dropped them into his glass. As the other came slowly back he laughed nervously—almost hysterically.

"Thanks! See to your own drink now—I can manage this." He took the jug unceremoniously, and guarding his glass from the light, poured in the water with excited haste.

"What shall we drink to?" he said.

Loder methodically mixed his own drink and then lifted the glass. "Why, to the career of John Chilcote!" he answered humorously. "What other toast is possible?"

For an instant Chilcote hesitated. There was something prophetic in the sound of the words. But he shook the feeling off and held up his glass.

"To the career of John Chilcote!" he answered, with another high-pitched laugh.

(To be continued.)

THREE GAMBITS.

I.

"They shot at the strong and slashed at the weak,
From the Chindwin scrub to the Salween teak."

—*The Ballad of Boh Da Thoni.*

ON the banks of the great Irrawaddi, far above even the Third Defile, a small mobile column sits lazy, waiting the arrival of the tiny river-steamer, chunking against stream, with the artillery of the force aboard. Away in the east lie blue hills and snowy peaks, beneath which Britain marches with China, and highland cateran harries the trade between the mighty empires.

Fifty mounted infantry, true Thomas on Burman or *mashebo* ponies, as he delights to call them, 200 Panjabi foot-soldiers, 100 stuggy Gurkhas of a Military Police battalion, with a party of Burman sappers, and the guns now chunking alongside the bank, form the force at the disposal of the local warden, from whom Singpho caterans are to learn that though British patience be spun out as a summer's day, yet the Sirkar's arm is as long as a winter's night.

Chunk, chunk go the paddles of the steamboat rounding a tricky snag, while "Saré do baam" comes the monotonous chant of the man in the chains, changing to a minor "Ek baam ek hath" as the little trooper sidles into the bank, a Gardner gun screwed on her forward deck, two squat mountain-guns — passengers these — behind,

and gun-mules and gunners in every possible corner. The ready gunners soon sling off their vixen weapons, very pug-dogs of war, and mules scramble ashore from upstairs, downstairs, and out the skipper's chamber; while the almond-eyed Shan girls of the river village giggle and oggle, titter and spit at the merry show the *thakins* (sahibs) are affording them.

With the arrival of the guns the column is complete, and the force falls in by the police stockade — guns and sappers near the head, strings of hardy Chinese mules and laughing Panthay drivers, the baggage of the force, in rear. Then a cheer from the Sikhs and shouts from the muleteers as the column files away through the pagodas and prayer-wheels down the village street and out into the paddy and jungle — the villagers chuckling to think that vengeance is in store for those who but last week crucified a lad and burnt an old lady of the village.

The afternoon's march is peaceful, ending in thick bamboo jungle at the foot of the hills, and the force sleeps on the bank of a rippling *chaung*, laagered as best it may in the thick undergrowth. Grey dawn behind the teak-trees, the

enemy reported blocking the road barely five miles away: all is excitement and content. The column must march in single file, and even the leading men cannot see for more than a hundred yards ahead. Flanking is out of the question: luck and pluck are the only flankers possible in Burman jungles. As business is expected, the Gurkha, half-ferret, half-lynx, must head the column, an officer with the leading point, not because he can do much good there, being no ferret, but because of the law that says a white man must be first when there's any ball-firing. To a steady three mile an hour the column now winds and climbs, silent save for the cries of the muleteers, the jingle of the bell-mules, and the jinketty-jink of the gun-train, while at any moment an unseen foe may open with Remington and Snider, musket and matchlock, from any quarter of the dense jungle shroud that envelops them.

A check: *panjies*, *Anglicè* calthrops, are said to hamper the way. The enemy are evidently about, a warning shot sounds away up the hillside, nerves are on strain, and the wait while Johnnie Gurkha clears the road is tedious; so all are relieved when, 500 yards farther, a volley from rifles and a splutter from slug-charged muskets show that the great game has begun. Concealment is now no longer part of the enemy's programme, and a fiendish combination of yells, tom-toms, and gongs rises from behind a high stockade, which, craftily concealed in the jungle,

absolutely bars all further progress and is cunningly arranged to sweep with fire a space where the road in front widens. The highlanders evidently mean business: one of the Gurkhas lies drumming out his last breath on the open, calling on Rama; another limps away well sown with slugs. The rest of the advance-guard are nowhere to be seen, lying alert and adjacent, hidden like hares behind the smallest of bushes. Not so some twenty of the leading Sikhs, who, far too solid to think of taking cover, and burning to show their manhood, led by an impetuous jemadar shouting "*Khalsa ki futteh!*" (Victory to the Khalsa!) think only of carrying the barrier by assault. Once more rattle the Remingtons and splutter the matchlocks—two leading Singhs fall never to rise again, one more impetuous than his comrades lies impaled on spikes at the bottom of a hidden pit, and two more limp to the jungle with feet pierced by *panjies* through the sole of their boots, the spikes coming out through their insteps. The remainder, breathless and uncertain, have flung themselves in a small ravine seventy yards from the stockade, whence triumphant Kachins yell scurrilous abuse in Shan and Burman. By this time the column commander has arrived on the scene, and, none too pleased to see dead men in the grass, realises that a turning movement is the only course. Away go fifty Gurkhas on the right flank, clearing a path with their kukris. Thirty of the British mounted infantry and

as many Sikhs work off round the left, while one of the pugs of war is unlimbered and put together, dragged into the ravine, loaded, and kept ready to run out when the moment arrives. Half an hour is allowed the turning parties to get into position, ready to rush in when the first gun booms out. Time's up! Time to stop the yells and gong-players rejoicing in their apparent victory. Run out the 7-pounder point-blank at 70 yards, while rifle and musket splutter! The first shell crashes through the stockade and explodes, the gongs are dropped, musketry ceases, nothing can be heard save the crackle of jungle, followed by the crisp volleys of the turning parties pursuing the flying caterans, erst so exultant. Sappers now hurry in safety to the stockade, and with axe and mattock clear the path and pull up the calthrops, while the mournful dooly swings to the front with its patient bearers.

Inside the stockade lies a Kachin minus a leg, blown off at the thigh by the direct hit of a 7-lb. shell, which burst in his groin; another lies with a

bullet in his brain; a third, wounded, wonders whether immediate despatch or slow torture awaits him. Gongs, matchlocks, priceless Remingtons, Shan straw hats, and even *dahs*,¹ lie where their frightened owners dropped them, in their terror at that shell's incontinent entry. The commander and guns enter the breach, and the small force begins to reassemble, satisfied at its success, chagrined to find that its casualties apparently treble the foe's, unless the flanking parties have had luck, while now and again the rearguard sullenly firing reminds them that this is but the first step on a steep and arduous journey through many a hornet's nest.

The caterans and their allies, rebel *Tsawba* and refugee *Boh*,² have yet to be pursued and rushed for many a weary week ere the *Pax Britannica* be fairly established, and the caravans of jade and rubber, cotton and salt, may safely ply from Yunan and the Mekong valley to the fruitful Burman flats. But the white Gambit has been no failure.

II.

"When the big guns speak to the Khyber Peak,
And the dog Heratis fly,

The redcoats crawl to the sangar wall,
And the Usbeg lances fall."

Grey dawn in old Kohat; tail, and the lion, backed by once more have highland the tiger, is setting forth to caterans pulled at the lion's war.

¹ *Dah* = a Burmese sword.

² *Tsawba* and *Boh*, Kachin and Burmese words = chief.

A different manner of caterans these from former acquaintances on the China marches, who, after years of vaunting their inviolate *purdah*,¹ have at last provoked their over-patient suzerain. All yesterday and for the last two nights, over the pass from Peshawar, up the cart-road from the Indus rail-head, have poured the pick of the Indian army, —sapper and pioneer, Gurkha and Highlander, Sikh and Irishman, the flower of the two coast armies, guns and more guns, long strings of kicking mules, gurgling camels, and creaking bullock-carts, faster and faster, vassal and master, haste to the muster below the Sikh bastions in old Kohat.

Grey dawn on the Kurram road, crimson east over Fort Mackeson, as the army heads out from its rendezvous. Wild thrills the heart at a Panjabi regiment, leading off in the dust, with throbbing *dole* and weird *urnai* (the Afghan drum and pipe), to the old lawless Kabul love-song of "Zakhmi dil."² Farther back in the mingled dawn and dust the pipes of a Scottish battalion skirl "Haste to the gathering." No lack of the romance of war here! Hark to the squealing fifes from under yonder hill, moving off a line battalion 1000 rifles strong; hark to the thud of 2000 feet marking time, to drop into their place on the road.

Then in still denser dust swing by the mountain-guns, not by sections this time, or even by batteries, but whole

brigades, businesslike and silent save for jingling chains, rolling lance-high the acrid dust, till barely the pennons of their lancer escort are visible. Hard on the guns follow more battalions, each to its own pet tune, as battalions should—while mile upon mile behind follow stretcher and dooly, mules, camels, and all the pack-train of a frontier army setting out to war, even as of old, Keen and Elphinstone, Sale and Pollock, "Charlie Napier," beloved of his soldiers, Roberts and Stewart, have swung out across the Indus.

Through thirty miles of a flank-march, past the little oasis of Hangu, partly secured by the grim limestone forts on the Samana knife-edge, which but a month back fought for their lives against Afridi hordes and Orakzai mullahs, the huge army continued its march, dropping as it went small garrisons to guard its rearward road.

The third day the throbbing *dole* ushers the leading battalions to position for the first blow, beneath towering heights and under the walls of a police post whose shell-pierced towers show the struggle for mastery recently enacted. Here a small advanced force is already installed, burial-parties at work, soothing its fingers, burnt in the hasty reconnaissance of yesterday. By noon sufficient force has arrived to commence operations, and inaugurate the leader's plan of cutting through three mighty ranges into the head-waters of three winding

¹ *Purdah* = veil.

² Bleeding heart.

valleys, and the heart of tribal security;—in general idea far superior to threading the said valleys from their Indus-ward months.

The general-in-chief in the forts above has been busy with the intelligence. Helios flicker all day, and lamps flap till late into the night preparing the force for the morrow's opening blow, while away on the northern summits tribal banners come and go the day long, till spirits run high at the coming contest. That day, too, driving post, arrives, hastily recalled from retirement, the dark spare soldier, half Douranie, whose presence a month ago could have kept young blood cool and old heads steady, now too late save to mitigate punishment for the tribes he had controlled so well.

The night, too short for wearied troops, ends at two with the shrill *réveillé*, hurried coffee, and agonised straining of loading-ropes. Away long before dawn, Gurkhas leading, Kempster's brigade in front, Dicky Westmacott's to follow, guns well to the fore, Yeatman Bigg's division climbs the winding path up the steep spur, past loopholed embattled homesteads, to the top of the Chagru Kotal. By 8 A.M. the top of the pass is gained, and the precipitous gorge, fringed with towers on each commanding crag, comes into view, the whole commanded by the dark Dargai cliffs, within fair rifle-range, along which the tribal banners wave.

Away 3000 feet below lies the camp just left, and one

endless trail of pack-animals, carrying baggage and ten days' food for the force, waits patiently till the road be open. One point is quite evident. Impossible to enter the sombre defile till the Dargai Heights be clear! Kempster's brigade to assault, "Westie" to support; slam the mountain-guns into action, three batteries on the Kotal—one 1000 feet above on the Samana Sukh, under General Lockhart's immediate eye—and the ball opens. Crash along the sangars on the cliffs beat the shrapnel. Northwards hurry Travers's Gurkhas along the knife-ridge that leads to the foot of the Dargai cliffs, with Narik Sukh towering above. The Dorsets hurry after in close support, the Derbys more leisurely; all apparently goes well, till out from final cover along the 100 yards of narrow isthmus dart Travers and his leading files, who gain the foot of the heights in safety. Then out bursts such a rifle-fire that none can follow him over the isthmus; section after section tries to rush across, only to be swept down. Gurkha, Dorset, and Derby each fail in daring efforts, till the narrow arena is piled with dead and dying.

For hours the day hangs—the whole army is checked. During two more hours shrapnel sweeps the sangar crests—still no successful effort is possible. A kingdom for him who'll take the heights! Then the hour and the man—Highlanders and Sikhs in close order move up to where the *débris* of two battalions awaits fresh

impetus. The colonel of the Gordons has recognised that in a rush *en masse* all cannot be hit. Officers and pipers to the front! The pipe-major's swagger is inimitable—loud skirl the pipes, and, whirled up in the disciplined *élan* of the Gordons and the 3rd Sikhs, Gurkhas, Dorsets, Derbys in one wild rush sweep over that corpse-encumbered isthmus, and swarm up the cliffs, only to find that after the first storm of bullets their enemies had fled. The effect of that rush had scared the tribes from further clinging to a position that was absolutely impregnable.

Thus was the Dargai ridge occupied, mule-trains freed to pass the Kotal, and again the prestige of British bayonets

borne high on the short-memoried frontier, though close on 300 dead and wounded men lay on that tiny isthmus scarce bigger than a cricket-pitch, to show the tiger's cubs that the lion's whelps come ever from the old stock, and that both dare die together.

Ere nightfall that night the heights were intrenched and occupied, the troops bivouacked on the pass, and the weary transport dragged up the spurs, while the long strings of doolies jostling their way down the goat-track to Shinawri told of the price of war.

Next day the force rolled on its way, not merely to lift the *purdah* of the vainest of tribes on the frontier, but to rend it with no light hand—and such was the second Gambit.

III.

"Strike hard who may, shoot straight who can,
The odds are on the cheaper man."

—Frontier Arithmetic.

Once more the opening day of war, under scenes far different, yet full of resemblances to earlier ones. No mountains, wide rivers, or pathless jungles this time, but open rolling prairie, with low flat hills, which, appearing hull-down on the horizon, give the quaint impression of being on a rooftop mid neighbouring gable-ends. A broken rail, twisted telegraphs, a bullet-blistered station-house, are the only signs that a destructive enemy has passed.

A few ironstone kopjies sharply silhouetted in the twi-

light, and the whirling dust as troops detrain from the temporary rail-head, call to mind vividly enough the glamour of three years back, when an army crowded over the Indus, while the smell from a newly burnt patch of veldt brings mingled memories and regrets of Upper Burma.

Hard by, at the temporary loading-ramps, the properties differ, save for the familiar khaki, from those of other days. No grobbling camels and kicking pack-animals, no stalwart Sikhs and chaffing Gurkhas, but train after train of cheery beefy

Atkinses, not yet blended with Hotspur the Yeoman, or Tim Flinagan of the "Milishy." Rumbling unwieldy ox-wain, giant oxen, quaintly spanned mule-trolleys, take the place of camel and pack-pony. Red-crossed vans replace the cumbersome dooley, while every modern implement of war that flat plains instead of trackless mountains afford scope for, is ready to hand.

Here and there loll felt-hatted colonials, forerunners of many a lawless hard-bitten corps, their wide-brimmed hats trimmed with wild-cat fur, and cocked *à la Kevenheuler*, surmounted with the device of "Somebody's Scouts." These last survey with some amazement the disciplined Atkins, slow to think and heavy to move, while they in their turn receive scant approval from men who have yet to learn their own impotence against the guerilla.

As train on train arrives the bivouacs by the station spread, and by dark the portion of the force to trek out on the morrow is assembled and complete.

Morning comes with its inevitable *réveillé* in the dark, when vitality is lowest and the outlook cheerless, counterbalanced by the glorious air of the veldt, and in this case the keen sense of excitement, which must animate new troops starting against an ungauged foe.

Orders have been secret, but rumour now runs through the force that eight miles away, holding a long range of low hills, a Boer commando covers a drift that the force must

seize and hold. As yet hardly an officer or man has been engaged—a few had a brush in a recent patrol, but like wise men have kept their impressions to themselves—so all is pleased expectancy. The force is under weigh, — 200 mounted infantry, Somebody's scouts, half a cavalry regiment, with a field battery, form the mounted force, moving with an old-time screen of vedettes in front; behind swing two battalions of infantry, followed by ambulances and waggon. Two hours have passed, six miles covered, never a sign of an enemy. "D——d slow!" murmurs some second lieutenant, when, r-r-r-rp from a chumpjie of bushes to the left front, and back scuttle the vedettes, two riderless horses among them. The force halts automatically. "Gallop round to the right of the bush," suggests Captain Somebody the scout, to the commander: "it's only a picket,"—and away go the cavalry nothing loth, in time to see half-a-dozen men scamper away over the shimmering grass. The distant ridge is now in sight, scarce 4000 yards away. The screen push on, Captain Somebody gallops off with his scouts, to return with the report that Boers are holding the neck and flanking rises for over five miles.

"This sounds like business," says the commander, who tempers his desire for a frontal attack with the insistent advice of his scout-leader to move the mounted men to a flank, the result being the deployment of 500 infantry for the normal

attack, and the sharp trot away of the mounted troops on a flanking detour. While the infantry extend, the guns, eager for work and for a short range, gallop in past the extended files to 2000 yards, the trails rap on the ground together, the limbers trot away to the rear, and ere a minute is over the first iron messenger of authority flouted has started on its errand. This is too much for the sturdy farmer, who sees that he needn't fear the mounted turning party yet awhile, and tie-toc, tie-toc tick the mausers, with an accurate persistency most disconcerting to folk new to modern rifles and South African atmosphere. Rattle! among brakes, ping! among the wheels, crack! against the trails. Things are humming among the guns, while the advancing infantry lines have hardly yet attracted attention. As yet no casualties in the battery, fire discipline is perfect; whang ring the shrapnel pairs, win-n-ng says the answering mauser bullet (who was it that said "Go in close"?), horses are dropping away behind in the teams, the captain who has brought up a message rides back swearing immoderately with a bullet in his arm; a gun-layer lies gasping on his back; instinctively the gunners when not at work crouch round the trail, though up at once to the slightest order. The major thinks of his last fight at

Ahmed Kheyl, sees the steadily advancing infantry, and settles down to directing his now accurately fused shrapnel.

The ever-creeping infantry advance now comes in for its share. The supports, untrained to extend like the skirmishing line, are catching it hot, and hastily open out. The leading line has several gaps, but discipline has kept it advancing without yielding to the temptation to lie down and fire back. Then of a sudden firing dies away and ceases. The turning movement has been too much for what is only a small advanced commando, and distant volleys on the left show that the Burgher is scampering away. The neck and ridge are now ours, and possibly the drift may follow as easily.

The loss is not heavy,—four or five killed and a dozen or so wounded; but what have the enemy lost? One badly wounded man is found, and two dead horses, also a broken rifle. Not much for so much noise; perhaps they have carried them away — perhaps, but hardly possible. At any rate, the first move has proved a success and the old spirit still to the fore; but the thoughtful are busy with searching questions.

If this is what happens when the enemy don't mean business, what will it be like when they do? They might well ask: now they know.

SCOLOPAXIANA.

DOGS.

THERE is no point more discussed and differed about by snipe-shooters than the *questio vexata* of dogs. Will a pointer or a setter find you more snipe than you would find without them? Or again, will they in quartering about in front of you flush a greater number of birds out of shot by their rustling and splashing than they will stand for you in shot? As is usually the case in these sort of arguments, it is a mistake to lay down a hard-and-fast rule. Snipe-shooting is the most inexact of sporting sciences, and this dog or no dog question is one that can be answered with less finality than any in connection with it. It depends upon so many things: the wind, whether a good or bad scenting one, and the angle at which it blows across your beat; the weather, and its effect on the ground; the constantly varying humour of the snipe; the general nature of the country over which you intend to shoot; and, finally, the temperament and capabilities of your dogs themselves. A brief consideration of each of these chances may be of use in guiding the young sportsman as to whether or not he should steel his heart into turning his back on those pleading eyes in the stable-yard. If he is worth his salt, he will find it very hard not to release his brother sportsmen

from their chains; but, believe me, it is much better to leave well-trained dogs behind than to take them out uselessly. They will not think any the worse of you, but, watching you disappear, will swallow their disappointment with a dignity that is the most beautiful thing in all the beautiful dog nature. There is something conscience-striking in the way dogs, and especially shooting-dogs, give their masters credit for always knowing best about everything. Remember this when perhaps you are about to insist angrily on your retriever searching again for a bird you more than suspect is not down at all, and keep your temper, if only for the reason that if you don't, the trusting creature, true gentleman that he is, will take all the blame to himself, instead of calling you the unreasonable fool you are!

First, then, as to the wind. It may be stated as a general rule that the stronger and colder it blows the less scent it carries, so that your dogs are best left snugly at home in a winter gale. Indeed a strong wind of any temperature is apt to puzzle the best noses. Nothing makes a dog more uncertain and distrustful of himself than being continually checked by scent reaching him in catchy whiffs from a hiding bird. It will be no-

ticed that under such conditions even the most accomplished dogs will often be guilty either of a false point or of an unmitigated flush, in either case to their extreme confusion. Nor, naturally, is the reverse of this, a dead calm, very conducive to good work from dogs, though when the air is laden with moisture some dogs, pointers especially, will occasionally mark the seat of a bird in the most inexplicable manner. Probably, however, there is no such thing as a totally dead calm, though I have seen dogs do useful work on days on which a candle would burn without a flicker in the open air. Frost, too, especially a white frost, is usually injurious to scent, though not to anything like the extent that is commonly imagined. Long rank grass, a favourite resort of snipe in a frost, very often affords excellent scenting in the hardest of weather. So does heather in any but a white frost. I do not know if it be a scientific fact, but I have always noticed that scent is totally destroyed by frost in the vicinity of running water. On the whole, therefore, it is better to go out dogless so long as a frost continues, unless your kennel is a large one and is in want of exercise. Even then the dogs will not enjoy themselves overmuch on the knobby frozen ground. They will also make a prodigious noise crackling through the ice-coated puddles; but this is of small consequence, as snipe never lie about open puddly ground

after it has been bound by frost. When, on the contrary, the ground is very wet, every little depression being full to the brim, and the long grass and rushes heavy with moisture, the decision is much easier to make—no dogs. Nothing cows shooting-dogs more effectually than an all-day soaking. I have known the keenest of pointers after their first run through sodden rushes absolutely decline to hunt any further with a shower-bath accompaniment. Wet ground, of course, involves also splashing around the very lodging-places of the snipe.

It will be seen, from what has been written, that dogs for snipe-shooting have their limitations. Indeed, were it not necessary to give instructions on this head for sportsmen who possess dogs, love them, and are determined to use them, at all events occasionally, I am afraid that the verdict, speaking generally, would have to be against the dog-folk for this particular branch of gunnery—that is to say, that they are as often useless as useful, though if intelligently employed it is seldom that they are actually harmful. However, something more than this is necessary to warrant a downright recommendation in their favour. Of course the pleasure of shooting of any sort is vastly enhanced by their assistance; but that is another matter altogether when the net results to the bag are being considered. My own practice is very simple, and at the risk of incurring the very charge of laying down the law

I have made against others, I must confess that it appears to be the most logical one. It is to be accompanied by a *setter* in all weathers, but never to let him range except over wide, open, dryish ground. If I know that my beat for the day contains no such ground, I leave him at home. If the day's walk is over country strange to me I take him, and accept the chance of being able to make use of him, or having to keep him entirely at heel. If the dog is of fair age, as he should be, and no novice to the gun, as he certainly must not be, he will not be half so miserable at his small share in the day's fun as might be imagined, though it is as well to stretch a point now and then by giving him a run, whether it appears likely to be productive or not. I am aware that in deciding for a setter I shall call down upon my head the denunciations of thousands of lovers of his sturdy rival the pointer; alas! in these days in not half so many thousands as could be wished. But if my particular plan and reasons for adopting it are correct, it will be seen that a pointer is not in it with a setter, though I readily admit that for all-round shooting the former is equal if not superior.

In the first place, then, I must have a fast dog. The extensive open moorlands, where alone I propose to use him, do not commonly contain snipe "as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." Two or three per acre is about a fair estimate, and to wander about searching for

these in a generous allowance of acreage means a deal of wasted time and energy. Now, with a fast, staunch setter, these birds will be marked one by one in an incredibly short space of time, and you may call your dog in on arriving at more enclosed or marshy country, with the comfortable consciousness that you have taken a pretty accurate census of a scattered rural population with a minimum of exertion. If the dog is not fast, for this work he is not worth taking out. He must fairly gallop if the thing is to be properly done. In fact, for this incidental kind of work, I would not refuse a dog if he possessed great speed and only fair staunchness. But if you are blessed with a dog both fast and staunch treasure him, for you have the nonpareil. Now, a pointer is never sufficiently speedy for this purpose, though in staunchness he easily defeats his more impetuous comrade. If you elect to shoot over dogs under any circumstances, well and good—a pointer will do the work thoroughly and conscientiously; but for the method I have described, the only one in my opinion in which full value is obtained from canine assistance, the superior speed and activity of a setter will gain so much valuable time, and save so much to-and-fro tramping, that I must "plump" unreservedly for his employment. For another reason he will be found the most pleasant companion on a snipe-shooting expedition, namely, his greater imperviousness to wet. As he trots along at his master's heels

he will have to take his chance of all sorts of terrible going, and it needs a thick-coated eager animal to preserve his latent force all day until it happens to be wanted. Both these qualities the setter possesses, whereas a pointer, with his short sleek coat, may be reduced to a pitiable condition of shivering after a long struggle through rotten bog or sodden marches, and nothing is more apt to put a man who loves dogs off his shooting than the knowledge that his friend behind has had enough of it. Finally, there is no comparison between the qualities of these two splendid breeds of dogs as pals and companions. A pointer is an earnest, laborious fellow, a thorough rustic, and a workman from the blunt of his wonderful nose to the tip of his stiff-pointed stern; but he does not shine in society and is indeed all the better without it. Whereas the handsome graceful "setting dog" is a gentleman first and a sportsman afterwards, which, whether in dogs or human beings, is the pleasantest order of things. He is a little inclined to cringe, perhaps; but if not encouraged in this, there is no more delightful companion either on or off duty, and none more ready for conversation when the labours of the day are over.

In the utter solitude of some snipe-shooting quarters this difference of disposition is not to be despised, though I do not pretend that it is to be weighed very heavily when considering the question of setter *v.* pointer. One word of caution as to the

latter. Never buy a dog that shows undue width of chest, or one whose forelegs show the slightest tendency to bandiness. Such an animal, even if gifted with the best nose in the world, is certain to be a slow mover, and will be a constant source of annoyance. Nothing is more irritating to an active long-striding sportsman (and it is such that shoot most snipe in the year) than being continually forced to "step short," if not to stop altogether, by a sluggish maundering dog. I have occasionally, when out with a beast of this sort, been goaded into going ahead and leaving the poor chap conscientiously quartering the ground far behind me. It is no use being angry with an animal afflicted with the slows; it should be got rid of as soon as possible, or kept for young partridges in September. The faults of setters are usually of an opposite character. Headstrong and wilful, they will more often disappear in front of you than behind, and their very speed makes them all the more exasperating when it is not restrained by absolute subservience to the gun. A flashy false-pointing brute is a terrible trial to the temper, though I would never despair of a dog at once which developed these vices only at his first entry to snipe. Neither pointers nor setters seem to take kindly to snipe at first. Many a dog that was the pride of the grouse-moor or stubble seems suddenly to become a perfect object-lesson of "how not to do it" at his initiation into the mysteries of snipe-

shooting. The scent of the bird is so strong and peculiar that it takes most dogs some time to get their bearings in the sport ; many indeed, though they may attain a certain standard of excellence, seem never to accommodate themselves altogether to the altered ground, or to overcome what is undoubtedly their repugnance to the effluvium emitted by little *Gallinago*.

I do not intend to enter even briefly into the subject of breaking dogs for this particular sport further than to say that they should never be "broken" to it at all, but must be allowed to train themselves. The very best performer will be a dog that has been well trained to start with, and has been shot over for three or four years by good shots at grouse or partidges. If you intend to do much snipe-shooting, it will pay you much better to reserve such a one entirely for the sport, in full vigour and training as he is, than to attempt to enter a youngster or drag an aged animal into the hardships the work entails. He may, as I have said, disappoint you at first ; but unless he so far forgets himself as to actually chase birds, take no notice, take no notice, and go on taking no notice. It is as reasonable to expect an Irish hunter, unrivalled at the walls and banks of his native isle, to fly the mighty ox-fences of Leicestershire at his first attempt, as that a dog accustomed to methodical quarterings on grouse-moor or turnips should immediately take to the

more haphazard methods that are necessary on ground where each quarter of a mile may be of a diametrically opposite character to the last. Dogs will learn a lot from silence ; from vociferous blasphemy they will acquire nothing but distrust of themselves and you. As for the whip, you may as well shoot a setter as thrash him, for all the use he will be to you afterwards. A pointer is less timorous, but more apt to sulk after castigation.

Of special breeds I can say but little. A good dog on snipe is as likely to be found in one as the other. If there be a choice, perhaps the red Irish setter, though the most wilful of any of his kind, takes the palm for strength and endurance. His ruddy hue, however, will sometimes render him very difficult to distinguish on ground of similar colour. It is annoying to miss your dog for five minutes, then suddenly to flush by your searching and shouting a bird at which he has been "setting" in faultless style within half-a-dozen yards of you, an occurrence I have often witnessed in long grass and heather. A good coloured dog for this work is one in whom is a strain of Laverack's old Blue Belton blood. These animals are of a bluish-grey hue, ticked with black and white, and besides showing up well in any ground, are hardy and swift of foot, and I think retain their keenness and hunting powers longer than dogs of other hues. Just a word in *re* pointers and setters. People not accustomed

to shooting-dogs are apt to expect rather too much from them in the way of intelligence and adaptability to varying circumstances. I am not detracting from the characters of these wonderful aids to mankind when I state that a tyro must expect to find "Ponto" or "Trust" somewhat of a fool in ordinary matters. Things that a spaniel or a terrier will learn almost at once, or will "tumble to" without any learning as occasion demands, will prove a sore puzzle to the highly trained creature, whose very training has tended to make him more or less mechanical and dependent on rote. In fact, the more of a scent-winding automaton, and therefore a better performer, a dog is, the less will he respond to out-of-the-way demands on the part of his master. I should be sorry to have to calculate how much time is wasted by enthusiastic young shooters in attempting to teach their pointers or setters to retrieve, for instance. Certainly, they sometimes partially succeed, though if there be such a thing as a thoroughly good retrieving dog of either breed in England, I have never seen it, and nothing less than thoroughly good would be of the slightest use in snipe-shooting. In any case, I would be inclined to suspect that the dog had mastered this difficult lesson at the expense of his more legitimate employment. Do not, therefore, try to turn a single-barrelled dog into a double, or put down your money for an animal advertised to retrieve "well and

tenderly" unless you have actually seen him not only retrieve, but previously "sett" the game he fetches.

As to the method of approaching the point, it is purely a matter of common-sense, though it is astonishing how often it is set about in the wrong manner. It stands to reason that when your dog brings up short head to wind, marking the lurking-place of a bird to windward of him, it will be to your advantage to get to the windward side of both dog and game, thus getting the latter between you and the dog. This manœuvre has the double advantage of making the snipe hesitate, hemmed in as he is by two unknown dangers, and thus inducing him to lie a few seconds longer than he might have done, and also, as previously explained, causing him to throw up towards you when he does spring. As a matter of practice, it is rarely possible to bring off this movement to perfection. Indeed, if snipe are plentiful, it is actually not advisable, as birds might be flushed whilst you were on the way round. Perhaps the best method is to move off a few yards to one side of the line of the dog and the spot you guess the snipe to be lying (of course, as much towards the windward side as possible), and then to edge cautiously along a third side of the triangle, as it were, passing the dog as he stands immovable to leeward of you. Even if the breeze is blowing direct from the invisible bird to the dog's nose, as is not often the case, it is better

to act thus than to march straight ahead of the point. Nothing but experience can teach you how far before the point the bird is likely to be lurking. It depends so much upon the day, whether good or bad for scent, on the humour of the snipe, whether drowsy or alert and fearful, and also on the powers of your dog's nose, exhibiting possibly extraordinary differences of distance on the several days of the week. I may safely say that I have seen a single snipe marked by both pointer and setter at far greater ranges than I ever witnessed with a covey of partridges "jugging" in turnips or long grass, though "Stonehenge," curiously enough, describes the effluvium of a snipe as "weak." It is not, of course, as heavy as that emanating from the door of Rimmel's shop ; but it is plainly so peculiar, and, when once got accustomed to, so fascinating to the doggy olfactory nerves, that it can produce the most defined catalepsy (if that theory of the pathognomy of pointing be correct) at distances out of all proportion to the size of the little object to which it belongs. I have previously given some hints on the little understood properties of scent. I have only to add the fact, without pretending to know the reason, that it appears to be far more penetrating and effective if it comes to your dog on a side-wind than if you were working him directly in the teeth of the breeze, so that, other questions apart, you will find more snipe,

and have them more certainly marked for you by your dog when shooting across the wind than by any other method of progression.

Before concluding the subject of dogs, a few words must be said on retrievers. Whether the young sportsman elects to shoot over dogs or not, he should most certainly be accompanied by some member of the canine race accomplished in the art and craft of rescuing wounded or dead birds from places inaccessible to his master. The varieties of dog that will do this are so many that it is impossible to advise definitely upon any particular species. It may, however, be said that the actual retriever, the big black intelligent fellow of the coverts, is perhaps the worst of all for the purposes of the snipe-shooter. Besides, it offends one's sense of proportion to see an insignificant little bird hanging from the enormous jaws of Don, even if the brown eyes above are absolutely the wisest and most beautiful of any that beam from the head of created beast. Nothing can beat a spaniel for this work, if (and it is an important *if*) one can be obtained that does not chase, that will keep to heel, that does not whine or yelp with excitement, that does not maul the game about when retrieving it, or that will not devour it altogether when out of sight of his master! Given a good spaniel, with few or none of these deficiencies, you have a hardy, absolutely untirable, little fellow who can go anywhere, who simply revels in

cold and wet so long as the halts are not over long, and to whom rough sport with the gun is a perfect monomania, —who possesses, besides, the most delightfully companionable qualities when both he and gun are off duty for a while.

Of spaniels perhaps the Irish variety is the best, a quaint creature rejoicing in a whimsical expression and an absurd-looking top-knot, with whom the young shooter should make an early acquaintance if he has not already done so, for no more useful animal can be found anywhere. Poodles, too (of course not the barber-trimmed absurdity of Hyde Park), have performed admirably as retrievers, and are keen and hardy, besides being amongst the most intelligent of their race. Even terriers can be taught this useful accomplishment, and if properly trained there could be no better animals for the work, as they are built on just the wire and whipcord lines which most "professional" retrievers lack. Mr Abel Chapman mentions an Airedale in his possession which was a great success at gathering ducks shot from "hides" on the ooze, compared to which amusement even snipe-shooting is comfort and luxury. In fact, as I have said, any dog will do, if what is certainly the natural instinct of "fetching" can be disciplined

to the sportsman's needs. It will occasionally be found that dogs, perfect retrievers perhaps at other game, will at first evince the greatest dislike to carrying the corpse of a snipe for any distance, evidently, if well-broken animals, to their great shame and distress. Nothing is more irritating than to watch your dog gingerly carrying a dead bird in the very end of his lips and finally dropping it, perhaps on the far side of an unjumpable dyke. Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, in his beautiful third volume of 'Letters to Young Shooters,'—certainly the most practical and comprehensive work on wildfowl that has appeared since Colonel Hawker's famous volume,—recommends starving a dog thus afflicted "until he will munch the bones of a snipe for his dinner." It will seldom be necessary to adopt so drastic a measure, as the dislike in most instances soon wears off, and in any case the leg of a cold snipe¹ during the halt for luncheon, proffered with much pomp and circumstance, will usually be effective in convincing the dog of the excellence of the despised morsel. Very rarely, and only as far as my experience goes in the case of spaniels, the distaste to snipe either as game or "grub" is curable even by the starving process, and though the poor creature may in his hunger devour the repulsive

¹ The very best and most manageable luncheon that the shooter can take out. The birds should be a little over-cooked, and eaten with brown bread and butter dusted with a little pepper and salt. To those who, like the writer, cannot "abide" sandwiches, two jack-snipe thus prepared will make the midday meal a thing to look forward to, even on a wet day in the middle of a bog. For drink, a flask of claret: spirits are clammy on the marshes.

food, he will never retrieve snipe kindly or without so much fuss and face-making that more time will be lost than gained by his services.

As to the care and treatment of snipe-shooting dogs, it does not differ materially from that of dogs for other sports except in amount. It may be said that, however much attention you have been in the habit of bestowing upon your doggy friends after a day at grouse or partridges, about twice the amount of rubbing, fresh straw about twice as often, and even twice the amount of dinner, will be required to keep them in sound health and keenness. Snipe-shooting is cold weary work, demanding very much more of a dog's vital energy than any other sport with the gun. Except at the very beginning of a season, do not be afraid of over-feeding. A dog in hard condition cannot have too much nourishing food, though a daily mass of pulpy biscuit will do more harm than good. Give them plenty of meat, boiled calf's head or bullock's liver is the best, with a good-sized bone, too large to be easily crushed, for them to amuse themselves upon and improve teeth and digestion when the meal is over.

If a dog returns very exhausted from shooting, it is as well not to give him his dinner at once, but immediately after his rubbing to let him lap a basin of broken biscuit, soaked in warm milk, not putting his meat before him until an hour or so has elapsed, during which he may have rested and com-

forted himself on his dry straw. A dog thoroughly done up will either refuse his food altogether or bolt it so carelessly that it will be wasted or actually harmful, besides which the fever of mind and body caused by a long day's exciting toil must be allowed to subside before the animal will be in condition to benefit by his meal.

See that all thorns and ticks (which simply swarm upon dogs in the early part of a mild winter) are carefully removed before a dog is allowed to leave the hands of his rubber. The latter pests will be found clinging chiefly to a dog's fore parts, and especially behind the ears, no doubt being collected off as his chest and shoulders brush through the long grass, and if suffered to remain will grow to an enormous size, causing no end of irritation and loss of much-needed rest. They may easily be felt by passing the fingers through the coat. In rubbing down especial attention should be paid to the spaces between the toes, as the whole condition of the feet depends on these parts being kept thoroughly clean and dry. It will be noticed that a dog returning dirty and wet from shooting will always commence his toilet, if left to himself, by licking first his feet, then his legs, then his loins and belly, indicating the order of things on which, to his own mind, his comfort depends.

A very important question to dog-owners is the amount of work he may expect from

his kennel, how many days a-week each dog should be taken out. This is a difficult question to answer definitely, owing to the varying strength and temperaments of individual animals; but I think it will be found that if the sportsman really means business—that is, shoots steadily day after day when the snipe are about, and from morn to eve—two days a-week for pointers or setters, and perhaps three for his retrievers, whatever they may be, will be found enough. It is rarely possible in snipe-shooting to relieve one's team by fresh dogs at mid-day, as is often done on a grouse-moor; and even if possible, it is doubtful if it would be advantageous, as it would only mean four wet and more or less tired dogs instead of two at the close of the day. So that a team for a thoroughly well-equipped snipe-shooting expedition would not be over-dogged with three

pointers or setters and a couple of retrievers. With great care in sparing dogs in their work, and barring casualties (which it is never quite safe to do), perhaps two of the former and a single retriever will carry you through, though this is certainly the irreducible minimum. Of course I am speaking of working but a single dog at a time. In my experience it is a waste of energy and material to shoot snipe over a brace of pointers or setters, in spite of all the beauties of "backing," &c. Two dogs naturally make twice the disturbance that one would do, the ground is rarely favourable to concerted action, and though more birds may be marked on wide open stretches of moorland, probably not one per cent more will be bagged, taking all the year through, than if but a single dog were employed.

SCOLOPAX.

ONE NIGHT'S EXPERIENCES IN THIBET.

A LONG day of weary marching along rough stony mountain-tracks, of stumbling over sharp-edged rocks, and of scrambling everlastingly upward in a vain effort to attain the summit of that awful Thibetan range on which Kis-met had stranded me, had so exhausted nature within me that hardly had the sun set ere I was freed from the thralldom of those eternal, all-pervading, rocky, snow-clad mountains, and enjoying once more in dreamland the babble of children's voices at play amid the orchard trees; whither my spirit nightly fled when freed from carnal restraint, seeking in the old home, far away, solace for the hardships and trials suffered during the day. No tent sheltered me, though the season was late in the autumn, and the elevation no less than 16,000 feet. A tent meant transport for its carriage, and would have attracted more notice, and this meant additional risks of detection in that forbidden land into which no European is allowed to enter; and unavoidable risks were plentiful enough in all conscience without my adding unnecessarily to them.

Who that has not experienced the effects of travel under similar conditions can realise what it is to find oneself in those trans-Himalayan tablelands? The unimaginable vastness of the mountain-ranges, alongside which the

Alps would sink into comparatively insignificant hills, creates a perfectly new sensation within one, and one realises, when placed face to face with Nature's masterpieces, the microscopic dimensions of man and the petty character of his motives. After these impressions have lost some of their novelty, the sensation of solitude and the overwhelming silence amid such awe-inspiring surroundings become oppressive, crushing, almost maddening, especially when one is passing through a long, winding, narrow valley, completely shut in with almost perpendicular ranges, to escape over which appears as impossible as though one were looking up from the depths of Etna's largest crater. These sensations change again as one rises to the still higher altitudes, where the air is brisk and the snow crisp; and the atmosphere is so clear and rarefied as to puzzle one's judgment of distance. Shadows are clear and well-defined, and all contrasts are intensified, producing harsh effects, such as may be said to be reflected in the physiognomy of the Thibetans, whose features appear to have been rough-hewn out of solid blocks with an axe, unaided by any refining chisel.

I had been asleep some hours, when I was suddenly awakened by my faithful Thibetan attendant Karma calling at my ear, "Appa! Appa! [Father, Father] wake up!" The silver

crescent moon shone down sharply, and her rays in that clear frosty air struck the snow-tipped pinnacles of rock, rebounding again into space like flashes from the aurora, or like electric spray from those rocky, snowy, terminal points.

"Appa! Appa! wake up!" repeated Karma.

"What is it, Karma?" I asked, not altogether unaccustomed to having my rest disturbed during the past few months of dangerous travel over these hitherto unexplored regions. It had, indeed, frequently been necessary to decamp upon just as abrupt a warning as this one, and to place as many miles as possible before dawn between me and my late resting-place, thanks to some suddenly acquired information on the part of faithful Karma. My life was in his hands, humanly speaking, and I have indeed reason to be grateful to him for his untiring and devoted services in bringing me, disguised in Thibetan costume, safely through a long journey over a very considerable portion of this mysterious tract known as "the Roof of the World." My object had been to acquire as much general information as possible as to the religion, manners, and customs of the people, and certain geographical information leading to the connection of the Sanpo river of Thibet with the Brahmaputra river of Assam. I had collected a mass of notes; but one custom, as to which I had heard much to excite my interest and curi-

osity, I had never had an opportunity of studying from observation, and that was the weird Thibetan manner of disposing of the dead of the upper classes. I regretted that my notes were incomplete in this respect, and yet I was again near the British frontier, prior to leaving Thibet, and the chances of gratifying my desire were growing daily less. I had, of course, had frequent opportunities of noting the scant ceremony awarded the bodies of the poor, which were simply thrown into any handy stream of sufficient volume to carry the bodies away. If no river chanced to be available, they were taken to a ravine or to a hill-top, and placed on the ground, without covering of any sort, and tied by the head, then cut in two by means of a sword, to further assist the wild animals in their office. As any ceremonies in this class of obsequies are always performed at the house of the deceased, and none where the body is deposited, the spectacle had presented nothing but a revolting aspect to me. I may mention in passing that ceremonies are observed only when the family of the deceased can afford to pay for them, and that the amount of ceremony necessary is not measured by the sins or virtues of the deceased, or by any arbitrary standard fixed by dogma or code of ethics, but solely by the means at the disposal of the estate—to settle a big bill or a little one.

The obsequies of the upper classes I knew were performed

in a different style—in fact, in two ways—and with more or less pomp. I could hardly believe the descriptions, though I knew the Thibetans well; and I could not reasonably expect my account to be credited in Europe by those who knew nothing of Thibet, unless I could vouch for my assertions from personal observation. After this explanation, it will be seen that my interest in the scene about to be recorded was not a morbid one, but, on the contrary, purely scientific. Returning to my narrative—"What is it, Karma?" I asked, rapidly secreting my precious notes, including my diary, about my person in case of a surprise.

"Oh, Appa! see, they come; now your Excellency will see what he has desired;" and he pointed to an apparently endless procession winding below us, but advancing in our direction. I could guess without his telling me what the object of that procession was. "We must hide ourselves, Appa, as I think that they will pass this spot to reach yonder plateau."

It was the work of a very few minutes to stow our baggage behind some neighbouring rocks, and place ourselves close to the trail, on the watch. We were now so near the jealously guarded frontier that to meet a lot of Thibetan officials would have been a most unwelcome experience, their suspicions being very easily aroused along the frontier line. My voluminous notes, apart from my diary, would have convicted me, and their loss would

have been a certainty, even if my life were spared.

Slowly the procession crawled along, winding in zigzag up the steep sides of the snow-clad mountain. The torches were paled, and we saw more of their smoke than of their flame in that brilliant moonlight. Judging by the number of "Lamas" heading the procession, and scattered at intervals throughout it, the deceased must have been of very high degree, and my expectations grew each moment as the never-ending line passed on round the corner, where the head of the procession had first come into view. I had seen the "Procession of the Dead," with innumerable Japanese lanterns, winding for miles up the sides of the hills overlooking Nagasaki; I had seen Irish wakes, —and this long string of mourners, whose cries rose ever and anon, echoing up the mountain-sides, reminded me forcibly of the latter, though how different were the surroundings in the present case! Gradually the head of the column approached us, and Karma was able to distinguish the officials by their emblems, and he acted as a sort of show-man for my information.

"See, Appa, first comes the *Tchre Ko*, or Living Buddha. He is the incarnation of Buddha, from a neighbouring Lamassery probably; the dead must have been a great man indeed! Probably a *Ti Gie* [Governor of a Province] at least; this will be a grand affair! Oh yes, there is more than one Living Buddha; when

a split occurred, each sect had to have its own, not to admit its inferiority. But this would take too long to explain now. See, after the Tchre Ko are two Kheng Bo, or Superiors of Lamasseries. Then there are two Ge Ke, Spiritual Superiors of Lamasseries. Then there are two Ge She, or Prefects of Lamasseries; then after them are the Ung Dye, or Chapel Masters, who lead the choir and religious ceremonies. Then those others are real Lamas, followed by the inferior degrees—Ge Lung, Ge Dang, and Kam Diang, or Gessa. Then come a crowd, see, of Tchra Pa, or Pen De, devotees in Lamasseries, without degrees, whom you say Europeans call 'Lamas' by mistake. After them are the young Peng Giong, or La Tehru, apprentices or novices. Om! what wealth the dead one must have possessed to pay for all this! These carrion-feeding gentry don't turn out in such style for a trifle."

Karma had all the true Thibetan hatred for the priestly caste,—a hatred well merited, for, numbering about a quarter of the total male adult population of Thibet,—rapacious, immoral, and utterly unproductive, vampires living by their exactions from the people,—they have fallen into contempt, a contempt mingled, however, with superstitious, and justifiable, fear. Still, the hatred they have inspired is such as a foreign Power, whether Great Britain or Russia, could turn to enormous account, were that hatred worked upon by capable

emissaries. If assured of sufficient support, and of the permanent suppression of their tyrants and their Lamasseries, the people would not move a hand to defend the Lama caste, or their country.

"See, Appa, there are two whose cups have been broken"—a Thibetan idiom for having died—"and they have not both died at the same time, for one has died before the harvest, and the other has only been dead a few days."

"Why, how can you tell that?" I asked.

"Don't you know, Excellency? If any one dies when the crops are standing, to perform his rites then would bring hail, which would spoil all the crops. He has to be kept till the harvest is over, and that is the one in that bundle. His head has been tied between the knees, and he has been put in that bag, surrounded with salt: the bag has been carefully sewn up well in cloth, to prevent unpleasantness; and thus enveloped he has been placed in the stable to await the harvest and the selection of a propitious day. That one will be burned. Om! but it was lucky that I was on my guard, owing to those footmarks and bits of buttered sticks I saw on our way up to-day: they told me what was about to happen, though, as we have not got as far as the site of the funeral pyre, I did not know where all this was to take place. If I am not mistaken, that plateau up there is the site," and he pointed to one about half a mile off, higher up the mountain.

"Can't we make a detour and get above them, so as to see everything?" I asked.

Telling me to wait, he started off to prospect. In about half an hour he returned, and told me to follow him. He took his praying-wheel, and made me take mine, in case we should be discovered, and told me in that event merely to repeat the Ineffable Prayer, and then attempt to mix with the crowd, until we could separate ourselves and return to the baggage. Just as we were about to start, a dog, one of the powerful, shaggy Thibetan breed, straying from the procession, came close up to my heels and barked. Discovery seemed now certain, as a score of dogs would be around us in a moment! Karma, however, at the time, was concealed from the dog by a rock, as he had been to fetch something from the baggage: ere the dog could bark a second time, and as it slunk back from a kick I aimed at it, Karma, always ready in an emergency, in which respect he was most unlike his compatriots, had stunned it with a huge stone. To finish it with his knife was the work of a second. We were not two hundred yards from the procession. Those were anxious moments; but the bark not having been repeated, no other dogs appeared disposed to make inquiries, and we escaped notice.

"Om, mani, pami, hom!"—the Ineffable Prayer. "That brute came near breaking our cups, Appa! But come, we can start now."

With every precaution Karma led the way, taking advantage of every rock, boulder, and ledge, until at last we reached a projecting pinnacle, giving a commanding view of the plateau below us, on which the crowd were assembling. On one side of the plateau the mountain had a very gradual decline to a valley below, and the crowd formed an arc, leaving about a quarter of a mile of a chord, facing the gentle slope, quite open and free from people. A funeral pyre of wood, saturated with butter, Karma said, was plainly visible in the centre of the crescent formed by the crowd. The din made by the beating of gongs was something appalling. Small fires were lighted at intervals within the crescent. The body in the sack was placed on the pyre. The other body was laid out on the snow, between the points of the horns of the crescent formed by the people, but about one hundred yards outside of the crescent. The body was then stripped of coverings, and a scene was thereupon enacted which almost baffles description, for horror and weird effect, as viewed by me on that Thibetan mountain, in the dead of night, the moon having set.

The so-called Lama priests assisting at the ceremonies were formed into two companies. The duties were divided evidently between two different rites, or rituals,—those of the deceased about to be cremated, and those of the other deceased. Let me begin by describing the first of these. About a hundred

of the literati class, or, as Europeans erroneously call them, "Lamas" (for there are very few Lamas properly so called), each with a revolving prayer-wheel in hand, tramped round the blazing pyre in a circle, in full view of the crowd. The spectators occupied themselves beating gongs, and every now and then joined in a wild chant, led by the choir-masters and literati encircling the pyre. The flashing, smoky torches, now that the moon had set, lit up the scene below me with an effect quite indescribable. Was I dreaming that I was Manfred? Had I invoked the "Mysterious Agency"? Had I cried aloud—

"Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe
Whom I have sought in darkness and
in light—

Ye, who do compass earth about and
dwell

In subtler essence, ye, to whom the
tops

Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar
things—

I call upon ye by the written charm,
Which gives me power upon you—
Rise ! appear !"

Were these weird forms in that
most elfish death-dance, singing,
chanting, or repeating those
words of First Destiny?—

"And here, on snows where never
human foot

Of common mortal trod, we nightly
tread,

And leave no traces ; o'er the savage
sea,

The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
We skim its rugged breakers, which
put on

The aspect of a tumbling tempest's
foam,

Frozen in a moment—a dead whirl-
pool's image—

And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,

The fretwork of some earthquake—
where the clouds

Pause to repose themselves in passing
by—

Is sacred to our revels in our vigils."

.

I had almost to pinch myself to feel certain that I had all my senses about me, and that I was in very truth awake and not hypnotised by some of those occult agencies of which Thibet is the reputed focus.

But I have only related a moiety of the proceedings, and that the least gruesome. Whilst the party at the pyre were behaving as described, the other contingent had been at work upon their hideously revolting task.

The reason for beating the gongs and lighting the smaller fires, Karma explained to me, was not part of any religious ordinance, but in order to attract the wild dogs and vultures. These knew full well what those signals indicated, and to confirm this, within a quarter of an hour packs of wild dogs kept arriving at the open end of the crescent, having easily mounted by the gradual slope already referred to. The crescent formation adopted by the crowd was evidently with a view to permit the dogs to approach. Very soon their numbers became extraordinary, and reminded me of an incident I had witnessed at Benares, when, to show his power over the birds of the air, a Hindu for my edification had "called" and brought the crows in thousands, darkening the air with them, till they settled

around us and covered a large compound, so that there was scarcely room for them to turn in it. Doubtless many visitors to Benares have witnessed that performance. In that case, however, the attraction was not, as in this, the anticipation of a free repast. But that by the way.

The highest functionary advanced towards the corpse with slow and stately stride, and with great assumption of solemnity. Arriving at a mat placed alongside of the body, he slowly and gradually allowed his knees to bend under him till he knelt upon the mat. Stooping, he proceeded to dissect the body into pieces no larger than filberts. The dogs in the meantime were kept off by the attendants. When he had concluded the dissection, the dogs were permitted to approach nearer, and then, bit by bit, he threw morsels to them, repeating with each morsel the Ineffable Prayer. When nothing but the big bones remained, these were powdered up in a mortar and mixed with meal-

brose (Tsang Pa), and then the officiating priest threw the mixture as he had thrown the rest—absolutely nothing must be left unconsumed. That not the smallest particle should remain unassimilated or out of its natural “plane,” he then did that which, while it confirmed Karma in his opinion of the exalted rank of the deceased, as it is only done for the very highest personages, formed a fit climax to this gruesome rite. Without washing his hands, the officiating priest next deliberately and with all solemnity mixed a cup of Tsang Pa (brose made of meal mixed with broth or the national drink, buttered tea, which brose is the national dish, and is always mixed with the fingers), and then—ate it himself!

That concluded the ghastly proceedings; and thus, in one eventful night, I had witnessed both methods practised by Thibetans in disposing of the dead of their upper classes.

CHAS. H. LEPPER.

OLD GALWAY LIFE.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

WE were a large household, even as households went in those days, when the family circle was much more extensive than it is at present. Often nowadays when I hear of the impracticability of what are called dual arrangements, of the hopelessness of mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, or wife and sister-in-law, living in harmony together, I think of the motley group which was sheltered in the tall stone house that looked out over the gray lake with its wooded shores to the purple mountains beyond. Younger sons might be sent out into the world to seek their fortune; but it was a matter of course that the eldest son when he married should bring his wife to the family home, and that his children should grow up under its roof-tree. Nor did it occur to any one that the young couple must have a sitting-room of their own—a castle of refuge to retreat to: their life merged in that of the family and flowed on with it. As professions for gentlewomen were undreamed of then, it followed as a matter of necessity that the unmarried daughters of a family, unless unusually well-portioned, must remain in the home of their birth, even when it had passed to a brother, or possibly to a still younger generation. They helped in the bringing up of the children, these elderly spinsters, and filled up odd nooks

and corners in the family life. Even more distant relatives, widowed aunts and cousins, left with straitened means and families of children, looked to the old ancestral home to provide them with at least a temporary asylum, and its shelter was seldom or never denied to them.

It must be remembered that the cost of living, or at least the outlay in ready money, was very much less than it would be at the present day, or such unbounded hospitality would have been scarcely possible. My grandfather, who was the head of our house, used to boast that his very numerous family cost him almost nothing to maintain—the demesne, the garden, and the dairy supplied almost all our needs. It was no part of his economy to consider that the large quantities of home-grown products which we consumed represented money in another form.

Our household allowance was a sheep every week and a bullock once a-month, all that could not be eaten fresh being salted down in huge stone pickling-troughs. In addition the poultry-yard had its tribes of feathered fowl, farther afield rabbits multiplied in a manner devastating to the young plantations, trout abounded in the lake, so did game in its season. Fuel and light we had free, too, for we were surrounded by turf-

bogs, and we made our own candles—mould-candles for parlour and drawing-room, and dips for kitchen and nursery use. Mould-candles were made of mutton-tallow, which was considered to give the better light. Wicks were drawn tightly through long narrow moulds fixed in rows to a board, and the melted fat poured in afterwards. For the dips lengths of loosely twisted wick were tied round a stick, a dozen or more at a time, and dipped into a great saucepan of grease upon the kitchen fire, allowed to cool and dipped again, till they had attained sufficient thickness.

We baked our own bread, too, in a cavernous oven in the kitchen wall, in which huge turf-fires were kindled and allowed to burn themselves out, after which the hot ashes were swept out and the batch of loaves thrust in. Truly the careful housewife at the head of such an establishment as ours did not eat the bread of idleness in those days? Groceries, for which coin of the realm was needed, were her most anxious consideration, and at that time when tea cost five shillings a-pound and sugar sixpence, for even the coarsest qualities, it was small wonder that such luxuries were denied to children and servants, who had to content themselves with bread and milk and oatmeal porridge, and perhaps we were none of us the worse for our simple regimen.

Ready money was indeed so scarce in Galway that when play was high the stakes were

frequently made in live-stock, as being more plentiful than coin. A sheep a point and a bullock on the rubber were recognised stakes at whist.

We were wont, like most of the Irish gentry, to make an annual migration from the far west to Dublin for the gaieties of the winter season. The heads of the family, and as many of its other members as could find accommodation, travelled in our own carriage, a truly patriarchal conveyance. It was hung so high from the ground that it had to be entered by a little carpeted staircase, which was folded back neatly inside the carriage, after the four occupants of the interior had taken their seats. Two others sat behind in the rumble, and two more on the box, for as we travelled with post-horses and postilions we did not need a coachman, and these outside seats were much sought after by the youngsters of the party. The big travelling carriage carried not only ourselves but also our wardrobes, in a set of trunks which specially appertained to itself. It was a joyful day for us children when, a full week before the date of departure,—everything was done leisurely and with deliberation in those days, there was none of the modern rush and hurry,—the black, iron-bound boxes were brought indoors and carried upstairs to be packed. There was first the huge imperial, which covered the whole roof of the carriage, in which gowns could be laid without folding them—no modern lady's dress-basket was

ever half so capacious or convenient. Then there was the boot, a smaller box, which slipped in under the coachman's feet: this was considered a man's piece of luggage, and given up to the gentlemen of the party. Another curious wedge-shaped box fitted in between the driving-seat and the body of the carriage; and lastly there was what was called a cap-case, a light box which swung behind from two iron hooks at the back of the rumble, and held the ladies' bonnets. And bonnets were bonnets in those days, not the filmy morsels which now do duty as such, and they required a roomy receptacle to hold them.

The weight of our equipage, when fully loaded with all its freight, animate and inanimate, must have been prodigious: it was not surprising that we travelled slowly. The journey from Galway to Dublin occupied three days. The first night we slept at Ballinasloe; the second brought us to Kilbeggan; towards evening on the third a murky light, low down on the horizon, told us that we were approaching the metropolis.

Posting cost a shilling a mile, with a gratuity besides to the post-boys. If this was insufficient, they passed on a bad report of the travellers to their successors upon the next stage, and these revenged themselves beforehand by proceeding as slowly as possible. A penurious aunt, journeying across Ireland from Waterford to visit us, and finding herself crawling at snail's pace, let down the window and called to the post-boys to go

more slowly still,—“I've never been this way before, and I wish to admire the scenery.” “Now, my dears,” she said to her daughters inside the carriage, “they'll go fast, just to aggravate us.” But I do not know if the ruse succeeded or not.

Those members of the family whom the travelling-carriage, roomy as it was, could not accommodate, or who were obliged to make chance journeys to or from Dublin at other times, could travel by land or by water, by the stage-coach or the canal-boat. All the mail-coaches started from the Post Office in Dublin at nine o'clock in the evening. To see them set out was one of the sights of Dublin, and one which there was always a large crowd gathered to witness. There was the Galway mail, the Sligo mail, the Belfast mail, and numerous others besides; and a merry and inspiring spectacle it was to see the well-appointed four-horsed coaches draw off, with much tooting of horns and chaff from the bystanders, in their different directions. It was pleasant enough, too, on a spring evening to drive out past the fresh greenery of the Phoenix Park and through the pretty village of Clondalkin on our western road. Fatigue, however, soon overcame pleasure, and those long hours of darkness during which one sat bolt upright, generally in company with three other inside passengers, were very wearisome, and sleep was wellnigh impossible. The only rest we had, till Galway was reached,

was half an hour's halt at Ballinasloe for an early breakfast.

On one occasion I was travelling home alone, having danced well into the small hours the previous night. My father's outside car met me in the inn-yard at Galway, and I was transferred without delay from one vehicle to the other, for the goodly number of Irish miles which had still to be accomplished. So tired out was I that I fell asleep on the way and rolled off the car. The coachman drove on some distance before he missed me, and turning back in much alarm, found me lying by the roadside, still sound asleep and quite unhurt.

There were two services of passenger-boats at the time on the Grand Canal which intersects Ireland between Dublin and the great waterway of the Shannon. I do not remember that we ever patronised the ordinary boats, which took more than one day upon the road, and on board of which sleeping accommodation was provided for the passengers. But we frequently went up and down by the express, or Flyboat as it was called. The horses which drew it along the towing-path trotted, whilst the others only walked, and it accomplished the whole distance in one day. The Flyboat had a long cabin, very like a modern tramcar, with seats and windows on either side, and a gangway down the middle. There was a small deck fore and aft, where one could stand now and again to stretch one's

cramped limbs, and when passing through the locks it was sometimes possible to go ashore for a few minutes.

In Dublin itself in my earliest years we went about in sedan-chairs, and surely no more delightful conveyance was ever devised. The chair was brought into the hall, the occupant tucked herself away comfortably inside—there was no going out o' nights into the cold raw air, no soiling of shoes or skirts on muddy pavements,—the chairmen picked up their load, carried it at a sort of jog-trot through the streets, and deposited it within the hall of the house for which one was bound. Once I remember that my sister and I were sent in one chair to a children's party. We had some quarrel on the way, and shook the chair so violently in our struggle that the chairmen set it down in the middle of the street, and refused to proceed until we behaved ourselves as ladies going out in a chair should.

In those days the postage of a letter from Dublin to Galway cost tenpence, while from London it was one-and-sixpence. Unlike our present arrangements, it was the receiver and not the sender of the epistle who paid the postage. The postmaster in our village kept a book, just as the greengrocer and milkman do nowadays, in which all letters received for the household were entered, with the names of the recipients to whom they were addressed, and the postage paid upon them. The book was presented

to my grandfather, and paid by him every week. It can readily be imagined that under such a system unnecessary letter-writing was not encouraged, whilst clandestine correspondence was wholly impossible, since each member of the family was held to strict account for all letters received by him or her during the week. A member of Parliament, however, could frank ten letters every day to any part of the United Kingdom; and if he did not require this number for his own correspondence, might oblige a friend by signing his name on an envelope, a boon which was much sought after. A peer possessed the privilege without any limit whatever, and I well remember seeing the Duke of Devonshire, who had stayed with us on a tour through Connemara, sit down at my grandmother's writing-table just before his departure and sign his name on innumerable envelopes, till the whole table was covered with them. They were a parting gift to my grandmother, to be filled in by her subsequently with the name of any correspondent she pleased.

Duelling, though not so common as it had been in the early years of the last century, was still tolerably frequent, and one rather secluded spot in the outskirts of Galway was known as "the Field of Mars," from its being the locality generally chosen for such encounters. There was also an individual called Pistol Blake, whom we regarded with much awe, his sobriquet having been earned

by the number of duels he had fought and by his skill as a marksman.

My father on one occasion challenged, or was challenged by, a Mr French of Port Carron, who lived some miles from us, to fight. I have forgotten what the cause of offence was, if I was ever told it. In order not to alarm the ladies of either family, it was agreed that the duel should be fought at a fishing-lodge of my father's up in the mountains, which was seldom inhabited, and was then standing empty. My father summoned a friend from a distance to act as his second, and they were walking up and down outside our gate, earnestly discussing the details of the meeting which was to take place next morning, when a gentleman in a gig came driving along the road. My father stopped the gig, and politely invited its occupant to come up to the house and dine. The offer was equally courteously declined, and the gig drove on.

"Who's your friend?" asked the second.

"That's French of Port Carron," said my father calmly.

"And what do you mean, sir," roared the second in angry amazement, "by bringing me here on such a fool's errand? Pretending you're going to fight this man, and then inviting him to dinner!"

"And do you think, sir," retorted my father, equally hotly, "that I'd allow Mr French or any other gentleman to drive past my gate without asking him in to dine? But I'll

fight him to-morrow all the same, as sure as my name is Martin, whether he'd dined with me or not."

In the end, however, when the parties met on the field, the seconds succeeded in patching up a reconciliation, and no encounter took place.

Pistol Blake above-mentioned was one of three brothers, of whom the other two were known respectively as Blake the Lamb and Blake G—d D—n; but how they had acquired these somewhat contrasting names I am not aware. Pistol Blake himself, however, on one occasion belied his bellicose sobriquet by throwing oil on waters which were rapidly rising into storm.

A number of gentlemen of different religious persuasions had met together at dinner, and a controversial topic having been started, the argument was becoming unduly heated when Pistol Blake, whose own religious convictions were somewhat of a loose fit, intervened.

"Come, you fellows," he said, "what's the use of quarrelling over trifles when we're all agreed on the main points? Now, don't we all believe in heaven and hell?"

Yes; so far the whole company would all go with him.

"And don't we all believe St Peter holds the keys of them?"

Here very decided differences of opinion made themselves apparent.

"Well, I believe it," said Pistol Blake firmly; "and I believe when any one leaves this world and passes to the

upper regions—as I trust all here may do—St Peter meets them at the gate. 'Who are you?' he asks. 'Please, St Peter, I'm So-and-so.' 'Are you a Protestant or a Catholic?' 'A Catholic, St Peter.' 'Come in and turn to the right.' Another soul appears before him. 'Who are you?' 'Please, St Peter, I'm Such-a-one.' 'Are you a Protestant or a Catholic?' 'I'm a Protestant, St Peter.' 'Go to the left.' Well, when my turn comes to quit this world and I arrive at the gate above, St Peter will say to me, 'And who may you be?' 'Please, St Peter, I'm Pistol Blake of Galway.' 'And are you a Catholic or a Protestant?' 'Indeed, St Peter, I've never been able to make up my mind which I am.' 'All right, Pistol Blake, step in and take your choice of seats.'"

In the laughter which greeted this sally angry feelings were forgotten, and the dinner finished in peace and harmony.

The services at our parish church were of a primitive simplicity, and the edifice itself as bare and unadorned as a barn. It was heated by two large fireplaces high up in the wall, in which in the winter-time large turf-fires blazed, and a goodly store of turf was laid in readiness underneath each. Every now and again during the service my father or grandfather would go out of our large square pew, in which we could sit or loll at ease, unseen by the rest of the congregation, poke the fires vigorously, and pile on more turf. There was

no organ or musical instrument of any kind. We ourselves composed the choir: on wet Sundays, or whenever from any cause we did not come to church, there was no singing. Hymns were unknown, at any rate in Iar-Connaught. We sang the Psalms in the metrical version of Tate and Brady, two verses and the doxology, never more, no matter what the length of the Psalm might be. Perhaps the patience of the congregation would not have held out for more. Whenever we came late to church, which, having several Irish miles to drive, I fear happened but too often, the clerk, who was lame, would limp down from his desk—the lowest tier in the tall three-decker, of which the upper stories were reading-desk and pulpit—and come across to our pew to fetch the slip of paper on which we had written down the two psalms to be sung that morning. It was the clerk who subsequently gave them out, the musical portion of the service not being held to concern the clergyman. One of us girls raised the note, the others joined in, and the clerk beat time on the front of his desk.

The old rector had five sermons, which he preached in regular and unvarying rotation. The Sundays as they came round were known to us not as the Third after the Epiphany or the Fifteenth after Trinity, but as Give-and-it-shall-be-given-to-you or Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith Sunday, from the text of the discourse which we knew we should listen to that day. However

familiar these theses might be to his hearers, it was absolutely necessary that they should be delivered in a black gown: if Dr Wilson had preached in his surplice, even his very tolerant congregation would have been scandalised. The church had, however, no vestry. The black gown was therefore always laid in readiness over the wooden enclosure that fenced the three-decker. During the singing of the second psalm Dr Wilson used to duck down behind this screen, and there, hidden from the eyes of the congregation, divest himself of his surplice and don the black gown in its stead. If another clergyman chanced to be present, he could be seen assisting to draw the vestment on; at other times, in Dr Wilson's struggles to array himself, his head used to bob up and down from behind his screen in a manner that was highly amusing to us children.

On one occasion the judge who was holding the assizes in Galway had come out to spend Sunday with us. Dr Wilson had heard that we had an important visitor staying with us; but being very deaf, he had received the mistaken impression that the distinguished stranger was an ecclesiastic. When the time for the sermon arrived, he came across to our pew, holding out the black gown in both hands, and sought to place it on the dismayed judge's shoulders, ejaculating in his jerky fashion, "Won't ye preach? Won't ye preach?" It was with much difficulty that my father made him understand that our guest

was a legal and not a clerical dignitary.

Once as we were driving home from church we saw a crowd gathered upon the road, and stopped to ask what was the matter. A quantity of oats had recently been stolen, we were told, and the wise woman, as the white witch is called in Ireland, had undertaken to discover the thief by means of a charm.

Her appliances were of the simplest. Two men kneeling on the road, each held up a sheep-shears, on the points of which a large corn-sieve was balanced, and the wise woman standing beside them repeated over the names of all likely and unlikely delinquents in a sort of chant, demanding of the sieve—"As the thruth's in ye, was it Thady Kearney stole the corn? was it Tom Rorke?" and so on. Always, however, when the name of a certain Neddy Faherty was reached, the sieve toppled over and fell to the ground. Neddy Faherty was himself amongst the crowd, and loudly and vehemently protested his innocence. Again and again the incantation was repeated; but no matter where Neddy Faherty's name was placed in the long list which the wise woman went through, as soon as it was uttered down same the sieve. Reading the growing mistrust upon his neighbours' faces, poor Neddy burst through the throng to the side of the carriage and wildly implored our help. My father and grandfather, convinced that there must be some trickery or collusion at

the bottom of the matter, got out of the carriage and took possession themselves of the sieve and shears. The crowd waited breathlessly while once more the roll of names was gone through; but the result was the same—as soon as Neddy Faherty was named, the sieve clattered down upon the road. Rendered desperate by this culminating proof of his guilt, Neddy burst into tears.

"The Divil has a houl't of me," he sobbed, "be raisin of me puttin' a stitch in me breeks o' Sunday last. Sure I'll go behind the wall an' tak' them off of me, an wid the blessin' of God I'll be quit of him."

The ladies of the family deemed it as well not to await the result of this novel form of exorcism, and drove on. When the gentlemen returned home on foot, however, they reported that even the removal of poor Neddy's nether garments had been impotent to break the spell; the sieve continued as before to turn over at each mention of his name. They both remained certain that the divination had been effected by means of a trick, but how it could have been accomplished they had not the least idea. In all probability by nothing more occult than the wise woman keeping sharp-eyed watch upon the sieve, and adroitly introducing Neddy Faherty's name as she saw that it was about to overbalance.

They were the more strengthened in their conviction by its being proved to demonstration a short time afterwards that

the thief of the oats was none other than the wise woman herself.

Another instance of the belief in witchcraft was far more tragical. Walking with an aunt one day, we met a little barelegged boy, who led a young woman by the hand. She wore the blue cloak and red homespun skirt universal amongst the peasantry, and would have been strikingly pretty, save that her eyes had the far-away wandering look which bespeaks a mind astray. My aunt stopped and questioned the little fellow as to where he was going.

"I'm takin' me sisther to the priest to say a prayer over her. The sinses is gone out of her since her little child died, an' maybe if the priest prays over her they'll come back to her."

My aunt's interest having been aroused, she made inquiries concerning the poor girl, for she was little more, and discovered that she had been but a short time married, the match having, according to custom, been made for her by her parents. The husband proved to be a heartless brute, who ill-treated his young wife after a fashion happily very rare in Ireland. Her baby's death was the last stroke of ill fate, and with it poor Mary Tierney's mind wholly gave way, and she fled back to her father's cabin, where she wandered aimlessly about, talking disjointedly to herself, and refusing absolutely to return to her husband. Very shortly after the day on which we had met her on the road,

the good priest's ministrations having proved unavailing to cure a mind diseased, she and her family were sitting at their fireside when they saw Mary's husband coming up the boreen, or lane. Mary started up in wild affright.

"Hoide the tongs! Hoide the tongs!" she cried; words which were afterwards held as proof that an attempt upon her life had been made before.

The appeal was disregarded, it being thought to be only one of her crazy fancies, and the husband, entering, sat down amongst the others. He had no difficulty in persuading them that the cause of Mary's insanity was her being possessed by a witch, and he urged that if he were but permitted to place the tongs round his wife's neck *and make it meet*, the evil spirit would be driven out, and Mary would be herself again. Incredible as it may seem, the attempt was permitted, and he strangled the unfortunate girl before her parents' eyes. Even when she fell lifeless to the ground, he persuaded them that it was but the last departing effort of the witch, and that in a few moments her own spirit would come back to her, and she would rise up in her own right mind; and in this belief the parents ate their supper with the murderer, the girl-wife's dead body lying on the floor beside them.

Strangest of all, perhaps, when the hue and cry was out against the murderer and the police were hunting him, it was his wife's family who

assisted to hide him, with the love of resisting the law which seems inborn in every Irishman; and, thanks to their aid, he succeeded in evading justice, and making his escape to America.

My father and grandfather, as magistrates, administered impartial and patriarchal law throughout the district, not only adjudicating upon such cases as ordinarily figure in a court of petty sessions, but being also appealed to to settle family squabbles and neighbours' quarrels; and the decisions that they gave in all such matters were unquestioningly obeyed.

On one occasion the cause of dispute was a goose, to which two old women laid claim. The bone of contention appeared in court in a basket, out of which she succeeded in thrusting her head every now and again, trumpeting noisily, to denote her disapprobation of the proceedings.

"Where do you live?" demanded my grandfather of the first old woman.

"The first house, yer honour, afther ye pass the cross-roads goin' into Oughterard."

"And where do you live?" of the second claimant.

"'Tis this side of the cross-roads, sir, an' sure——"

But my grandfather cut short the flood of objurgations and recriminations that was about to be poured forth.

"Let the goose," he said sternly, "be conveyed in the basket to the cross-roads, and be set at liberty there. Let no one dare to meddle with her,

but allow her to take her own road. I'll warrant she'll go where she's accustomed to be fed."

This judgment was considered but little inferior to that of Solomon.

The most notable event of our childhood, however, was the battle between the Martins and the Offlaherties. We were not very actively concerned, being only a younger branch of the first-named family, the head of which was Thomas Martin of Ballynahinch, member for the County Galway, and owner of nearly all Connemara, whose boast it was that his avenue was thirty-six miles long, since for that distance the highroad from Galway ran through his property.

The point at issue was a strip of bog, of no particular value, which lay between his estate and that of George Offlahertie, descendant of the "ferocious Offlaherties," for deliverance from whom the citizens of Galway in olden times used in their litany to pray, and which was laid claim to by both. A few waste acres more or less, in those great tracts of mountain and bog and heather, would not have seemed of any great consequence; but family pride and family honour were held to be involved, and instead of seeking a settlement of the dispute in a court of law, after the modern and prosaic fashion, the belligerents mustered their tenants, and marched down upon the debatable land, where with spades, flails, and graips a most furious battle

was fought. Thomas Martin, who was a man of gigantic proportions and herculean strength, led his forces into action himself. He did not, indeed, avail himself of any weapon save his fists, but with those he dealt sledge-hammer blows upon the enemy.

News came to us of the battle in progress, and my grandfather drove off at top speed in his gig to endeavour to stop the affray. Just as he reached the scene of conflict the lacework unmortared wall that fenced the bog went down flat upon the road, with all the Offlaherties tumbling behind it, in headlong rout before the Martins, who remained in triumphant possession of the field of battle.

Both leaders were brought to trial for riot and disturbance of the peace. Thomas Martin, who had taken the most prominent part in the encounter, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment in Galway jail; while George Offlahertie, who had done somewhat less doughty deeds, was let off with half that penalty.

Thomas Martin's confinement was not made unduly irksome to him. The governor of the jail hastened to place his residence at the county member's disposal, and his friends were allowed to visit him without let or hindrance. He gave dinner-parties nightly to all

the neighbouring gentry, and was wont to declare afterwards that he had never enjoyed himself more than within jail walls. Nor did his incarceration lower him in the least in the eyes of the electors. He returned straightway from prison to the House of Commons, and continued to represent the County Galway for an unbroken period of thirty-five years, till his death in the black year of '47.

He died of the famine fever, as did so many of his own order in those evil days, for the pestilence, which hunger had engendered, infected rich and poor with its deadly breath. Before his death he had piled yet more debt on his already burdened estate, to buy meal for his starving tenantry. His only child and heiress, who had been styled in jest the Princess of Connemara, instead of the vast heritage which she had looked upon as her own, inherited only its encumbrances, and fled penniless with her young husband to elude the imprisonment for debt which threatened her. They escaped from Galway in a sailing-vessel, and beyond the Atlantic, far from home and kin, Mary Martin, heiress to a hundred square miles of territory, and reared in every luxury, died of want and privation.

Her death was but one drop in an ocean of tragedy.

"SALLY": A STUDY.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.

XII.

SALEH, bareheaded and in his evening clothes, passed out of the garden on to the road, and was presently climbing the hill upon which the Star and Garter stands. Once more the instinct of the forest-dweller had borne him in the direction of the Park, but the gates were closed, so turning to the left he skirted the high wall, following it mechanically, wholly unconscious of whither his steps were carrying him. His only desire was to get away—somewhere very far away from the men and women who knew him—so that he might do battle with his pain alone and unobserved. His was the dull misery—the sense that the world has come to an end—which any English lad might endure who has heard the love of the girl he had dreamed of making his own plighted to another man; but it was also much more than this. The tremendous reaction following upon the confidence, the triumphant hope almost amounting to certainty, which had been his during the early hours of the evening, caused the blank despair by which he was now overshadowed to assume a proportionately sombre tint; but here, too, he was suffering no more than any Englishman might have suffered in the like circumstances. What differ-

entiated his agony from that of the common run of men was the fact that, incidentally, his entire outlook upon life had been knocked out of focus. His was not merely the grief—poignant enough for the moment, but by no means necessarily eternal—of the lover who has learned that one bewitching maid is not for him. In the glare of dreadful light that had been poured upon his circumstances he saw at last that it was not only Alice Fairfax who was denied to him by Fate, but that he was doomed to lifelong separation from all desirable members of her sex and race. The morbid, the debased, the degraded—he now understood that the little Princess had been right when she had declared that these were the only Englishwomen who would stoop to mate with him; with him who had been taught to love beauty and truth and womanliness and honour! Thus his trouble was irremediable: time could not alter or soften it. It had its root in the fixed scheme of things—the sorry scheme that nothing could amend.

And as it was irremediable, so also it owed no atom of its force to any fault, any misdeed, any failing of his own. He had been born a Malay,—a "nigger," as he now bitterly

called it,—and he had had no choice in the matter, yet the accident of his birth was enough to rob him of all the joy of life. He was not to blame, yet on him alone fell the heavy, heavy punishment. The immense injustice of it appalled, amazed him: his utter impotence in the face of this unalterable, this tremendous fact set him tearing at his heart, as men in dreams struggle desperately with invisible powers. Even now he could not understand the *why* of it—why a man whose training had been that of other English lads, whose views and opinions were the same as theirs, who cherished their ideals, tried his best to live up to their standards, should be banned for all his days because his skin was swarthy. The reason was hidden from him, though of the cruel, ugly truth he no longer entertained a doubt; and then, in a flash, he recalled how he had smitten the little Princess in the face. No Englishman, no matter what the provocation, would have done that, he thought; and with unwonted clearness of introspection it dawned upon him that it was not only in the colour of his skin that he differed from the men around him. In that moment of mad pain, and misery, and anger, his real self had come to the surface, beneath which it had lain hidden for years, and Saleh stood astounded at what it had revealed.

It seemed to him that he had been moving through a world of dreams, of smiling unreal-

ities, and had mistaken these mocking, delicious illusions for the truths of life. Now, in an incredibly brief space, enlightenment had been forced upon him, and for the first time he perceived something of the proportions of the facts that made his circumstances. A thousand half-forgotten memories crowded his recollection, piecing themselves together into a connected coherent whole, and the discovery was driven into his intelligence that his transformation into an Englishman had never been sufficiently complete to delude any one but himself. He had been "taken in" by it, but he had been alone a victim of the deception. He knew this now, knew that he had always been an alien, an outcast, an inferior, even to those who had been kindest to him, even to the Le Mesuriers, who had adopted him, loved him after a fashion. His affection for the Le Mesurier girls was that of a brother for his sisters; but he felt it in his bones now, that had that sentiment ripened into something more passionate, it would have awakened the same incredulous, almost horrified, dismay which the idea, when barely suggested to her, had aroused in Alice Fairfax.

Therefore, as Saleh plodded blindly through the growing twilight of the early morning, he was bowed down by a burden of humiliation and self-abasement till little of fight was left in him. He had not the heart, the spirit, now to dispute the facts, to arraign their justice. Only he was utterly wretched, filled with a

loathing for his body because it was not like the bodies of the white folk to whom he would fain have belonged; with a hatred of the soul within him, because it too had shown itself that night to be unlike that which he had learned to think that the soul of a man should be. As he still expressed it, shackled by the limits of his vocabulary, he felt himself to be "made all wrong" within and without, and the perception that this was not his fault, that he could do nought to prevent it, only added to the bitterness of his rage and misery. Fiercely he longed for death, longed to be blotted out, to cease to be. His very existence had become to him a thing repulsive since this thorough comprehension of his inferiority had penetrated his understanding, and the feeling brought with it a mad fury against humanity at large. Suicide never presented itself to his imagination as a possibility: his Malayan instinct did him so much service. But he was possessed by a craving to hurt others, to make them feel pain, to force them to share in some kind the agony that preyed upon his heart. The impulse of the *amok*-runner was gripping him, and though he barely realised what it was with which he was contending, he strove with it, summoning to his aid all the mastery of self which his five years spent in an English household had instilled into him. And all the while, underlying, interwoven with his other tempestuous thoughts, the memory of Alice

Fairfax haunted him,—the memory of his love for her, of her sweetness and kindness to him, of the soft happy sigh which he had overheard, of her joy in the love of another man; and then he would fall to smiting himself cruelly upon the breast, as though he sought to stun by blows the passionate demons of envy and grief that were gnawing at his vitals.

The summer sun was shining brightly as he came at last along Roehampton Lane, and so out upon the Portsmouth Road, which leads across Putney Heath. The road was empty save for half-a-dozen bicyclists, in flannels and sweaters, with bath-towels round their necks, pedalling gaily riverwards for an early morning dip. These wayfarers looked at Saleh with amused surprise, and he glared back at them in hatred, through heavy bloodshot eyes. Why should they sneer at his misery? Many of them plainly were not even gentlemen, he thought, and he—he was the son of a king! Yes, but they were *white*, and in so much they towered above him in unapproachable superiority. There were white women of their own class, women who doubtless represented to them the height of their desires, who would love them, cherish them, and see nothing degrading, no covert insult, in the devotion which these men could offer. "Women of their own class!" Yes, that was it. There did not exist in all the world any women of *his* class, Saleh felt. He had learned that night

that he was not, could never be, a white man; but he knew no less surely that only an educated Englishwoman could satisfy his ideals, could give him the companionship, the kind of love, for which he hungered. With a wonderful distinctness the life lived in his father's Court was suddenly pictured for him by memory. He recalled the crowds of empty, vapid, giggling women among whom his early years had been spent—women whose very conception of love was only as a debased and debasing passion; women who had no minds, no ideas, no ambitions even, save the gratification of their cupidity and their vanity; women whose only conversation was a sort of reckless banter, whose only joys were the satisfaction of coarse appetites; women who sank uncomplainingly into mere slovenly drudges when their short-lived youth and beauty were ended. The thought of them set him shuddering, as in merciless contrast there floated before his mind's eye those other women of whom Alice Fairfax was for him the type.

Presently he found himself at the bottom of Putney Hill, with the wood pavements of

London beneath his feet. The passers-by were staring at his bare head, his disordered evening-dress, his dark face. A knot of gutter children jeered him, and he turned upon them a face so savage that they fled in terror. Then suddenly realising the strangeness of his position, of the appearance which he must be presenting, he hailed a four-wheeler from the stand near the bridge, and bade the driver take him to Jack Norris's address in York Street, St James's. He knew few people in London: he could not bring himself to go back to the *Le Mesuriers* in his present circumstances and in a condition of such woful disarray. Jack, he knew, would give him shelter, and also, it seemed to him, this white man, who knew and loved the Malayan land, would understand better than his fellows. Therefore he drove to York Street through the slowly waking town, hiding himself from curious eyes as best he might in the depths of the four-wheeler, and feeling jarred by the incongruity of this prosaic vehicle and by the self-absorbed indifference of London to the tremendous tragedy of which he knew himself to be the victim.

XIII.

Jack Norris, colonial civil servant, carried with him when on leave many of the barbarous habits bred by long exile, wherewith to outrage the eternal fitness of the civilisation encompassing him. Thus

he was an incurably early riser, a persistent devourer of "early morning breakfast," a thrall of the insidious, poisonous, depraved, and wholly delightful early-morning cigarette. It was his custom to

enjoy these luxuries lounging in a huge chair, with his legs thrown over one of the arms, with all that he required set within easy reach of his hand, and a book resting on his knee, its page partly obscured by the clouds of tobacco-smoke. Also, during this hour of peace and quiet, ere the strenuous whirlpool of the day had sucked him into its vortex, he was accustomed to let the oriental half of him—the half that had been absorbed little by little from his Malayan environment—assert itself. He thrust his bare feet into sandals, hampered his body by no garments save a loose silk jacket open at the neck, and a wide native waist-skirt, knotted about his middle and falling to his ankles, like a plaid petticoat of innumerable colours. It was a relief to be free for a little space from the grip of the high collar and starched shirt,—the rigid strait-waistcoat of civilisation,—and with his body thus released from conventional restraints it was easy for his mind to take on something of the peaceful indolence of the Oriental. By nature alive with energy, quick with force and with vitality, he was able, while the day was yet young and quiet, to look out upon life with the lazy philosophy of the brown man; to regard for the moment toil and effort of any kind as a blameworthy and inexplicable madness; to dream dreams; to dwell upon the past, upon things done, without troubling himself about plans for the future, difficulties that still

waited to be overcome, and all "the demned horrid grind" of active life.

He was sitting thus, smoking, sipping his tea, dreaming, and making pretence to read, when Saleh suddenly threw open the door and entered the room. The boy was draggled and woe-begone. His dress-shirt was soiled and crumpled; his tie was out of place; his clothes were powdered with the dust of the roads; his pumps were trodden down at heel. His face, too, was drawn and gaunt, robbed for the time of its air of excessive youthfulness; his cheeks were hollow; and the colour of his skin had that grey tinge that belongs to the faces of brown men who are the prey of violent emotion. His eyes, deeply sunken by fatigue and want of sleep, were bloodshot. They glared with a sort of savage pain, and the dark bruise-like smudges below them gave to them an unnatural brightness. His hair was disordered; his forehead knit into hard lines; his gums, drawn back a little, disclosed the even rows of his set teeth. Jack noticed, too, that the hands hanging by his sides were tightly clenched.

Saleh stood within the closed door, swaying a little from side to side, looking at Jack in silence; and for an instant the white man gazed at him in astonishment. Then he leaped to his feet.

"What hath befallen thee?" he asked, speaking in the vernacular.

The question was asked mechanically; but no answer

came to it beyond a sort of choking cry, such as might have escaped from an animal in pain, and Norris, taking Saleh by the hand, half led him, half pushed him into a chair. He poured out a cup of tea and made the lad drink it. Then he seated himself on the arm of the chair and patted his visitor on the shoulder, soothingly, without saying a word, as a man might caress a frightened child.

Saleh remained silent, as though sunken deep in a dreary torpor, shivering a little now and again as with an ague, his quivering body held with a certain rigidity, his heavy eyes fixed upon vacancy. The silence of the room was broken only by Saleh's laboured breathing and by the ticking of a clock upon the mantelpiece. Had his visitor been a European, curiosity might have impelled Jack to cross-question him, to try to discover the lie of the land, that he might the better be able to comfort him; but Saleh was a Malay, wherefore his white friend said no word, and waited with the exhaustless patience born of long habit. He felt the youngster's shoulder thrilling under his touch; with the corner of his eye he noted the twitching features, the clenched hands, the taut muscles; and the memory came back to him of a night long ago in the capital of Pélésu, when he had spent some anxious hours at the elbow of a Malay friend, with difficulty combating the devil which impelled him to run

dmok since grief for a father's death was overpowering him. He remembered the hushed, breathless whisper with which the Malay had said to him—

"Don't speak to me! . . . Don't let any one speak to me! . . . I . . . I . . . I . . . If any one speaks to me, I shall . . . I shall . . . I shall . . . I shall do them an injury! . . . Keep close, Tûan, keep close! . . . Let me feel thy hand gripping me! . . . Let me know that thou wilt not let go! . . . Keep very close!"

It had been an anxious time, a nightmare whose reality was horrible, for the credit of the British Agency had depended upon Jack's ability to subdue the possessing demon; and when the dawn had come, and the Malay had sunk at last into a restless moaning sleep, Norris had risen up feeling aged and shattered, and knowing that he, if ever a man had done so, had wrestled that night with devils.

It seemed to him that Saleh was now the victim of a similar nervous obsession; that he too was on the brink, tottering on the brink, of that gulf into which from time to time a Malay, driven beyond the bounds of human endurance, plunges, seeking death amid the slaughter of his fellows. The incongruity of the idea struck him as wonderful—the incongruity of this savage instinct and the little English-nurtured boy whom he had known, the incongruity of such elemental passions and the staid ponderous life, the orderliness of London! Yet for all

that he saw no reason to question the accuracy of his diagnosis: the shoulder that quivered under his hand, that nervous working face, spoke to him more forcibly than words; only there was a certain bathos in the situation, here in this weaponless land, amid the organised systems that impose so crushing a restraint upon individual action. In the capital of Pélésu the thing had been very real, thoroughly in its place in the picture, inevitable, a natural circumstance. In the little sitting-room in York Street he felt it to be grotesque, farcical, a piece of pure burlesque. Yet to Saleh, of course, let the cause of his emotions be what they might, the thing was real, Jack was sure, and the lad differed from that other Malay only because he was making a more gallant effort to restrain himself. But for him, too, the presence of the white man who *understood*, who needed no word of explanation, was a very tower of strength. Jack's proximity, the sense of calm force and determination exhaled from him, were tonics that helped the sufferer to

fight the rending struggle that was going on within him; wherefore, gradually, Saleh relaxed the rigidity of his limbs, and his stare lost something of its fixed intensity.

Jack was quick to note the change; and as soon as he had satisfied himself that it was safe to quit Saleh's side for an instant, he went into his bedroom, and presently returned with a dose of bromide in a tumbler. This, not without difficulty, he forced Saleh to swallow, and in a little while the soothing properties of the drug began to take effect upon his exhausted frame. He sank back into the cushions of the chair, his limbs hanging limp and loosened, the fire dying out of his hollow eyes.

"I have spent the night among the fires of the Terrible Place!" he said drowsily, dropping into the vernacular, which had so long been unfamiliar to his tongue; and with that explanation Jack Norris had to content himself, for nothing more fell from his guest before sleep came upon him, and he lay, moaning a little, tucked into Jack's bed.

XIV.

"The evil that men do lives after them," quoted Jack Norris; "'The good is oft interred with their bones.' We white folk have done a wonderful lot of good in Pélésu beyond a doubt, but it will take a world of it to wipe out the memory of the harm we have done to poor Saleh.

From first to last we have made a pretty bad break with him."

"I really cannot agree with you," said Mr Le Mesurier earnestly. "He is suffering now, poor boy, suffering cruelly; but against that you must place the benefits he has derived from his education in England."

"I don't fancy that his very slender book-knowledge is going to help him much," said Jack grimly.

"I was not referring to his books," said Mr Le Mesurier. "He has never distinguished himself as a scholar—he lacks the mental energy and stamina for that kind of thing. No; I was thinking of the improved moral standard which association with English people has given him."

"I don't think you or any one who has not watched him daily, as we have done, can know how really *good* the boy is," said Mrs Le Mesurier softly, bending the gaze of her kind eyes upon Jack's honest, ugly face. "He has learned to be quite punctiliously upright and honourable, and he has lived a life as pure and manly as I could wish that of my own son to be."

They were seated in Jack's small sitting-room after dinner, the men smoking, Mrs Le Mesurier reclining with tired grace in the one big arm-chair. Jack had wired for his guests earlier in the day, and they had come hurriedly in answer to his telegram. Saleh was lying in the next room, tossing in a high fever, and all his three friends had had an anxious and a busy day arranging for his nursing. Now they were resting from their labours, and were talking of the topic which for the moment filled their minds to the exclusion of aught else.

"I daresay he is all that," said Jack; "but don't you see? It is because he is so malleable, so plastic, that you have been

able to influence him as you have done. You have given him the training of an English boy, and he has taken to it like a duck to water. The only difference is that he has learned consciously what we all learned without knowing it. You have utterly changed him. You have given him improved standards of morality, I dare say, improved standards of everything, including taste; you have set an ideal before him of which he had never dreamed before, and you have led him for years to fight his way up to it. An English boy does not need to be taught to be an Englishman. It comes natural to him. But you had to make Saleh see, to begin with, that it is a fine thing to be an Englishman, and that once accomplished, you have done your best to help him to attain to the unattainable."

"But, as you must see for yourself, it has not been the unattainable in his case. The boy is English now in all his instincts," interposed Mr Le Mesurier.

"Not all of them, I think," said Jack; "but that doesn't matter. The point is, that you have taught him between you that the one thing for him to do is to become an Englishman,—not a Christian, mind you, but just an Englishman. He has believed you, and now he is as near an approximation to a decent white man as a Malay can be."

"Ah, you admit that," said Mrs Le Mesurier. "Is not that something to have accomplished?"

She spoke with a sort of passionate enthusiasm which Jack thought very tender and beautiful—tender and beautiful as only the dreams of good women can be.

"You have such faith in sheer goodness that I despair of ever making you understand," he said. "Virtue ought to be everything, oughtn't it?"

"I think it is everything—everything that matters," said Mrs Le Mesurier softly.

"I wish it were!" cried Jack. "Of course it ought to be, only—well, it isn't, you know. You have given Saleh an ideal—a purely secular, not a religious ideal; you have helped him to work up to it; you have helped him so well that it seemed to him that he had attained it; and then the events of last night happened, and he found that he had mistaken the lowest valley for the crest of the unachievable mountain. You see there was a flaw in the theory from the beginning. A Malay hasn't got the rudiments of the Englishman in him; there aren't the materials there with which to effect the transformation; all you can do is to make of him an imitation, a sorry imitation, a sham, a fraud! Don't imagine that I question his good faith for an instant," Jack added hurriedly. "The pliability of the poor little beggar, the very love of the approval of his fellows which is bred in the bones of a Malay, helped him to deceive himself—and you! He has been so busy aping Englishmen for so long, consciously at first, less consciously later, but *aping* always,

that the thing had become a habit. You believed you had made an Englishman of him: he hoped that you were right—believed that you were right, very likely; and now suddenly, without a word of warning, he has brought up sheer against the Truth—the eternal, adamantine Truth that swerves for no man. If you could have changed the colour of his skin, the deception might have lasted a trifle longer than it has done; but that was a miracle that even your love and kindness and constant influence could not accomplish, that even his imitative genius could not fake; and the change inside him is no more complete, only you haven't eyes to penetrate into those depths."

Jack stopped breathless, and Mr Le Mesurier looked at his wife. They both shook their heads.

"I can't think you know him as we do," Mr Le Mesurier said gravely. "I refuse to believe that the change in him is only skin-deep, as you seem to think it."

"I don't *think*, I *know*," said Jack. "He told me things himself this morning after he woke up, before you came,—things I can't repeat because you wouldn't understand. Don't mistake me, Mrs Le Mesurier," he said hastily, as Saleh's adopted mother turned anxious eyes upon him; "I am not referring to any sins against his acquired code of morality. I don't mean that he has been knowingly deceiving you. Nothing of the kind. Only, well, he told me enough

to convince me that the Malay soul is alive and kicking, and very much its old unregenerate self. You see it woke up suddenly last night, and shook itself in a way that surprised even its owner."

"And you think that it is all wasted—all this love and care, all the hopes we have had for him?" said Mrs Le Mesurier, leaning forward in her chair, her hands clasped on her knee, her eyes looking almost beseechingly into Jack's grim face. "You don't know how I have yearned over him, how I have prayed . . ."

"It can't be wasted—no kind action can ever be wasted. That much at least *must* be sure. But . . . oh, I feel a brute for saying it! . . . the whole thing is just a gigantic mistake, the sort of mistake that white men make, with the most glorious intentions, and without an atom of foresight, in the name of Progress."

"I still think that you are wrong," persisted Mr Le Mesurier. "The happiness of the individual, much as we may desire it, is not everything. Saleh will not spend all his days among English people. I only this morning received a letter telling me to arrange for his return. His training here will fit him for the government of his people. It will enable him to exert over them a beneficial, an elevating influence. His principles are acquired, I admit, but they are solid."

Jack groaned aloud.

"You don't understand, you can't understand," he said hope-

lessly. "If you knew the Malays as I know them; if you had lived into their life as I have done; if you had gone for a year at a time without seeing a white face or speaking a word of your own language, so that the strangeness of you had time to wear off, and the natives grew to look upon you as one of themselves, and let you get a real sight of their characters, not decked out for your inspection, but living, so to speak, in their shirt-sleeves, you would see matters as I see them. You can form no conception of the inert bulk of that people, the sheer dead-weight of their inertia. They are incapable of feeling even the 'divine discontent,' which is the beginning of new things, the very groundwork upon which reform can be built up. To you it is self-evident that they need elevating, that they occupy an inferior position; but they wouldn't agree with you. They are quite satisfied with themselves as they stand; they are altogether unambitious of improvement; unconscious that, in so far as they are concerned, improvement is either possible or necessary. You have taught Saleh to accept your point of view, have put him utterly out of conceit with himself, with his lot, wholly out of touch and sympathy with his own people."

"But now that he has learned to look at all things from a higher standpoint, he will make a wiser ruler than his father before him," said Mr Le Mesurier.

"I am afraid that even that

does not follow," replied Jack. "You see, the British Government looks after the administration of the country, and takes precious good care nowadays that the Sultan doesn't oppress his subjects, so the personality of the ruler—the nominal ruler—does not signify much. On the other hand, the Sultan is the recognised mouth-piece of the native population. His position is secure; he stands to lose nothing by any concessions that the Government may be led to make to his subjects; and since he is by birth, by training, and by instinct a Malay of the Malays, he is in close sympathy with the natives, knows what they want, why they want it, what will happen if they get it, and has no motive to conceal his knowledge. But put Saleh in the same position. We have made a sort of Englishman of him, taught him to see things exclusively from our point of view, have estranged his sympathies from his own people, have blunted his understanding of their character and needs. They will spot the change in him quick enough,—trust them for that,—and the springs of their confidence will be dried up at the source. Far from making him a more useful instrument for the government of his people, the training we have given him will spoil him for the very work he could have done most efficiently."

"If you are right," said Mr Le Mesurier sadly, "this is a very miserable business. I confess that the matter has not appealed to me in this way

before. I am beginning to wish that I had never had a hand in it."

"I would give worlds to believe that I was mistaken," said Jack, no less sadly; "but I know, I *know*. To sacrifice the happiness of the individual for the happiness of the majority is sound, no doubt. A heroic policy, perhaps, but utilitarian and just. I haven't a word to say against it. But in this case, it seems to me, the cause of the greater number has not been served, and the hapless individual has been delivered up a whole burnt-offering,—has been plunged into the fires of the Terrible Place, as he said himself, poor little fellow!"

"And what do you think is to be the end of it all?" asked Mrs Le Mesurier drearily. Neither she nor her husband seemed able longer to contend against Jack's merciless logic, backed as it was by such deep, sure knowledge.

"Heaven knows!" he answered. "You see he has found out that he isn't and can never be the Englishman he had thought himself—that, in a word, everything for which he has been striving is unattainable. A reaction of some sort is inevitable in the face of this paralysing discovery. For the moment, as far as I can make out, he is in desperate pain; but his strongest feeling is humiliation, disgust of himself because of his limitations physical and moral. That is bad, but in a way it is healthy too. If he sticks to that he will suffer, but it won't do him much harm."

"Then what do you fear?" asked Mrs Le Mesurier anxiously.

"All sorts of things. I fear that he may get to see, as I do, the shocking injustice of the folly of which he has been the victim. If that happens, it will embitter him terribly. If he ever asks himself why he was given false hopes, taught to cherish ideals that of their very nature were far beyond his reach, why he was led on and on with fair promises to the brink of the discovery that he could be an Englishman only *minus* an Englishman's happiness and privileges, that he has been robbed, too, of the power to appreciate the lower, grosser life to which he was born, then, I am afraid, it may play the very devil with him—I beg your pardon, Mrs Le Mesurier—I mean it may be very bad for him indeed."

"His is a very sweet nature," said Mrs Le Mesurier hopefully. "I can hardly imagine him becoming soured. Besides, I don't think you allow enough for the amount of principle he has."

"Don't you think that the principles might go by the board when he saw what misery the whole system, of which they form a part, had entailed upon him? I do. Remember they have no root in religious conviction."

"Oh, I hope not, I hope not," cried Mrs Le Mesurier earnestly.

"Yet if he escapes the bitterness, if his love is not turned to

hate, his only chance of happiness is to forget," said Jack musingly, his eyes fixed with a far-away gaze upon the empty grate, his chin propped upon his hand. "The East is a wonderful place. It weaves its own spells—spells whose magic even a white man can feel. Perhaps it will take back its own. Perhaps when he returns to Pélésu the East will open its arms and draw him close to its tattered, gorgeous breast. Maybe the sun-glare on the wildernesses of hot damp forest, the heavy air moving lazily through the sleepy land, the great rivers lumbering seaward, the utter quiet and calm and melancholy of it all, will lull him to a sort of peace. 'After a storm there cometh a great calm;' you know what old Thomas à Kempis says? Perhaps the East will be for him the Land of Cockagne, and in the voluptuous folds of it, drugged by the beauty of it, loving even the sickly sweet smells of it, he will sink down, down, down from the height to which you have raised him, till a certain animal joy be his in oblivion of the unattainable."

"I cannot hope that," said Mrs Le Mesurier. "That would be the worst of all!"

"I don't know," said Jack gloomily. "In some ways, perhaps, it would be the best that could befall him,—perhaps it is all there is left to hope for!"

(To be continued.)

THE SIEGE OF ARRAH.

AN INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

No episode in their history has a stronger fascination for the British than the Indian Mutiny. Few crises disclose so clearly their faults and qualities of national character, in that process of counteraction by which the British, in retrieving their blunders, have achieved the domination of the world. For the wonderful race expansion from Island to Empire is largely the result of the prevailing action of a certain British characteristic. The indomitable individuality of the people has been constantly exercised, not only in overcoming difficulties naturally incidental to universal dominion and adventure, but in preserving success through perils precipitated in vast catastrophes by the timidity, negligence, and folly of their Governments, and through the official ineptitude that so constantly mars the British genius of administration. In 1857 the Government of India, by their want of political foresight and disinclination to obvious precautionary action, undoubtedly aggravated the dangers that resulted in the Sepoy mutiny. Great Britain was then confronted by the possible peril of concentrated hostility against her among the entire peoples of a distant continent. It was this—the supreme peril of the situation—that was first met and minimised, not by state-craft nor

military measures, but by qualities displayed by the individual Briton. The British in India were a scattered community, largely civilian, isolated with women and children in defenceless groups across immense areas restless with countless enemies. Had they flinched from the dangers rising round them, with the spread of insurrection, to relinquish and retreat from mutinous districts, the rebels could have concentrated in mass movements on objectives of their retreat. The danger of the insurrection attaining national and racial proportions would then have arisen, together with the risk that the fortune or personal ascendancy of some leader would enable him to rally his co-religionists in fanatical accord beneath his standard, and launch the force of a holy war. But opportunity for supreme leadership or combined action was not given, for the widely scattered and undaunted British remained at their posts. With a fine devotion to duty and splendid nerve in its performance they continued, in apparent contempt or ignorance of their peril, in the quiet performance of routine. The value of their action cannot be exaggerated both in its strategic results and in its moral effect on the oriental mind. The rebel forces committed themselves to a campaign of attacks upon isolated bodies of

the British, dissipating their overwhelming strength in a series of local operations strategically unrelated to one another, and devoid of political purpose as a whole. Meanwhile, populations of wavering and disaffected people remained quiescent, awaiting the issues of those desperate conflicts which render the Indian Mutiny unique in warfare. For by their policy of action, little bands of men were exposed to perils and placed in situations at once so desperate and responsible that history contains few instances to equal them. Yet so dramatic and intense is the action of the main events that they wholly absorb the interest and emotion that centre in this struggle. Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi tell the common tale of the Mutiny: mistakes that might have swept the British name from India escape the thoughts of men a generation later, while minor episodes of the war as thrilling and glorious as anything in the main action are not recalled.

Of these, perhaps the most important is the episode known as the siege of the Arrah House. It owes nothing of its fascination to the horrors that distinguish other attacks on small bodies of Europeans. It wholly lacks the element of risk to women. Jhansi, with its butchery of English men, women, and children ranged in three lines and hacked to pieces in the Jokinbagh, is deeper tragedy. The suffering of ladies and children among the fugitives of Shahjehanpur is sadder. But Arrah, though

heavy in sacrifice, derives fame in the pride of exploit. The loss of a province, the maintenance of the British lines of communication, the safety of Havelock's army, were issues involved in a struggle of seven days between 6000 rebels with cannon and 15 British civilians, with 55 Sikh soldiers, besieged in a tiny bungalow designed as a billiard-room. To permit the fascination of this episode as a feat of arms to detract attention from its value and full significance, would be to inflict injustice on the little band of men whose influence remains deeply marked in history. The stirring action of the siege itself must be set in sequence to events that led directly to the attack on Arrah, and in relation to the critical general situation preserved so wonderfully by the defence.

A fortnight after the Mutiny broke out at Meerut the Government declared it "a passing and groundless panic": six hundred miles of the country in a line north-west of Calcutta they affirmed secure; Delhi was expected to fall at the attack of artillery locally available; and confidence in the native army as a whole remained unshaken. A month later, the country north of Allahabad was in revolt; Oude, Gwalior, and Rohilkand were involved; communication with the Delhi force was hopelessly cut, and the British at Lucknow and Cawnpore were desperately pressed. The safety of communication with these two forces, if not with Delhi in the chaos beyond, was absolutely vital.

It was at this time the single hope of the whole situation. Nothing that the Government could do to secure and safeguard that line should have been left undone. Yet this was the very responsibility the Government shirked and imperilled, and which ultimately fell on the little garrison of Arrah.

Strategically, the province of Behar, in which Arrah is situated, was the key to the situation. Its safety was of critical importance. The lines of communication by road and river ran through it, and reinforcements were constantly passing up in support of the British, the uninterrupted movement of which was essential. The safety of this line, and of the entire situation, was threatened by the single danger of the sepoy regiments at Dinapore and the native cavalry at Segowli. If these troops were disarmed, the province was safe beyond question. To allow them to remain under arms was to risk the possibility that they might mutiny. If they mutinied, a situation already perilous would be further complicated by the rising of the province, the rupture of communications, and the interposition of a hostile army between the British forces and their base. This enemy, moreover, would stand unopposed. The British had not a single mounted soldier to check his mobility in cavalry. In the six-hundred-mile line between Calcutta and Cawnpore, irrespective of detachments *en route*, their whole force consisted of a

single infantry regiment—the 10th Foot—and one company of British artillery. These, stationed with the 7th, 8th, and 40th Native Infantry, and Native Artillery at Dinapore, and the 12th Irregular Native Cavalry at Segowli, constituted the Behar command under Major-General Lloyd.

That the Government should have persisted in a policy of confidence in the Dinapore sepoys, and elected to risk the entire situation rather than disarm them, seems incredible. The Sepoy Army was clearly disaffected. The mutiny of a regiment was a question of opportunity. The sepoys were disarmed in the north, and in Calcutta after the shame of "panic Sunday." General Lloyd, though strongly opposed to disarmament, reported that the sepoys of his command would only remain quiet while unassailed "by some great temptation or excitement." But India already was one wave of increasing excitement. The Cawnpore force had been annihilated, and Havelock's position grew in danger, with the Oude and Gwalior rebels on his flanks. The province of Behar itself contained every temptation and incitement to mutiny. Mr Tayler, the Commissioner of Patna, proved the Wahabis, a sect already convicted of treason, to be actively mischievous among a Mohammedan population of 300,000. He proved, by intercepted correspondence, that the Dinapore sepoys were about to rise, and that Koer Singh, the Shahabad rebel, was preparing to join

them with the tenantry of his vast estates near Arrah. The Government treasure, the valuable remount stud at Buxar, and the lives of officials and planters throughout the province, were at the mercy of the population. But proofs of danger and the warning of events were alike lost on the Government.¹ Mr Halliday of the Bengal Administration declared himself unable to believe in the existence of danger. The murder of Mr Lyall and the Patna rising, quelled by Rat-tray's Sikhs on July 3, failed to convince Lord Canning of the instant necessity for measures of safety. He left the matter in the discretion of General Lloyd, who continued to declare himself opposed to disarming the sepoys. On the 20th of July the Calcutta merchants interested in British capital invested in Behar vainly protested at this delegation of authority. Five days later the Dinapore sepoys mutinied, under circumstances so extraordinary that they claim attention.

When he might have disarmed them outright and secured the situation altogether, General Lloyd paraded his British troops, slightly reinforced, and called in the percussion-caps from the magazine and the sepoys' pouches. When this order was half executed and the sepoys shown that they were suspected, the British withdrew to lunch, and their general betook himself to eat upon the river. Both excited

and tempted by the opportunity, the sepoys mutinied. The general and his European garrison remained paralysed in shameful inactivity. A British force, sufficient to disperse the rebels and crush the rising forthwith, permitted them to depart with their arms and ammunition to raise the province and imperil the campaign: not a shot was fired to prevent them, nor were they then pursued. On the 26th they crossed the Sone River, and, joined by Koer Singh with a following of his tenantry, marched on Arrah to loot the treasury and massacre the Europeans. Simultaneously the native cavalry at Segowli had risen, killing their commandant Major Holmes, his wife, and the residents of the station. The disaster so long invited by the Government had at last occurred. Behar was in possession of the rebels, and a situation appalling in its possibilities was added to the dangers of the Mutiny.

Meanwhile the strain of these events had borne heavily on the residents of Arrah. They lived in scattered open bungalows incapable of defence. On either side of them flowed rivers rising in flood, which cut them off from the British troops, forty miles away, in Dinapore. In their proximity was a native town of 40,000 inhabitants. The Government treasure, with its incitements to loot, and hundreds of convicts in the jail, were in the sole charge

The subsequent injustice, resulting in the dismissal of Mr Tayler and his inability to obtain redress, constitutes a melancholy and disgraceful incident.

of disaffected native guards. Yet the life of the little station went on as usual. Men accomplished their routines of duty, and when the blazing days died into evening they drove or met together in the doctor's garden, and, heedful of both native servants and the ladies, discussed the peril that crept surely closer. On the 8th of June Mr Tayler warned them that the sepoys were expected to rise, and the residents gathered and spent an anxious night in the judge's house. Next morning the officials decided to stand to their posts in any event, and to send the women and children from the station to the British troops at Dinapore. Boats were procured, and a sad procession passed at evening through the sullen and defiant population to the river-bank, whence they were escorted into safety by residents who had decided to abandon the station.¹

Eight solitary men now held the town of Arrah. They signalised the safety of the ladies by a dinner-party. Then they settled down to keep order in the town and the jail, and to conduct every detail of the public business of the district, for the space of six weeks, in spite of the danger which momentarily threatened their existence. To guard against disturbance in the town they constantly patrolled it in pairs. The night patrol kept watches of two hours each, and a man

remained awake all night in the judge's house, where the eight forgathered in their governance and control of disaffected millions. They remained, except on duty, in the compound, into which crowds of natives gazed in silent curiosity while members of the band employed their leisure by fishing in a tank. Meanwhile one of them, Mr Vicars Boyle, the district engineer of the railway extension through Behar, improvised a fortress as refuge in case of attack. Forty yards from the porch of his house stood a small square bungalow containing a single room raised above a basement chamber. Strategically its position was unsound. Trees and other cover surrounded it; the house in front commanded it; out-houses and a wall affording cover for attack ran round the flanks and rear. But it served its purpose. The forethought and skill of Vicars Boyle brought the defence of Arrah, with all that depended upon it, into possibility. He built up the verandah arches with a barricade of loose bricks, loopholed and strengthened the basement walls, and surmounted the parapet of the flat cement roof with a breast-work of sand-bags. He laid in a store of provisions, water, and ammunition. The residents, now numbering fifteen, did not enter the refuge for fear of exciting disorder. On the 25th of July, however, the following

¹ The writer acknowledges his indebtedness for information throughout this article to Dr Hall's 'Arrah in 1857.'

official notice shortly preceded news of the outbreak forwarded by Mrs Boyle:—

“To the JUDGE or SENIOR CIVIL OFFICER,
Arrah.

“SIR,—A revolt among the native troops at Dinapore is expected to occur this day. Stand prepared accordingly.—Your obedient servant,

W. LIDDIARD, *Major A.A.G.*

“DINAPORE, *July 25th, 1857.*”

It was unanimously decided not to abandon the station; and with fifty of Rattray's Sikhs (providentially sent in by Mr Tayler), who resolved to stand by them, the residents¹ entered their billiard-room fort and awaited the assault of an army.

Early on the 27th the rebels marched into the town. They looted the treasury, liberated the convicts from the jail, and, with the Arrah police and a large following from the district, advanced in force of about 6000 men to attack the Europeans. In sight of the bungalow they halted; their bugles called the assembly, and in military formation they approached to within 200 yards; when the charge sounded, and the vast mass of men rushed, shouting and firing, upon the tiny house. The sight was an appalling one to the defenders, but they maintained a terrific fire, at close range, upon the crowded ranks outside the walls. They literally shattered the front of the attack, which broke and rolled back, leaving them choked and blinded with smoke, and covered from head

to foot with showers of dust from the shivered bricks of the barricade. They were amazed to find themselves without casualties: the enemy, on the other hand, had lost heavily—numbers of dead and wounded men lay round the bungalow. The residents' horses, foolishly tied to the nearer trees, had been shot, and lay where they fell, to decompose; the stench rendering the stifling air of the bricked-up bungalow horrible and dangerous, while swarms of flies from the carcasses subsequently settled upon the inmates and caused them unutterable torture.

After the first rush the rebels abandoned direct tactics; though, had they delivered a determined assault, they must by weight of numbers have carried the fort. Conscious that they were masters of the situation, that no British force existed to threaten them, and satisfied of their ability to invest Arrah and engage any detachment sent in relief from Dinapore, they proceeded systematically and by economical methods to enforce surrender. Situated, as it was, but forty yards from their objective, the rebels constituted Mr Boyle's house their base of operations. Hundreds of riflemen from this house and the plentiful cover about the compound kept up a ceaseless fire on the bungalow. Under cover of the garden wall at the back they commenced mining operations. Conversa-

¹ Messrs Littledale (Judge), Coombe (Collector), Wake (Magistrate), Colvin, Halls (Surgeon), Field, Anderson, Boyle, Syed Hossein (Deputy Collector), Dacosta, Godfrey, Cock, Taite, Delperroux, Hoyle, Sousa. The names are taken from Mr Wake's diary, written upon the wall during the siege and since obliterated.

tion across the narrow space dividing the combatants was easily possible, and no effort was spared to seduce the Sikhs of the garrison from their allegiance. Their scruples of caste and religion, their kinship and self-interest, were assailed by every argument, appeal, and bribe. They were offered commands in the rebel force, and 500 rupees per man from the treasury loot, if they would overpower and surrender the Europeans. They were threatened with unspeakable vengeance if they continued to resist. But neither threat nor appeal moved these magnificent men from their faith with the broken Power whose salt they ate. It is to them that the truest glory and the chief honour of this episode belong. "Without the Sikhs," declared Mr Boyle, "we Europeans alone could never have defended even so small a house." While the British were upheld by patriotism, and nerved in their resistance by extreme necessity, the Sikhs voluntarily shared and loyally maintained a position as hopeless as it is possible to conceive. The bungalow was closely invested by an army, and the surrounding country swarmed with a hostile population. Escape was impossible, resistance but a question of time in limited food and ammunition, while help was a hope most cruelly and soon destroyed. Distant Calcutta, they knew, must send her available aid to the desperate north,—the garrison of Arrah could only look to Dinapore for succour. Aid was indeed

attempted, but it failed; and the story of that ill-fated expedition is one of the saddest of the Mutiny.

It was not till the 29th, after they had been besieged two days, that General Lloyd despatched a force to relieve the Arrah garrison and bring them in. It consisted of 193 men of the 37th Foot, 150 men of the 10th Foot, 70 Sikhs, and some European volunteers—in all, 450 officers and men—under the command of Captain Dunbar. They proceeded up the Ganges by steamer to a point sixteen miles from Arrah, where they disembarked towards evening. The men landed tired and hungry. They had been without food all day, and had hardly slept the night before; but, without waiting either to feed or to rest them, Captain Dunbar proceeded to march on Arrah. At the ford of a rivulet eleven miles from the town the enemy's vedettes fired on the column, and galloped off to warn the insurgents of its approach. Captain Dunbar, however, decided to continue his advance. His little force of starving and exhausted men was struggling over country in a state of morass, to attack at night through the streets of a populous native town a rebel army with cannon, which was aware of its approach. In vain the officers remonstrated with their leader; he utterly declined their counsels of prudence, and the men marched on. The hot night became impenetrably dark as drifts of heavy rain-cloud obscured the moon, but, as the danger of its position

increased, even the safeguard of a skirmishing line was withdrawn, and the column in close ranks approached Arrah at midnight. They had entered a dense grove of mango-trees, in the blackness of which the mass of white uniform loomed dimly, when the grove was lit with the blinding flash of a volley poured point-blank into the ambushed column. The wildest confusion followed. The force was decimated at the first discharge. Men fired blindly into groups of their comrades. Those lately armed with Enfield rifles exploded their weapons by overcharging them in their excitement. Ultimately a remnant of the column took refuge in the hollow of a half-empty tank, where the men lay under fire until dawn. They then attempted to retreat, but the rebels had anticipated them; and along the sixteen miles to the river-bank every piece of cover concealed a rifleman. They marched in a rain of bullets, carrying their wounded with them. They lost all count of time. They seemed to have been under fire for years. At the river, the boats were found without oars and fast in the sloping mud. The sepoys from cover shot men down as they struggled helplessly to launch the boats. Some of the craft caught fire, and the horror of the situation deepened as the occupants, among whom were wounded men, took to the river and were shot or drowned. But few survived to reach the steamer, some of whom, though unable to swim, had struggled across a deep flood-channel 200

yards in width. The force was literally annihilated. Only fifty men remained unwounded. The return of the steamer to the expectant folk at Dinapore is thus described by Mrs Boyle: "I went down to the Ganges side to meet my husband. No one dreamt of disaster; but when the steamer came in sight, she looked like a ship of the dead—there seemed no one on board, and we knew that something was wrong. The soldiers' wives were down to meet the men: I never shall forget the scenes among them at the news."

The attempt to relieve Arrah had failed. The reverse was a serious blow to the British prestige, already impaired. The fear of its effects in the province and elsewhere intensified the anxieties of the moment. More than ever now depended on the little garrison of Arrah. While they held the rebel force in check, neither hope, nor prestige, nor safety was absolutely forfeited. But no one conceived their ability to withstand the assault of an army. They were given up for lost. Friends in India and in England mourned for them as dead. Native reports, universally credited, described the taking of the house, and detailed the trees on which the magistrate and Mr Boyle were hanged. But the desperate little garrison had determined to resist to the utmost. When the situation had closed on them hopelessly, at the last of food and ammunition they had resolved to meet their end in open fight, cutting their way out. Meanwhile they faced

the odds against them with an energy and resource of which men rich in hope and strong in circumstance might well be proud. The distress and hardship of their lives can scarcely be imagined. In the close damp heat of an Indian July seventy men were crowded into a bricked-up chamber of a twenty-by-thirty-foot flooring; round three sides was an added ten-foot strip of verandah, and on the fourth a walled-off twelve-foot space. The barricade shut out both air and light. When the sun shone, and the period of the siege was rainless, the bricks grew hot and the fort became an oven of torture. The anxious nights were scarcely cooler. In this room the defenders fought, slept where they stood to fight, and cooked, reckless of smoke or fume, all close beneath the barricade, for over the top the enemy sent bullets aslant into the room from the vantage of the opposite roof. A winding stair gave access to the roof and below to the dark earth-floored basement, formed by the raised foundations, where the Sikhs cooked apart and sometimes slept.

From the first the garrison instituted a siege routine. The night-watch was relieved at 5 A.M., when half a cup of tea, biscuits, and parched grain were served round. At 3 P.M. rice, dates, and half a bottle of beer followed. They fed in relays of five in a space at the bottom of the stair, considered safe till a piano-caster fired from a cannon burst into it, when a

man due for his ration owed his preservation to unpunctuality. There was no actual leader among them: the siege was pressed so variously and desperately throughout that men met their dangers instinctively, and shared alike in the stress of fight and hardship. As a message to the world, in case they were overwhelmed, Mr Wake daily wrote the events of the siege in pencil on the wall above the mantelpiece.

For the first two days the attack was confined to a ceaseless fusilade; but the enemy's force, and the fear of the rush of a combined assault at any moment, kept the defenders constantly alert, and subjected them to a heavy nervous strain. Their power to inflict injury upon their foe was limited: the sepoys kept to cover, and were seldom hit. Their dead and wounded men were always removed during the night, with one unexplained and fearful exception. A sepoy was hit in the open 150 yards from the bungalow. He lay helpless where he fell, and lived two nights and two long burning days. From time to time he was seen moving his hands to scare away the crows and carrion birds. While he lingered, the rebels took no notice of him—they did nothing to end or mitigate his tortures of suffering and thirst. But when he died they removed his body.

At dawn on the 28th a sudden and heavy concussion shook the fort, and scattered the interior with splintered

brick. During the night the rebels had placed two 4-pounder cannon in close position, and now commenced a brisk bombardment. It seemed to the garrison impossible that the barricade or walls could resist the battering, or that the bungalow would remain long tenable. They prepared, however, to defend it to the last. Dispositions were made in case the enemy effected a breach with scaling-ladders. Their riflemen ascended at imminent risk to the roof, to discover that the enemy's gunners were screened from their fire by piles of furniture from the residents' homes, banked with earth. Mr Boyle's piano, the castors of which were used as cannon-shot, was prominent in this use. They were now subjected to a heavy cannonade, which they could neither silence nor reply to, and for a while their position seemed as grave as it was helpless. Happily the shooting of the rebels was execrable, otherwise the demolished barricade would have left the garrison open to their fire, and swiftly ended their resistance. The bricks of the barricade were seldom hit, and the walls withstood the shot, many of which were afterwards found embedded in them. The relief of the defenders at this discovery largely discounted the effect of the balls that flew constantly about and over the bungalow. To the leader of the Sikhs, a giant named Huken Singh, the rebel marksmanship was a matter for great disgust. He ascended to the roof and shouted his contempt for their

performance to the enemy; after which he hurled some brickbats at them, exposing himself to their fire, and miraculously escaping uninjured. The garrison remained subjected to this continuous cannonade and rifle-fire till the evening of the 29th. Then at dusk the rebels sounded cease fire. A native officer from behind a pillar of the porch called on them to surrender. The Sikhs alone were offered terms on this occasion. Later in the siege, when Vincent Eyre advanced to their relief, both amnesty and a safe pass for Europeans were included in the terms offered to the garrison for their surrender. But these demands were never replied to. The Sikhs stood nobly by the British, who, warned by the treachery at Cawnpore, were nerved to absolute resistance.

During this day news had evidently reached the rebels of Dunbar's advance. By inducing the garrison to surrender, they hoped to concentrate their whole strength in attack upon the relief force; but in this they were disappointed. So when darkness fell, they quietly detached a force to intercept it; and meanwhile the garrison enjoyed the first respite of the siege. The enemy's fire ceased, and silence fell on the heat and darkness of the little fort. Those on watch remained alert, the others sat crowded in the gloom in supposititious rest, when towards midnight the stillness was suddenly broken by three long rolls of distant musketry.

In an instant the garrison were up, fired with the wildest hope. They stood at the barricade staring into the blackness round them, and listened with an intensity of expectation inconceivable by those never similarly situated. The firing meant relief. In expectation of safety, they were filled anew with love of life. A little while since it had seemed so nearly forfeited. They had forgotten to regard it save in aspects of peril and of pain.

But the firing, instead of breaking louder and nearer as success would bring it, grew gradually fainter and more distant, till it died altogether in the heavy silence of the night. The friends who had challenged combat for their sakes had retired,—so much was certain. The disappointment fell on them with the merciful force that numbs the mind and dulls sensation in the body. Sleepless and wondering they waited—listening in spite of themselves—till dawn. When the rebels returned exultant, firing their rifles in the air and shouting details of the massacre of their countrymen to the besieged, they had already heard of the disaster. A Sikh of Dunbar's force, escaping from the ambush, had risked his life to reach the garrison with news. Guided only by the sound of the fusillade resumed against them, he passed the enemy's lines in the darkness, and, after hailing his fellows in low tones, was admitted to the fort in safety.

The days that followed this calamitous night were crowded with every peril possible in war. Physical torture, anxiety, and attack had failed to subdue these devoted men or to weaken their indomitable will. Fresh dangers but proved their invincible spirit and unfailing resource. On the 30th of July, the fourth day of the siege, they ran short both of ammunition and of water. Those acquainted with the climatic conditions of India can alone realise the cruel terrors of this last misfortune. Already a Sikh lay dying of thirst from scruples of caste, the water set apart for them being exhausted and largely wasted by their doctrinal method of filling their *lotahs*.¹ Rain held off in a steady east wind, and their situation grew intolerably anxious. Then it was decided at Boyle's suggestion to dig for water. The barricade was manned that day, and the enemy's fire returned as usual. Some of the garrison slaved at the manufacture of hundreds of cartridges from material laid in by Boyle, while under his direction the Sikhs below in the stifling basement commenced to dig a well. For twelve continuous hours they worked unceasingly, and dug to a depth of 18 feet below the surface. Then at last they stood in a pool of muddy water. The news went up in echoes to their anxious comrades, and work continued till the well was filled with a plentiful supply. The joy and relief of

¹ Brass drinking-vessels.

the garrison were unbounded. Their spirits revived, and their energy, despite incessant labour, ran unabated in new activities. They carried up the excavated earth and used it to strengthen their defences. They bathed in the room above, whence the water ran in streams down the sides of the bungalow, to the amazement of the rebels. That evening, while the enemy cooked, two stray sheep observed in the compound were raided in a daring sortie by six of the garrison. One of these, a European, in all the peril and excitement of the raid, remembered his pet cage-birds in an adjacent bungalow, and dashed off to rescue them while his comrades secured the sheep. He brought them in for safety, not for food, and the incident reflects the strange mind of a man capable at such a moment of adding to his risks by so disproportionate a quest.

On the 31st of July the garrison woke to a fresh accumulation of dangers. The rebels during the night had planned a fierce and skilful attack. A bonfire of capsicums was heaped close to the bungalow to eastward. One of the cannon, hoisted to the roof of the porch opposite, commanded it at forty yards' range from the north. A breastwork upon the parapet protected the gunners and riflemen. To the south, even closer, the muzzle of the other cannon projected through a wall, which screened the gunners and had hitherto concealed the mining operations. At daylight a sepoy was shot in the act of setting a

light to the bonfire. A dense and suffocating smoke soon rose from the smouldering heap and filled the bungalow. The sharp odour of burning capsicum made it impossible to breathe, and the fort was fast becoming untenable. The rebels had hoped to smoke the garrison out, or on to the roof, which they swept with fire and cannonade; while the gun on the south, at a few yards' range, battered the defences from which they were being driven. Valour was now of little avail, and for the first time in the siege the defenders owed their preservation to fortune alone. The wind dropped, and veered suddenly from east to west, clearing the smoke and drifting it away across the compound. But the defenders had little time for wonder or the enjoyment of relief, for no sooner had a seeming miracle dispelled this danger than one more fearful still assailed them. The Sikhs discovered the existence and proximity of the enemy's mine. Shaken above by the fierce cannonade which their riflemen on the roof tried vainly, by raising their defences, to command with their fire and to silence, the garrison turned to meet the peril of the mine. Under Boyle's direction a counter-mine was at once commenced and run from the basement, by shaft and gallery, to protect the southern wall. At dusk of this terrific day the enemy's demand for surrender was strenuously pressed with open terms—in vain.

The rebels were now aware of Vincent Eyre's advance, and

they repeated the tactics that preceded Dunbar's attempted relief. A night of cannonade and alarms kept the garrison sleepless at their posts. Before dawn the enemy's fire ceased, and they silently withdrew in full force to intercept relief. Day broke on the defenders in a curious stillness. It revealed the compound empty and deserted. Three times before noon the cannon on the porch was fired; then the attack ceased altogether. The garrison, fearing some trap, remained suspicious and alert till evening, when they saw a solitary native, walking alone across the compound, signing to them. He was Mr Boyle's bearer, who announced that a European force was approaching, and that the rebels were gone in full strength to oppose it. The garrison at once came out and demolished the enemy's cover as far as possible. They toppled the cannon off the porch and captured it, with its pair, and the remaining powder. They broke into the enemy's mine and captured the tools. They found the gallery of the mine ran under their own and up to the bungalow wall. A charge with a train and fuse lay ready in it. Another hour's work would have sufficed to blow their refuge into ruins. They then retired into the fort and waited hopeful and unmolested through the night. At dawn of August 3 they heard the sound of distant fir-

ing once again, and then, after an anxious interval, horsemen waving their caps galloped into the compound. The defenders looked again upon white faces. They were saved.¹

General Lloyd, after the disaster to Dunbar's force, had decided to abandon the Arrah garrison. Their distress in resistance and their fate in defeat failed to stir him to come to their aid. Unmoved by their gallantry, he was content to render it fruitless and barren of result through his inaction. He deserted them to be ultimately overwhelmed by a merciless enemy. Major Vincent Eyre preserved the British arms from this dishonour. It was clear to him that an invaluable opportunity of retrieving the situation was afforded by the check and concentration of the rebels at Arrah. He determined to take instant advantage of it, and attack them before they were free to overrun the province or accomplish further mischief. He had, accordingly, at the risk of his commission and in discretionary disobedience of orders, deviated at Buxar from his route to march on Arrah. General Lloyd recalled him too late. Eyre broke through the rebel force in two fierce fights, and, avoiding a cunning ambush near Arrah, relieved the garrison. He turned at once to follow and disperse the sepoys, and to storm and level Koer

¹ Vincent Eyre characterised the defence as miraculous. The only casualty was a Sikh: a bullet penetrated his brain, but he survived the siege, and subsequently died in Dinapore.

Singh's stronghold at Jug-dispore. While General Lloyd remained inactive, Vincent Eyre had put an end to a situation of the gravest peril and purged the province of remaining risk. The effect of his victories in the province and district was profound. Order was at once restored near Arrah. The population commenced to bring in and surrender wounded and stray rebels to the authorities they had so recently and desperately defied. The sepoys were drum-head court-martialled and hanged forthwith.

A remarkable phase of this episode is the conduct of the garrison immediately on their relief from incredible hardship and danger. The Government offices at Arrah and their contents were destroyed. The residents' homes were wrecked and their property looted. Their anxious families and friends awaited them in Dinapore. Yet those who did not march with Eyre to attack the rebels remained at Arrah, and at once resumed the routine of duty. The moral and pacific effect of their action was incalculable. It strongly influenced the whole machinery of administration throughout the province, and was immediately reflected by their native subordinates. Lawlessness during the period of the siege was dealt with in due form of procedure. Thieves and housebreakers of native homes were sentenced to whipping, leg-irons, and imprisonment. Several townsmen were tried for treason. The official diary of Mr Littledale, the

judge, records the trial on the 27th of August, three weeks after the relief, of four natives on a charge of burglary committed in the district sixty miles from Arrah. The prosecutor was a native, and the evidence embodies the formal report of a native police-officer who arrested the criminals. So swiftly had the hand of Britain closed upon the land again. The diary also contains records of a trial, the evidence in which throws a mournful light on the fate of the stragglers of Dunbar's force. The following is the statement of a witness: "I was in the compound of Chaudri's house at two o'clock in the day." (The day after the Europeans came from Dinapore.) "Two white soldiers were brought in by eight cultivators of Jumeera. Kurmu Rai killed them both with his tulwar. The men made the soldiers sit down and then killed them. They were without arms."

With the closing scenes of the siege of Arrah the perilous situation provoked by the Government was at an end. The military genius of Vincent Eyre had dissipated the dangers, first fended by the courage and foresight of Mr Tayler, and then held in check by the valour of the Sikhs and British of the Arrah garrison. Calamity, needlessly and recklessly invited by their rulers, was averted from their country by the efforts of these few and scattered men. They sustained an immense responsibility in the face of stupendous risk; and the measure of their service

lies best in imagination of the consequences—had they failed. Their names deserve the respectful remembrance of the British people. No men achieved more faithfully in that merciless struggle from which Britain emerged, mistress of the destinies of a fifth of humanity, and warden of peace upon the plains of immemorial war.

The crudity and exaggeration with which the episode of Arrah exposes the characteristics and habit of the British, compares with the fierceness of its facts. The antagonistic elements that combine in the process of their national success are as completely contained in it as they are in the whole history of the people. But nowhere are they set in sharper contrast. Never has Britain drifted with clearer certainty into glaring disaster than she did in Behar in 1857. Seldom have her responsible officials, in all their lofty severity of demeanour, exhibited stupidity so nameless and profound. Never have soldiers marched with more melancholy certitude to the death of her military madness. The outrage and the pathos of it are not compensated by the ideal qualities of race displayed by the individual to his country's salvation. For Britain does not learn. It is her habit continu-

ally to succeed, with huge and unnecessary sacrifice, when the inefficacy of her Governments have made her burdens almost more than she can bear. The ebb and flow of sanity, so marked in the episode of Arrah, is the pulse of her national expansion. The foundations of the world-wide dominion of these tiny islands, and the secret of the wholesome and imperishable influence of their peoples upon the future of the human race, lie in the staunch unaltering qualities evinced by the British, under pressure of circumstances, before which a people intellectually quicker would instinctively retreat. His strong unreasoning sense of duty enables the Briton to confront and achieve the apparently impossible. In this faculty of his race lies its salvation through blunders that others might commit to their undoing. It is the individuality of the British that is the genius of their magnificent history. And, in the supreme value of the qualities of race, it is not wise that episodes such as Arrah should remain forgotten, or that classic heroes should inculcate our youth, instead of the men who have ringed the world with the romance of their national inheritance.

E. JOHN SOLANO.

THE BIRDS OF HAWAII.

UNTIL a few years ago those who were more familiar with the group called by Englishmen the Sandwich Islands were wont to speak of them as the Kingdom of Hawaii. Now that the eight islands which once formed a united kingdom have been annexed by the United States of America, the correct mode of referring to them is as the Territory of Hawaii. Although Honolulu, the capital, is on Oahu, the island of Hawaii, which gave its name to the group, is the largest in extent. It was its chief, the first Kamehameha, who conquered the other rulers, and became the first king of the eight united islands.

Very little has hitherto been known, even to our foremost ornithologists, of the birds of these islands. Their volcanic formation, the steep mountain ridges, the dense woods and forests that cover their sides, and an excessive rainfall, render the interior inaccessible to any but the hardiest of explorers. Trails must be cut at each step made by the naturalist through the tangled growth, which not only arrests his progress but also hinders his sight. Having myself spent nearly four years in these islands, I can appreciate these hindrances.

But that was as long as twenty years ago, and I was never able to penetrate far up within the misty region where the climbing ferns wreathed the trees, and on their trunks

and in the forked branches grew the "bird's-nest" fern with its long bright glossy fronds. On foot from our home in the Nuuanu valley I could at best only go a mile or two—on horseback, of course, I went farther—up past the grassy slopes where the goats belonging to a thrifty Portuguese settler wandered along the steep winding ways beside which they found pasture, and into the thickets of flowering shrubs where were clumps of wild yellow flowering ginger, filmy translucent hymenophyllum, guaya trees, and the plantain.

From some of the open pastures rises the song of the skylark, which was imported from New Zealand: skylarks increase in number, but not very quickly. The voice of the Chinese turtle-dove—the mourning dove, it is called—is heard in the land quite near to the valley homes; also the upward whirr of the Mongolian and the Japanese pheasant. Grouse and quail—the Californian valley quail—were there until lately; but the latter have now betaken themselves to heights of 6000 to 7000 feet, whither the marauding mongoose cannot follow them. I asked a young niece of my own who lately left Honolulu what birds visited their grounds three miles up the valley road, and she tells me, "Java sparrows, rice-birds, and those squawking mynahs.

The last eat up all our young figs and grapes, unless we throw the tennis-nets over them. The natives call the mynah *manu ai pilau*—that is, 'bird who eats filth.'" He does some good, then, as well as ill.

That watching of birds which is essential to a knowledge of their life-history has indeed been impossible to most visitors to Hawaii. And now that annexation is giving an impetus to the development of the country's resources, the inevitable destruction of its forests, even if the birds themselves do not perish with the trees that sheltered and fed them, is driving them up to still more inaccessible heights and wooded depths between the sharp volcanic peaks, which will baffle the hardest climber.

Mr H. W. Henshaw, an American naturalist, who has spent over six years on the island of Hawaii, which is more wooded and richer in its fertilisation than the rest of the group, has lately published an interesting book there. His collection of specimens has already been bought by the authorities for the British Museum, and it will be the first complete one that has been open to public inspection. Nor had there been any comprehensive work hitherto on Hawaiian ornithology that was within the reach of any but the rich. In the year 1900 a beautiful work in two large volumes was published by the Hon. Walter Rothschild, entitled 'The Avifauna of Laysan

and the neighbouring Isles, with a complete History to date of the Birds of Hawaii,' which was a summary of the researches and observation of Mr Palmer, who went out as Mr Rothschild's collector. The work is illustrated with superb coloured plates by Keulemans, who painted so many birds for that valuable and comprehensive work by the late Lord Lilford, which with characteristic modesty he called 'Coloured Figures of British Birds'; but it is necessarily too costly for most bird-lovers. The Laysan group consists of a number of small islands, rocks, and reefs scattered about to the north-west of Hawaii. Henry Palmer was the first naturalist who explored these: he went to Laysan or Moller Island with permission from the Laysan Guano Company in Honolulu to collect on this island, which is the only one of the number inhabitable by land-birds. It is three miles long and two and a half broad, and is covered with a luxuriant growth of shrubs. In the centre is a lagoon about a mile long and half a mile in breadth, having five fathoms of water at its deepest part and a coral bottom.

Mr Rothschild's volumes had been preceded by a fine work by Mr Scott B. Wilson, a young Englishman who, assisted by Mr A. H. Evans, published his 'Aves Hawaiianenses.' Mr Wilson's collection of birds contained fourteen new species of Passeres. He went to Hawaii in 1887, publishing

the result of his labours in parts, the whole appearing in complete form in 1899 as a beautiful quarto. In 1892 Mr R. C. L. Perkins was sent out by the British Association and the Royal Society conjointly. His collections were deposited in the British Museum and in that of the Cambridge University. He was able to add one new species. Mr Henshaw's little book adds considerably to our knowledge of the habits of a most interesting avifauna. He tells us that, with the exception of a few species which are evidently comparatively recent comers from America, — such as the night-heron, moorhen, marsh-hawk, and the short-eared owl, — Hawaiian birds are quite unlike any others: that they fall naturally into a few groups of related species, and are so different from the birds of other lands that they are classified only with great difficulty. Dr Gadow, who studied their anatomy with valuable results, came to the conclusion that "the bulk of birds that are distinctively Hawaiian belong to a family called the Drepanididæ, which, with little doubt, are of American origin." These were the first bird inhabitants of the islands, and must, he says, have been there from a very early period. A second infusion of avian stocks occurred from the continent of Australia, of which several species of O-o are living examples. The O-o belongs to the family of Honey-suckers. There are four different species

of O-o. The finest is called *Moho nobilis*, and at one time, being spread through the lower as well as the middle belt of forest, it yielded the bright yellow feathers so much in demand for making the cloaks which were the insignia of rank of the Hawaiian chiefs. Each bird yielded about fifty yellow feathers from beneath the wings and tail. The great Kamehameha made it penal for the bird-catchers to destroy it when stripping it of its feathers. Each great chief would have about forty of these professional bird-catchers. But, as Mr Henshaw remarks, this law died out, together with the old race of chiefs and their methods of bird-snaring. The gun is now used; and whereas of old royalty only might use the O-o feathers, now wreaths—feather *leis*—are worn by any and all, and the *lei*-hunter has almost exterminated the beautiful *Moho nobilis*, which was a most active insect-destroyer—devouring beetles, flies, and coleopterous larvæ. And here it is not only women but men also who decorate themselves at feasts with the feather collar. This moho feeds much also on the nectar of flowers and the luscious banana. The calls of O-o sound loudly and continuously from the tops of the forest-trees, and especially when with their young; and the flirting of the bird's long tail and the opening of the wings in the love-making season display the yellow. So the beautiful creature falls an easy prey to

the gun. It breeds in the late spring and early summer, placing its nest in the tops of the highest ohias—a sweet and juicy native apple.

The dwarf Ō-o (*Moho braccatus*) is confined to the island of Kauai, that which was settled on years ago by an interesting Scottish family, having Mrs Sinclair at its head. Mrs Francis Sinclair, her daughter-in-law, has published a fine work on the flora of Hawaii. The dwarf moho feeds on the honey of the tree lobelia and the ohia, also on bananas—a diet supplemented, no doubt, by insects. It has a sweet song, having bell-like notes. Mr Rothschild noticed that these mohos have “a remarkable and somewhat musk-like scent, which is even perceptible in a box of skins”; but Mr Henshaw affirms that this is due only to their having been in the shipping-box or cabinet with skins of the Drepanine birds, whose well-known musky scent is exceedingly penetrating and lasting, as freshly killed specimens of the moho, or Ō-o, have no perceptible odour. The musky odour, it might be supposed, came from the diet of the birds; but as to this, our author states that whereas this odour is common to all the Drepanine family, yet the food of the several species differs much; and again, the scent is not present in birds not related to that family, yet who live on the same fare as the former. This odour, then, which is absent in all other island birds, indicates, he considers, a com-

mon ancestry for the Drepanids, and may yet furnish a clue to the original home from which they migrated to the Hawaiian Islands.

In writing above of the mohos, I do not allude to the member of the Rallidæ family which is commonly known as the “moho,” of whose range and habits little is now known, but which lived on the edge of the woods above Hilo forty years ago. “*Pennula millsii*,” Mr Henshaw calls this bird. The mongoose, which was introduced in order to exterminate rats in the cane-fields, has been considered to be the enemy of this species, as it is of the plump quail, also a recent importation. This bird was supposed to be wingless, but this was a mistake, although the wings became almost useless after the bird’s arrival in the islands, where it obtained its food solely from among the weeds and grasses. It had enemies before the mongoose arrived, in the form of domestic animals: the dog and cat have run wild from an early period here, the cat especially. This moho was practically extinct before the mongoose arrived. If it exists now at all, it is in a locality which it is almost impossible to explore.

The chief of the Drepanine birds was the famous mamo (*Drepanis pacifica*). It was called the sickle-billed creeper by Latham. The name *Drepanis* comes from the Greek for “sickle” or “reaping-hook,” that being the exact shape of the mamo’s beak. Whilst the

prized little yellow feathers of the O-o (*Moho nobilis*) were taken from under that bird's wings, the mamo has larger golden feathers on its back. The scarlet feathers, which were also used in the royal and high chiefs' mantles and helmets, were obtained from the Iwi (*Vestiaria coccinea*), — a song-bird with a bright scarlet mantle and black wings,—and also from the *Fringilla coccinea*. The Iwi is a lively little singer, and he loves to frequent beds of nasturtium in flower, also beds of canna. The nasturtium is cleverly punctured just above where the honey lies, otherwise even the bird's long bill would not reach it. The feather mantle of a king or high chief was buried with him, yet the cloak of Kamehameha I. is said to have taken nine generations to make. Mr Ellis, the early missionary of the South Seas, gave a pathetic account of the end of a brave young chief who died in his noble efforts to prevent the licentious abolition of all native *tabus*, and the rejection of their old religion, which took place some time before the first missionaries landed in Oahu. Some of the best of the old priests had gathered round him, and a number of chiefs, taking as their motto an ancient Hawaiian proverb, "A religious chief shall possess the kingdom, but irreligious chiefs shall always be poor." The Bible, which these people had of course never then seen, has a text curiously like it. The then queen-regent, Kaahumanu, who was at the

time breaking *tabu* in debauched revelry with her favourites, tried to subdue the little army of the better minded, and, by means of muskets and ammunition bought by the late king, she defeated them. So, as Ellis tells, the noble young leader being unable to stand from loss of blood, "sat on a fragment of lava, and twice loaded and fired his musket at the advancing foe. He now received a ball in the left breast, and, covering his face with his feather cloak, expired in the midst of his men."

The Hawaiian natives of the present day know very little about the birds; although their native names, which were mostly made from their peculiar notes, show that they must at one time have watched them more closely than they now do. Besides this, there is the fact that the birds are being always driven farther and farther away from the haunts of men, in the necessary quest of their food. In old days it was a part of the duty of priests to observe their motions and to listen to their notes, as they believed that through these were made known the will of the gods to man. Part of the people's taxes was paid, too, in bird feathers. Townsend, an American naturalist who visited the islands in 1835, describes Kauai, which is distinguished for the luxuriance of its flowers. Here is the lovely Hanalei valley with its beautiful river, where lemon, orange, and mango trees blossom and bear rich fruit, and passion-flowers, cacti, and mag-

nolias rise in the neighbourhood of such an abundance of maidenhair ferns that the girls weave their hats of the fine black wiry stems of these fronds. Townsend, writing from this island of flowers, says the birds "are principally creepers and honey-suckers, . . . feed chiefly upon flowers and the sweet juice of the banana, and some species are very abundant. The native boys here have adopted a singular mode of catching the honey-sucking birds. They lay themselves flat upon their backs on the ground, and cover their whole bodies with bushes, and the campanulate flowers of which the birds are in search. One of these flowers is then held by the lower portion of the tube between the fingers and the thumb; the little bird inserts his long curved bill to the base of the flower, when it is immediately seized by the fingers of the boy, and the little flutterer disappears beneath the mass of bushes. In this way dozens of beautiful birds are taken, and they are brought to us living and uninjured."

Poor birds! For the comparative few that are of value in the public museums and collections for the instruction of the people who can never see them in their native habitat, what thousands upon thousands must have perished from hunger and ill-treatment, and also because only the most perfect would be saved to be "set up"! It is not only the daughters of fashion who cry "Give! give!"

For the sake of the well-being of the beautiful forest trees, such as the koa and the ohia, it is important that the birds should be protected, especially those whose long bills can explore depths in the bark and trunks for hidden larvæ. The olive-green creeper is a little bird that is common in koa-woods above the great volcano, also in the koa and ohia forests along the Wailuku river. It creeps along the trunks and larger branches, gathering insect food from the mosses and lichen, and in the crevices in the bark. The larvæ of the destructive beetle form a large part of its food; the sharp straight bill makes its work easy. The liwi is also an insect-hunter when its favourite nectar is scarce; and it gorges itself on a small green worm which infests the koa-tree. The Palmeria, or crested honey-eater, also feeds on small green and brown caterpillars which abound on the koa and the ohia about midsummer. Its nectar is procured largely from the ohia-flowers. The koa is an acacia, but resembles mahogany and is used for furniture.

The Moho nobilis, already mentioned, which is threatened with destruction through the greed of feather-hunters, is also a great destroyer of beetles, flies, and the same larvæ. It places its nest, as I said, in the tops of tall ohias, a refreshing native apple-tree. A traveller writes of a forest of ohias stretching up the mountain-sides on the island of Maui, right up from the seaboard, the

trees from forty to fifty feet in height, covered with white and red fruit. He calls this "the largest apple-orchard in the world," and describes one vast grove of ohias literally red with fruit, the branches bowed down to the ground with it, and extending for miles. Birds of red, blue, green, yellow, and black plumage were feasting there and making the forest ring with their song. It is a very refreshing fruit, but cannot be kept more than four days when ripe, and has no staying properties, as food, like those of our own apple. The koa and ohia are perhaps the most important trees to the bird-life of the islands, affording the most food and shelter to the Passerine birds, of which there are sixty woodland species that are endemic and peculiar to the islands, being distinctively Hawaiian birds. In what is termed the Middle Forest Zone those two trees attain their greatest development. There are also many berry-bearing trees and shrubs, and the remarkable tree lobelias which provide nectar for the honey-sucking species.

The finest of the finches of Hawaii is the orange koa finch, which has its principal habitat in the koa forests, living on the beans of that tree and also on its lepidopterous larvæ. Another is a curious-looking bird called the parrot-billed koa finch, having a hooked and parrot-like bill well fitted for its work of tearing open the terminal dead twigs of the koa-tree, in which it finds its diet

of the larvæ of the longicorn beetles. The bird's stout legs and claws enable it to get a firm hold of the branches: less powerful mandibles would not be able to get at the hidden pest of the tree. Its young are fed on small caterpillars of the koa and the ohia. Mr Henshaw found this bird tame and even a bit inquisitive as to visitors, and he says that it was more easily watched than any other Hawaiian bird he knew. The koa and this particular finch are interdependent, and it is to be hoped that neither the ravages of wandering cattle will destroy the trees nor the greed of man exterminate the fine bird. The musk-like odour strongly marks the plumage of this member of the Drepanine family.

The short-eared owl must have been a native of these islands from time immemorial. One of the myths relating to this bird tells how there lived in Honolulu a man named Kapoi, who one day went to Kewalo to get thatching for his house. On the way back he found some owl's eggs, which he brought home, and, wrapping them in *ti* leaves, was about to roast them in hot ashes, when an owl perched on his fence and called, "Oh, Kapoi, give me my eggs." "How many eggs had you?" asked Kapoi. "Seven eggs." "Well," said the man, "I wish to roast them for my supper." "Oh, heartless Kapoi, why don't you take pity on me? Give me my eggs." Having got the eggs, the owl bade Kapoi build a

temple, to be called Manua, with an altar on which sacrifice should be set on certain days. As it had been forbidden that any one should build and dedicate a temple before the King of Oahu should have completed one that he was then erecting, Kapoi was seized and led to a certain temple to be put to death. The same day his guardian owl gathered all the owls from the neighbouring islands together beyond Diamond Head, the well-known point near Honolulu, and at daybreak on the day fixed for Kapoi's execution the owls came in a body, making the whole sky dark over Honolulu; and as the king's servants seized Kapoi the owls flew at them, pecking and scratching. A battle between the king's folk and the owls resulted in the conquest of the former by the birds. Kapoi was set at liberty, the king declaring that his deity must be a powerful one. And so the owl came to be one of the many gods of the Hawaiian people. The fact is that this bird harms no one; and is, indeed, a benefactor in many ways.

The Io (*Buteo solitarius*) is the only Hawaiian representative of the hawk family—the marsh hawk only occurring now and again—and the Io is confined to the one island of Hawaii, where it is becoming rarer each year, being shot owing to the mistaken idea that it takes chickens. Yet Mr Henshaw says that in dissecting more than thirty

adult hawks he found no traces of chicken, but as many as four mice in one bird's stomach, and remains of rats in many. Sometimes crops and stomachs were, he found, crammed with large spiders that had been introduced to the islands and had spread rapidly. No bird, this naturalist considers, more merits protection on account of the services he renders to the agriculturist. One of these hawks lately accompanied a vessel all the way to California, being most of the time perched on the yard-arms, whence it could survey the ocean for a circuit of miles, sallying out in search of food from time to time.

There is only one member of what Mr Henshaw terms the *surf-bird* family, and that is the turnstone (*Streptilas interpres*). This bird has a wide range during the cold season, extending over Asia, Australasia, Polynesia, South America, and the African region. The turnstones, occurring in great numbers in the Hawaiian Islands, breed in Alaska, putting in an appearance in the archipelago about the middle of August. They are shot and eaten here as plovers. Roosting at night on rocky points and small islands near the shore, they feed all day in the freshly ploughed cane-fields and pasture lands, destroying, like the plovers,—a few of the black-bellied species and the Pacific golden plover,—a small worm which eats the tender grass, as well as other hurtful

insects. Mr Howard Saunders mentions the turnstone that breeds in Alaska as being a different species from our own *Streptilas interpres*—namely, *S. melanocephalus*—but Mr Henshaw says it is *S. interpres*. The Pacific golden plovers (*Ch. dominicus*) have visited the Hawaiian Islands from very remote times, coming as soon as their young have been reared; leaving these islands in April and May, to return again about the middle of August. The birds, both old and young, are in very poor condition when they arrive; and small wonder, after their long flight of about 4000 miles! Many of the migrants are lost on the way; vessels often encounter small flocks which seem confused, and fly about the vessel uttering bewildered cries—many of them probably too young and weak for the journey. This plover—kolea as the natives call it—destroys the beetle of the cane-borer. Yet it is becoming scarcer each year, the excellent eating it provides being too great a temptation to the sportsmen, whose own numbers increase only too fast. The daily flights, necessary to quench thirst, from barren uplands to watering-places on the coast just above high-water mark, expose them to the gun, and great numbers are killed. They are deserving of better protection, being useful on the plantations. In self-preservation they assemble at nightfall and fly to some bare and inaccessible lava-flow where they are safe from their foes. The

floor of the crater of Kilauea used to be a refuge for thousands every night. Large migrating flocks have been sighted at various points between the islands and San Francisco, in spring always steering north, presumably making for the Alaskan tundras. A few bristle-thighed curlew (*Numenius tahitiensis*) come with the turnstones and plovers annually from Alaska, and some, it is thought, remain to nest—so at least the natives assert.

On the island of Oahu Knudsen's stilt was numerous until the last few years. The gunners have almost exterminated it, for wanton sport, since its flesh is of no value. A small fresh-water coot is common on all the islands, and the Hawaiian gallinule frequents the same reed- and sedge-surrounded pools. This gallinule has a prominent place in Hawaiian mythology. It is the bird that first stole fire from the gods and gave it to the natives, and its crimson frontal knob is said to be the spot where the sacred fire burned away the feathers. Unfortunately it has not learned to place its nest beyond reach of the mongoose, whereas the coot is wiser in that respect.

The black-crowned night-heron is numerous on Oahu, even near the city of Honolulu: the Portuguese kill and eat many of them, calling them fish-hawks, but the flesh is rank.

Of the terns that are said to visit these islands we need

only mention the *hawaiiensis*, which is found in colonies all along the coast of the island of Hawaii, nesting along the face of the cliffs wherever there are suitable sites. The *noio*, as the natives call it, acts as pilot to the fishermen, for its presence in numbers shows where the *noi*, a long minnow, is, and also the skipjack, which is so useful to them. This tern, like another tropical species—the noddy—only lays one egg, which is large in proportion to the size of the bird.

The Hawaiian goose (*Bernicla sandvicensis*) is now found almost exclusively on the one island of Hawaii, though it is said to have nested formerly in the crater of Haleakala (House of the Sun), on the island of Maui. Its haunts for the best part of the year are uplands of 5000 feet, and higher lava-flows, having only a slight growth of

ferns, mountain berries, ohelos, and other low shrubs, regions having no water excepting what the rain leaves behind. So long has this goose had its habitat in these weird surroundings that it now never enters water. The birds get very fat in summer when berries are plentiful. Tender grasses, especially a milky-juiced weed peculiar to the region, both the young and old birds like much. The Hawaiian goose is easily tamed—in fact, many of these geese have been brought to England, where they are said even to have reared young.

To those who would know more about the birds of Hawaii, about whom so little has, as yet, been written, we would heartily commend Mr H. W. Henshaw's little volume, lately published by T. G. Thrum of Honolulu.

J. A. OWEN.

A STATESMAN-ADVENTURER OF THE PACIFIC.

WITH the death of Shirley Waldemar Baker, which occurred in December last, there passed away the last and the most remarkable of the statesmen-adventurers of the Pacific Islands. We shall never see his like again, because, since throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific Ocean there is no independent government left, there can never more be an opening for such a career. Tonga, the last native state to preserve its independence, was the tiny stage on which he played his part, and but for his sinister influence upon her destiny, she would not now be a British Protectorate.

Of Baker's early life nothing certain is known. The accepted story is that he was born in England in the early 'Thirties; that he emigrated to Sydney as a boy, and there as assistant in a chemist's shop acquired a smattering of medicine which he was afterwards able to turn to account among the Tongans; and that he adopted the Wesleyan ministry, not, as his enemies assert, merely to provide himself with a livelihood, but, as will presently be shown, because he was passing through a phase of strong religious feeling. In 1862 he was sent to Tonga under the Wesleyan Mission, which had then been established in the group for 37 years.

It is difficult for those who only know the present generation of Tongans to realise the

enormous power and influence wielded by the missionaries of forty years ago. The fervour of the first converts to Christianity, which was at white heat in 1845, had not had time to cool in the early 'Sixties, and for the first time for seventy years all the scattered islanders had been welded by King George Tubou into one people under a strong and popular central government. A man of great force of character and common-sense, of strong patriotism and innate nobility, King George was the most remarkable Polynesian chief of whom we have any record. Had he been cast for a part in one of the world's dramas he could not have failed to take a place in history; as it was, his absolute authority rested upon the affections of his people, and he was the only Polynesian chief of his day who had no vices and left no debts behind him. He embraced Christianity with the whole-hearted simplicity of a child, and there can be no doubt that his piety was genuine to the last day of his life. The missionaries had opened a new world for him—a world of arts and inventions, that attracted him the more that he could not at his advanced age hope to master the simplest of them. Alone among his people he knew the futile littleness of his country, but with his humility went the resolve to concentrate all his powers upon preserving her independence. The mission-

aries had taught him to read and write when past fifty, and for this humble accomplishment, as well as for their translation of the Bible, he gave them all the gratitude and confidence that was in him.

Commodore Erskine has left us a picture of the Wesleyan missionary as he was three years before Baker's arrival in Tonga :—

"The gentlemen of this mission do not compare favourably with those of the London Society in Samoa. A more dictatorial spirit towards the chiefs and people seemed to show itself, and one of the missionaries in my presence sharply reprov'd Vuke, a man of high rank in his own country, for presuming to speak to him in a standing posture. . . . They seemed also to live much more apart from the natives than in Samoa."

This was the school in which young Baker graduated: to find himself temporal as well as spiritual adviser to his flock was a sore temptation to any young man, and to a person of his slender education and appetite for intrigue it was bound to prove irresistible. The inflation of the annual collections, which was a sure way of winning the approbation of his superiors, sufficed him during the first few years of his ministry. His predecessors had worked most skilfully upon the Tongan passion for emulation and display. On the appointed day four or five large wash-hand basins were set on tables in the church facing the congregation: the village notables who presided over each basin were in keen rivalry, having been engaged for weeks in

beating up contributors to swell their receipts, and so prove their superior popularity. The contributors, advancing in procession, flung their contributions noisily into the basins, and, intoxicated by the applauding shouts of the congregation, would indulge in extravagant antics, such as tearing off their garments and flinging them in with the coins. An island was thus swept clean of all its currency; but, as profusion was limited by the amount of coinage in local circulation, and the mission returned the money to the traders in exchange for bankers' drafts, the people were little the worse. Baker was quick to see that this system might be profitably extended if the currency in the island could be made to do double duty. The natives being eager to give all they possessed in exchange for this ephemeral triumph, would not hesitate to stake their future crop of copra, if a way could be found of converting this into cash. He arranged with the local agent of the great German firm of Godefroy & Co. that as fast as the money was received in the church it should be passed out to the traders, who reissued it to natives at the church-door in exchange for notes of hand, to be redeemed by the cocoanut crop growing on the trees. By this means the German firm, and not the mission, was made the creditor, and the scandal of a mission haling its congregation to court for debt was avoided; and while the mission nearly doubled its receipts, and was able to transmit large sums

to the Conference in Sydney to be spent out of Tonga, the German firm got most of the copra that would otherwise have been sold to English traders.

In 1878 there was a bad season, and many natives, unable to meet their notes of hand, were sold up under distress warrants obtained by the German firm. The English traders complained to Mr Maudslay, who had just been appointed British Vice-consul, and Sir Arthur Gordon (now Lord Stanmore) invited the Wesleyan Conference in Sydney to hold an inquiry. In the face of the evidence collected by Mr Maudslay the Conference could scarcely refuse, and in 1879 two ministers were sent from Sydney to hold an inquiry upon the spot. Besides the abuses already described, the charges included interference in politics, and the secret negotiations of a treaty with Germany which placed England at a disadvantage. Baker defended his case in person with considerable finesse and ingenuity, but the charges were proved, and the mission ordered him to leave Tonga for Tonga's good.

To explain the grounds for the two last charges it is necessary to go back a little. The keynote of King George's policy was to preserve his independence. The cession of his nearest neighbour, Fiji, to England had been a great shock to him. Wise enough to see that most of the island states would still be independent if they had not sold land to Europeans, he

made the sale of land by Tongans a felony, and refused to recognise any tenure but that of leasehold. Unfortunately, he was persuaded that a form of government on the English plan, as understood by the missionaries, would be an additional security, and in 1875, after much hesitation, he put his name to as foolish and bombastic a document as is to be found in any statute-book. Beginning with the American Declaration of Rights, and maundering on for 121 lengthy clauses, the Constitution shore clear through the foundations of the Tongan social order. It freed the peasants from respect for their chiefs, robbed the chiefs of their livelihood and authority, and, taking even from the king the reins of government, gave them into the hands of whatever adventurer happened to be pulling the strings at the moment. It provided ministers who never went to their offices; courts of appeal that did not sit; judges who knew no law; an army that did not exist; and a sham elected House of Commons, which was to meet triennially only to indorse all the laws that had been passed during the recess by the Privy Council, which consisted of Mr Baker and the king. But the *Komisitune*, colossal fraud though it was, became thenceforth the fetish of the Tongan people. Few of them knew what it was; but it had been introduced by the missionaries, and was intimately connected, they believed, with its outlandish

name-fellow *Konisienisi* (Conscience). It was something to take one's stand upon and to be invoked on solemn occasions, and in some mysterious way it elevated the country to the level of one of the Great Powers. Baker was aware that a High Commissioner armed with power to deport turbulent British subjects—a power that he had lately exercised in the case of Hunt of Samoa—was an awkward neighbour for him, especially at a time when British subjects in Tonga were forwarding complaints against him by every mail; and with the courage which was a redeeming trait in his character, he determined to fight this potential enemy instead of attempting to conciliate him. The Tongans wanted recognition by one of the Great Powers. There was one Power which did not covet the islands, and which would be an admirable set-off to British interference. Having skilfully manured the ground by articles in his native newspaper the 'Booboi,' hinting at an imminent seizure of the group by England, he entered into secret correspondence with the German Consul-General in Samoa, urging him to propose to the king a treaty of commerce with the German Emperor. Herr Weber was cautious; his Government had not at that time conceived the dream of a colonial empire; perhaps he feared to make his country ridiculous. He stipulated for some inducement—nothing less than a coaling-station in Vavau, one of the

finest harbours in the Pacific. How Baker persuaded the king to agree to a concession so suicidal and so opposed to his policy will never be known. The king himself told the writer that it was explained to him as a terminable lease, and not as an alienation of territory; and as Baker was translator as well as interpreter on the German warship *Hertha* when the treaty was signed, this was probably the case. It was the concession of this coaling-station which caused Tonga to be thrown as a make-weight into the Samoa Convention of 1899, and ultimately converted it into a British protectorate.

Baker's reply to the charge of interfering in politics was that he had never exceeded the mission instruction, only to give advice when asked for; but as he edited a political newspaper, had drafted the Constitution and the Penal Code, and had negotiated a treaty with Germany, the Wesleyan Commissioners could scarcely do less than recommend his recall. One of his sermons preached in Tonga during the sitting of the Commission gives the key to his influence over the natives.

"I am not the least pained about these charges, for I am sure that I am innocent. Therefore I tell you, the chiefs and elders of the church, if there are some among you who will take my part and help me at the inquiry, it will be well. If you leave me to die for Tonga I will do so, for I love Tonga. If you leave me as a sacrifice for Tubou and Tonga I will not shirk it, for my love for Tonga is earnest. If I go away, and there is any discussion

about Tonga in Sydney, I shall rush to it and take part in it, that Tubou and Tonga may escape. I tell you, chiefs, be on your guard, for we foreigners are a land-loving people. Oh that I could live always at the door of Tubou's house to defend him in his need, for perhaps Tonga may be lost like Fiji! Here is a newspaper printed in Fiji; these are its words: 'A short time is left, and Britain will possess Tonga.'

It is not quite certain whether he would have defied the order for his removal to a circuit in Australia but for a strong popular movement which he had himself vainly endeavoured to suppress. Instigated thereto by the traders, the natives were complaining bitterly of the large portion of their contributions which were annually sent out of the country. Here was a weapon ready to his hand. If the king could be persuaded to secede from the Sydney Conference and set up a Church of his own, he could become its President and defy the Conference. While this scheme was in train there occurred an event which opened up a still more fascinating prospect. Tevita Unga, the king's eldest son and nominal Prime Minister, died suddenly in Auckland while Baker was acting as his cicerone. Baker persuaded the captain of a German man-of-war, which happened to be in harbour at the time, to carry the body back to Tonga. Deeply touched by the mark of honour, the king offered Baker the vacant office in perpetuity at a salary of £600 a-year, with leave to reside out of the kingdom whenever he wished. This remark-

able document, in Baker's handwriting, is still extant. His mind was at once made up. Launching at the Conference an ultimatum which he knew could not be accepted, and without waiting for a reply, he set up the Free Church of Tonga. The king threw himself into the movement. With a few important exceptions the chiefs and the native ministers, who were tempted by higher salaries, went over in a body; one of the English missionaries, the Rev. J. B. Watkin, consented to become President, and the thing was done. The Wesleyan constitution and ritual were unaltered; and if the Free Church had not stained its record by persecution, it would, like all truly national movements, have been entitled to sympathy and respect. Unfortunately a considerable minority refused to change, and the Sydney Conference was placed in a difficulty. It would have been happier for Tonga had it decided to withdraw; but it felt that it owed a duty to those who had remained staunch to it. It did not believe the new Church would last, and it determined to resist. It had some initial success. A claim laid to the church sites as being vested in British subjects was upheld by the Consular Court. In his eagerness to stamp out the opposition before it had time to grow, Baker resorted to acts of petty tyranny. Laws were passed making it a penal offence to preach to a congregation of less than six; to leave church lands unweeded; to refuse to

take an oath of allegiance so worded that no Wesleyan could take it. In a few months most of the Wesleyan ministers were in jail, either for "high treason" or because they could not pay the enormous accumulation of fines they had incurred. In some districts men and women were thrashed and imprisoned without any form of law. There were ludicrous incidents in these persecutions. Jione Fifita, a native Boanerges, described to the High Commissioner how he was torn from the pulpit in the middle of his sermon. "I was preaching; they dragged me down the pulpit steps by my beard: I went on preaching. Then they flung me headlong out of the door: I went on preaching. Then they stamped upon me with both feet: I went on preaching." The Wesleyan missionaries were not quite happy in their methods of defence. Instead of allowing their adherents to show their loyalty to the king, they tackled Baker in the native law-courts, and tried to fight him with his own pettifogging weapons, forgetting that an enemy who could throw off half a dozen Acts of Parliament before breakfast would care little for an illegality which he could make legal by a stroke of the pen. Besides losing dignity themselves by these ignoble tactics, they caused their followers to be regarded as litigious, disloyal, and anti-national.

Baker now made the mistake of his life. Secure in the confidence of the king, he thought himself free to dispense with

the friendship of the chiefs. Little by little he had edged them out of a share in the government, either taking the vacant offices himself or filling them by inferior chiefs whom he could trust to obey him blindly for the sake of their salaries. He seems always to have preferred to bind men to himself by self-interest, or to treat them as open enemies rather than to conciliate them. His instinctive distrust for friends was such that throughout the whole of his career he never had a confidant. As long as the king lived he could afford to disregard the secret resentment of the chiefs, who dared do nothing in opposition to their dreaded sovereign; and the king, as his powers began to fail, became more inaccessible to his subjects and more obstinately dependent upon his minister. In 1886 Baker was in the zenith of his power, and Tonga was not a pleasant place to live in. He had organised a network of spies; a tenth of the law-abiding population was in jail, either for religious offences or for slandering the Premier, a crime which was punished with penal servitude. Such revenue as could be collected was spent in show—in public buildings on the sea-front; in apparatus for a sham government college, where little was taught except algebra and shorthand; in flags and uniforms and artillery for the standing army of thirty men. Since Baker had never learned book-keeping, and could not be in two places at once if he had, the accounts were in an ap-

palling state of confusion. To save the funds from speculation by the Treasury clerks, Baker sent as much as he could lay his hands upon to a bank in Auckland, and drew cheques upon it to meet the most pressing foreign creditors, but the salaries were many months in arrear. The police magistrates used to come to him for their decisions, for no one could follow the constant changes in laws which were never properly promulgated. He was frequently absent in Auckland, travelling at the public expense, and as nothing could be done in his absence, he found these journeys convenient for avoiding awkward situations, which had time to settle themselves before his return. When at home he lived in considerable comfort with his family, but was not very accessible. Exceedingly plausible and affable to influential visitors, he had an antechamber for persons of less importance, who had to wait until "His Excellency" could see them. His visiting-cards were inscribed, "The Honourable and Reverend Shirley Waldemar Baker," and he always affected clerical dress. In person he was florid and prosperous, but his features were marred by a look of self-indulgence. He had never been able to correct faults of education in his speech and correspondence, and, strangely enough, with his intimate knowledge of the native character and his fluency in speaking Tongan, he could never write the language with elegance or correctness.

In 1886 the storm burst. Four convicts escaped to the bush, and the whole of the militia was turned out to capture them. The search was half-hearted, for they had influential friends, and one evening they returned secretly to Nukualofa, and lay in wait for Baker as he was driving home from his office with his son and daughter. A shot was fired: the son was wounded, and the daughter, falling from the buggy, sustained injuries, but the father was unhurt. Baker seemed entirely to have lost his head. Not only the four miscreants, but a number of innocent persons, were indicted for high treason and sentenced to death, Baker himself prosecuting in person. Four were executed, and but for the timely intervention of the Europeans, more would have been sacrificed. But his mercantile instinct did not desert him. Suddenly discovering that he was a British subject, he claimed consular protection, and so frightened the king with threats of British intervention that he was given a large sum as a solatium, and perpetual pensions for his son and daughter. With his large family he now removed to the king's palace for security, and lived there until his expulsion, leaving his royal host two humbly furnished rooms at the back of the house. The High Commissioner, Sir Charles Mitchell, now held an inquiry, and investigated the wild charges of complicity which Baker had made against the Vice-consul and other British subjects.

He found ample grounds for deporting Baker under the Western Pacific Order in Council, but fearing that anarchy might result from the removal of all the principal officers of state in a single person, he chose the lesser of two evils and allowed him to remain. He had scarcely left the group when two vessels arrived in Fiji loaded with destitute Wesleyans. To Baker's nervous imagination every Wesleyan was a potential assassin, and, in the king's name, he had clapped them all on board ship. For nearly three years these people were living at the charge of the Fijian Government, and, in 1890, the position being intolerable, Sir John Thurston visited Tonga to insist upon their return. Baker, while making profuse promises, soon showed that he did not intend to allow any open discussion with the king. But in Thurston, who knew the Pacific better than any man living, he had met his match. To do Baker justice, his opposition to the return of the exiles, whose welcome would be turned into a demonstration against himself, was justified by an instinct of self-preservation. In his final interview with Sir John he was goaded into open defiance. That night a deputation of the highest chiefs came off to the ship and urged the removal of Baker, if only for the safety of the king, whose life they affirmed to be in danger. Sir John hesitated no more. Marines were landed to guard the palace, and an

order prohibiting Baker from residing in Tonga for two years was served upon him. He spent the night in destroying papers, and sailed for Auckland in the morning. In his person there left the shores of Tonga the Prime Minister, Minister for Foreign Affairs, President of the Court of Appeal, Auditor-General, Minister of Lands, Judge of the Land Court, Minister of Education, Agent-General, and Medical Attendant to the King. To this list might be added the Cabinet, Privy Council, and both Houses of Parliament, because for several years all legislation had been enacted by "Order in Council," the quorum being the king, who was very deaf and knew no English, and his Premier, who kept the minutes.

After the period of public rejoicing was over, and the exiles had returned, the Tongans set to work to govern themselves. With a little help they paid their debts, swept away Baker's code, and simplified their administration; and before the prohibition order had expired, a native ministry was so firmly in the saddle that Baker's last hope of re-establishing himself was at an end. His old patron, moreover, had been succeeded by a great-grandson, between whom and the ex-premier there was no love lost. Nevertheless he came back, for he had not prospered in exile. At one time master of sufficient capital to qualify for a directorship in the Bank of New Zealand, he seems to have made a number of unfortunate

investments, and for some months he had been living in Auckland in straitened circumstances. His first act was to offer himself for election to the Presidency of the Free Church, but this was too much even for the native ministers, who owed so much to him, and they returned a courteous intimation that the office happened to be filled. His next letter showed a return to his earlier manner. Since they had so far forgotten what they owed him, he wrote, let them beware! the consequences would be on their own heads. For the time he settled down in a native hut in Haapai ostensibly to practise medicine, but really to prepare for his last great stroke. He had long known the existence among the Tongans of a secret feeling that they had not even now got the best thing in Churches, since Queen Victoria was not a Wesleyan; and having while in exile made the acquaintance of the Bishop of Dunedin, he succeeded in obtaining a licence as a lay-reader. Tonga, however, happened to be nominally in the diocese of the Bishop of Honolulu, and before opening this new campaign he made a strenuous appeal for ordination. To this the Bishop not unnaturally demurred, and as Baker would take no part in any Church of which he was not the undisputed head, he determined to work without the Bishop. Late in 1899 he proclaimed the *Jiaji a Vika* (Church of Victoria), subse-

quently amended, on the representations of the Vice-consul, to the *Jiaji a Bilitania* (Church of England). The first services were held in an outhouse, Baker reading the liturgy in full canonicals. Though bitterly opposed by the Government, the Free Church, and the Wesleyans, the new Church at once began to make headway, and at the first collection, conducted, of course, in the only way that Baker understood, £200 were realised. It is needless to add that there were no churchwardens, and that the minister was the only treasurer. All went well until it came to church-building. One of the congregation provided the site, but as fast as the material was brought to it, policemen, acting under the orders of the Cabinet, threw it out into the roadway. Thus was Baker made to know what persecution meant. Following close upon this incident came a legal difficulty. Baker had been solemnising marriages, which none but recognised ministers are legally qualified to do. One of these couples, anxious to be reassured as to the legality of its union, sought the opinion of the Vice-consul, and Baker, called upon for his proof of ordination, could produce nothing but his lay-reader's licence. Upon this Bishop Willis himself swooped down to take charge of the infant Church, and the game, as far as Baker was concerned, was up. Much aged and broken, he spent the last months that remained to him in poverty and obscurity.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE LOST INFLUENCE AND DIGNITY OF THE DAILY PRESS—THE SPEECHES
OF AN EMPEROR—THE PSALMS OF DAVID IN DAILY LIFE.

IT cannot be denied that the career of Mr Stead has a pathological interest. The future historian and man of affairs, no doubt, will pass him by with a shrug of contempt, but the student of character will find in his performances the material of a curious inquiry. Time was when he took a lofty view of his calling, and believed that from the security of an editor's chair he might move the world. "Government by journalism" had a fine ambitious ring, and with the hopeful pride which has never deserted him, Mr Stead saw himself the equal of monarchs, the trusted colleague of the Pope himself. In these brave days he was not merely ready to impose his policy upon the Cabinets of Europe; he took under his frosty care the private morals of all those who dared to serve the Empire. An ingenious mixture of Paul Pry and a Sunday-school teacher, he held his ear at every keyhole; wherever a blind was carelessly drawn he fixed his eye; and if sight and hearing failed him, he was content with murmured gossip. His policy was not wholly successful, and at last he has been forced to moderate his ambition. No longer aspiring to shake thrones, he will now be content if he

may rival a famous soap, and "make home happy." His newspaper, in fact, is a simple medley of snippets, which shall amuse the young; and the good man has indeed revised his ideal, when he thinks it enough to fill the centre of his paper with John Gilpin. But let it not be supposed that Mr Stead in changing his plan has moderated his arrogance. He is of those who can never plainly achieve a plain object, and although there is nothing in what he is pleased to call 'The Daily Paper' which you may not match in other trivial prints, he commends it to your notice with an absurd flourish of trumpets. Now, he who subscribes to a common journal expects to discover therein the news which will appease his curiosity, together with such opinions as he may fearlessly adopt for his own. But Mr Stead's vaulting ambition is not satisfied with a simple bargain. If you subscribe to his "organ" you will receive, besides your news-sheet, a brace of magazines, a picture-gallery for your "home," and the use of a club. It sounds alluring; but if you want a pair of boots it is a poor compensation for a broken sole if you get, free of charge, two hats and a

ticket for Exeter Hall. In other words, Mr Stead's make-weights are of small effect; and if his paper puts sentiment in the place of news, and gossip in the place of sound comment, the use of a local centre as a subscribers' club will not afford much solace.

However, 'The Daily Paper' was properly inaugurated with a display of fireworks on Hampstead Heath. The ceremony was spoilt, like the Eglington Tournament, by a fall of rain; yet we need not regret the "slight drizzle," for nothing could symbolise Mr Stead's undertaking more accurately than a damp firework. Nevertheless, as we read Mr Stead's prospectus we cannot but admire his sanguine temper. Though he has exchanged the throne of government for the jester's tub, though the paper's motto, flashed upon the town in what its editor calls a "pyrotechnic device," is "Our true intent is all for your delight," Mr Stead has not wholly abandoned his ancient ambitions, and he will express his soul in what he modestly calls a "romance of the world's life." In other words, he has devised a mighty serial, half romance half realism, inspired now by Spenser, now by Zola, in which the 'Faery Queen' will be combined with the Rougon-Macquarts to produce the great novel of the twentieth century. A work, thus grandiose, is obviously beyond the scope of one man or one profession; but the stout

heart of Mr Stead is not dismayed. He is determined to create not only a new romance but a new craft, and as he shakes his wand the Journalist-Novelist or the Novelist-Journalist will spring into being. Nor is this all. As Lord Acton believed that history should be written not by a man but a school, so Mr Stead will not be satisfied until he has gathered about him a trusty band of Journalist-Novelists or Novelist-Journalists. The result will be as exciting as the shilling shocker, and at the same time indispensable to statesmen, "because of the tips of private information which it will contain." There speaks the true Mr Stead, the ingenious Paul Pry that we knew of old, who discovered more secrets, which did not concern him, than any man of his generation. As to the "privacy" of his tips we have no doubt; but the gentleman's previous record does not inspire confidence as to their accuracy. But there is no immediate cause for alarm. "The Journalist-Novelist," says Mr Stead in a monumental phrase, "is not yet created," and with good luck the creation of this ingenious hybrid may baffle even the friend of Julia, the true begetter of the "British Officer." In the meantime Mr Stead, always a supreme master of bathos, will delight his readers with Dumas' 'Black Tulip,' which has been chosen as a substitute for Spenser and Zola, chiefly because its scene opens at The

Hague, where now sits the tribunal of which Dumas never dreamed. No more pompous or grotesque pronouncement has ever been made. But we need not regret Mr Stead's complete lack of humour; for, if he himself lacks all sense of the ridiculous, his very gravity is a source of amusement to others, and therefore it has not been cultivated in vain through many assiduous years.

The more serious a man's profession the less seriously need we take him, and Mr Stead's new venture is but an episode in the history of journalism. After all, his aim, like the aim of all his colleagues, is to make money, no more and no less. But as an episode it is not without interest, since it is another clear proof of the triviality which has overtaken our newspapers. There was a time when journals were conducted with the set purpose of inculcating certain definite views—when they were governed by responsible editors, who thought it a point of honour to advocate none but their own opinions. If the editor should chance to differ with his proprietor, he instantly resigned, and he held a place in the economy of state which was honourable and honourably understood. To-day another, and a worse, practice prevails. A paper may change all but its editor in a day. It may be put to bed one night full of a virtuous rage against Mr Joseph Chamberlain and all his works, and wake up the next morning quick with zeal for Tariff Reform. The conse-

quence is that the Press is fast losing its influence, while by a strange perversity it hourly increases its pride and profit. The modern leader, though it no longer possesses the authority of former days, retains the ancient style, and attempts in vain to persuade its readers that it is inspired from on high. It is not strange, therefore, that the editor is dead, or may be found only in rare corners of Fleet Street. Indeed, we can call to mind no more than two newspapers, one of which lies on our breakfast tables while the other shines upon us in the afternoon, that may be said to be edited at all. But the fact that the Press has changed its purpose and its habits is no bar to its prosperity. We are continually told that we live in the golden age of journalism. The journalist has usurped something of the romance which once hung furtively about the curate: enthusiastic ladies work slippers for him; schools are established for his education; and it seems as though he would become the spoilt darling of modern times. But while he is thus rich and fortunate, he has pitifully descended, as we have said, from the high estate which once was his. To give his craft the same name as is appropriate to the profession of John Delane is to misuse the English tongue. He is more deeply interested in the mere accidents of life than in public affairs, and a sensational murder is more to his mind than a change of Government, for the excellent reason that it attracts a larger number

of readers. The change is not wholly bad: an unauthorised attempt to interfere with the government of the country was a constant danger when John Delane was king; but the modern craving for excitement at all costs is not without its inconvenience, and the enterprising prints, which sedulously deplore the present decay of nerves, would best prove their sincerity by the suppression of themselves.

The ancient journalist, then, believed that he failed if he did not influence the opinion of his countrymen; the modern journalist is abundantly satisfied if he makes a fortune, to which end he will gladly subordinate the policy of his country. Success for him means to jump with the cat. He must follow, not lead, his public; and as his public desires before all things to be amused, he must fill his print with strange snippets and vain excitements. For the modern reader is possessed by what Robert Burton called "an itching humour, or a kind of longing to see that which is not to be seen, to know that secret which should not be known, to eat of the forbidden fruit"; and the newspapers neglect nothing to gratify his desire. But the greed of the public must be gratified as well as its curiosity, and it is most easily attracted to those papers which offer it insurance policies, free quarters, or life annuities. Indeed, there is a sort of weekly journal which depends for its success wholly upon competitions. These strange collections

of gossip do not appeal to their readers on their merits. An ingenious puzzle, whose solution is rewarded by a handsome sum, is more potent to attract subscribers than the loftiest eloquence or the most exquisite poetry. The gambling spirit is peculiarly strong in a country in which lotteries are forbidden, and maybe these popular periodicals provide an outlet denied by the Government. But the competitions which to-day engross the leisure of thousands are little better than imbecile. We are constantly told that the national energy is sapped by the idle contemplation of football matches, but there can be no doubt that the solution of foolish puzzles is a far greater evil than football. Our citizens, who are compelled by Act of Parliament to read and write, employ the education forced upon them by the State in the vain endeavour to procure money which they have not reasonably earned. The effect of the practice upon the papers that encourage it can only be disastrous. What does it profit the editor to fill his columns with sound sense, when his readers prefer conundrums to literature, and the hope of a share in £1000 to the best of fiction? The situation is not flattering to our national vanity, since it is eternally true that every age is rewarded by the Press which it best deserves.

Of the competitions it may be said that while all are bad, some are less odious than others. The device of the late 'Ency-

clopædia Britannica,' for instance, injured no others than those who were its willing victims. But when the greed of editors induces them to hide money in public places, it is time that the Law interfered. The circulation of this paper or of that is not of the slightest importance; it is of the utmost importance that peaceful citizens should be able to go about their business, and to enter their houses, without molestation, which is at present impossible. An army of police is forced, at the public expense, to keep order wherever a clue attracts the greedy hunter; and in every quarter of the town, by sunshine or torchlight, eager men and women are scratching the soil, paddling in the mud, assaulting even the paving-stones, that they may uncover a tin disc. No garden is safe from the marauder, and as there is honour among thieves, so there is a kind of solidarity among the adventurers who seek for hidden treasure. One stalwart citizen there was who boldly arrested an intruder in the very act of tearing up a flower-bed; but the intruder's rivals, bent on the same foolish quest as himself, instantly rescued him, and thus set at defiance both justice and decent behaviour. The Mayor of Luton, whose wisdom and courage deserve recognition, has sent a protest to the proprietors of an offending paper, and complained with bitterness that they had made it impossible to keep order in his town; but it is unlikely that he will get redress, and if there be not a change in the

law, we shall presently all be at the mercy of a mob of greedy looters. How these practices differ from a lottery, either in their purpose or result, it would baffle the most cunning casuist to decide. They require no skill—they demand only misguided patience; and in the end even patience itself surrenders to a lucky fluke. We would far rather the man waste his substance in putting money upon horses, which after all merely ruins himself, than fritter his time in scratching the highway for hidden gold which does not belong to him, and which only serves as an illegitimate advertisement for a penny paper. Indeed, we have travelled far from the old dignity of the Press, such as it was. Once upon a time a newspaper editor might shake a Government; Delane wrung an apology from Lord Palmerston himself. To-day the director of a journal may change his views as easily as he changes his hat, and all is well so long as the Puzzle editor—the real king of what Mr Stead might call the New Journalism—is able to contrive a new sensation.

But journalism to-day is universal, — like pale Death, which the poet sang, *equū pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres*. The German Emperor, for instance, the most modern of monarchs, is free of the guild: for if he be a king among journalists, he is still a journalist among kings. His "Speeches," which have been recently translated by Dr El-

kind,¹ are a fine example of the new spirit. They were made, these speeches, to serve a momentary purpose; and the editor has done his Emperor a disservice in rescuing them from the journals in which they should have been decently entombed. Nor is their editor more discreet in comment than in design. Nothing, for instance, could be more misleading than the chapter which he entitles "The Emperor and England." He admits that there has long existed a violent animosity between Germany and Great Britain. But he attributes it entirely to what he calls the "tactless behaviour of the English Press in 1892." Now, in the first place, the ill-feeling which has existed during the past few years in England and Germany has no more to do with the year 1892 than with the Press. On our side, at any rate, the anger is far too deep to be either inspired or checked by the editors of journals. The affront of the telegram gratuitously sent to Mr Kruger in 1896 might readily have been overlooked. We had at that time enough sympathy with the German Emperor to recognise his spirit of independence; and we knew that his indiscretion had united our country at a difficult moment. Again, when the Emperor William was present at the funeral of our Queen, we welcomed him with a tempered enthusiasm. But what we have not for-

gotten, and shall never forget, is the ordered insult which the whole of Germany poured forth upon our conduct of the African war. The editor of the German Emperor's speeches is prudent enough to say no word of this insolence. He is carefully silent concerning the famous Press Bureau, which covered Germany with false news and infamous comment. He wisely omits any reference to the invented charges of cruelty and barbarity which were brought against our soldiers throughout the length and breadth of Germany, and by this omission he proves himself either unable or unwilling to understand the feeling of anger which has divided us. We are at least as jealous as Germany herself of our national justice, our national honour. And the ground of our quarrel with Germany is simplicity itself. We resented with perfect propriety the campaign of falsehood organised against us, and this too prudent editor would have been wiser to withhold all comment than to explain the German hostility and our justified anger by the "tactless Press" of 1892. But he is a courtier, and from beginning to end of his book has avoided the unpleasant truth.

An emperor, more than the highest of his subjects, should reveal himself in his speeches. Being supreme, he need conciliate no prejudice, he need flatter no vanity. His lofty

¹ The German Emperor's Speeches : Being a Selection from the Speeches, Edicts, Letters, and Telegrams of the Emperor William II. Translated by Louis Elkind, M.D. London : Longmans, Green, & Co.

station, in fact, gives him the right to be himself,—to cultivate that noblest of the virtues, perfect sincerity; and we may take it that William II. has said in his speeches precisely what he means. If this be true, then the Emperor displayed in Dr Elkind's translation lacks not a few of the genuinely imperial qualities. There are certain traits in his character which we cannot but admire: his restless curiosity, his untiring energy, his determination to see all things for himself, and to make his own opinions,—these must fill the casual reader with wonder. But in his utterances you will vainly seek the simplicity of thought or the assured grandeur which takes success for granted. In other words, the Emperor protests too loudly. He carries his arrogance beyond truth, even beyond dignity. The first man in a vast country need not stoop to egoism, and William II., in insisting too violently upon his own personality, proves but too plainly that he lacks the sense of humour. "We belong to one another, I and the Army"—this was one of his earliest pronouncements, and it does not inspire a profound faith in his wisdom. Again, no one doubts the courage of the German Emperor or of his subjects, and when he declares that he "would rather sacrifice his eighteen army corps and his forty-two millions of inhabitants on the field of battle than surrender a stone of what his father and Prince Frederick Charles gained," you feel that he is stating the obvious

with an unnecessary violence. A serene temper best becomes a great ruler, a temper which is magnanimously conscious even of its own impregnability; yet the Emperor William is so little serene, that when he appeals to the Deity, as is his constant habit, he claims the Deity as an exclusive patron of the Hohenzollerns.

But in nothing does he resemble the journalist so closely as in the versatility of his mind. As the journalist must be prepared at a moment's notice to express his opinion on politics or art, literature or philosophy, so William II. has a phrase ready for any emergency. It is not surprising, therefore, that he makes many blunders, and sometimes forgets the limits of his power. The courtiers of King Canute believed that their king could control the incoming tide; and it is evident that there are many Germans who have a child-like faith in their Emperor's infallibility. In an astounding speech made five years since in the Royal Opera House William II. explained that "the Royal Theatre should be an instrument in the hands of the monarch, just as much as the school and the university." In brief, said he, with characteristic egoism, "the theatre is one of the tools with which I work." Such an interference, even on the part of the wisest monarch that ever lived, would be the death-blow of the drama, and the only comfort which Germany can take in her sovereign's omniscience is to shrug the shoulder with an

amused forbearance. The art of sculpture fares no better than the drama at the Emperor's hands. He would inculcate his views concerning a craft, of which he is a mere amateur, with all the authority of the throne. He sets his face resolutely against "the so-called modern tendencies and movements." He asserts magniloquently that "art which exceeds the laws and limits which I have indicated is no longer an art, but mere mechanical skill, mere craftsmen's work, and that art must never become." And he goes further than this. He believes that the work which he commissions is his own. When he finished his famous Siegesallee, he congratulated himself on the fact that he had succeeded in gathering together a staff, "with the help of which I could undertake this task." Now, be it noted that it was "I" who undertook the task, not the sculptors; and it is not surprising that the Emperor proceeds to make the most ambitious comparison. "In this respect," says he, "we might draw a parallel with the great artistic performances of the Middle Ages and the Italians, inasmuch as the sovereign and art-loving prince who gave the commission to the artists also found the masters, to whom a number of young men attached themselves, so that a definite school thereby grew up, and enabled them to perform excellent work." But the greatest of Popes did not "undertake" the works of Michelangelo, and Velasquez would still have painted his masterpieces even had there

been no Philip IV. upon the throne of Spain.

William II., however, is not content to be a patron; he must needs prove himself an artist too, and in accord with this ambition he has painted pictures, composed music, and preached sermons. He has also tried his hand at literary criticism, and an unkind Frenchman has confessed that the imperial "admiration was for Ohnet." As King Canute wet his feet, so William II. has injured his reputation for intelligence, since it is as difficult for him to assume a knowledge which he does not possess as to stay the inevitable encroachment of the sea. In truth, we cannot but pity the spectacle of one who, born to be an artist in government, dissipates his energies in the thankless pursuit of dilettanteism. At any rate, no monarch, not even the great Frederick, has suffered more from this discursive vice than William II., whose speeches for that very reason lack the ring of authenticity. They give you the impression that he who made them is speaking without sincere knowledge or observation. Contrast a certain speech on education made by the Emperor out of the fulness of his own experience with his disquisitions upon the arts, and you will see how clever an orator has been lost in a mist of talk. When he describes his school-days and the faulty system from which he and his companions suffered, he speaks with an undeniable authority, which is always absent when he chooses the arts for his theme.

It need scarcely be said that William II. is never at a loss when a compliment should be turned or a condolence expressed. Politeness is the tact of princes, and the German Emperor has his share of this princely quality. On one occasion, when the President of the French Republic was assassinated, he fashioned a phrase which would be remarkable, even if an Emperor had not made it. "M. Carnot," said he, "died like a soldier upon the field of honour." But such phrases are rare, and we cannot help asking ourselves, Is it possible anywhere in this volume of speeches to surprise the real Emperor? We doubt it. The one sentence which seems to suggest a man as well as a monarch more vividly than any other in the book, is the advice which the Emperor gave to Prince Henry before he went to America. "Keep your eyes and ears open," said William II., "and your mouth shut." These are far wiser words than the vague talk of the ideal, which is so near and dear to the German heart; and if only the Emperor's speeches were composed in this vein, what a treasury of authoritative oratory would have been ours!

The truth is, that William II.'s eloquence is deficient in style. If you try him by the highest standard of kings, he is found wanting. Napoleon the Great, to take the noblest example, wrote and spoke like the invincible warrior that he was. His tongue and his pen cleft whomever they attacked like a sword. He could endow the simplest words with ferocity,

and yet never cease to be a dignified emperor. Take, for instance, his famous letter to Jérôme, King of Westphalia.

"Vous êtes roi et frère de l'Empereur," he wrote in 1809, "qualités ridicules à la guerre. Il faut être soldat, et puis soldat, et encore soldat; il ne faut avoir ni ministre, ni corps diplomatique, ni pompe; il faut bivouaquer à son avant-garde, être nuit et jour à cheval, marcher avec l'avant-garde par avoir des nouvelles, on bien rester dans son sérail. Vous faites la guerre comme un satrape. Est-ce de moi, bon Dieu! que vous avez appris cela?"

Every syllable of this tirade breathes truth and rage. The writer has put into a few plain phrases both his displeasure and his authority. The style, which he needed for the expression of himself, followed naturally from his princely character and indomitable temper. He used no long-sought images, no chatter of the ideal. He found the right words at once, and let them scourge and whip with all the ferocity that was in his mind. Nor was it only at the highest moments of passion that he was supreme. He suppressed an opera or reprimanded Madame de Staël with the same economy of direct speech, and he holds a place as an orator unique and unrivalled. As we have said, to compare the German Emperor with Napoleon is to try him by the highest standard, and it is not surprising that he is found wanting. But he comes out no better from a more modest ordeal. Set him beside our own Richard III., and see with whom is the superiority.

"Trusty and right well-beloved," wrote Richard to the Corporation of

York, "we greet you well. And let you to wit, that the Duke of Buckingham traitorously is turned upon us, contrary to the duty of his liegeance, and intendeth the utter destruction of us, you, and all other our true subjects that have taken our part: whose traitorous intent we, with God's grace, intend briefly to resist and subdue. We desire and pray you in our hearty wise, that ye will send unto us as many men, defensibly arrayed, as ye may goodly make, to our town of Leicester, withouten fail; as ye will tender our honour and your own weal."

There again a king speaks, and even after we have made all possible allowance for a more ancient and happier method of speech, the inferiority of the Emperor William to his brother-monarchs is manifest. From which we may conclude that he who scatters his interest impairs his eloquence, and that the vice of versatility better befits a journalist than a king.

But one king there was, whose winged words have kept the whole world under their spell. "Above the couch of David," says Mr R. E. Prothero,¹ "according to Rabbinical tradition, there hung a harp. The midnight breeze, as it rippled over the strings, made such music that the poet-king was constrained to rise from his bed, and, till the dawn flushed the eastern skies, he wedded words to the strains." And the Book of Psalms has ever since shaped and enforced our human life, for within it, as Heine said, are collected "sunrise and sunset, birth and

death, promise and fulfilment—the whole drama of humanity." It is not strange, indeed, that the drama of the world has been played to the music of the Psalms, and Mr Prothero's interesting book is a kind of universal history seen in one aspect. Its excellence needs no praise from us. Written in an admirably lucid style, which at times rises to eloquence, it presents in well-ordered progress a vast tragedy of thought and action, the characters of which perform their deeds of heroism or sustain their martyrdoms, comforted by the splendid poetry of the Psalms. The variety of time and place is infinite. Wherever men and women have suffered or striven, they have been aided by the literature which appeals most directly to their hearts. "In the Psalms is painted," says Mr Prothero, "for all time, in fresh unfading colours, the picture of the moral warfare of man, often baffled yet never wholly defeated, struggling upwards to all that is best and highest in his nature, always aware how short of the aim falls the attempt, how great is the gulf that severs the wish from its fulfilment." Such is the theme of Mr Prothero's work, and there is no man of letters who will not applaud the learning and accomplishment wherewith that theme is treated.

The history of the early Christians might be written from the Psalms. Basil and Athanasius confronted the powers arrayed against them

¹ The Psalms in Human Life. By Rowland E. Prothero, M.V.O. London: John Murray.

with passages from their favourite book. When the church in which Athanasius held vigil was beset with soldiers, he bade the deacon read the 136th Psalm, and the people to make the response, "for His mercy endureth for ever." It was from the Psalms that Augustine chose the motto for his great work, '*De Civitate Dei*': "Very excellent things are spoken of Thee, thou City of God." And so through the ages you may hear a similar echo. The last letter of Abelard to Heloise is illumined by a quotation from the Psalter: "Examine us, O Lord, and prove us." But it is not merely divines who find their support in the Psalms. The poems of David have been veritable battle-cries in times of stress. At Moncontour Coligny's dying courage was revived by one of his friends, who whispered him: "Truly God is loving unto Israel, even unto such as are of a clean heart." The Huguenots chanted a Psalm before the battle of Courtrai, and when the Duc de Joyeuse in contempt complained that they were confessing themselves—"Sire," said a scarred veteran, "when the Huguenots behave thus, they are ready to fight to the death." So in all countries and in all ages, among the Scots Covenanters or English Catholics, the Psalms have been an inspiration, and Mr Prothero has neglected none of them. A mere enumeration of a few names quoted will give a notion of Mr Prothero's scope. Gregory and Charles V., Erasmus and Newman, Rabelais and

John Howard, Teresa and George Selwyn, Browning and Sir Philip Sidney, Cromwell and Tennyson,—at one point or another the Psalms touched the lives of them all.

The literature of the Hebrews and the literature of the Greeks have shaped our modern poetry and our modern life. And, while they have combined to achieve one purpose, nothing could be more different than their separate qualities. The aim of the Hebrews was conduct, the aim of the Greeks was beauty. Yet it would be misleading to draw a hard line between the two. That the Greeks did not disdain conduct many a stately tragedy bears witness. That the Jews also loved beauty the Psalms of David are an eloquent testimony. The two claims do not conflict, and the distinction is merely made more clearly to define the aim of each. But as there will always be classics as well as romantics in the world, so we shall never lose from among us the partisans of Hebrew or Greek. Beauty or conduct, which is the better? None can decide except for himself. But it is true, now and always, that, apart from all considerations of literature, the Psalms have been a solace to countless generations of men, and of this solace Mr Prothero has written a history, at once scholarly and dignified, which will be read, not merely for the courage and suffering which it records, but for the skill and tact of the literary artist, which are revealed on every page.

A FISCAL SOLUTION.

FOR COMMONPLACE MINDS.

"Give place to the physician."—*Ecclesiasticus.*

YOU that lament th' unprofitable squandering
Of health and happiness, of nights and days,
In random quest and undetermined wandering
Through the dark purlieus of the Fiscal Maze,
Hearken to one who, from the self-same plight,
Has climbed through shadows to the purer light.

Six moons have waxed and waned—six barren ages—
Since I was patriotically moved
To ask of statisticians, Press, and sages,
Some means whereby our Trade might be improved:
Reform, wrote Pressman, and Reform, cried Chief;
But when I questioned How? I came to grief.

Two of great worth observed an indication
Of Dumping as an agent of decline;
The antidotes were (1) Retaliation,
And (2) a Pan-Britannic Zollverein:
Grand words are these, and have the mellow roll
Of organ tones, most soothing to the soul.

But 'gainst the first there rose two frightful stumpers;
I was besought to bear in (open) mind
The outraged feelings of the baffled Dumpers,
To whom such treatment might appear unkind;
While some deplored a certain carnal smack
Of unregenerate Britons hitting back.

As for the second, falsely termed Imperial,
A great storm burst upon the owner's head;
Free Traders pelted him with Raw Material,
Free Fooders with enormous Loaves of Bread:
My confidence was bent beneath the strain;
I said "Where are we? Here we are again!"

Thus foiled in mine original ideas,
I turned for guidance to the Other Side,
Seeking some more inspiring panaceas
Than those whose healing virtues were denied.
Then rose each pundit to his private rostrum,
And shrilly advertised his patent nostrum.

A higher scale of wages : lower prices :
To terminate the Government's career :
More up-to-date mechanical devices :
To teach the Briton German : cut his Beer :
To hale all smoking urchins to the Beak
For injuring the National Physique :

And so forth. Then I waded on through numbers,
Facts, fictions, fallacies, and fancy schemes ;
Monthly Returns wrought havoc with my slumbers,
Speeches and articles usurped my dreams ;
Till I could almost sympathise with those
That urged a season of profound repose.

Thus for six moons my little world was blasted.
Then came reaction, and the bubble burst ;
For I was horrified and flabbergasted
To find myself no wiser than at first !—
Having been robbed of every fresh conviction
By its inevitable contradiction.

Then for a time I almost felt defeated ;
Till it occurred to me that, when you're ill,
You do not think of *how* you're being treated,
But choose your man, and let him work his will.
In unfamiliar matters, common-sense
Will leave the details to experience.

Thus musing, I went back to the beginning,—
To drop the measures, and to find a Man
Who knows his mind, and doesn't gain by winning ;
And I resolved to favour Pharaoh's plan :
“*Go you to Joseph ; what he says to you,
Do !*”—and, upon my word, I think he's true.

SELIM.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN : THE NAVAL OUTLOOK.

It is an interesting and not altogether an unprofitable employment, when war is possible or probable, to count heads, and thus ascertain which side has the advantage of numbers. The numerical greatness of the Russian Empire is well known, and the readers of 'Maga' are perfectly well aware that the subjects of the Czar number some 140 millions. But we are so accustomed to speak and think of "Little Japan" that it may surprise many to learn that the island kingdom of the East has some 49 millions of inhabitants—10 millions more than France, and exceeding the population of every European State save Germany and Russia. It is true that the 3 millions in Formosa are of no fighting value; but the population of the Japanese islands is not only thoroughly homogeneous but is endued with the most exalted patriotism, which seems wellnigh universal, and is practically a cherished religion: it permeates all ranks of society, from the high-born Shizoku, or member of the peerage, to the lowliest coolie of the Heimin class.

As is common in Eastern countries, the males outnumber the weaker sex. The 23½ millions of males in Japan proper, exclusive of Formosa, are about a hundred times as numerous as the total male population of the Dutch Republics, which cost us so much blood and treasure to subdue.

So that, although Japan may be little when looked at with the ordinary small-scale map of Asia as the only guide, her fighting force looms up large when considered with reference to the numbers and fighting spirit of her people. It is true that the numbers enlisted and trained for war are relatively very small, and that the 450,000 men in the Japanese army and navy (including reserves) are only about one-tenth of those commanded by the Great White Czar. But, as Nicholas found in the Crimean campaign, it is one thing to have a gigantic army and quite another to mass a sufficient number of men on the actual theatre of war.

It is of course possible that the influence of Sea Power on the result of the war may be such that the armies may not be called upon. But this seems most unlikely. It could only happen if Russia were able to sweep the seas, destroying the Japanese navy in the process. Under these circumstances, and these alone, could the war be brought to an end without severe fighting on shore. Russia might lose her whole fleet and yet go on confidently with the contest, trusting to her army to obtain all that she desires. Japan, on the other hand, without a fleet is at a great disadvantage against Russia. Moreover, with the command of the sea in the hands of a powerful enemy with an enormous army,

SKETCH CHART OF SEA OF JAPAN AND YELLOW SEA.



an invasion of Nipon or Kiusiu would stand some chance of success, and it would be desirable for the Japanese to seek the best terms of peace available. Sea ascendancy is therefore a matter of life or death to Japan; but though of great importance to Russia, because much of her prestige with the Chinese and other Eastern nations depends on her reputed strength both afloat and ashore, it cannot be to her the same vital matter that it is to Japan. In fact, if the command of the sea be only doubtful, it is not clear how Japan can seriously retard Russia's steady progress in the Far East. The advance of the Northern Colossus towards Korea is steady and unmistakable. A glance at the map will show that though in Port Arthur and Dalny she has a pair of ice-free harbours, these ports are not at all well placed as naval bases, should Korea be in the hands of an active and enterprising Sea Power. The west coast of Korea has a number of harbours which are ideal places for torpedo craft, whether surface or submarine. The intricate navigation amongst the islands that border this coast would make it extremely difficult for a cruiser to deal with torpedo craft seeking shelter here during the day. Thus the approaches to the Russian ports are liable to be flanked by swarms of hostile craft should Korea fall into the hands of an enemy. Therefore the natural thing for the Russian navy would be to call upon the army in Manchuria to advance into Korea and secure the flank of the

route leading to the open sea. With the principal Korean ports in the hands of Russia, her naval strength would be greatly enhanced. No longer limited to the somewhat unsatisfactory harbours inconveniently close together, she could select any one of a dozen ports for military or commercial purposes, situated at convenient intervals along some 700 miles of coast. She would thus secure perfectly free access to the ocean in war, which she has never hitherto attained in any part of the world. In the Baltic, Germany and Denmark command the sea-routes from Russia to the ocean. In the Black Sea, Turkey holds the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and even when past the Dardanelles a Russian ship has still to pass through the Suez Canal or run the gauntlet of the Straits of Gibraltar.

At present all the best Russian ships are in the Far East, and every effort is being made to reinforce the ships there by sending out everything that can possibly be spared from Europe. But do what she will, Russia must inevitably have three distinct navies, which can only assist each other with great difficulty. Her Baltic and Black Sea bases are separated by 4500 miles of sea, the route being flanked by naval bases of all the Powers of Europe, whilst Port Arthur is 15,000 miles from the Baltic and 13,000 from the Black Sea *via* the Suez Canal, and some 16,000 miles from each *via* the Horn. Unlike the British Empire, there are no stopping-places in the way of fortified

and friendly coaling-bases, and belligerent ships taking either of these long voyages must rely on neutrals for their coal. How long the lax rules now prevalent as to the supply of coals by neutrals to belligerents will last we cannot tell, but the next great war will almost certainly see some changes introduced in this direction. If a neutral undertook the transport of troops for a belligerent, such an act would be styled a breach of neutrality; but the forwarding of a battleship to the scene of action by supplying her with coal would often be more important than the

actual carrying of several ship-loads of troops,—and yet this is at present considered a fair proceeding if the belligerent ship when at some distance from home claims coal to carry her to the nearest home or allied port. The Black Sea navy is still imprisoned in that sea, and there are only the Baltic and Far East fleets available for the Eastern theatre of war. The Baltic has been wellnigh denuded of fighting ships, these remaining being three coast-defence ships and three 3rd-class battleships, two of them undergoing repairs. These ships are the—

		Tons.	Sea speed, knots.
3rd-class battleships	{ Sioi Veleki . . .	9,000	13½
	{ Imp. Alexander II. . .	9,900	12
	{ Navarin . . .	10,000	13½
Coast-defence ships	{ General Admiral Apraxin . . .	4,200	13½
	{ Admiral Ushakov . . .	"	"
	{ Admiral Senyavin . . .	"	"

They carry twenty-five heavy guns of 10-inch and 12-inch calibre; but the rate of fire is so slow and the mountings so bad that ten modern guns would make more hits in a given time. Of protected quick-firing guns the whole squadron only possesses half a dozen, and though

there are some twenty guns of 6-inch and 9-inch calibre they are all unprotected. The speed is also from three to four knots less than that of an up-to-date battleship, and the coal-supply poor. If they could get to China Admiral Alexieff would scarcely know what to do with

CRUISERS IN THE BALTIC.

	Principal q.f. guns.		Speed, sea-going.
	Protected.	Unprotected.	
Admiral Nakhimov . . .	8 6-in.	10 4·7-in.	16½
Vladimir Monomakh . . .	4 "	6 "	15½
Pamiat Azova . . .	...	14 6-in.	16½
Svyetlana . . .	...	6 "	18
Total guns . . .	12 6-in.	{ 20 6-in. 16 4·7-in.	

them, and would find a single modern first-class battleship far more useful than the whole half dozen—whilst the two Chilian ships lately purchased by us, though not quite of the 1st class, would be of far greater value. The above cruisers from the Baltic might possibly find their way out to the East. But

their despatch seems somewhat improbable, as even in Russia, where public opinion scarcely exists, there is some expressed desire to keep at any rate a small proportion of ships at home. The following ships started from the Baltic for the Far East as far back as November:—

	Tons.	Principal guns.			Speed, sea-going.
		Protected.		Unprotected.	
		Heavy.	Medium.	Medium.	
1st-class battleship— Osliaha . . .	12,700	4 10-in.	10 6-in. q.f.	1 6-in. q.f.	knots. 16½
2nd-class cruisers— Aurora . . .	6,600	...	...	{ 8 6-in. q.f. 24 12-pr. }	18
Dmitri Donskoi .	5,800	...	6 6-in. q.f.	10 4·7-in. q.f.	15
*Almaz . . .	3,200	...	...	6 4·7-in. q.f.	23

* Started in January.

But the *Osliaha* sustained some mysterious injuries, and had to put into the great Italian dock-yard of Spezzia for repairs. After this she and the *Aurora* proceeded to Bizerta, where they awaited certain destroyers and torpedo-boats which had much difficulty in crossing the Bay of Biscay, and which

rumour says are to accompany them. Up to January 18 there was no news of their having passed through the Suez Canal.

The Japanese armoured cruisers just built in Italy, whose purchase from the Argentine Government was announced at the New Year, are as under:—

	Tons.	Principal guns (protected).		Speed, sea-going.
		Heavy.	Medium.	
Nisshin (late Rivadavia) .	7700	1 10-inch.	{ 2 8-in. 14 6-in. q.f. }	knots. 18½
Kasuga (late Moreno) .	7700	...	{ 4 8-in. 14 6-in. q.f. }	18½

They are apparently ahead of the Russians on their eastward voyage; but being at present

“merchant ships” navigating under the flag of the Japanese mercantile marine, they will

not receive their naval crews or their commissions as combatants till their arrival in Japan. As all their guns are well protected, these ships may be considered a fair equivalent to the Russian ships above-mentioned, so that the balance of naval power in the Far East will be but little affected by the arrival of the vessels from the Mediterranean.

In the Black Sea the Russians have two 2nd-class battleships, five 3rd-class battleships, and a sixth 3rd-class battleship in the Mediterranean. It is most unlikely that any of these ships will move from their present

positions. The Black Sea ships could only do so by breaking through the Dardanelles, contrary to their treaty obligations. Moreover, their speed is poor, and their fighting qualities generally unsatisfactory. As in the case of the ships left in the Baltic, they would scarcely be welcomed in the Far East, where two first-class battleships would prove of decidedly higher value.

We now come to the ships in the Far East which, if war breaks out, will be available for opening the campaign. The ships mentioned above as being on their way out are also included in these tables.

A. MODERN BATTLESHIPS WHICH WILL FORM THE MAIN FIGHTING LINE.

Name.	Tons.	Principal guns.				Armour.				Speed, sea-going.	Coal, maximum.	
		Protected.		Unprotected.	On water-line.		On heavy guns.	On medium guns.				
		Heavy.	Medium.		Vertical.	Sloping.						
RUSSIAN SHIPS.												
		12-in.	10-in.	8-in. q.f.	12-pr. 3-pr.	in.	in.	in.	in.	knots.	tons.	
Tsarevitch . . .	13,000	4		12	20	8	2	10	6	17	1500	
Retvizan . . .	12,700	4		12	20	9	2½	10	6	17	2000	
Pobieda . . .	12,675		4	10	20	9	2½	10	5	16½	2000	
Peresviet . . .	12,675		4	10	20	9	2½	10	5	16½	2000	
Oslabia . . .	12,675		4	10	20	9	2½	10	5	16½	2000	
Poltava . . .	10,960	4		12	16	15	...	10	6	15½	1100	
Petropaulofsk . .	10,960	4		12	16	15	...	10	6	15½	1100	
Sevastopol . . .	10,960	4		12	16	15	...	10	6	15½	1100	
8 ships. Total	guns .	20	12	90	100 48							
JAPANESE SHIPS.												
Mikasa . . .	15,200	4		14	20	9	4	14	6	16½	1500	
Asahi . . .	15,200	4		14	20	9	4	14	6	16½	1500	
Hatsuse . . .	15,000	4		14	20	9	4	14	6	16½	1500	
Shikishima . . .	14,800	4		14	20	9	4	14	6	16½	1500	
Fuji . . .	12,500	4		10	16	18	...	14	6	16½	1300	
Yashima . . .	12,500	4		10	16	18	...	14	6	16½	1300	
6 ships. Total	guns .	24		76	112							

B. ARMOURD CRUISERS WITH BOTH WATERLINE AND GUNS PROTECTED BY ARMOUR, WHICH MAY REINFORCE MAIN FIGHTING LINE.

Name.	Tons.	Principal guns.				Armour.				Speed, sea-going.	Coal, maximum.
		Protected.		Unprotected.	On water-line.		On heavy guns.	On medium guns.			
		Heavy.	Medium.		Ver-tical.	Slop-ing.					
RUSSIAN SHIPS.											
Gromoboi .	12,300	2	12	2 8-in. 4 6-in. q.f. 16 12-pr.	6	2	6	6	18½	2500	
Bayan .	7,800	2	8	20 "	8 to 4	2	7	...	19½	1100	
Dmitri .	5,800	...	6	10 4·7-in. q.f.	7½	...	...	10	15	800	
*Bogatyr .	6,250	...	8	12 12-pr. q.f.	...	2	...	5	21½	1100	
4 ships. Total guns		4	34	2 8-in. 4 6-in. q.f. 10 4·7-in. q.f. 48 12-pr.							
JAPANESE SHIPS.											
Idzumo .	9,750	4	10	4 12	7	2½	6	6	19½	1300	
Iwate .	9,750	4	10	4 12	7	2½	6	6	19½	1300	
Asama .	9,750	4	10	4 12	7	2	6	6	19½	1300	
Tokiwa .	9,750	4	10	4 12	7	2	6	6	19½	1300	
Yakumo .	9,850	4	8	4 12	7	2½	6	6	19½	1300	
Azuma .	9,436	4	8	4 12	7	2½	6	6	19½	1300	
Nisshin (Rivadavia)	7,700	1	2	14	10	6	1½	6	6	19	1100
Kasuga (Moreno)	7,700		4	14	10	6	1½	6	6	19	1100
8 ships. Total guns		1	30	84	24	92					

* This ship is sometimes classed with the inferior cruisers, but she has guns protected.

In a set fight the battleships are naturally all important. Table A shows that the Russian ships are the more numerous in the proportion of 8 to 6, but if the total tonnage be added up the Japanese total only falls short of the Russian by 12,000 tons, the tonnage proportions standing at about 7 to 6. In weight of guns the relative strength is much the same,

namely, 7 to 6 in favour of the Russians. But it is not the weight of guns that tells, but the weight of fire that proceeds from them, or rather the weight of hits. From all that is known as to the rapidity of fire of the rival ships, there is very little doubt that this is decidedly in favour of the Japanese. Their guns and mountings are British, and we know well that when

**C. MODERN CRUISERS WITH WATERLINE PROTECTED, BUT
GUNS PROTECTED BY SHIELDS ONLY.**

Name.	Tons.	Principal guns (all unprotected).			Armour on waterline.		Speed, sea-going.	Coal, maximum.
		Heavy.	Medium.	Light.	Vertical.	Slop-ing.		

RUSSIAN SHIPS.								
					in.	in.	knots.	tons.
Rossiya .	12,500	4 8-in.	16 6-in.	12 12-pr.	10 to 5	...	17½	2500*
Rurik .	11,000	4 " {	16 " 6 4·7-in. }	6 3-pr.	10 to 5	...	16	2000*
Variag .	6,500	...	12 6-in.	12 12-pr.	...	3	21½	1100
Askold .	6,500	...	12 "	12 "	...	2	21½	1100
Diana .	6,630	...	8 "	22 "	...	2½	18½	1430
Pallada .	6,630	...	8 "	22 "	...	2½	18½	1430
Aurora .	6,630	...	8 "	22 "	...	2½	18½	1430
Boyarín .	3,200	...	6 4·7-in.	8 3-pr.	...	2	20½	500
Novik .	3,000	...	6 "	8 "	...	2	23	500
Almaz .	3,200	...	6 "	8 "	...	2	23	500

9 ships. Total guns—8 8-in.; 80 6-in. q.f.; 24 4·7-in. q.f.; 102 12-pr.; 22 3-pr.

JAPANESE SHIPS.								
Chitose .	4,760	2 8-in.	10 4·7 in.	12 12-pr.	...	4½	20½	1000
Kasagi .	4,760	2 "	10 "	12 "	...	4½	20½	1000
Takasago .	4,300	2 "	10 "	12 "	...	4½	21	1000
Itsukushima	4,300	1 12·5-in.	12 "	16 3-pr.	...	1½	15	600
Hashedate .	4,300	1 "	12 "	16 "	...	1½	15	600
Matsushima	4,300	1 "	12 "	16 "	...	1½	15	600
Yoshino .	4,180	...	{ 4 6-in. }	22 "	...	4½	20	1000
Naniwa .	3,727	...	{ 8 4·7-in. }	2 "	...	3	17½	800
Takachiho .	3,727	2 10-in.	6 "	2 "	...	3	17½	800
Akitsushima	3,150	...	{ 4 " }	10 "	...	3	16	500
Suma .	2,700	...	{ 6 4·7-in. }	12 "	...	2	17	500
Idzumi .	3,000	...	{ 2 6-in. }	12 "	...	2	16½	600
Akashi .	2,657	...	{ 6 4·7-in. }	12 "	...	2	17½	600

13 ships. Total guns—3 12·5-in.; 2 10-in.; 6 8-in.; 28 6-in. q.f.; 98 4·7-in. q.f.; 36 12-pr.; 110 3-pr.

* Sometimes classed as armoured cruisers, but all their guns are unprotected.

properly worked a high rate of fire can be obtained from them, and the Japanese have always been to the front in using and pushing on the manufacture of quick-firers. On the other hand, the Russians have never cared much for rapidity of fire.

At the present time they have a number of fairly good ships (mainly in the Black Sea) that still retain their slow-firing guns, when similar ships in other navies have in all cases been re-armed with quick-firers. Until recently the Russian heavy

guns were very slow and deliberate in their firing, and though the *Tsarevitch* and *Retvizan* may have greatly improved on their predecessors, the *Sevastopol* class are certainly anything but rapid in their firing. As a result, a consideration of the relative rapidity of fire more than wipes out the Russian advantage of one-seventh. And other considerations remain. Guns cannot go on firing after the armour protecting them is pierced, and the Japanese armour is much thicker than the Russian, whilst in quality it is at least equal, if not superior. In fact, the Japanese heavy guns can pierce the thick armour of the Russian ships at a fair fighting range of say 3000 to 4000 yards, where the Japanese armour is impenetrable by the Russian guns. The important 6-inch guns, however, on both sides, are equally well protected. As regards speed, the Japanese have an advantage of a knot over the three slowest Russian ships, and it is the speed of the slowest ship that sets the pace to the fleet. In coal-supply the fleets are about equal. It is probable that the Japanese ships have room for more coal than the official figures indicate. If this is so, their endurance could be increased at the expense of a trifle, in the way of say one-fifth knot in speed. Finally, the Japanese ships are more alike than are the Russians, and are thus easier to manœuvre together. Moreover, six ships are easier to work than eight, and the end of the line is less likely to get into the wrong

place—namely, out of range. Summing up, the Japanese may be said to have a small but distinct advantage in battleship force, and the higher speed (of the slowest ships) gives them the power of bringing on or refusing an action at will.

Table B shows where the Japanese have the greatest advantage—namely, in armoured cruisers. Not only have they eight ships to the Russian four, but, with the exception of the *Gromoboi*, which is only just equal to the Japanese *Idzumo* in weight of broadside and inferior in speed, the Russian ships are all distinctly outclassed by their rivals. The *Donskoi* is so slow that she could not be counted on; her coal-supply is also inferior. Three of the Japanese ships are more than a match for the four Russian. This would set free five to reinforce the battleship line, where their 8-inch guns would be especially useful in piercing the armour protecting the secondary guns, which is impenetrable by the 6-inch. The Japanese have no cruiser as fast as the *Bogatyr*, which could keep her distance if required, as could several of her consorts in Table C; but the Russians have no ships which are at the same time very fast and very powerful.

The ten protected Russian cruisers shown in Table C are about equal in number of guns and weight of metal to the thirteen Japanese ships with which they are com-

pared, but in other respects the Russians are distinctly superior, more especially in speed, coal endurance, and seagoing qualities. At least five of the Japanese ships whose speed is less than $16\frac{1}{2}$ knots are of very doubtful value. They are too slow and too weak to be used on detached duty as scouts, and would prove a drag to the battleships and large cruisers when with a fleet. Still there are some cases, especially where scouting or searching has to be carried out in narrow waters, where numbers are of greater importance than speed and coal endurance, and here the Japanese have the advantage of having thirteen ships to their opponent's ten. If one of the armoured cruisers, however, was added to the Japanese "C" squadron, she would more than redress the balance in fighting power—and this without taking into account the rate of fire, in which, as said above, there is very little doubt that the Japanese have a distinct advantage.

On the whole, a careful comparison of the fleets of the rival Powers shows that the Japanese can spare four of their armoured cruisers and yet be fully equal to their opponents. The Japanese number twenty-seven ships to the Russian twenty-two, and are in the aggregate about one-fourth stronger—that is to say, the total strength of the fleets is approximately in proportion to the number of the ships.

As regards torpedo craft, there seems little to choose, though it is possible that the Russians will have some superiority in destroyers when the flotilla, reported to be in the Mediterranean in the middle of January, reaches Port Arthur. The Russian destroyers will then be about thirty, as against the Japanese twenty; but the Japanese have some forty efficient torpedo boats, against, say, twenty owned by the Russians, whilst the Japs have also four torpedo gunboats to the Russian two.

In the above comparison of the fighting strength of the rival fleets in the Far East it has been assumed that all the ships are at sea and are ready to fight. But this is most unlikely to be the case, for with the very best arrangements and with both sides ready to put the matter to an early issue, it is practically certain that some of the ships would not be on the spot at the right moment. We must therefore examine the environment of the two fleets somewhat more carefully, so as to form some idea of the objective of either side and their resources with reference to this objective.

Although the rival fleets in the Far East are relatively small, each of them being only about one-fifth the strength of the British navy, they are both large enough to strain the resources of any one port, unless of the first class. This is indeed a common state of affairs, with which the students of naval history are extremely familiar. On the outbreak of war and

during its continuance, it was usual in past days for the various ports to have each its quota of ships, on which the dockyard personnel and the ships' companies laboured incessantly in order to prepare them for sea. Strategy might demand the concentration of fleets, but this would have put a stop to much of the work that was continuously going on, and the mobilisation of the whole fighting force would have been greatly delayed if the ships had from the first been packed into one harbour, so that the fleet that first got to sea almost invariably found that its opponents were scattered in various ports, which had to be watched in order that the separate detachments, if they put to sea, might be crushed before joining with their friends and effecting the desired concentration. From this fact arose the lengthy blockades of Brest and Cadiz by St Vincent, Cornwallis, and Collingwood.

But modern arrangements have considerably altered this state of affairs. The old-fashioned ship could not be kept rigged in peace-time—the spars and rigging would have deteriorated; neither were crews retained, as the expense would have been prohibitive. As compared with a modern ship, the liner of a hundred years ago was practically kept in an unfinished state, and before she could go to sea not only had the crew to be enlisted but the ship had to be completely rigged. It is true that in rigging the ship the crew gained some useful training, but they were still

exceedingly raw when they first went to sea, and were greatly at a disadvantage as compared with the crew of a hostile vessel which had been at sea for some little time. Thus the blockading or watching ships had a very material advantage over ships issuing fresh from harbour, and the sooner a battle could be brought on the better for them. In the present day, although the completion of a ship is a far more elaborate and costly process both in time and money than it was in the old days, it is not left till the outbreak of war. Nor is the training of the crew a matter which is only carried out in war-time. Each ship is completely finished ready for war when first built; and it is increasingly the endeavour of the various naval administrators to keep all their ships efficient and ready for war from the time they are completed till they are finally condemned as obsolete. The crews are also most carefully trained during peace, and on the outbreak of war every nation counts on having not only a sufficiency of trained men to man all their ships, but has also a reserve of fairly trained men ready to make up the deficiencies caused by the wear and tear of war. Thus, theoretically, a declaration of war nowadays should find the detachments from the various ports ready to put to sea at a moment's notice, or indeed they might be already at sea or concentrated in the position or port which the strategical conditions rendered desirable.

Practically, there is still something to be done almost monthly to the ship which is supposed to be complete and ready, and it is therefore not only convenient but necessary to keep the ships more or less scattered, so that they may take advantage of the resources of the various ports of equipment. They are not pinned to these ports as of old, but it is commonly the case that strained relations will find a fleet divided up, not in accordance with strategic requirements, but owing to the exigencies of peace facilities for repairs.

Yet a blockading force can no longer count as of old on the rawness of the crews of ships still in port, and this is only one of many changes that makes blockade more difficult.

The Russians possess two military ports in the Far East, Vladivostock and Port Arthur. The former is a splendid natural harbour; but, as will presently be shown, it is badly placed geographically, and it is badly equipped. The climate is sub-Arctic, the harbour being frozen for the first three months of the year, and, though this state of affairs has been somewhat modified by the use of ice-breaking steamers, it is a serious drawback to the efficiency of the port. It is only within the last ten years that anything material has been done to make the place really valuable as a base. When Hong-kong had five docks Vladivostock was content with one, and even now there is but one dock there capable of taking a battleship,

besides a small out-of-date floating-dock. The repairing facilities in the Government yard are insufficient to keep even half the present Far East squadron in good order, and there are no private yards to supplement the Government shops. It is not so long ago that Russian men-of-war had to be repaired in Japan. Large sums have recently been spent on Vladivostock, but it is understood that it is mainly the defences which have been improved. As in all Russian naval ports, the shores of the harbour fairly bristle with guns—there are probably three times as many as at Hong-kong; but the repairing facilities are not one-third of those in our own port, whilst there are some half a dozen harbours in Japan with superior facilities. Vladivostock is in fact a good port of refuge, but not a good place for making good defects, either before or after an action. It must not, however, be forgotten that the railway is available for bringing skilled workmen and machinery from Russia. So that there is a great improvement on the state of affairs five years ago, when it was impossible to increase rapidly the existing resources. When Port Arthur was leased (or annexed?) six years ago, it was only a fourth-class port, in which small repairs could be carried out. The harbour is naturally a tiny one—it may be likened to a very small edition of Portsmouth harbour before any dredging was carried out there. As at Portsmouth, however, there is

a great expanse of mud that can be, and is being, dredged away. Whether the Russian boasts as to the forwardness of the dredging, which have been so freely communicated to the newspapers, are true or not, it seems not unlikely that by packing them close the whole of the ships now in the Far East might squeeze into the harbour. They could not, however, be expected to get in or out very quickly. As at Vladivostock, the defences have been the first consideration, and it is extremely doubtful if the single dock will take a battleship. It certainly will not take a ship which is deep in the water owing to injuries. Nor are the repairing facilities very extensive: they are decidedly inadequate to deal satisfactorily with even the peace defects of the relatively large fleet now in the East, and the carrying out of repairs after an action would be a very lengthy business.

With regard to naval bases, Japan has a great superiority over Russia. It is true that the Bay of Tokio, which contains no less than eight docks, three of which will take a battleship, is 650 miles from the Straits of Korea, 1300 from Port Arthur, and 850 from Vladivostock; but there are three docks at Nagasaki, close to Korea Strait, two of them large, and at Kure, within 100 miles of Simonisaki (where the Inland Sea meets the Korea Strait), there are two other docks and adequate repairing facilities. Sasebo, on the eastern shore of the same strait,

occupies a most important strategic position, and is probably fully equal in repairing facilities to either Port Arthur or Vladivostock, whilst there is at least one dock there. There are also repairing facilities at Hakodati (one dock) in the far north, and at Kobe and Osaka in the Inland Sea.

Although up to the present there have been very few men-of-war built in Japan, the ship-building facilities are rapidly increasing. All the repairs of the Japanese fleet for years past have been carried out at the ports mentioned, and a certain amount of repairing work has been done for various foreign navies. Japan has a merchant fleet of over 1300 steamers, and a number have recently been built in Japan. Besides this, the work of keeping all these ships in repair employs a large staff of men, who on emergency would be available for Government work. Thus, whilst the Japanese ships can be repaired much more promptly than the Russian, the large number of docks in Japan also makes it possible to clean the ships' bottoms at frequent intervals—a most important matter if speed is to be maintained.

The position of the Japanese ports is extremely favourable for a rapid and unimpeded concentration. A remarkable geographical feature of the Japanese islands is the Inland Sea, which extends for 200 miles along the south coast of Nipon. It has three entrances, two very narrow and commanded by powerful batteries,

whilst the third, the Bungo Channel, though broad by comparison, is still narrower than the Straits of Gibraltar, and is an ideal place for torpedo craft. The Inland Sea itself is also studded with islands, so that if a hostile ship or squadron has rushed the relatively broad Bungo Channel and gained access to the outermost part of the Inland Sea, there is still a group of fortified islands to pass before the attacking ships can get anywhere near Kure or Hiroshima (where troops are embarked) or the important town of Osaka. A fleet in the Inland Sea has three possible exits. This piece of water is indeed more difficult to watch than any landlocked sea in the world. The most important exit, that at Simonisaki, is further guarded by the island of Tsusima, with its fortified harbour and torpedo-boat station.

The Japanese force in Tokio Bay has only to make a day's run of 300 miles along a friendly coast to reach the Inland Sea, and thence the concentrated Japanese fleet may issue by either of the southern exits, 150 miles apart, or by the western one, which, though only 70 miles by the direct route from the Bungo Channel, cannot be reached by an enemy's force passing outside Kiusiu in less than 400 miles.

The western entrance to the Inland Sea, with its strongly fortified strait of Simonisaki, debouches on the Korea Straits, which might far better under present conditions be styled the Japanese Channel. The strait

or channel is about 200 miles from end to end, and narrows to 90 miles in the centre, where are also two Japanese islands, Tsusima and Iki, leaving three waterways of 25, 28, and 12 miles respectively. On a clear day no ship can pass through these channels unseen from the shore. The Korean port of Fusan, where the Japanese have always maintained a small force, is just opposite Tsusima, and within 40 miles of the fortified harbour in the centre of the island. This island of Tsusima is just midway between Port Arthur and Vladivostock, about 500 miles from each. Both the Japanese and Korean sides of the straits are much indented, and contain several harbours. The large commercial port of Nagasaki is at the south-east entrance to the strait, with the fortified port of Sasebo close to. These ports correspond to Portsmouth and Southampton, looking out on the British Channel, but Nagasaki is a shipbuilding port, while Southampton is not. About 100 miles to the north-west is Simonisaki Strait, communicating with the Inland Sea. The guns guarding the strait also protect Magi, the Cardiff of the Far East, whence the best Japanese coal is obtained. This is a fair steam coal, largely used in these seas where economy is desirable; but both Russians and Japanese import and use Welsh coal for their ships of war.

The great importance of the command of the Korea Straits must now be obvious, as well as that at present Japan holds an

excellent position here. But once let Russia obtain the ascendancy in these waters, with a fortified arsenal at Masanpho, close to Fusan, and with swarms of torpedo craft cruising amongst the Korean islands, and much of the advantage of Japan is gone. The Russian army has overrun and practically annexed Manchuria, and why should the Yalu River and an inconvenient treaty bar its further progress? Treaties have hitherto had little influence on the advance of the White Czar's troops, but cannot the Japanese navy and army acting together form a more efficient barrier? Certainly they can do much if the command of the sea be obtained, but without the command of the sea it is hopeless to expect that Korea can be held. Which-ever side gains the sea ascendancy is practically master of Korea.

A sea campaign in the present day differs very considerably from anything of the kind ashore. In land operations an army which decides to take the offensive either marches at once against the field forces of the enemy, as the Germans marched against the French in 1870, or makes some commanding position, such as Berlin, Paris, Pretoria, the objective, which once seized and secured, terms of peace can be dictated. If the field army of the country assailed is unable to face its opponents, it retires into some fortified camp or town, where the superior force promptly

invests the inferior, and presently conquers it either by storm or starvation. Neither storm nor starvation can be applied to a fleet that retreats into harbour in face of a superior force, nor does the sea possess any commanding positions¹ which can be seized and held till the enemy cries for peace. Hence the only method of gaining sea ascendancy is to meet the active fleet of the enemy and drive it beaten from the sea. When a beaten fleet is driven from the sea, the ships remaining, if they reach a fortified base, can refit there in security: they cannot be invested without the co-operation of a land force, and when refitted and reinforced may once more emerge to contend for the command of the sea. Meanwhile the fleet that has obtained the command may chase its enemy's merchant ships into port, capturing a certain number in the process, and may blockade his coast-line, thus preventing all trade (including that to and from neutral States) from reaching him over-sea. Under certain conditions this stoppage of sea trade may be such a serious matter that the blockaded nation will sue for peace. In other cases a sea blockade can exercise but little influence. The most important result of gaining the command of the sea is that the power is obtained of transporting a land force across the sea without undue risk, and thus securing for the army a power of attack otherwise unattainable, and a

¹ Even a small island requires to be taken and held by a land force.

secure retreat if it can reach the seashore.

In the Far East there is no maritime trade the loss of which would bring either of the rivals to terms, thus there can be no question of trade attack or a commercial blockade; the objective must therefore be to clear the seas of the enemy's principal fighting force and then so to mask and contain the ships that are left that military operations may be conducted with safety from an over-sea base, whilst any sea transport of troops by the enemy becomes such a hazardous undertaking that it may practically be considered impossible. If each side considers that it has a reasonable chance of bringing on an action on favourable terms to itself, the rival fleets will be quickly at sea, and a great sea-fight may take place within a short time of a declaration of war. This was constantly the case when we were engaged with the Dutch in the seventeenth century, and again in 1778 when Keppel and D'Orvilliers fought off Ushant. Such a fight need not be decisive, and has very often been quite the opposite. In this case both sides retire into harbour to refit and wait for the opportunity of striking a blow to greater advantage. If the superiority be obviously on one side,—if, for example, the rivals in the Far East take the view set forth above, that Japan is decidedly the stronger,—the weaker fleet may not come out until some special circumstance gives them a temporary advantage, or

until they are forced out by orders from some high and often ignorant authority, as was the case in 1690 when Queen Mary ordered Torrington to go out and engage Tourville, and again in 1898 when the Spanish Government forced Cervera to court destruction by sailing so inopportunistically from Santiago. Neither Russia nor Japan is likely to do the wrong thing in deference to an excited and ill-informed public opinion, and their statesmen can also be trusted to exercise a sound judgment, so that we are not likely to see such mistakes repeated. What seems most probable is that Russia, being in no hurry, will, if war is declared, keep her fleet securely in harbour, waiting for an opportunity to take the Japanese at a disadvantage, and in the meanwhile strengthening her military position in Manchuria, with the final objective of an advance into Korea when the time is ripe. Whether in such a case all the ships are concentrated at Port Arthur or some of them are stationed at Vladivostock will make but little difference. It was publicly stated that on January 10 the *Gromoboi*, *Rossiya*, and *Rurik* were at Vladivostock. This may very possibly be true. These long and unhandy ships would be troublesome to handle in the overcrowded harbour at Port Arthur, whilst at Vladivostock there is the dockyard and dock to keep them in thorough readiness for sea, and if the word was given to concentrate it would not be very difficult for these fine ships to slip past any

watch and reach Port Arthur intact. They might even have a successful cruise against Japanese commerce en route; but the slow speed of the *Rurik* makes her an undesirable ship for this kind of adventure, for which the *Bayan* or *Variag* would be much better suited. If the Russians elect to remain in harbour at the outset, what can Japan do? Is it impossible that Port Arthur and Vladivostock should be blockaded? If not impossible, it would be decidedly ill-advised to attempt anything of the sort. The nearest Japanese bases to the ports in question are Hakodati, 400 miles from Vladivostock, and Tsushima, 500 miles from Port Arthur. It is true that advanced bases might be found by the Japanese on the Korean coast within, say, 100 miles of these ports; but they have not nearly ships enough to blockade efficiently even a single well-provided fortified base. By coming close off the Russian bases and staying there, they would give to the hostile torpedo craft just the opportunity that they would desire. The Russians have devoted much time and attention to torpedo warfare, and two or three months' blockade would give them excellent chances of reducing the Japanese superiority, so much that when the time came for going out to fight the Russian fleet ought to be superior. It must not be forgotten also that the Russians have two fine battleships, the *Alexander III.* and *Borodino*, completing in the Baltic. These ought to be ready by next

summer, and will make a great difference to the Far East fleet, so that here are two excellent reasons for playing a waiting game. There seems no hope of anything similar in the way of reinforcements for Japan: she has no ships of any power on the stocks, nor, even if a purchase was possible, are there any more for sale anywhere.

Admitting that a blockade, or even a close watch, of the Russian ports is impossible, what other steps can Japan take which will bring on an action at sea? Her natural port of concentration is Sasebo or Nagasaki. Based on either of these ports, her fleet can cruise across the entrance of the Yellow Sea in the hope of cutting off from Port Arthur Russian reinforcements coming either from the south or from Vladivostock. The supply of Welsh coal would also be cut off. An advanced base could be seized and held somewhere in the neighbourhood of Quelpart Island, whilst, if considered desirable, troops might be landed at Fusan under cover of the fleet, and Korea be occupied as far north as might be considered expedient. If the Russians sought to emulate the Chinese in 1894 and advanced into Korea, the Japanese fleet would once more work along the coast, as was done ten years ago, in support of their army. If such measures brought the Russian fleet out, a battle would take place under the same circumstances as the fight off the Yalu River. But if the Russians refused to come out and fight with the Japanese fleet, they might remain as

long as they liked at Port Arthur, as the French did at Toulon in 1794-95 when the British were operating against Corsica. Possibly a long-range bombardment might effect something, but it has never yet been tried successfully. And if they should come out, there might, after all, be only the same indecisive sort of fights as in March and July 1795, when Nelson writes, "You will have heard of our brush with the French fleet, a battle it cannot be called, as the enemy would not give us an opportunity of closing with them." And again of the later fight, "Our miserable action of the 13th." Indeed, in a Far East campaign there would be a not dissimilar position to that in the Mediterranean in 1795, Korea representing Italy and Port Arthur Toulon. In 1795, notwithstanding the superiority of the British fleet, they never succeeded in crushing the Toulon force, and in 1796 Napoleon's armies swept like an avalanche over Italy, and the campaign was decided against the Allies notwithstanding the influence of Sea Power. But supposing the Russian fleet were to come out and the Japanese were to obtain a decisive success, what would be the next move? The beaten remnants of the Russian fleet would retire into Port Arthur, as the Spanish fleet retired into Cadiz after Trafalgar, and as the unbeaten but greatly inferior Russians retired into Sevastopol in 1854. It would still be necessary for the Japanese army to obtain the ascend-

ancy on shore. The Russian fleet, being greatly reduced both in numbers and morale, might be closely watched or blockaded, and landings might be effected at any point of the mainland where the Japanese generals saw a fair chance of success. Even at the outbreak of war, whilst the command of the sea is still doubtful, the Japanese would not risk much in landing at Fusan and Masanpho. With the command of the sea assured, troops might be carried by sea to Chemulpo, Gensam, or the mouth of the Yalu River, as was done in the China-Japanese war of 1894-95. But would it be possible, as in that war, to land between the Yalu River and Dalny, with the view of carrying out a campaign against Port Arthur similar to that undertaken by the Allies against Sevastopol in 1854-55? Such an undertaking would be most difficult, seeing that Port Arthur, unlike Sevastopol, is connected with Russia by railway, and that it would be far easier for the Russians to bring up reinforcements than in 1855. There would be much the same difficulty if Newchwang was made the point of attack; and though a force acting from the sea and threatening both Port Arthur and Newchwang would have much the same advantage that Wellington and Moore had in the Peninsula, an enormous land force would be required to sweep the Russians out of Manchuria. Even if the Japanese navy should win an unmistakable triumph at sea, there would still be a tremendous task before the

Japanese army. Rather than let the war drag on, Russia might, however, be inclined to grant reasonable terms, allowing Japan a free hand in Korea and conceding the open door in Manchuria.

But suppose that the contention that the Japanese fleet is the superior one is found to be fallacious, and that the Russians either come out at first and fairly beat the Japanese, or that the Black Sea fleet, reinforced by the *Kniaz Potemkine* (still incomplete at Sevastopol), passes the Dardanelles, joins the two new battleships from the Baltic, and completely turns the scale of Sea Power in the Far East. The beaten or outnumbered Japanese would have to retire to the Inland Sea, with possibly a detachment in Tokio Bay, though this division of force, reassuring as it might be to the old women of the capital, would be a strategic mistake, whilst the dominant Russian fleet would support the Russian army in its advance against any Japanese troops remaining in Korea. With Korea once occupied, and the victorious Russian fleet installed at Masanpho, it would be useless for Japan to continue the war single-handed.

If she saw any chance of obtaining an alliance, or Russia's forces had to be diverted elsewhere, she might continue the struggle, and refuse to concede a peace, as England did in the great Revolutionary and Napoleonic War. Even with the command of the sea and a victorious army in the Korea, there does not seem much probability that Japan would be invaded. The country lends itself readily to defence, and the patriotism of the people is intense. Moreover, it is almost inconceivable that other nations would allow Japan to be completely crushed.

Summing up, should war unfortunately break out in the Far East, it is by no means certain that startling events would at once ensue. Delay would be in Russia's favour, and it would not be easy for either the Japanese fleet or army to obtain an immediate success. This difficulty makes for peace. But an armed peace, with the Russian fleet rapidly increasing, whilst Korea gradually falls more and more under the influence of Russia, is not to Japan's advantage,—even a war might seem to be preferable.

ACTIVE LIST.

FOREIGN TRADE FALLACIES.

WITH the new year the fiscal campaign has taken a fresh start. Mr Chamberlain's speech at the Guildhall has given it a new impetus, while his Tariff Commission promises to concentrate its hitherto scattered energies in a definite channel. It is to be hoped, too, that the fierce flame of party controversy is burning itself out, and that fiscal inquiry will gradually become what it ought to have been from the outset—calm, rational, and business-like. Mr Chamberlain is certainly doing his best to give it that desirable character. Knowing how ephemeral mere criticism must be, however effective at the moment, he is now developing a constructive policy. Through the agency of the Tariff Reform League, which has already rendered him such great service, he is forming "a non-political commission of experts to consider the condition of our trades and the remedies which are to be found for it." Obviously this will give a new and more practical turn to the inquiry. At the same time, we may see in it a fresh proof of Mr Chamberlain's strategical skill, and of his determination to push on the movement as rapidly as possible to a definite issue. He does not forget that he is no longer young, and that he cannot afford to lose a month or even a day unnecessarily. This may be his reason for

avoiding the more dignified and leisurely procedure of a Royal Commission which the Unionist Free Fooders press upon him. Reformers who are thoroughly in earnest have seldom much love for Royal Commissions or any great faith in them. Recent examples, as, for instance, the Royal Commission on the Port of London, have not commended themselves very highly to business men. To say nothing of the unconscionable time they take to reach a definite conclusion, there is no assurance of the conclusion being worth much when arrived at.

While admitting the novelty—we might even say the unconventionality—of Mr Chamberlain's alternative, there can at least be no question that it means business. Those who, without any political or personal bias, wish well to the fiscal inquiry will welcome the commission of experts as a step nearer to the actual facts of the case. Hitherto there has been a great deal too much beating about the bush and talking round the subject. To a certain extent this was unavoidable. The country was all of a sudden plunged into the thick of a controversy not only new to it but in many ways strange and confusing. For years it had been lulled to sleep with assurances that its fiscal system was perfect: not only so, but that it was automatic and required no personal

attention. It was told to regard itself as the happy and proud possessor of a patent fiscal clock, which had been set more than half a century ago and could never go wrong.

The country had a rude awakening, to find that somehow its patent fiscal clock had gone wrong and demanded immediate attention. Still more awkward was it to be hustled by rival sets of watchmakers, first one and then the other. The average man was to be pitied as the storm gathered round his devoted head and burst in torrents of conflicting statistics. For eight consecutive months he struggled with tables, charts, and curves; he made wild clutches at the "balance of trade," tried in vain to penetrate the mystery of "invisible exports," and ended by being unable to see any difference between the big loaf and the little one. A person reduced to such a mental condition as that welcomes relief from any quarter. He does not stand on ceremony when a commission of experts holds out a helping hand to guide him through the maze in which he finds himself entangled.

Undoubtedly the public have had enough of promiscuous discussion. They have heard as much as they want to about fiscal theories and doctrines. They have learned all that is of practical importance to them about the origin of free trade, its originators and their motives. They realise the saving truth that no generation can lay down economic laws for its successors in perpetuity, but that each generation must frame an economic policy for itself. Whoever has not learned this lesson, above all, from Mr Chamberlain's speeches has but poorly appreciated them. Nothing was more strongly or persistently impressed on his hearers than the fact that this generation of ours has in its turn to form a fiscal policy adapted to its special needs and circumstances. We have, no doubt, much to learn from the past, and in justice to ourselves we may claim to have been of late diligent students of fiscal history. But it can no longer be said that we are rash or premature if we now come nearer home and apply ourselves to the economic questions of our own day.

THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS, 1903.

In previous articles¹ we have already had an opportunity of studying some of the most important of these questions, and the Board of Trade returns for 1903 supply material for fur-

ther illustration of them. The returns have a special interest at the present juncture, and in the two fiscal camps they have undergone an unusual variety of interpretation. The

¹ "A Self-Sustaining Empire," July 1903; "Fiscal Policies in 1903," August 1903; "The Food Question in 1903," September 1903; "The Fiscal Crisis," October 1903; and "Mr Chamberlain's Tariff," November 1903.

free importers, looking simply at the larger totals of imports and exports, have gloated over them as Heaven-sent proofs of the prosperity which we are being asked to be foolish enough to throw away. The $14\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling increase in our imports, and the $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling advance in our exports, have been hailed as a triumphant answer to "protectionist pessimism." But a discreet silence has been observed as to the qualifying circumstances that more than half of the increase in imports is due to our having required larger food-supplies from abroad in consequence of a bad harvest; that a few millions more represent the higher prices we have had to pay for raw materials; and that the apparent improvement in our exports is due more frequently to higher prices than to larger quantities.

But the most serious qualification has yet to be mentioned. Not only have our imports and exports increased, but the balance of trade against us has gone up another three millions sterling. It was last year 182 millions sterling—a new record. This skeleton at their feast ought to remind the free importers that the United Kingdom is not a mere shop, and fiscal policy not a mere matter of shopkeeping. As our readers know, we have never accepted either of these convenient theories. To us the United Kingdom is much more than a shop, and there is a great deal more involved in national economy than the volume of imports and exports.

The fundamental fact from which fiscal inquiry ought to start is that there are in the United Kingdom forty-two millions of people, nearly all dependent on the earnings of fourteen or fifteen million workers. We have either to grow at home or import from abroad raw materials for the fourteen or fifteen million workers; also food for the forty-two millions of people. Whatever we import has to be paid for either by exports or by additions to our domestic wealth, for which we should have vouchers of one kind or another available in international exchange. The crucial points in the case are not the paper values set on the imports and exports. They are—

First, the economic condition of the people as a whole.

Second, the condition of the workers in respect of employment and wages.

Third, the condition of the country itself as regards the cultivation of its soil and the utilisation of its other resources.

Fourth, its status among the nations, including its powers of self-defence and its opportunities of development.

These are the four cardinal points of a genuine national economy, to which all questions of trade, domestic or foreign, must be subordinated. If domestic industry is flourishing, labour well employed at living wages, pauperism on the decline, and production well maintained in all its chief branches, then we have a prosperous

country, no matter whether our foreign trade be shrinking or expanding. But if we have the opposite conditions—domestic industry dwindling, labour poorly employed, production declining, and pauperism increasing,—the conditions, in fact, which characterised the close of 1903—it is hard to see how a slight improvement in our imports and exports can afford us much consolation.

There are, however, polemical statisticians who assert that it should. In the Board of Trade returns for last year they have found not a little comfort and encouragement. Serenely ignoring the flat contradiction that exists between the depressed state of our home industries and the apparent elasticity of our foreign trade, they lustily reiterate their old advice to us to keep an eye on our imports and they will see us through. But the facts which we know from painful experience may well make us chary of accepting hasty inferences from untested figures. Until the Board of Trade returns have been carefully analysed, it is always unsafe to draw conclusions from them. Increases or decreases on either side mean little until we have found to what they are due. They may arise from variations in the volume of our imports and exports, or from variations in price, or from a combination of the two.

But the practical results are very different in the three cases. An increase in imports due to higher prices may be against

the importer, while a decrease due to lower prices may be in his favour. Conversely, an increase in exports due to higher prices will be in favour of the exporter, while a decrease due to lower prices will be against him. *But the interest of the nation is much less in the money values than in the quantities, and it is by the latter that we propose to test our foreign trade in 1903.* It is not, we know, the usual method, especially among polemical statisticians. They shun it because it ties them down too closely to figures which cannot be twisted about at pleasure or to suit the requirements of a favourite argument. It does not lend itself to graphic illustration or to ingenious trimming as money values do.

The polemical statistician is nothing if not one-sided and capricious. Even when he is concentrating his attention on imports and exports, to the exclusion of more important factors in national wellbeing, he must still take the narrowest possible view. He measures and compares them by their money values only. But money values have in foreign trade statistics three risks of error, as compared with only one if we compare quantities. They may express variations in price, or in quantity, or in both. In the present case the vaunted improvements in our imports and exports will be found on closer inquiry to be due in most cases to higher prices. There is, moreover, one notable case in

which foreign trade may be being. We refer, of course, incompatible with, and almost to our enormous imports of antagonistic to, domestic well- foreign food.

THE RISING FLOOD OF IMPORTED FOOD.

Of the 14½ millions sterling increase recorded in the total imports of 1903, over 8 millions (£8,102,000) occurred under the heading of "Food, Drink, and Tobacco," leaving only 6½ millions for industrial imports proper. That increase was a direct consequence of the bad harvest at home, and the greater part of it took place in the four months between harvest-time and the close of the year. Between the 1st September and the 31st December the comparative imports of 1902 and 1903 were as under—

		September 1 to December 31.	
		1902.	1903.
Wheat		cwt. 29,353,267	32,261,100
Wheat, meal, and flour		" 7,223,028	8,644,545
Barley		" 14,174,132	15,024,800
Oats		" 6,068,008	5,771,900
Peas		" 525,482	829,585
Beans		" 893,405	916,440
Maize		" 11,125,905	19,636,200
		" <u>69,363,227</u>	<u>83,184,570</u>

Fourteen million cwt.—seven hundred thousand tons—of an increase in four months! One poor harvest called for an extra fifty thousand tons per week of foreign bread-stuffs to fill up the gap. And we are asked to regard a calamity like this as a brilliant expansion of our import trade! On the same principle an addition of fully half a million cwt. to our imports of dead meat is represented to us as another signal mark of progress. The grand total of imported meat advanced from 16,971,000 cwt. in 1902 to 17,498,000 cwt. in 1903. Foreign butter, cheese, eggs, fish, fruit, and vegetables make new records every year.

Last year quite a sensational advance was scored by foreign potatoes—another direct result of failure in the home crop. The aggregate of 1902 was 5,699,000 cwt., while last year's rose to 9,150,000 cwt.,—a gain for the foreigner of over 60 per cent. In hard cash it amounted to fully one million sterling — £2,603,000 against £1,589,000.

We may be forbidden to grudge the foreign food-grower his good fortune, or to envy him, or to cherish any uncharitable feeling towards him, but at least we should not be asked to consider the misfortunes of our own farmers a matter for congratulation.

HIGHER PRICES FOR OUR RAW MATERIALS.

The increase in our imports of raw materials, amounting to 4½ millions sterling, is happily free from that objection; but it has drawbacks of another kind. Here most of the increase is due to higher prices, and the improvement we are asked to congratulate ourselves upon means in effect

that our manufacturers have had to pay more for most of their staple materials. For smaller quantities received they have had a good deal more to pay. This appears very clearly in the subjoined comparison of quantities imported in the two years 1902 and 1903—

DECREASED IMPORTS OF RAW MATERIALS.

		1902.	1903.
Iron ore	tons	6,439,757	6,313,236
Scrap iron and steel	"	38,959	16,781
Copper ore	"	88,590	84,295
Cotton, raw	cwt.	16,220,874	16,009,322
Wool, raw	lb.	637,129,733	599,509,732
Alpaca	"	6,168,291	5,460,432
Mohair	"	30,028,108	28,068,379
Jute	tons	414,553	240,090
Tallow	cwt.	1,782,098	1,395,174
Hides	"	661,198	493,781

To these heavy decreases there are few offsets of importance in the shape of increases. It may therefore be fairly said

that during the past year our manufacturers have had to pay considerably more money for reduced supplies of raw material.

MANUFACTURED IMPORTS.

The last of the three groups of imports—"Articles Wholly or Mainly Manufactured"—exhibits a good many irregular changes which tend to counter-balance one another. The net result of them is an increase in value of a little over two millions sterling. In the fourteen subdivisions only three show changes of any magnitude, and curiously enough they are all in textiles. Cotton fabrics show an advance on the preceding year of £1,368,000. *Per contra*, woollen fabrics are down £1,643,000, and fabrics of other materials than cotton or wool £1,980,000. The changes in quantities, so far as they are

given, correspond pretty nearly with the changes in value. One of the decreases may be interesting to the watch trade. There would seem to be a slump going on in foreign watches, the number imported last year having decreased by nearly half a million (1902, 2,103,115; and 1903, 1,620,619). This following a decrease of about 380,000 in the previous year might have been regarded as a hopeful sign of recovery in the home trade, but for the explanation that imported watches and jewellery make increasing use of the parcel post, and thus escape registration.

OUR EXPORTS ANALYSED.

On the export side we find a moderate gain of $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, which the free importers, of course, have made much of. Though it is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total of 1902, still let us be thankful for it. It is exactly double the increase of our exports in 1902, and, what is more, it has not been derived from coal. That item shows on the contrary a small decrease in value, combined unfortunately with an increase in quantity. Last year we shipped 46,662,700 tons of coal, coke, and patent fuel, against 44,897,948 tons in 1902, and 43,765,912 tons in 1901. The declared values in the three years were—1903, £27,262,779; 1902, £27,581,136; and 1901, £30,334,748. Thus our coal-masters obtained last year £300,000 less money for $1\frac{3}{4}$ million tons more coal than they shipped in 1902. As compared with 1901 they shipped nearly three million tons more coal, and received the same number of pounds sterling less for it. Bunker coal should be added to the exports, in order to show what an enormous foreign drain our reserve of steam-power is being subjected to. In 1903 it aggregated 16,799,848 tons, making close on $63\frac{1}{2}$ million tons of coal sent out of the country in a single year.

A satisfactory feature in the increase of exports is that most of it was realised on "articles

wholly or mainly manufactured." The largest gains were—

Woollen fabrics . . .	£2,078,812
Iron and steel manufactures . . .	1,575,853
Machinery . . .	1,311,101
Cotton fabrics . . .	1,168,697
Metal manufactures, other than iron and steel . . .	691,501
Leather and leather goods . . .	544,907
Chemicals, drugs, &c. . .	520,497
Fabrics other than wool or cotton . . .	455,986
Earthenware and glass . . .	281,268
Cutlery, hardware, &c. . .	251,934
Paper . . .	125,157

The net increase might have reached nearly ten millions sterling but for two large and important offsets. There was a reduction on new ships built for foreign account of over a million and a half (£1,586,090) as compared with 1902, and of fully a million (£1,030,505) on telegraph cables and apparatus. These two decreases neutralise to a large extent our satisfaction with the previous eleven increases. The latter may be further discounted when we find that they owe more to higher prices than to larger quantities. In this respect there is a significant similarity between the two branches of our foreign trade. Both manufactured imports and exports seem last year to have expanded more in value than in volume—two very different things from the workman's standpoint.

For example, our exports of "iron and steel and manufactures thereof" increased by less than 100,000 tons—the exact

figures were 97,728—but the official values rose from £28,877,000 to £30,453,000—an increase of fully $1\frac{1}{2}$ million sterling. Our textile exports exhibit even more striking divergences between quantity and value. Grey cotton yarn declined from $123\frac{1}{2}$ million lb. to $113\frac{3}{4}$ millions, while the aggregate value rose from £5,403,000 to £5,595,000. Piece goods of all kinds, grey, bleached, dyed, and printed, decreased from 5331 million yards to 5157 millions, while the aggregate value showed a slight advance, the respective totals for 1902 and 1903 having been £55,215,344 and £55,280,612. Woollen and worsted tissues are up both in quantities and values, but proportionately more in the latter. Exports of linen goods were eight million yards less than in 1902 (155 millions against 163 millions), but the value, so far from shrinking to a similar extent, was slightly larger—£4,078,000 in place of £4,050,000.

There are, in fact, very few striking improvements in the volume of our exports, but there are many shrinkages, and a still larger number of stationary items. British candles appear to be spreading their light in foreign lands with exceptional vigour. They are now being exported at the rate of over 30 million pounds a-year, and the demand for them is rapidly growing. In 1901 the total was 24,586,000 lb., in 1902, 26,119,000 lb., and in 1903, 31,161,000 lb. The gain in a couple of years has thus

been $7\frac{1}{2}$ million lb., equal to rather more than 30 per cent. Whatever may be the secret of our candlemakers' success, the fact should be taken note of. It is about all we have to console us for serious losses elsewhere.

How our chemicals have fallen from their high estate since the time when Lord Beaconsfield held them up as a trade barometer! Nowadays we have nothing of that kind to export but the coarsest and cheapest. For our bleaching materials there is still a good outlet—1,102,000 cwt. last year against 902,700 in 1902. Sulphate of copper is one of our few modern specialities, and our export of that has grown to 53,000 tons a-year. In chemical manures we barely hold our own, the export of them having fallen last year from 479,000 tons to 445,000 tons. Dyestuffs we have let the Germans elbow us out of almost completely. Our beggarly export of £346,000 a-year challenges ironical comparison with their millions a-year. But we are still fairly strong in soda compounds. That branch of our foreign business has been rather on the increase lately. In 1901 the quantity shipped was 3,726,453 cwt., which increased in 1902 to 4,345,859 cwt., and again in 1903 to 4,447,311 cwt. But even for these remnants of a once flourishing industry we are largely beholden to German settlers in England! In much the same way Lombard Street—"the money market of the world"—is managed for us by foreigners!

HOW ARE OUR IMPORTS PAID FOR?

Let us pass on, however, from statistical to practical considerations. At the present time some very interesting and instructive comparisons may be drawn between our imports and exports from an industrial point of view. In this field an endless amount of useful work awaits the purely scientific, non-political, and non-polemical economist. In searching for explanations of the huge and growing preponderance of our foreign purchases over our foreign sales he may make a few significant discoveries. At first glance he will perceive that our imports consist of food-supplies to the enormous extent of nearly one-half. In 1903 their gross amount was returned at 232½ millions sterling, from which 16 millions has to be deducted for re-exports, leaving net imports of 216½ millions sterling. The items of food, drink, and tobacco thus formed 46 per cent of the whole.

The gravest and most difficult question confronting our economists at present is what ultimate effect these enormous food imports have on our economic condition? Is it wholly beneficial, as some authorities allege, or is it prejudicial, as other authorities contend, or is it partly both? The real issue is one of ultimate results—of the use made of such food-supplies, whether productive or non-productive. Free importers maintain that they are pro-

ductively used; but if they are asked for proof they put us off with vague generalities about food imports being raw materials, Great Britain being the workshop of the world, and so forth. If food imports are raw materials of industry, then the industries on which they are expended should show some tangible permanent addition to the wealth of the country. Where are their products? Are we to look for them in our home or our foreign markets?

Labour applied to raw materials increases their value in proportion to the degree of skill required of the labourer. In a manufacturing country like ours, taking an all-round average of skilled and unskilled labour, a three-fold increase will be a moderate estimate. Excluding from the food imports of last year wines, liquors, tobacco, and luxuries generally, the value of the food proper would be, in round numbers, 222 millions sterling. If the whole of this had been consumed productively there should have been, on the foregoing basis, new values created to the amount of 666 millions sterling. Out of that very substantial additions might have been made both to our exports and to our domestic stock. Moreover, every annual increase in our food imports should, on the above reasoning, be accompanied by a corresponding increase in our industrial output.

But there is another, and,

we confess, more probable, alternative—that these rapidly growing imports of foreign food are simply supplanting equal quantities of home-grown food. In the absence of positive data every person must choose his own alternative. If the first were true, namely, that our industrial output keeps pace with our food imports, we might, with the greatest complacency, see these imports increase by millions from year to year. But is the faintest shadow of such a result observable? Judging from the present state of our home industries, our food imports can be yielding only a mere fraction of their full economic value. In other words, they are being, to a large extent, unproductively employed.

This is quite a distinct question from the one most frequently raised with reference to our huge imports—namely, whether or not we can pay for them out of our annual earnings. We might be so incon-

ceivably rich as to be able to go on for half a century overspending ourselves, but that is not the present issue. It is an economic question we now raise—namely, whether or not our enormous food imports are being in a just and proper degree productively used? Apart altogether from national solvency there should be in all communities a healthy balance between the food consumed and the new wealth created by the consumers. Does such a healthy balance exist at the present time in the United Kingdom, or are we becoming, as our foreign competitors assert, a nation of large eaters and small workers? Does our industrial output bear a fair proportion to our food consumption? If it did, the effects should be visible both in our home and in our foreign trades. In the latter it is certainly not discernible. On the contrary, the ratio of our industrial exports to our food imports steadily declines.

A LOP-SIDED FOREIGN TRADE.

Our foreign trade is dangerously lop-sided, and growing every year more so. The chief cause of this is perfectly obvious to all who can look unpleasant facts in the face. It is the huge preponderance of our food imports, combined with the absence of any counterbalancing weight in our exports. The value of the food, drink, and tobacco we export is a mere bagatelle to what we import—16 millions sterling in 1903 against 232½ millions. If

the latter is to be paid for with British produce, it can only be with raw materials of domestic origin or articles of domestic manufacture. We have, however, only two raw materials—coal and iron—which we can sell abroad in appreciable quantity. Both of them we sell with considerable misgiving, knowing them to be parts of our national capital which we cannot replace. As it is, our coal exports—last year they were valued at 27½

millions sterling — cover less than an eighth of our food imports. No iron ore appears to have been shipped, but nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling went abroad in the shape of pig-iron.

Thus the raw materials we were able to exchange for foreign food formed only a trifling offset of $30\frac{3}{4}$ millions a-year, against $232\frac{1}{2}$ millions a-year, or, deducting food exported, $216\frac{1}{2}$ millions a-year. The other $201\frac{3}{4}$ millions a-year had to come out of our manufactured exports, or to be met in some other way outside of our foreign trade.

On glancing down the long list of our manufactured exports, we may well be startled to find only two groups large enough to bear comparison with our food imports. They are textiles and iron and steel manufactures. The first had in 1903 an aggregate value of $111\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling—namely, $73\frac{1}{2}$ millions for cotton goods, $25\frac{1}{2}$ millions for woollens, and $12\frac{1}{2}$ millions for other materials. In this connection our silk exports have almost ceased to be worth reckoning. Last year they did not reach a million and a half sterling—yarn, lace, ribbons, and piece goods all included.

Metals furnish the most numerous and varied group of our exports, though not the most valuable. It aggregated in 1903 42 millions sterling, against $111\frac{1}{2}$ millions for textiles, and to make up even that moderate amount cutlery and hardware have to be included. Some idea of the exceeding diversity of this group and of

the many different interests engaged in it may be derived from a list of its principal subdivisions, as set forth in the Trade and Navigation Returns. Three separate sections of the export list have to be assigned to them. The first, under the heading of "Metals and Metal Ware," includes: copper—wrought and unwrought; yellow metal, cutlery, hardware, implements, and tools; iron—pig, bar, angle, bolt, and rod, rails, wire, hoops, sheets, boiler and armour-plates, galvanised sheets, tin-plates, cast and wrought iron goods; steel—unwrought, black-plates, steel ware, and combined steel and iron ware; lead, pig and manufactured; plate and plated ware; telegraph wires and apparatus; tin, unwrought; zinc or spelter. The total value of the above exports in 1903 was $37\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling.

The second of the three metal sections embraces Machinery and Millwork, classified thus—steam - engines, locomotive, agricultural, and others; machines, agricultural, sewing, mining, textile, and others. In 1903 our exports of the foregoing were officially valued at 20 millions sterling. The third section contains only one item, ships, but it has four subdivisions—ships of war, steam, sailing, and boats. Last year's aggregate of these was small, only $4\frac{1}{4}$ millions sterling.

It will be interesting now to see how far the above principal groups of British exports may go toward payment for our food imports. Their respective totals in 1903 were:—

Food, drink, and tobacco imported, less exported .	£216,143,267
Absorbs the following exports:—	
Raw materials (chiefly coal)	£35,380,239
Textiles	111,659,704
Iron and steel (including cutlery and hardware) .	42,050,949
Machinery	20,065,916
Ships	4,285,485
	<u>£213,442,293</u>

Thus every penny we receive for our raw materials, textiles, coal, iron and steel, machinery, and ships exported, has to go toward the payment of the food, drink, and tobacco we import, and even then a balance of two millions remains against us. Though the above constitute more than 70 per cent of our aggregate exports, they still fall short of counterbalancing our food imports!

OUR SECONDARY EXPORTS.

Our other exports, or what may be termed the secondary groups, amounted to 59½ millions sterling, as under:—

Apparel, &c.	£7,561,321
Chemicals	12,079,554
All other articles manufactured or unmanufactured .	35,677,002
Parcel post	4,256,105
Total	<u>£59,573,982</u>

Contrast with that paltry total the large bill we have to meet for industrial imports —that is, imports other than food, drink, and tobacco. It is officially subdivided thus:—

IMPORTS OTHER THAN FOOD, DRINK, AND TOBACCO, 1903.

Raw materials—	
Textiles	£80,496,492
Sundries	93,062,304
Total raw materials	<u>£173,558,796</u>
Metals manufactured	£31,466,650
Wood "	2,344,918
Machinery and ships	4,506,948
Textiles	38,255,095
Apparel	3,476,459
Chemicals	8,846,688
Leatherware	11,513,921
Earthenware and glass	4,780,700
Paper	4,843,682
Miscellaneous (including parcel post)	27,006,731
Total manufactures	<u>£136,841,772</u>
Total raw materials and manufactures	£310,400,568
Less re-exports	69,557,035
Net imports of raw materials and manufactures	<u>£240,843,533</u>

THE GROWING BALANCE OF TRADE AGAINST US.

In 1903 our exports, after paying for the foreign food, drink, and tobacco we consumed, left only 59 millions to pay for the 241 millions sterling of raw materials and manufactured goods which we imported in the same year. There was consequently a balance of trade against us of 182 millions sterling on the year, which, if we mistake not, is a new record in its way. The free importers

had evidently overlooked this detail when they started their jubilation over the continued elasticity of our foreign trade — $14\frac{1}{2}$ millions increase in our imports and $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions in our exports. If they had carried their comparison of 1903 with 1902 to its proper issue it might not have proved so gratifying to them. But it may save them some trouble to supply the omission:—

THE BALANCE OF TRADE AGAINST US IN 1902 AND 1903.

		1902.	1903.
Total imports	.	£528,391,274	£542,906,325
Less re-exports	.	65,814,813	69,557,035
Net imports	.	£462,576,461	£473,349,290
Exports	.	283,423,966	290,890,281
Balance of trade against us		£179,152,495	£182,459,009

A worse balance for us than that of 1902 by more than three millions sterling!

Here is our foreign trade position in a nutshell: Imports dominated by food, drink, and tobacco; exports dependent on two industries—textiles and iron and steel. Apart from these, our secondary exports do not reach 60 millions sterling, and even with coal added they fall short of 100 millions. We may look at the figures from other points of view, but the result will not be more reassuring. For example, our manufactured exports amounted altogether last year to $234\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling, of which textiles, metals, and machinery furnished 178 millions, or exactly three-fourths. Our chief

interest as exporters—in fact our only interest of any magnitude—centres in textiles and metals. Unfortunately for us these are nowadays the most precarious and erratic of all international commodities. Both of them are subject to the keenest competition, and are exposed to illegitimate as well as legitimate risks. It is their fate to be always running to extremes. At one time they are on the highest tide of prosperity, and at another they are in the depths of depression.

In the forcible language lately attributed to Mr Carnegie, “iron is either prince or pauper,” and the same may be said, in a milder degree, of cotton. No tariff could do much for either

of them without modifying the commercial conditions under which the industry is carried on. It is questionable if these conditions could be greatly modified by any legislation or by any State intervention, however well intended. For cotton and iron there appears to be no middle course between absolute control of their markets and

no control at all. They must either be cornering or getting cornered. At the present moment we have before us striking examples of both evils. The greatest iron and steel producer in the world, the American Steel Trust, has cornered itself, while the Lancashire cotton-spinners have been cornered by gamblers in their raw material.

MR CHAMBERLAIN ON OUR FOREIGN TRADE RETURNS.

We have endeavoured to show our readers the real significance of the increases on last year's imports and exports, which have caused so much joy in the Cobden camp. In point of fact there was nothing in them to be particularly proud of, but a good deal of cause for serious reflection. Even the free importers seem to have discovered that, after the first few days of their well-simulated jubilation. All at once they ceased their triumphal demonstrations of prosperity. In Press and on platform alike they became dumb on what had been for a few days their most inspiring theme. What sobered them so suddenly one can only guess. It may have been that when they looked under the surface the figures did not show so well as they had done at first glance. Or possibly the characteristic tilt which Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman made at them in his Maidstone speech frightened off all his brother leaders. Not one of the latter meddled with them again. Even the laborious Mr Asquith dropped them out of his brief.

Sir Henry was by way of being humorous at Maidstone. It was a savage sort of humour, intended to be severely satirical. Unfortunately for itself it selected a dangerous target, and Mr Chamberlain found a splendid opportunity in his speech at the Guildhall to retort on it. Our exports, said Sir Henry to the Maidstone Radicals—ladies, most of them, according to the reporters—"were thirty millions more than those of 1872, that year which is engraved on Mr Chamberlain's heart." "We had some imports also last year," added Sir Henry grimly. He could not resist another dig at Mr Chamberlain, even if it were only a clumsy one. Mr Chamberlain's case, he asserted, was that "our commerce was suffering from a sort of universal sleeping sickness." Then, after picking out a few more figures, which grew less and less relevant as he proceeded, he wound up with this ingenuous declaration: "I think you will agree with me that those figures completely demolish the case upon which the whole theory and policy was based by their author."

It is Sir Henry's misfortune to be very easily answered. His arguments and his jokes alike seem always to come to an untimely end. In this particular instance they were demolished by Mr Chamberlain in his Guildhall speech. His reply was very quiet, very neat, and exactly to the taste of his audience. "When a gentleman of distinction in politics like the leader of the Opposition declared that these new figures entirely destroyed and levelled to the ground the scaffolding which he had attempted to raise, he wondered how a man who was presumably sincere—who was presumably intelligent—could so entirely misunderstand and misrepresent the argument of his opponents." Too often this is the only kind of answer that Sir Henry's humour admits of—sheer wonder that a man in his position could be so maladroit.

Beyond extinguishing the Opposition leader, Mr Chamberlain did not say much about

our foreign trade at the Guildhall. Far from being disconcerted by the returns for 1903, he "accepted them with the greatest pleasure as the starting-point of his future arguments." In the early part of this article will be found a very similar sentiment. The best use to make of the latest official statistics of our imports and exports is to treat them as a turning-point in our fiscal policy—a stepping-stone to better things. Among these we would include a check to the alarming growth of our foreign food imports, a steady expansion of our manufactured exports, less of the closed door in our foreign markets, and, last but not least, some limit to the ever-increasing balance of trade against us. Until these evils are corrected we may, as Mr Chamberlain remarked at the Guildhall, continue to be a rich nation, but we cannot remain a great nation either commercially or politically.

REFORMS IN THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS.

If the fiscal campaign should have no other effect, it is, at least, waking up the Board of Trade to the urgent necessity for improved commercial statistics. To give the Board its due, it is taking great pains to render its official returns fuller and more intelligible than they have ever been hitherto. Equal praise may be extended to the Statistical Department of the Custom House for the improvements it is introducing into the foreign trade returns. Last year a beginning was made with a new classification of imports and exports, which greatly facilitates the difficult task of analysing and comparing them. This year there is a great increase in the number of detailed articles. New forms are also being issued to traders, with a view to obtaining more exact declarations as to countries of origin and destination. The modernising spirit which has taken hold of the Statistical Department of the Custom House may go far. By-and-by we may obtain positive data on many points which are still left to the ingenious conjecturing of polemical statisticians. We may

even hope for a speedy end to all that beating of the air there has been over "invisible exports," and to the mixing up of trade, shipping, and banking operations in one insoluble medley.

The more data that the Board of Trade can supply the less room will be left for scientific statistics so called. It is tantalising for economic students to have to argue backwards and forwards on important points which the public authorities should put beyond doubt or question by furnishing precise facts. Several such points are now at issue in connection with the Board of Trade returns—for instance, whether or not the declared values of our exports include all that they ought to do; whether or not the declared values of our imports do not include more than they ought to do; whether or not large adjustments are needed on both sides before they can be fairly compared; and whether or not our foreign trade statistics as a whole deserve to be regarded as more than rough approximations to actual quantities and values.

CUSTOM HOUSE VALUATIONS.

These, and kindred questions, are agitating not only statistical but also commercial circles. They have been more discussed in the City than almost any other aspect of the fiscal inquiry. Business men are growing sick of party-coloured

arithmetic, and of flexible figures which can be made to contract or expand to suit any political climate. They wish to see in the plainest possible light what is to be best for the nation and the empire. One thing they are all agreed

about — that much fuller and better digested information as to every staple trade and industry will have to be officially provided before fiscal discussion can be placed on solid ground. There is a bewildering mass of theory, hypothesis, and vague estimate to eliminate before we reach a really scientific basis of inquiry.

If such a being could be imagined as a capable economist well grounded in the principles of his science and familiar with the actual economic conditions of the day, but unaffected by political and polemical vagaries, his views of our foreign trade in 1903 would be both interesting and valuable. Probably what would first strike him in examining these returns is the huge disparity between our imports and our exports, the one amounting to 291 millions sterling and the other to 543 millions. He would see in this a very suspicious anomaly. Various explanations of it might be offered him by certain economists whose function nowadays seems to be not to investigate scientifically, but to explain difficulties away in the easiest and most plausible manner. It is highly improbable that he would be satisfied with any of these make-shift solutions. The anomaly would, in his opinion, demand a more thorough inquiry. To his mind it would present a dilemma something like this: either a country with such a formidable excess of imports will find them every year more difficult to pay for, or it must have

other resources sufficient to cover the annual deficit on its foreign trade.

The latter alternative raises, however, large and intricate questions, extending far beyond the commercial sphere. An independent economist who had nothing but scientific truth to consider would decline to drag in larger questions in order to explain smaller ones. He would say, "Let us first exhaust the foreign trade data in so far as they can be studied by themselves, and then proceed to the wider subjects." Standing by itself, a yearly importation of 543 millions sterling, against an exportation of only 291 millions, would not look commercially healthy. Nor, indeed, is it in fact. There would be no doubt or difference of opinion as to the speedy fate of a private business conducted on such lines. The universal inference would be that there was too much buying and too little selling for the maintenance of a solvent balance.

Our impartial economist might have another preliminary question to ask — What guarantee is there for these huge totals of imports and exports being accurate? He would have to be told that all the valuations both of imports and exports are, and can only be, approximate. In the case of food and raw materials they may come pretty near the truth, but with manufactured articles there must be a large margin of possible error. The figures, therefore, should be taken as relatively, and not absolutely, correct.

DO OUR IMPORTS INCLUDE MERCHANTS' PROFITS?

The valuations of imports and exports are made on two different principles, which, according to some critics, have the effect of understating the one and overstating the other. This is a qualification of some importance, and one requiring to be carefully investigated; but so far little or nothing has been done with it. To what extent it vitiates the comparison of exports and imports is still quite problematical. But the fact that business men are directing their attention to it is so far a gain. The point was clearly put by a prominent London banker, Mr Felix Schuster, in his recent address to the Institute of Bankers on "Foreign Trade and the Money Market." The difference between our exports and imports is, he said, "much greater in appearance than in reality, because of the difference in values, the imports being charged at their value on arrival here, while the exports represent their value here, not the price at which they are eventually sold. The profits of our merchants should be deducted from the value of the imports and added to that of our exports respectively."

At first blush this sounds plausible, and it might be convincing if the question rested entirely with importers and exporters. But the nation itself has also to be taken into account, and its standpoint differs from that of the traders. If our foreign trade were being conducted for us by a char-

tered company like the old East India Company, it would be entitled in making up its accounts to deduct its profits from the imports and add them to the exports. In its case these would be actual profits derived from third parties. But a nation as such makes no ultimate profit out of the marketing of its imports at home. What its merchants earn on them the rest of the community have to pay. Their profits on import business are, as a rule, money taken out of one set of pockets and put into another set. If the value of imports could be fairly reduced by the profits of importers and merchants, why not also write off the profits of the retail distributors and the freight earned by railways and other distributing agents?

Moreover, is it not a mere assumption on the part of those who have taken to explaining away our excessive imports and inventing excuses for them that the profits of merchants are actually included in the Customs valuations? The Custom House authorities have given no sanction to such a view. On the contrary, they have of late been careful to explain where necessary that import values represent the cost of the goods up to the moment of their arrival in port, while export values represent their cost up to the moment of the vessel leaving port. Such are the intended meanings of the cabalistic letters "c.i.f." (cost, insurance, and freight) applied to imports,

and "f.o.b." (free on board) applied to exports. In neither case is there any mention of merchants' profits, and whether these be included or not would depend on the merchants individually, or rather on the importers. As to their general practice in the matter, there is hardly a scrap of evidence yet available.

This is a virgin field of inquiry waiting for Mr Chamberlain's Tariff Commission. It might render a real service to our foreign trade by ascertaining how the values of both imports and exports are fixed, and by suggesting possible improvements in existing methods. But so far as public information

goes at present, there is little ground for believing that merchants' profits affect the comparison seriously either way. They are at best but a hypothetical factor in the case, and one which in the interest of reliable trade statistics it would be well to get rid of, if possible. What the nation wants to know about its imports is their original cost to the nation itself, and not how much profit its merchants may get on them afterwards. What it wants to know about its exports is how much the nation itself is getting for them, without reference to further profits that may be made on them after they leave our shores.

ARE IMPORTS PAID FOR WITH SHIPPING FREIGHTS?

Freight is another disturbing factor in our official valuations of imports and exports. It is a more tangible one than merchants' profits, because we know as a matter of fact that in some cases it is counted, while in others it is not. The practice of leading commercial nations differs considerably on this point. According to the Fiscal Blue-Book, the Americans are the only people who treat it logically. They exclude freights from their imports as well as from their export valuations. We, along with France and Germany, have taken up an illogical half-and-half position. We exclude freights from our exports but include them in our imports. In order to make us, if possible, still more illogical, some fiscal experts now propose

to count in freights a second time, by way of eking out certain hypothetical sources of income to which they have given the very appropriate title of "invisible exports."

British shipping is, without doubt, an important national interest. In normal times it is more profitable for the country than our whole export business. Why it should be treated as a mere accessory of our foreign trade is curious. In the good old days the ship ruled the cargo, and it is only since our enormous consumption of foreign food swelled our imports to an unhealthy extent that the cargo has ruled the ship. In our trade statistics ship and cargo have got mixed up unnecessarily, and it would be a useful reform to separate them. Our shipping industry is large enough

and valuable enough to have detailed statistics of its own. Instead of being told merely about

tonnage and cargoes, why not have some information also about earnings and expenses?

THE MYTHICAL NINETY MILLIONS A-YEAR OF FREIGHTS EARNED ABROAD.

An impartial economist might consider this a highly desirable addition to our commercial statistics. The experts, official and otherwise, are evidently of the same opinion. If they were logical, they would call on the Board of Trade to commence a special record of our shipping business, giving prominence to essential facts which have hitherto been always left out—namely, the earnings. But the experts prefer guesswork to positive data, and instead of trying to improve the official records, they offer us, as a substitute for them, ingenious figuring of their own. The largest part of our shipping revenue—that earned on our imports—they pass over altogether. For the smaller part, that earned on our exports and in trading between foreign ports, they offer us an estimate of 90 millions sterling a-year, which may well be called generous. Sir Thomas Sutherland, the chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, has characterised it even more strongly. In addressing his shareholders at their last half-yearly meeting, he said:—

“It was constantly asserted—and perhaps with considerable accuracy—that the revenue of the merchant ships under the British flag amounted roundly to 80 millions sterling per annum, and that this revenue was available to pay for an equivalent

amount of imports into this country. But in view of the great disbursements which had to be made by ship-owners, not only in this country but in every quarter of the world, he ventured to say that that statement was an absolute fallacy. It would at all events be a more correct estimate that only half the amount of this revenue was available for the payment of imports.”

Between 80 millions a-year and 40 millions a-year there is a rather substantial difference, but Sir Thomas Sutherland and the statistical experts are wider apart even than that. In his 40 millions a-year net he includes the whole earnings of ships sailing under the British flag, whether in our own over-sea trade or in trading between foreign ports. But the original estimate of 90 millions a-year was only for the earnings of British ships in trading between foreign ports. It will be remembered that freights on imports into Great Britain are already added to the cost of the imports, and cannot therefore be reckoned a second time. If Sir Thomas Sutherland had been asked for an estimate of the restricted earnings which the statistical experts were dealing with, he would very probably have said 40 millions sterling gross instead of 80 millions, and 20 millions net instead of 40 millions. At all events, he has effectually exploded the 90 millions a-year estimate, which was extravagant on the face of it.

LORD GOSCHEN AND THE MYTHICAL NINETY MILLIONS.

This is a matter of interest, not merely because of its magnitude and its importance as a factor in our foreign trade statistics, but owing to the peculiar use that has been made of it by some fiscal authorities of no ordinary rank. Lord Goschen, in his speech at Liverpool on the 5th November, calmly assumed the 90 millions a-year of shipping revenue—in excess of freights on our own imports—to be beyond doubt. In attempting, after the usual fashion, to explain away the huge excess of imports over exports—182½ millions sterling in 1903—he remarked: “It is now acknowledged, I think, that freight and interest from investments cover this 180 millions in almost equal proportions—90 millions for freights and 90 millions for interest on various investments.”

Sir Walter Pease, who knows something about the subject, challenged both of these estimates, and Lord Goschen had to write to ‘The Times’ in their defence. If his original assumption was cool, his reiteration of it bordered on the casuistical. He gave the Board of Trade as his authority, and referred Sir Walter Pease to “a separate memorandum on pages 99-104” of the Fiscal Blue-Book for the figures “contained in his speech.” The memorandum in question is well known to students of the Fiscal Blue-

Book, and the writer has had occasion to criticise it in these columns.¹ Any one able to read between the lines will see at once that it is not an official document, but an outside contribution. Most of the figures and estimates relative to shipping revenue are quoted from Sir Robert Giffen’s well-known papers on the subject. Sir Robert, if not the actual writer of the memorandum, is made responsible for its conclusions.

All these facts were of course well known to Lord Goschen when he spoke at Liverpool, and when he subsequently wrote to ‘The Times’ upholding his challenged figures. In his letter he mentions that he had previously heard of them at the Royal Statistical Society—again, of course, from Sir Robert Giffen. In view of the fact that the 90 millions a-year outside of freights on our imports of estimated shipping revenue rests solely on Sir Robert Giffen’s authority, and has not been indorsed by the Board of Trade farther than by a mere description of it as his scheme, was it quite candid of Lord Goschen to put it before the public as an essential part of the Board of Trade Blue-Book? Be that as it may, there can be no doubt whatever about the much-criticised estimate being purely personal and without any official authority whatever.

True, the Board of Trade

¹ “The Fiscal Crisis,” October 1903.

may not be wholly beyond criticism in the matter. It might have intervened long ago with good effect, and taken steps to obtain a proper official estimate of our shipping revenue. The question was first raised by Sir Robert Giffen nearly twenty years ago, and he deserves great credit for the hard and protracted labour he has bestowed on it. But it was too large and important a matter to be left indefinitely in private hands, however able. The Board of Trade officials might have taken counsel over it with

a few representative shipowners, and a result might thereby have been reached in which the public could have had confidence. They might, in short, have had Sir Thomas Sutherland beforehand as an adviser, instead of having him afterwards as a destructive critic. After his recent declaration fully one-half of the 90 millions a-year of shipping revenue with which Lord Goschen and Sir Robert Giffen thought they had filled up the gulf between our imports and exports vanishes into thin air.

UNIFORM METHODS OF CUSTOM HOUSE VALUATION NEEDED.

The gulf between our imports and exports still yawns at our feet, demanding to be filled up or explained away. The question of freight earnings has also for its own sake to be put on a better footing. Lastly, more uniform methods of valuation are urgently required in all international trade. It is not only in charging or not charging freights against imports that the Custom Houses of various nations differ from each other. There must be many other diversities among them, to produce the wild discrepancies exhibited in international trade returns. The valuation of the exports, say, from A. to B. seldom tallies with the valuation of the corresponding imports by B. from A. Not only so, but the divergencies between them are often absurdly large—so large as to cast doubt on the whole system of Custom House valuations.

form statistics of international trade, an agreement might be made to value all imports and exports on one basis. That already in use in the United States would be perhaps the simplest. Under it freights are excluded both ways, but separate records may of course be kept of them. The exporting country would under such an arrangement continue to value all shipments "f.o.b." (free on board), and the importing country would repeat that valuation or come as near to it as possible. Freight and charges at port of destination would become separate items, and there would be no further need to attempt the impossible task of estimating merchants' profits.

Whether or not these suggested reforms are practicable, and if so, how they might be carried out, are questions for the Custom House experts. But it is evident that without them there can be no

really scientific comparison of the movements of international trade. To borrow a phrase from the memorandum so much appreciated by Lord Goschen, "any answer of a statistical nature (to such questions) can only be of the roughest kind."

But those interested in our foreign trade may console themselves with the thought that, imperfect as their statistics are,

they are better than having none at all, as in the home trade. Some of the largest of our home industries have no official statistics whatever. It must have hurt the dignity of the Board of Trade statisticians who compiled the Fiscal Blue-Book to have to resort to brokers' circulars for the only available data as to the annual production of our cotton and woollen factories.

THE WIDENING GULF BETWEEN IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Lord Goschen and Sir Robert Giffen will both have observed with interest, if not with satisfaction, that last year's foreign trade witnessed another addition of fully three millions sterling to the balance against us. It was 179 millions sterling in 1902, and close on 182½ millions in 1903. The gulf between our exports and imports, which they have undertaken to fill up with "invisible exports," grows apace, while the filling up material shrinks under rude practical criticism. Something will have to be found to supply the place of the 45 millions sterling a-year

which Sir Thomas Sutherland has knocked off the shipping freights. Perhaps the 90 millions sterling set down for "interest on various investments abroad" may bear some inflation. But how dreadful it would be if some other rude practical critic were to attack it as Sir Thomas Sutherland attacked the shipping freights, and cut it down materially! Then we should have the sad spectacle of a huge balance of trade against us, growing year by year, while the "invisible exports," specially invented to explain it away, become more and more hazy.

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A SONG OF ENGLAND.

THERE is a song of England that none shall ever sing ;
 So sweet it is and fleet it is
That none whose words are not as fleet as birds upon the wing,
 And regal as her mountains,
 And radiant as the fountains
Of rainbow-coloured sea-spray that every wave can fling
Against the cliffs of England, the sturdy cliffs of England,
 Could more than seem to dream of it,
 Or catch one flying gleam of it,
Above the seas of England that never cease to sing.

There is a song of England that only lovers know ;
 So rare it is and fair it is,
Oh, like a fairy rose it is upon a drift of snow,
 So cold and sweet and sunny,
 So full of hidden honey,
So like a flight of butterflies where rose and lily blow
Along the lanes of England, the leafy lanes of England ;
 When flowers are at their vespers,
 And full of little whispers,

The boys and girls of England shall sing it as they go.

There is a song of England that only love may sing ;
 So sure it is and pure it is,
And seaward with the sea-mew it spreads a whiter wing !
 And with the skylark hovers
 Above the tryst of lovers,
Above the kiss and whisper that led the lovely Spring
Through all the glades of England, the ferny glades of England,
 Until the way enwound her
 With sprays of may, and crowned her
With stars of frosty blossom in a merry morris ring.

There is a song of England that haunts her hours of rest ;
 The calm of it and balm of it
Are breathed from every hedge-rose that blushes to the west ;
 From the cottage-doors that nightly
 Cast their welcome out so brightly
On the lanes where laughing children are lifted and caressed
By the tenderest hands in England, hard and blistered hands
 of England ;
 And from the restful sighing
 Of the sleepers that are lying,
With the arms of God around them, on the night's contented
 breast.

There is a song of England that wanders on the wind ;
 So sad it is and glad it is
That men who hear it madden, and their eyes are wet and blind,
 For the lowlands and the highlands
 Of the unforgotten islands,
For the Islands of the Blessèd and the rest they cannot find,
As they grope in dreams to England and the love they left
 in England,
 Little feet that danced to meet them,
 And the lips that used to greet them,
And the watcher at the window in the home they left behind.

There is a song of England that thrills the beating blood
 With burning cries and yearning
Tides of hidden aspiration hardly known or understood ;
 Aspirations of the creature
 Towards the unity of Nature ;

Sudden chivalries revealing whence the longing is renewed
In the men that live for England, live and love and die for
England;

By the light of their desire

They shall blindly blunder higher,

To a wider grander kingdom and a deeper nobler Good.

There is a song of England that only God can hear;

So gloriously victorious,

It soars above the choral stars that sing the Golden Year;

Till even the cloudy shadows

That wander o'er her meadows

In silent purple harmonies declare His glory there

On all the hills of England, the billowy hills of England;

While heaven rolls and ranges

Through all the myriad changes

That mirror God in music to the mortal eye and ear.

There is a song of England that none shall ever sing;

So sweet it is and fleet it is

That none whose words are not as fleet as birds upon the wing,

And regal as her mountains,

And radiant as the fountains

Of rainbow-coloured sea-spray that every wave can fling

Against the cliffs of England, the sturdy cliffs of England,

Could more than seem to dream of it,

Or catch one flying gleam of it,

Above the seas of England that never cease to sing.

ALFRED NOYES.

VISCOUNT GOUGH.

BY GEORGE W. FORREST, C.I.E.

HAS Hugh, first Viscount Gough, been justly estimated, or righteously dealt by? Mr Rait thinks not. More than thirty years had rolled on since a gallant soldier who won great and important victories passed away from us, and the story of his life, so full of adventure, had not been written. Mr Rait supplies the reason. Lord Gough's Indian command was marked by friction with successive Governors-General. And the brave and fiery old hero decided, with a sacred respect for his own dignity and fidelity, "that it was inadvisable, in his own lifetime, to reveal the differences of opinion that existed between the military and the civil authorities, and he preferred to permit his whole military policy to be misunderstood by the press and the public rather than to defend himself by embarking upon an embittered personal controversy." His family after his death maintained the same lofty reserve. More than fifty years have gone since Hugh Gough commanded the Indian army, the controversies of the hour have entered the domain of history, and Viscount Gough deserves grateful thanks and recognition for having placed at the disposal of an expert the volumi-

ous correspondence of his illustrious ancestor. The result is a book,¹ scholarly, profound, full of life and interest. The author has thrown on the correspondence the light of his own research, and he has dealt with his materials in a historical spirit. His style is clear and not ungraceful. The accounts of the battles from Barrosa to Gujerat are most careful and well ordered. Whatever conclusions we may draw with regard to the strategy of the Commander, we cannot but respect the temper in which the biographer writes, and the cogency of many of the arguments he adduces. The chief attraction of the volumes, however, lies in the letters which make known to us a soldier who united the loftiest daring with the most watchful humanity and responsive affection, whose lofty ambition had no alloy of selfishness and no taint of the feeling of rivalry. In an age of distinguished names it is refreshing to read the life of a real man.

Hugh Gough was born at Woodstown, in the county of Limerick, on the 3rd of November 1779. His father was lieutenant-colonel of the Limerick City Militia, and Hugh Gough's first appointment was in his father's corps.

¹ The Life and Campaigns of Hugh, First Viscount Gough, Field-Marshal. By Robert S. Rait. 2 vols. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

On the 7th of August 1794 he was gazetted ensign, and two months later he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 119th Foot. He was an adjutant of that regiment at the age of fifteen, and there is a tradition that he was reported upon as a specially capable officer. Ten months later he was gazetted by transfer from the 119th Foot to the 2nd Battalion of the 78th Seaforth Highlanders or Ross-shire Buffs (now known as the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders). It was with the 78th Highlanders that Gough first came under fire at the capture of Cape Town (August 7, 1795). He then obtained a transfer to the regiment which is mainly associated with his name—the 87th Foot, or Prince of Wales' Irish Regiment—and was present with them at the unfortunate attack on Porto Rico and the capture of Surinam, where the resistance was slight. The climate of the West Indies did not suit his health, and after three and a half years of service there, he came back to England. In June 1803—the year that Wellington won Assaye—he was promoted to a captaincy. The following year he had, however, to rejoin his regiment, and after a brief stay in the West Indies he returned with it to England. In August 1805 he became a major, owing to the "almost brotherly kindness" of a comrade, Major Blakeney, who sold out earlier than he otherwise would have done "in order that I might get his majority," and Gough joined the 2nd Battalion of the 87th, which had been

raised the previous year in the counties of Tipperary, Galway, and Clare. In 1806 we find him with the 2nd Battalion stationed at Plymouth, where he met the beautiful woman who for fifty years braved with him the world, and exalted his true knightliness. A heavy trial came early to the young wife. Four months after her first child was born, Major Gough sailed for the Peninsula.

On the 16th of July 1809 was fought the battle of Corunna. And when darkness fell the British army embarked without loss and sailed for England. "The heroic spirit of Moore went with the troops, his body rested with the enemy." Napoleon, having failed to cut off the English army, returned to France, leaving precise instructions with his lieutenants for the invasion of Portugal. Marshal Ney, who reached Corunna three days after the battle, was to hold Galicia. Soult, with 25,000 troops, was to march to Oporto upon Lisbon. After four months of vacillation the English Ministers decided to act in Portugal, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, assuming the supreme military command of both nations, "commenced that series of victories which has placed him amongst the truly great generals of the world—and they are few, though the vanity of nations would make them many." The 87th, under the command of Major Gough, took an active part in the brilliant operations by which Soult was dislodged from Oporto and Portugal delivered

from the enemy. A part of Donkin's brigade accompanied Wellesley's advance into Spain, and proved their gallantry at Talavera. Gough was severely wounded in the side by a cannon-shot. Twenty other officers of the battalion were also wounded, and so great were the losses in rank and file that it was sent into garrison when Wellesley retired into Portugal. It remained in garrison while he prepared the gigantic lines of Torres Vedras—"a grand project, conceived and enforced with all the might of genius." As Gough's wound proved troublesome, he returned to England on short leave to recruit.

In the beginning of 1810 Soult invaded Andalusia, and Marshal Victor blockaded the Isla de Leon, where Cadiz stands on a projecting promontory. The loss of the town would have been a grievous blow to the Allies, and rendered it difficult for them to hold the south-west of Spain. It was saved by the British supremacy of the sea, which allowed Wellington to throw into it a fresh garrison, including the 2nd battalion of the 87th. In March 1810 Graham, "a daring old man of ready temper for battle," assumed the command of the garrison. The summer was spent in improving the fortifications. At the close of December Soult left Cadiz to go to the assistance of Massena: the French army was left under the command of Marshal Victor, and Graham determined to make an effort to raise the blockade. His plan was to

convey by sea a large body of troops to Tarifa (situated almost in the centre of the Spanish side of the Straits of Gibraltar), and in concert with the garrison of that town and a large body of Spanish troops, to attack the rear of the French lines. Contrary winds delayed the project, and it was not till the 2nd of February that Graham set sail for Cadiz and landed at Algeciras.

"On the 24th," says Gough, "we marched to Tarifa, where we were joined by six or eight thousand Spaniards. We had about 4000 men." The 6000 or 8000 Spaniards to whom Gough refers were under the command of La Peña, captain-general at the Isla de Leon. The story of "bright Barrosa" is a familiar one, but it will always bear being told again; and Mr Rait has been able, by means of Major Gough's letters and General Graham's despatches, to give a clear and detailed account of the stubborn contest.

After a night's march of sixteen hours the British troops arrived on the morning of the 5th of March at the low ridge of Barrosa, which crept in from the coast for a mile and a half. It "overlooked," says Napier, "a broken plain, which was bounded on the left by the coast cliffs, on the right by the forest of Chiclana, in front by a pine-wood, beyond which rose a long narrow height called the Bermeja, to be reached by wading through the pine-wood or by the beach under the cliffs." Graham, to preserve unanimity, had conceded the

command to La Peña, and the Spanish general sent him directions to move down from Barrosa to the Bermeja. At four in the afternoon he set forth through the pine-wood, leaving a small rearguard under Colonel Brown to guard the Barrosa. When he emerged from the wood he found himself brought to bay. The right wing of the enemy under Laval was close upon him. Victor had captured the height in his rear. No sign of La Peña — Graham must stoutly fight it or die. To Brown, who was slowly retiring into the plain and sent for orders, he returned the laconic answer, "Fight!" "Trusting to the known heroism of British troops," says Graham, "regardless of the numbers and position of the enemy, an immediate attack was determined upon." Ten guns under Major Duncan immediately opened a terrific fire. The right wing, led by General Dilkes, marched to the assistance of Brown, who was fighting at the foot of the Barrosa ridge. After a long and desperate combat the French were driven from its summit, "with the loss of their guns and many brave soldiers." The left wing, led by Colonel Wheatley, to which the 87th was attached, advanced against Laval. When Gough came out of the pine-wood he formed the 87th into line, and threw out his flanks to meet the enemy's advance. Many went down under the slaughtering fire. Gough, as he looked down the dark red line, saw the symptoms of wavering always to be noticed among men who have

to stand still while bullets crash amidst them. "Steady, my men," he said, as he rode in their front; "hold yourselves in readiness: see what we'll give these fellows by-and-by." They became like a wall. When the light troops which were skirmishing in front were withdrawn, Gough, waving his hat over his head, gave the word "Charge!" With a tremendous cheer they dashed upon the 8th French Regiment and broke it. The 47th French now came down on the right. Gough with great difficulty got his right wing collected, with which he made another fierce and rapid charge, and they too were broken. The next day Gough wrote to his wife: "We proudly bring with us a trophy that will long record the results of two successive charges against two regiments, the 8th and the 47th. The former came into the field, 1600 Grenadiers, the finest-looking men I ever saw, and from the centre of their column we took their eagles."

The eagle was captured by Sergeant Patrick Masterman, and it was the first taken during the war. It bore a laurel wreath of pure gold round its neck, an honour conferred upon the 8th Regiment by Napoleon himself. It was conveyed to England and presented to the Prince Regent. Graham writes to the colonel, Sir John Doyle: "Your regiment has covered itself with glory. Recommend it and its commander, Gough, to their illustrious patron the Prince Regent; too much cannot be done for it." Upon the

87th was conferred the title of the Prince of Wales' Own Irish Regiment, and it still bears "as badge of honour" upon the regimental colours an eagle with a wreath of laurel above the harp. Upon their commander, who had been "earnestly recommended" for promotion by General Graham, was conferred the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, being the first British officer who ever reached brevet promotion for service in action at the head of a regiment. On the Duke of Wellington's representation it was antedated to the date of his Talavera despatches. Conspicuous in the ranks of Graham's little army were the men of the 87th Regiment, but at Barrosa there was sufficient glory to cover all the troops. "No expression of mine," wrote the general, "could do justice to the conduct of the troops throughout. Nothing less than the most unparalleled exertions of every officer, the invincible bravery of every soldier, and the most determined devotion to the honour of his Majesty's arms in all, could have achieved such brilliant success against such a formidable enemy so posted."

Barrosa was a brilliant success, but owing to La Peña keeping aloof during and after the action, and our troops being unable from exhaustion to follow up the victory, the results of the expedition proved fruitless. Graham retired to Cadiz, and the French resumed the blockade of the place. For six months Gough had to endure the monotonous life of a

blockaded town. Then there came the request from Major King, who commanded Tarifa, to send him 1200 men. Tarifa lies not many leagues from Tangiers, and Soult was anxious to get it as a base for supplies. Among the troops selected to send to King were eight companies of the 87th, 520 men.

"I cannot tell you," writes Gough to his wife, "the delight this little temporary move has given us all; anything for a change to a soldier. . . . We only got the first intimation of such a thing going forward while I was at dinner on the 9th, and the next morning I marched down to the water, and embarked the whole of the men and baggage in three minutes, to the astonishment of every person present."

After a most boisterous voyage of six days, the little force reached Tarifa, a small quadrangular town twenty-one miles by land from Gibraltar, surrounded by a narrow Moorish wall broken by a series of towers. Through the centre, from east to north-west, flowed a periodical torrent, barred at the entrance by a Moorish turret with a portcullis and a series of palisades. At the portcullis there rose from the bank of the torrent a row of houses which stretched into the town. These had been loop-holed by Captain Felix Smith, to whom was intrusted the difficult task of planning the defences. No place seemed so incapable of sustaining a siege or a vigorous assault. It was, as Wellington said, "commanded at short distances, enfiladed in every direction, unprovided with artillery, and the walls scarcely cannon-

proof." The little garrison consisted of about 2500 (including 600 Spanish infantry and 100 horse), and the enemy numbered probably about 5000 men. On the 19th of December the French took possession of the hills surrounding Tarifa. Before nightfall the town was closely invested. On the morning of the 24th of December the enemy had pushed their advance to within 400 yards of the north-east tower. Colonel Skerrett, who commanded the brigade from Cadiz, applied to General Cook, the commander of the garrison, for orders. He was to embark his brigade and return to Cadiz. That night a council of war was held. Skerrett strongly advocated the abandonment of Tarifa; but Smith, King (who came with the forces from Gibraltar), and Gough opposed the withdrawal. It was decided to continue the resistance. On the 29th the enemy turned their guns against the portcullis and adjacent rampart: the old walls crumbled away, and a yawning breach appeared. "But between the breach, the depth to the street was above fourteen feet; the space below was covered with iron window-gratings, having every second bar turned up; the houses there, and behind all points liable to escalade, were completely prepared and garrisoned, and the troops were dispersed all round the ramparts, each regiment having its own quarter." The defence of the breach was intrusted to Gough and the 87th, who flanked from north to south.

At eight o'clock on the 31st of December ninety years ago 2000 French Grenadiers marched forward to the breach. Gough, telling his Irish boys that "wherever there is opportunity the bayonet must be used," drew his sword and ordered the band to strike up "Garry Owen." As the French Grenadiers advanced, the garrison commenced a well-sustained fusillade. Every shot told. The breach could not be taken. They turned their attack on the portcullis. Here Gough and the 87th were ready to receive them. The band struck up "St Patrick's Day," "and with a crushing volley they smote the head of the French column." Their gallant leader, covered with wounds, fell against the portcullis and gave up his sword through the bars to Gough.

It now required all their commander's power of command to prevent the lads from Galway and Tipperary from bursting forth and attacking the foe. "Bloody war, colonel!" said one of the soldier-heroes of Barrosa; "I only want to teach 'em what it is to attack the Aiglers." He had to content himself with the hope that "next time they came, we'll give them 'Garry Owen' again." But they did not come again. "On our side," wrote Colonel Skerrett in general orders issued that evening, "all behaved nobly; but the conduct of Lieut. - Colonel Gough and the 87th, whose good fortune it was to defend the breach, surpasses all praise." As Gough wrote to his wife,

"Never did British courage and discipline overcome more difficulties."

In October 1812 the 2nd Battalion under Colonel Gough were ordered to join Wellington's army, and in June the following year they helped to win the victory of Vittoria. Led by their colonel, they took with a swift charge the village of Hermandad. During the stubborn contest a bullet passed through his coat, but "his skin not broken," and his horse was killed under him. "The officers," he says, "are surprised I brought my men under such a tremendous fire; they would have been more astonished if they had been there to see it." The day after the battle he wrote to his wife:—

"My beloved will rejoice to hear that the opportunity of distinguishing myself and the Corps occurred yesterday, the glorious Twenty-First of June. The Battalion out-Heroded Herod; its conduct called forth the warmest encomiums from General Colville, who witnessed a part of its conduct. After the action he said before several officers, 'Gough, you and your corps have done wonders.' But, by the bye, he did not see all, a village having separated me from the rest of the Brigade, when I charged two heights on which were a numerous Force of Artillery supported by a heavy column of Infantry, I should think about two thousand, without a corps to assist us. My good fortune still supports me, as I found one of my Sergeants got the Batonnier [Truncheon] of Marshal Jourdan, who commanded the French, carried, I should think, by one of his staff who was killed. I shall present it tomorrow to General Colville for Lord Wellington. Unfortunately no officer saw the fellow take it. I should therefore fear our action will not appear. . . . It is a staff about 2 feet long, covered with purple

velvet, most beautifully embroidered with Eagles. The young rascal has taken off the two Gold Eagles on either end, which he pretends he has lost."

The baton was presented by Wellington to the Prince Regent, who sent him in return that of a field-marshal of the British army.

On the 9th of November "with great splendour the day broke, and as the first ray of light played on the summit of the lofty Atchubia the signal-guns were fired in rapid succession. Then the light-division soldiers leaped up, and the French beheld with astonishment the columns rushing onward from the flank of the great Rhune." So began the battle of Nivelle. By nightfall Soult was driven from a mountain position he had been fortifying for months. The 87th shared in the heavy fighting around the village and heights of Sarre, and in the rush for the fortifications of Saint Pé. During the day's hard fighting Gough was wounded. That evening he wrote to his wife:—

"Don't be frightened, my darling Frances, by seeing your old man's name in the list of wounded. I got a hard rap in the hip, but the bone is not touched. I, however, fear it will be some time before I will be well. However, I fully did, I trust, my duty—one comfort, I feel I did. I fear I lost most severely—three other officers wounded are in the room with me."

The 87th had fully maintained its reputation. "The old Corps," he says, "behaved as usual. . . . Nothing could withstand the Prince's Own. Old Colville cried out, 'Royal

87th! Glorious 87th!' and well he might."

The wound prevented Gough from taking part in any more fighting in the Peninsular War. For his great services in the campaign he was awarded a pension and the medal for Talavera, for which Wellington had applied. On May 25, 1815, he was gazetted lieutenant-colonel, and the honour of knighthood was conferred on him.

When Waterloo had been won, and the Napoleonic star had set, the English politician with his perennial desire for economy proceeded to reduce the strength of the army. On the 1st of February 1817 the 2nd Battalion of the 87th was disbanded at Colchester. Three hundred and thirty men were transferred to the 1st Battalion. The present regiment, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, is thus the lineal descendant of the 2nd Battalion as well as of the 1st. It still bears on its colours the proud words "Barrosa" and "Tarifa." The memory of Hugh Gough lives in the traditions and the legends of the regiment. The story is told how a recruit, seeing in the mess-room a print of the well-known portrait depicting him in a loose overcoat, asked who it was. "That," said a sergeant, "is Lord Gough, and that is his fighting coat. After a battle it was a perfect sight to see him shake the bullets out of that coat."

After remaining for more than two years on half-pay, Sir Hugh was appointed (August 12, 1819) to the command of the 23rd Regiment, which had

accompanied the conqueror of Quebec to the Heights of Abraham. After two years spent in garrison at Northampton, the corps was sent to Cork to suppress the outrages of the Whiteboys. Gough was appointed a magistrate of the three counties—Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary. By means of military patrols he put down the outrages, and he won the affection and confidence of the peasantry by his mingling of firmness and good temper. When the regiment left for Dublin all classes gave more than one proof of their goodwill. From Dublin the regiment was sent to Galway. Here Gough's tenure of command came to an end, and for eleven years he remained without active employment. It seemed as if his military career were over. When the colonelcy of the 87th became vacant, and he did not receive the honour which was his due, he thought of selling his regimental commission. But more work and glory were now at hand. In 1837 Sir Hugh Gough, who had seven years previously been gazetted to the rank of major-general, was appointed to the command of the Mysore Division of the Madras army. Sailing for India in the early autumn, he reached Madras in October, and at once proceeded to Bangalore, the headquarters of the division. After he had been three years there, he was appointed to take the command of the troops in China, where our first operations had not been marked by success.

The first China war is an

episode in our Imperial annals which we would like to forget. That dreadful work of blood, sickening after sixty years to read about, creates not one feeling of pride or exaltation. The war, like so many of our small wars, was due to weakness, vacillation, and ignorance of the people with whom we came in contact. It was conducted by the British soldier making attacks on fortified places, and rout and slaughter were the certain results. The redeeming feature is the noble attempt made by Gough to save as far as possible the peaceful and inoffensive inhabitants of the towns and villages from the horrors of war.

Lord Gough saw that capturing towns and arsenals on the coast would have little effect on the governments at Peking, and to him must be given the credit of the bold plan of taking the army and fleet 200 miles up an unknown river to capture the town of Chin-kiang-foo, which commanded the intersection of the Imperial Canal with the Yang-tse-Kiang. The highest credit also is due to Lord Gough for the clearness and decision with which he matured this plan, and to Admiral Sir William Parkes for the skill and vigilance with which he conducted the fleet up the great river. Chin-kiang-foo was attacked, defended with considerable stubbornness by the Tartars, and captured with some loss. When the English force entered

the city they found the enemy had destroyed themselves. Sir Hugh states in his despatch: "Dead bodies of Tartars in every house we entered, principally women and children thrown into wells or otherwise murdered by their own people. A great number of those who escaped our fire committed suicide after destroying their families; the loss of life has been appalling, and it may be said that the Manchu race in this city is extinct." Sir Hugh writes home, "I am sick at heart of war and its fearful consequences." The feet of the bravest are slow to shed blood. Nanking was taken without shedding of blood, and, on the 29th of August 1842, a treaty was signed. On his return to India Sir Hugh Gough received a demi-official letter from the Duke of Wellington informing him that he had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India: "This is one of the highest, if not the highest situation which an officer in her Majesty's service can hold, and I do not doubt that you will equally as heretofore in other situations perform its duties with honour to your own character, and to the public advantages."

On the 11th of August 1843 Sir Hugh Gough assumed command of the army in India. He was soon in the field. The state of affairs in the Mahratta Court of Gwalior demanded the serious attention of the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, whose striking ability, energy, and zeal were

marred by an excess of vanity and love of show. His prompt action regarding the mutinous army of Gwalior was one of the most creditable events in his administration. He ordered an army of observation, numbering about 12,000 men besides artillery, to form at Agra. Gough proposed that an army of 20,000 men should be collected, and that they should not all be gathered at Agra, but that they should be divided into two bodies, the right wing (under himself) to operate from Agra, and the left (under Sir John Grey) from Bundelcund. This plan of operations was questioned by Henry Havelock in his notebook before the campaign, on the ground that "it is contrary to all true principles to make corps which have no communication act separately against a central force when communications are open." Sir Harry Smith, who pointed out to Havelock "the nobler part of our glorious profession," and had studied the science of war, says, "According to the rules of strategy and correct principles of combination this division of the threatening or invading forces may with great reason be questioned." Sir Hugh Gough explained to the Duke of Wellington before the campaign began the reasons for his strategy:—

"Your Grace will not, I trust, consider that I have decided on an injudicious movement by advancing from such opposite points and leaving to an enemy the option of attacking either Wing when no support could

be afforded it by the other. But I feel perfectly confident that either Wing would be amply sufficient not only to repel, but to overthrow, the whole Mahratta force in the field, while by such a movement, the attacking force would be cut off from the Capital and stronghold of Gwalior, together with what the Mahrattas place so much reliance on—their immovable park of 300 guns—by a rapid march of the other Wing. On the other hand, I shall place their Army between two powerful bodies capable of taking in reverse or of turning the flank of any position they may take up. It will also enable me, in a great measure, to prevent what I have so long apprehended, the dispersion of their force into bodies of armed men, who would assuredly become bands of Robbers, and make incursions into our territories."

Sir Hugh Gough based his strategy upon the supposition that the Mahratta army was a mob without leaders, with the heads at variance. "I found a well-disciplined, well-organised army, well led and truly gallant." Up to the last moment it was hoped that there would be no need to resort to arms. But the Mahratta army was determined to resist any interference in the State. On the 2nd December the 1st Brigade crossed the River Chumbul, which marks our frontier. It was an act of war; but so confident was the Governor-General of the maintenance of peace that he invited Sir Hugh Gough and Lady Gough to dine with him at the village where the right wing had assembled. The Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by his wife and daughter, joined the Governor-General in the enemy's country.

The heroic Juana, who had shared with her husband, Harry Smith, the dangers and privations, the hardships and fatigues, of the Peninsular campaign, was also present. On the 25th of December 1843 a large body of Mahrattas marched out of Gwalior, and the next day they took up a strong position at a village called Chonda, six miles from the British army. It was carefully reconnoitred. During the night the Mahrattas moved to another position three miles in advance of it, at the village of Maharajpore. No second reconnaissance was made on the morning of the 29th before the column advanced. Grey daylight had not come when the left column started. At dawn the centre and right moved forward. Lord Ellenborough rode in the rear of the reserve battery. The ladies on elephants, with a small escort, rode behind the troops as they marched up to Maharajpore. They soon came under fire. As the heads of the columns appeared the enemy's guns opened on them. "This was no surprise," states the biographer. Sir Hugh had never doubted that the enemy would have to occupy Maharajpore as an outpost. But it was a surprise to find that the Mahrattas meant to fight the battle at the village, and if the scouting had been well done, and a real reconnaissance made before the troops advanced, the battle might have been won by a combination of arms with less loss of life. As Harry Smith

wrote at the time, "In the late conflict *no one* gave our foe credit for half his daring or ability; hence our attack was not quite so scientifically powerful by a combination of the different arms as it might have been." The fiery old general "was surprised," to use his own words, "and most agreeably surprised, to see that they had pushed forward into a plain open for all arms so large a body of their force." He gave orders for a direct attack upon Maharajpore. The columns slowly and steadily plodded their way over the ploughed fields under a heavy cross-fire of cannon and grape like hail. Many a gallant fellow fell. Then with a rush they carried the battery, bayoneting the brave gunners, who would not abandon their guns. Behind the guns stood the Mahratta infantry. They fought with the desperate valour of their race. As the gallant and generous Harry Smith says, "A more thorough devotedness to their cause no soldiers could evince, and the annals of their defeat, although an honour to us, can never be recorded as a disgrace to them." Three thousand of the enemy lay dead on the field, and fifty-six superb bronze guns were the spoil of the victors. But they were won at a heavy cost. The British forces at Maharajpore numbered 4810 infantry, with 350 artillery and 30 field-guns, and supported by 1340 cavalry. The British loss was—killed, 6 officers and 100 men; wounded, 34 officers and

650 men. Total casualties, 790 killed and wounded.

In June 1844 the Court of Directors, distrusting his erratic genius and disliking his love of theatrical display, recalled Lord Ellenborough. His successor was Sir Henry Hardinge, who had turned the tide in the battle of Albuera, and had been immortalised by the eloquent historian as "the young soldier with the eye of a general and the soul of a hero." Besides being a brave soldier, Sir Henry Hardinge was a man of sound sagacity, excellent habits of business, and most benevolent temper. His military qualities were considerable, but his mind was not dazzled by military glory, and the first year of his administration was devoted to social and administrative reforms. Though immersed in the duties of a civil ruler, patronising literature, encouraging education, projecting canals, the Governor-General did not neglect military problems. He knew the confusion into which the affairs of the Punjab had fallen, and he was aware of the consequences to which this might lead. He had come to India with the firmest resolution to avoid war, but he provided for the exigencies of defence. If he had followed the counsel of Sir Hugh Gough, he might, as the biographer shows, have made more ample preparation for war. The Commander-in-Chief was right in desiring to be absolutely ready to fight—the Governor-General was not wrong in refusing to do what would destroy all chance of

maintaining peace. As it was, the assembly of the Army of Exercise, and bringing the famous bridge of boats with military equipment to Ferozepore, roused the patriotism of the Sikhs. They answered by crossing the Sutlej—not, as historians state, into British territory, but into their own territory, which the Sikh soldier believed the time had come to defend. They took up an extended position at Ferozeshah, about half-way between our frontier garrison at Ferozepore and the village of Moodkee. The crossing of the Sutlej was, however, contrary to treaty, and the inevitable war began. On our side the preparations were incomplete. We had collected regiments and guns, but food and ammunition and carriages and hospital stores were all behind, or remained to be collected. It would be instructive to all who are enamoured of a Military Board to read the many huge tomes which contain the proceedings of the old Indian Military Board during the Sutlej campaigns. On the 12th of December, the day after the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, Henry Hardinge gallantly rode over to Ludiana, an important frontier station, eighty miles to the east of Ferozepore, higher up the Sutlej. And he took the daring and most important step of withdrawing almost the whole garrison. The same day Hugh Gough, with the Umballa force, set forth, and being joined by the Ludiana force, the united army reached the walled village of Moodkee. The men were

dead-beat. They had done 140 miles in seven days, and the last march of several leagues had been over a sandy plain. The soldiers, who had been without food since the preceding evening, had just begun to prepare a meal when news came that the enemy's cavalry was advancing. As the biographer remarks, "It has frequently been stated that the army was surprised at Moodkee," and he attempts to refute the statement by saying that Captain Haines, acting military secretary, was sent out to see and hear any movements of troops, and that he met an officer who told him he had been watching clouds of dust in the distance, indicating the movement of a large body of troops. If the scouting had been efficiently done, and a reconnaissance made, Hugh Gough would have discovered that the very flower of the Sikh infantry were posted in a dense low forest, and that they had a vast number of guns and masses of cavalry. When our troops were forming, the Sikhs began the battle with a fierce cannonade. The British guns replied. During the artillery duel the enemy's horse advanced. The British cavalry fell impetuously on them from either flank, and drove them into the forest, "when the enemy's infantry," says Harry Smith, "brought them up and occasioned a very considerable and most unnecessary loss." Night was falling fast when our infantry advanced. The deadly precision of the Sikh guns mowed them down. Sir John

M'Caskell was shot through the heart at the head of his division, which occupied the centre; Brigadier Bolton was mortally wounded as he led the left brigade, and Wheeler as he led the right brigade. The British soldiers went on. Position after position was taken after a deadly tussle,—“our infantry using,” says Gough, “that never-failing weapon, the bayonet.” The victory was dearly bought. The total loss was 215 of all ranks killed and 257 wounded.

The next day (20th December) was spent in burying the dead. The Governor-General that evening placed his services at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief as second in command. “I need hardly say,” wrote Gough, “with what pleasure the offer was accepted.” Orders were sent to Sir John Littler to leave a small guard at Ferozepore, and to effect a junction with the main body, which the next day were to manœuvre on the enemy's right. On the morning of the 21st of December the offensive was resumed, and our columns of all arms debouched four miles on the road to Ferozepore and found themselves before the right of the Sikh intrenched camp. This consisted of strong breastworks in the form of a parallelogram of about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth; within its area lay the strong village of Ferozeshah. These formidable works were protected by 150 guns of heavy calibre and defended by near

30,000 men, trained and disciplined by French and Italian officers. About eleven o'clock Sir Hugh rode up to Sir Henry Hardinge and said, "Sir Henry, if we attack at once, I promise you a splendid victory." Sir Henry refused to entertain the proposition, and as the Chief continued to press it, he calmly observed, "Then, Sir Hugh, I must exercise my civil powers as Governor-General, and forbid the attack until Littler's force has come up." It was a delicate and momentous decision to make; but, as Harry Smith says, it "was a most fortunate interdiction for British India." Ferozeshah was a drawn battle; but without the substantial reinforcement of 5000 men and twenty-four guns it must have ended in disaster. The biographer, who unfortunately considers himself in all matters bound to defend the strategy of Gough, and to criticise severely those who did not approve of it, writes, "Sir Henry Hardinge was a brave man; but he had seen no fighting from the Waterloo campaign to the date of the battle of Moodkee." Gough had seen no fighting from the Peninsular campaign to the China war, and the China war was the worst experience for fighting the brave and well-disciplined Sikhs. It is also not fair to attribute the delay in making the attack entirely to Sir Arthur Hardinge's decision; for Littler arrived about one in the afternoon, and the attack was not made till 3.30. The battle began with

a heavy and well-directed fire from the enemy's hundred guns, more than forty of which were of battering calibre. In vain our artillery, of much lighter calibre, attempted to silence it. Then, in the face of a storm of shot and shell, our infantry advanced and carried the intrenchments. "They threw themselves upon the guns," says the despatch, "and with matchless gallantry wrested them from the enemy; but when the batteries were partially within our grasp our soldiery had to face such a fire of musketry from the Sikh infantry, arrayed behind their guns, that in spite of their most heroic efforts a portion only of the intrenchments could be carried. Night fell while the conflict was everywhere raging." It was one of the most memorable nights in the annals of the British Empire. Sir Henry Hardinge writes:—

"I bivouacked with the men, without food or covering, and our nights are bitter cold. A burning camp in our front, our brave fellows lying down under a heavy cannonade, which continued during the whole night, mixed with the wild cries of the Sikhs, our English hurrah, the tramp of men, and the groans of the dying. In this state, with a handful of men who had carried the batteries the night before, I remained till morning, taking very short intervals of rest by lying down with various regiments in succession, to ascertain their temper, and revive their spirits."

"I found," he goes on to say—"I found myself again with my old Peninsular friends of the 29th, 31st, 50th, and the 9th,

all in good heart"; and with them was the 80th Queen's, who had borne the brunt of the attack. "My answer to all and every man was, that we must fight it out, attack the enemy vigorously at daybreak, beat them or die honourably in the field. The gallant old general, kind-hearted and heroically brave, entirely coincided with me."

He adds:—

"During the night I occasionally called on our brave English soldiers to punish the Sikhs when they came too close and were impudent; and when morning broke we went at it in true English style. Gough was on the right. I placed myself, and dear little Arthur¹ [his son] by my side, in the centre, about thirty yards in front of the men, to prevent their firing, and we drove the enemy, without a halt, from one extremity of the camp to the other, capturing thirty of forty guns as we went along, which fired at twenty paces from us, and were served obstinately. The brave men drew up in an excellent line, and cheered Gough and myself as we rode up the line, the regimental colours lowering to me as on parade. The mournful part is the heavy loss I have sustained in my officers. I have had ten aides-de-camp *hors de combat*, five killed, and five wounded. The fire of grape was very heavy from 100 pieces of cannon; the Sikh army drilled by French officers, and the men the most warlike in India."

So ended "a bloody bulldog fight." It had cost us 694 killed and 1721 wounded. Of the total killed no fewer than 499 were British, 37 officers and 462 men. In the total wounded

there were 78 British officers and 1054 men. "Another such action," said Sir Henry Hardinge, "will shake the Empire." The enemy retired in perfect order across the Sutlej, and we had neither sufficient troops nor ammunition to follow them. For nearly a month the army of the Sutlej lay idle, awaiting the siege-train from Delhi. The Sikhs again crossed the river and threatened Ludiana. Sir Harry Smith was sent to dislodge them, and won the glorious victory of Aliwal. Of it the Duke of Wellington said: "I have read the account of many a battle; but I have never read the account of one in which more ability, energy, and experience have been manifested than in this. I know of none in which an officer ever showed himself more capable than this officer has in commanding the field." On the 7th of December the long train of heavy guns dragged by stately elephants entered the camp. On the 8th Sir Harry Smith rejoined the Commander-in-Chief. As the sun rose on the 10th of December the English batteries opened fire, and for upwards of three hours an incessant play of artillery was kept on the enemy's intrenchments. The Sikhs "flash for flash returned and fire for fire." For two hours the roar of the mighty ordnance reverberated through the valley of the Sutlej. The news was

¹ Little Arthur became Sir Arthur Hardinge, Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, and the present writer had the privilege of discussing with him the battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshah. Justice has never been done to Sir Arthur Hardinge's ability, bravery, and love of his profession.

then brought to Gough that only a few rounds of shot were left. The amount of ammunition ordered by the Commander-in-Chief had not been brought into the field. "Thank God!" exclaimed the fiery Chief, "then I'll be at them with the bayonet." He rejected the suggestion to withdraw. "Indeed I will not. Tell Sir Robert Dick to move on, in the name of God!" The 3rd Division under Sir Robert Dick, protected by batteries and horse artillery, advanced in line up to the breastworks. Every shot from the enemy's batteries told on them, and the deadly fire of muskets and swivels sent them back shattered. It was but a moment. Headed by their old and fearless leader, the two brigades made another rush. Close to the trenches fell, after a life of honour, the heroic Dick, while cheering on his men. But the first line of intrenchments was won. As the whole fire of the Sikhs in the intrenchments began to be thrown on them, Gough ordered the 1st and 2nd Divisions, commanded by Sir Harry Smith and General Gilbert, to attack the right and centre. Gilbert's division advanced in two lines. The Sikh batteries burst forth almost as they reached the lofty intrenchments. Again and again they attempted to assault them. Gilbert and Brigadier M'Laren were struck, but they continued to rally their men. Brigadier Taylor fell dead in front of the lines. No scaling-

ladders. A soldier climbed on the shoulders of a comrade, and so they scaled the intrenchments and dislodged the defenders. Right, left, and centre, the Sikh lines were stormed. But from right to left the mortal fray raged. "Mixed together, sword and targets against bayonets." "For twenty minutes we were at it," says Harry Smith, "against five times my number, sometimes receding (never turning round though), sometimes advancing. The old 31st and 50th laid on like devils."

Openings were made in the intrenchments by the sappers. Through them the British cavalry came in single file, and re-forming, galloped over and cut down the brave gunners. Every field-battery gun that could be brought up opened fire on the foe. Squadrons of horse and three divisions of infantry pressed them on every side. They stalked sullenly and sternly away, and attempted to ford the river. The horse artillery opened fire, and terrible was the carnage. The victors had 301 killed and 1913 wounded. Among the killed were 13 European officers, and 101 were wounded.¹ The victory placed the Punjab at our feet. The Governor-General, however, would not annex it, and he granted to the vanquished enemy too easy terms of peace. On Sir Henry Hardinge the Queen conferred the dignity of a viscountcy and on

¹ The figures are taken from the official despatch. They do not agree with those given in the biography. {But casualty lists are the despair of the historian.

Lord Gough that of a barony, both in the peerage of the United Kingdom.

On the 12th of January 1848 the guns of Fort William announced the landing in Calcutta of a new Governor-General. At the doorsteps of Government House Lord Dalhousie was greeted by the brave veteran, who, as ruler of India, had shown the qualities of a wise and great statesman. The Empire was at peace, and the departing Governor-General declared that the peace would be a lasting one. But before a year elapsed the Sikhs tried another fall with their old antagonists. The national safety demanded war. "I have wished for peace," said Lord Dalhousie at a farewell banquet; "I have longed for it; I have striven for it. But unwarned by precedent, uninfluenced by example, the Sikh nation has called for war, and on my word, sirs, they shall have it with a vengeance." On the 13th of February 1849 the first engagement of the second Sikh war took place. Lord Gough had great military attainments, but the first sound of an enemy's gun deprived him of the prudence of age or experience. The biographer shows that for many of the blunders made at Chillianwalla he was not answerable; but it is impossible to study the criticism of Havelock and Durand without being convinced that he was wrong in altering his original plan and attacking as he did. A cannon-shot, as he himself said, roused his Irish

blood, and orders were given to prepare for action. Again and again the British soldiers were rallied and led to the death-dealing batteries. As the sun went down the Sikhs slowly gave way, contesting every inch of ground, and their guns were captured. The first of Greek historians would have recorded that both sides erected a "trophy." Both sides fired salutes in honour of victory. More than 2000 of our army were killed and wounded. In one tent alone 13 officers of the 24th Foot lay dead. When tidings of the great fight reached England, a somewhat unjust and ignoble outcry was raised for the recall of Lord Gough. Lord Dalhousie also wrote home demanding his recall, and the Government appointed Sir Charles Napier to succeed him. Before Napier reached India, Gough had won the decisive victory of Gujerat. It is impossible to agree with the biographer that "the most obvious comment on the battle of Gujerat is the similarity of its plan to that of the action of Chillianwalla." At Gujerat we had the advantages of a thorough reconnaissance. Lord Dalhousie had in earnest letters enjoined caution on the fiery chief, and he took the advice. At Sobraon he brought his artillery into full play, and it was after the Sikhs' fire had been nearly silenced that the British infantry advanced from both flanks and carried the intrenched villages one by one.

The Sikhs fought with their usual valour, but were utterly routed. Thus a mighty struggle was splendidly ended. The prize of the victory was a kingdom. The Governor-General declared that the Sikh dominion had come to an end in the land of the five rivers, and would be replaced by British rule.

On the 6th of May 1849 Sir Charles Napier landed at Calcutta, and the following day Lord Gough laid down his office. On the 16th of May he bade leave in a farewell order to the army which he had so often led to victory in "four memorable campaigns," and to whose valour, discipline, and trust in their leader he owed "whatever of rank or reputation he had latterly obtained." For his

last great victory, "a grand termination of your glorious career in the East," wrote Wellington, her Majesty created him a Viscount. On his return to England all classes attempted to repair the injury that had been done him, by a most cordial welcome. The silent dignity with which he bore ill-repute had won the respect of Englishmen. The fine old warrior went back to his native land, which he so dearly loved, to spend the evening of his life. On the 2nd of March 1869 parted from its tenement of clay one of the bravest and noblest of souls. Gough was a hero of Irish blood. Many of the best sons of Erin have bled for England, but there is no one who was a greater honour to the old country.

JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a little less than three weeks since Chilcote and Loder had drunk their toast, and again Loder was seated at his desk.

His head was bent and his hand moved carefully, as he traced line after line of meaningless words on a sheet of foolscap. Having covered the page with writing, he rose, moved to the centre table, and compared his task with an open letter that lay there. The comparison seemed to please him; he straightened his shoulders and threw back his head in an attitude of critical satisfaction.

So absorbed was he that when a step sounded on the stairs outside he did not notice it, and only raised his head when the door was uncereemoniously thrown open. Even then his interest was only momentary.

"Hullo!" he said, his eyes returning to their scrutiny of his task.

Chilcote shut the door and came hastily across the room. He looked ill and harassed. As he reached Loder he put out his hand nervously and touched his arm.

Loder looked up. "What is it?" he asked. "Any new development?"

Chilcote tried to smile. "Yes," he said huskily, "it's come."

Loder freed his arm. "What? The end of the world?"

"The end of me." The words came jerkily, the strain that had enforced them showing in every syllable.

Still Loder was uncomprehending. He could not—or would not—understand.

Again Chilcote caught and jerked at his sleeve. "Don't you see? Can't you see?" he said.

"No."

Chilcote dropped the other's arm and passed his handkerchief across his forehead.

"It's come," he repeated. "Don't you understand? I want you." He drew away, then stepped back again anxiously.

"I know I'm taking you unawares, but it's not my fault. On my soul, it's not! The thing seems to spring at me and grip me——" He stopped, sinking weakly into a chair.

For a moment Loder stood erect and immovable; then, almost with reluctance, his glance turned to the figure huddled beside him.

"You want me to take your place to-night—without preparation?" His voice was distinct and firm.

"Yes. Yes, I do." Chilcote spoke without looking up.

"That you may spend the

night in opium? This and other nights?"

Chilcote lifted a flushed, unsettled face. "You have no right to preach. You accepted the bargain."

Loder raised his head quickly. "I never——" he began; then both his face and voice altered.

"You are quite right," he said coldly. "You won't have to complain again."

Chilcote stirred uncomfortably. "My dear chap, I meant no offence. It's merely——"

"Your nerves. I know. But come to business. What am I to do?"

Chilcote rose excitedly. "Yes, business. Let's come to business. It's rough on you, taking you short like this. But you have an erratic person to deal with. I've had a horrible day—a horrible day." His face had paled again, and in the green lamplight it possessed a greyish hue. Involuntarily Loder turned away.

Chilcote watched him as he passed to the desk and began mechanically to sort his papers.

"A horrible day!" he repeated. "So bad that I daren't face the night. You've read De Quincey?" he asked, with a sudden change of tone.

"Yes."

"Then read him again and you'll understand. I have all the horrors—without any art. I have no 'Ladies of Sorrow,' but I have worse monsters than his 'crocodile.'" He laughed wildly and unpleasantly.

Loder turned. "Why in the devil's name——?" he began; then once more he halted.

Something in Chilcote's drawn, excited face checked him. The strange sense of hopeless predestination that we sometimes see in the eyes of another struck cold upon him, chilling his last attempt at remonstrance.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked in a lowered voice.

The words steadied Chilcote. He laughed a little. The laugh was still shaky, but it was pitched in a lower key.

"You—you're quite right to pull me up! We have no time to waste. It must be one o'clock." He pulled out his watch, then walked to the window and stood looking down into the shadowy court.

"How quiet you are here!" he said. Then abruptly a new thought struck him, and he wheeled back into the room.

"Loder!" he said quickly. "Loder, I have an idea! While you are me, why shouldn't I be you? Why shouldn't I be John Loder instead of the vagrant we contemplated. It covers everything—it explains everything. It's magnificent! I'm amazed we never thought of it before."

Loder was still beside the desk. "I thought of it," he said without looking back.

"And didn't suggest it?"

"No."

"Why?"

There was silence, and Chilcote coloured quickly.

"Jealous of your reputation?" he said.

"I have none to be jealous of."

Chilcote laughed disagree-

ably. "Then you aren't so far gone in philosophy as I thought. You have still a niche in your own good opinion."

Again Loder was silent; then he smiled. "You have an oddly correct perception at times," he said. "I suppose I have had a lame sort of pride in keeping my name clean. But pride like that is out of fashion—and I've got to float with the tide." He laughed—the short laugh that Chilcote had heard once or twice before, and, crossing the room, he paused by his visitor.

"After all," he said, "what business have I with pride—straight or lame? Have my identity if you want it. When all defences have been broken down, one barrier won't save the town." Laughing again, he laid his hand on the other's arm. "Come!" he said. "Give your orders. I capitulate."

An hour later the two men passed from Loder's bedroom, where the final arrangements had been completed, back into the sitting-room. Loder came first in faultless evening dress. His hair was carefully brushed, the clothes he wore fitted him perfectly. To any glance—critical or casual—he was the man who had mounted the stairs and entered the rooms earlier in the evening. Chilcote's manner of walking and poise of the head seemed to have descended upon him with Chilcote's clothes. He came into the room hastily and passed to the desk.

"I have no private papers,"

he said, "so I have nothing to look up. Everything can stand as it is. A woman named Robins comes in the mornings to clean up and light the fire—otherwise you must shift for yourself. Nobody will disturb you. Quiet—dead quiet, is about the one thing you can count on."

Chilcote, half halting in the doorway, made an attempt to laugh. Of the two he was noticeably the more embarrassed. In Loder's well-worn, well-brushed tweed suit he felt stranded on his own personality, bereft for the moment of the familiar accessories that helped to cloak deficiencies and keep the wheel of conventionality comfortably rolling. He stood, unpleasantly conscious of himself, unable to shape his sensations even in thought. He glanced at the fire, at the table, finally at the chair on which he had thrown his overcoat before entering the bedroom. At sight of it his gaze brightened, the aimlessness forsook him, and he gave an exclamation of relief.

"By Jove!" he said. "I clean forgot."

"What?" Loder looked round.

"The rings." He crossed to the coat and thrust his hand into the pocket. "The duplicates only arrived this afternoon. The nick of time, eh?" He spoke fast, his fingers searching busily. Occupation of any kind came as a boon.

Loder slowly followed him, and as the box was brought to light he leant forward interestedly.

"As I told you, one is a copy of an old signet-ring, the other a plain band—a plain gold band like a wedding-ring." Chilcote laughed as he placed the four rings side by side on his palm. "I could think of nothing else that would be wide—and not ostentatious. You know how I detest display."

Loder touched the rings. "You have good taste," he said. "Let's see if they serve their purpose?" He picked them up and carried them to the lamp.

Chilcote followed him.

"That was an ugly wound!" he said, his curiosity reawakening as Loder extended his finger. "How did you come by it?"

The other smiled. "It's a memento," he said.

"Of bravery?"

"No. Quite the reverse." He looked again at his hand, then looked at Chilcote. "No," he repeated, with an unusual impulse of confidence. "It serves to remind me that I am not exempt—that I have been fooled like other men."

"Which implies a woman?" Chilcote returned his glance.

"Yes." Again Loder looked at the scar on his finger. "I seldom recall the thing," he said, "it's so absolutely past. But I rather like to remember it to-night. I rather want you to know that I've been through the fire. It's a sort of guarantee."

Chilcote made a hasty gesture, but the other interrupted it.

"Oh, I know you trust me

right enough! But you're giving me a risky post. I want you to see that women are out of my line—quite out of it."

"But, my dear chap——"

Loder went on without heeding. "This thing happened eight years ago at Santasalar," he said. "A little place between Luna and Pistoria—a mere handful of houses wedged between two hills. A regular relic of old Italy, crumbling away under flowers and sunshine, with nothing to suggest the present century except the occasional passing of a train round the base of one of the hills. I had literally stumbled upon the place on a long tramp south from Switzerland, and had been tempted into a stay at the little inn. The second night after my arrival something unusual occurred. There was an accident to the train at the point where it skirted Santasalar."

"There was a small excitement; all the village was anxious to help, and I took my share. As a matter of fact the smash was not disastrous: the passengers were hurt and frightened, but nobody was killed." He paused and looked at his companion, but seeing him interested, went on again—

"Amongst these people was one English lady. Of all concerned in the business, she was the least upset, and almost the only one who had escaped all injury. When I came upon her, she was sitting on the shattered door of one of the carriages, calmly rearranging her hat. On seeing me she

looked up with the most charming smile imaginable.

"'I have just been waiting for somebody like you,' she said. 'My stupid maid has got herself smashed up somewhere in the second-class carriages, and I have nobody to help me to find my dog.'

"Of course that first speech ought to have enlightened me; but it didn't. I only saw the smile and heard the voice; I knew nothing of whether they were deep or shallow. So I found the maid and found the dog. The first expressed gratitude, the second didn't. I extricated him with enormous difficulty from the wreck of the luggage-van, and this was how he marked his appreciation." He held out his hand, and nodded towards the scar.

Chilcote glanced up. "So that's the explanation?"

"Yes. I tried to conceal the thing when I restored the dog; but I was bleeding abominably and I failed. Then the whole business was changed. It was I who needed seeing to, my new friend insisted; I who should be looked after and not she. She forgot the dog in the newer interest of my wounded finger. The maid, who was practically unhurt, was sent on to engage rooms at the little inn, and she and I followed.

"That walk impressed me. There was an attractive mistiness in the warm night, a sensation more than attractive in being made much of by a woman of one's own class and country after five years' wandering." He laughed, with a touch of irony. "But I won't

take up your time with details. You know the progress of an ordinary love-affair. Throw in a few more flowers and a little more sun than usual; a man who is practically a hermit and a woman who knows the world by heart, and you have the whole thing.

"She insisted on staying in Santasalaré for three days in order to keep my finger bandaged; she ended by staying three weeks, in the hope of smashing up my life.

"On coming to the hotel she had given no name; and in our first explanations to each other she led me to conclude her an unmarried girl. It was at the end of the three weeks that she told me with the sweetest smile in the world that she was not a free agent, as I had innocently imagined, but possessed a husband, whom she had left ill with malaria at Florence.

"The news disconcerted me—and I took no pains to hide it. After that, the end came abruptly. In her eyes I had become a fool with middle-class principles; in my eyes— But there is no need for that. She left Santasalaré the same night in a great confusion of trunks and hat-boxes; and next morning I strapped on my knapsack and I turned my face to the south."

"And women don't count ever after?" Chilcote smiled, beguiled out of himself.

Loder laughed. "That's what I've been trying to convey. Once bitten, twice shy!" He laughed again, and slipped the two rings over his finger with an air of finality.

"Now, shall I start? This is the latch-key?" He drew a key from the pocket of Chilcote's evening clothes. "When I get to Grosvenor Square I find your house, go straight in, mount the stairs, and there on my right hand is the door of your—I mean my own—private rooms. I think I've got it all by heart. I feel inspired to-night; I feel that I can't go wrong." He handed the two remaining rings to Chilcote and picked up the overcoat.

"I'll stick on till I get a wire, then I'll come back and we'll reverse again." He slipped on the coat and moved back towards the table. Now that the decisive moment had come, it embarrassed him. Scarcely knowing how to bring it to an end, he held out his hand.

Chilcote took it, paling a little. "'Twill be all right!" he said, with a sudden return of nervousness. "'Twill be all right! And I've made it plain about—about the remunera-

tion? A hundred a-week—beside all expenses."

Loder smiled again. "My pay? Oh yes, you've made it clear as day. Shall we say good night now?"

"Yes. Good night!"

There was a strange distant note in Chilcote's voice, but the other did not pretend to hear it. He pressed the hand he was holding, though the cold dampness of it repelled him.

"Good night!" he said again.

"Good night!"

They stood for a moment, awkwardly looking at each other, then Loder quietly disengaged his hand, crossed the room, and passed through the door.

Chilcote, left standing alone in the middle of the room, listened while the last sound of the other's footsteps was audible on the uncarpeted stairs; then, with a furtive, hurried gesture, he caught up the green-shaded lamp and passed into Loder's bedroom.

CHAPTER VIII.

To all men come portentous moments, difficult moments, triumphant moments. Loder had had his examples of all three; but no moment in his career ever equalled in strangeness of sensation that in which—dressed in another man's clothes—he fitted the latch-key for the first time into the door of the other man's house.

The act was quietly done. The key fitted the lock smoothly,

and his fingers turned it without hesitation, though his heart, usually extremely steady, beat sharply for a second. The hall loomed massive and sombre, despite the modernity of electric lights. It was darkly and expensively decorated in black and brown; a frieze of wrought bronze, representing peacocks withoutspread tails, ornamented the walls; the banisters were of heavy ironwork, and the

somewhat formidable fireplace was of the same dark metal.

Loder looked about him, then advanced, his heart again beating quickly as his hand touched the cold banister and he began his ascent of the stairs. But at each step his confidence strengthened, his feet became more firm, his hand gained in sureness; then at the head of the stairs, as if to disprove his assurance, his pulses played him false once more—this time to a more serious tune. From the farther end of the well-lighted corridor he caught sight of a maid coming straight in his direction.

For one short second all things seemed to whizz about him, the certainty of detection overpowered his mind. The indisputable knowledge that he was John Loder and no other, despite all armour of effrontery and dress, so dominated him that all other considerations shrank before it. It wanted but a word—one simple word of denunciation—and the whole scheme was shattered. In the dismay of the moment he almost wished that the word might be spoken and the suspense ended.

But the maid came on in silence, and so incredible was the silence that Loder moved onward too. He came within a yard of her and still she did not speak; then, as he passed her, she drew back respectfully against the wall.

The strain, so astonishingly short, had been immense; but with its slackening came a strong reaction. The expected humiliation seethed suddenly

into a desire to dare Fate. Pausing quickly, he turned and called the woman back.

The spot where he had halted was vividly bright, the drop-light from the ceiling being directly above his head, and as she came towards him he raised his face deliberately and waited.

She looked at him without surprise or interest. "Yes, sir?" she said.

"Is your mistress in?" he asked. He could think of no other question; but it served its purpose as a test of his voice.

Still the woman showed no surprise. "She's not in, sir," she answered. "But she's expected in half an hour."

"In half an hour? All right! That's all I wanted." With a movement of decision he walked back to the stairhead, turned to the right, and opened the door of Chilcote's rooms.

The door opened on a short wide passage. On one side stood the study, on the other the bed, bath, and dressing-rooms. With a blind sense of knowledge and unfamiliarity, bred of much description on Chilcote's part, he put his hand on the study door and, still exalted by the omen of his first success, turned the handle.

Inside the room there was firelight and lamplight and a studious air of peace. The realisation of this, and a slow incredulity at Chilcote's voluntary renunciation, were his first impressions; then his attention was needed for more imminent things.

As he entered, the new secretary was returning a volume to its place on the book-

shelves. At sight of him he pushed it hastily into position and turned round.

"I was making a few notes on the political position of Khorasan," he said, glancing with slight apprehensiveness at the other's face. He was a small, shy man, with little social position and a superfluous amount of learning,—the antithesis of the alert Blessington whom he had replaced.

Loder bore his scrutiny without flinching. Indeed it struck him suddenly that there was a fund of interest, almost of excitement, in the encountering of each new pair of eyes. At the thought he moved forward to the desk.

"Thank you, Greening," he said. "A very useful bit of work."

The secretary glanced up, slightly puzzled. His endurance had been severely taxed in the fourteen days that he had filled his new post.

"I'm glad you think so, sir," he said hesitatingly. "You rather pooh-poohed the matter this morning, if you remember."

Loder was taking off his coat, but stopped in the operation.

"This morning?" he said. "Oh, did I? Did I?" Then, struck by the opportunity the words gave him, he turned towards the secretary.

"You've got to get used to me, Greening," he said. "You haven't quite grasped me yet. I'm a man of moods, you know. Up to the present you've seen my slack side—my jagged side, but I have quite another when I care to show it. I'm a sort of Jekyll and Hyde affair."

Again he laughed, and Greening echoed the sound diffidently. Chilcote had evidently discouraged familiarity.

Loder eyed him with abrupt understanding. He recognised the loneliness in the anxious, conciliatory manner.

"You're tired," he said kindly. "Go to bed. I've got some thinking to do. Good night!" He held out his hand.

Greening took it, still half distrustful of this fresh side to so complex a man.

"Good night, sir!" he said. "To-morrow, if you approve, I shall go on with my notes. I hope you will have a restful night."

For a second Loder's eyebrows went up, but he recovered himself instantly.

"Ah, thanks, Greening!" he said. "Thanks! I think your hope will be fulfilled."

He watched the little secretary move softly and apologetically to the door; then he walked to the fire, and resting his elbows on the mantelpiece, took his face in his hands.

For a space he stood absolutely quiet; then his hands dropped to his sides, and he turned slowly round. In that short time he had balanced things and found his bearings. The slight nervousness shown in his brusque sentences and over-confident manner faded out, and he faced facts steadily.

With the return of his calmness, he took a long survey of the room. His glance brightened appreciatively as it travelled from the walls lined with well-bound books to the lamps modulated to the proper light; from the

lamps to the desk, fitted with every requirement; from the desk to the chairs, suitable for every circumstance of reading, writing, or meditation. Nothing was lacking. All he had once possessed, all he had since dreamed of, was here—but on a greater scale. To enjoy the luxuries of life a man must go along without them. Loder had lived severely—so severely that until three weeks ago he had believed himself exempt from the temptations of humanity. Then the voice of the world had spoken, and within him another voice had answered with a tone so clamorous and insistent that it had outcried his surprised and incredulous remonstrance—boldly asserting its existence and its claims. That had been the voice of suppressed ambition, but now as he stood in the new atmosphere a newer voice lifted itself. The joy of material things rose suddenly, overbalancing the last remnant of the philosophy he had reared. He saw the objects that surrounded him in a fresh light—the soft carpets, the soft lights, the numberless pleasant unnecessary things that colour the passing landscape and oil the wheels of life. This was power—power made manifest. The choice bindings of one's books, the quiet harmony of one's surroundings, the gratifying deference of one's dependants. These were the visible, the outward signs. The things he had forgotten.

Crossing the room slowly, he lifted and looked at the different papers on the desk.

They had a substantial feeling, an air of value and importance. They were like the solemn keys to so many vexed problems. Beside the papers were a heap of letters neatly arranged and as yet unopened. He turned them over one by one. They were all thick, and interesting to look at. He smiled as he recalled his own scanty mail; envelopes long and bulky or narrow and thin—unwelcome manuscripts or very welcome cheques. Having sorted the letters, he hesitated. It was his task to open them; but he had never in his life opened an envelope addressed to another man.

He stood uncertain, weighing them in his hand. Then all at once a look of attention and surprise crossed his face, and he raised his head. Some one had unmistakably paused outside the door, which Greening had left slightly ajar.

There was a moment of apparent doubt, then a stir of skirts, a quick uncertain knock, and the intruder entered.

For a couple of seconds she stood in the doorway; then, as Loder made no effort to speak, she moved into the room. She had apparently but just returned from some entertainment, for though she had drawn off her long gloves, she was still wearing an evening cloak of lace and fur.

That she was Chilcote's wife, Loder knew instinctively the moment she entered the room; but a disconcerting confusion of ideas was all that followed the knowledge. He stood by the desk, silent and awkward,

trying to fit his expectations to his knowledge. Then, faced by the hopelessness of the task, he turned abruptly and looked at her again.

She had taken off her cloak and was standing by the fire. The compulsion of moving through life alone had set its seal upon her in a certain self-possession—a certain confidence of pose; yet her figure as Loder then saw it, backgrounded by the dark books and gowned in pale blue, had a suggestion of youthfulness that seemed a contradiction. The remembrance of Chilcote's epithets, "cold" and "unsympathetic," came back to him with something like astonishment. He felt no uncertainty, no dread of discovery and humiliation in her presence, as he had in the maid's. Yet there was something in her face that made him infinitely more uncomfortable. A look he could find no name for,—a friendliness that studiously covered another feeling, whether question, distrust, or actual dislike, he could not say. With a strange sensation of awkwardness he sorted Chilcote's letters, waiting for her to speak.

As if divining his thought, she turned towards him.

"I'm afraid I rather intrude," she said. "If you are busy——"

Loder's sense of courtesy was touched. He had begun life with a high opinion of women, and the words roused an echo of the old sentiment.

"Don't think that," he said. "I was looking through—my letters. You mustn't rate

yourself below letters." He was conscious that his tone was hurried and his words a little jagged; but Eve did not appear to notice. Unlike Greening, she took the new manner without surprise. She had known Chilcote for six years.

"I dined with the Fraides to-night," she said. "Mr Fraide sent you a message."

Unconsciously Loder smiled. There was humour in the thought of a message to him from the great Fraide. To hide his amusement, he wheeled one of the big lounge-chairs forward.

"Indeed!" he said. "Won't you sit down?"

They were near together now, and he saw her face more fully. Again he was taken aback. Chilcote had spoken of her as socially successful and intelligent, but never as beautiful. Yet her beauty was a rare and uncommon fact. Her hair was black,—not a glossy black, but the dusky black that is softer than any brown,—her eyes were large and of a peculiarly pure blue, and her eyelashes were black, beautifully curved and of remarkable thickness. Loder found himself noting all these things.

"Won't you sit down?" he said again, cutting short his thoughts with some confusion.

"Thank you!" She gravely accepted the proffered chair. But Loder saw that without any ostentation she drew her skirts aside as she passed him. The action displeased him unaccountably.

"Well," he said shortly,

"what had Fraide to say?" He walked to the mantelpiece with his customary movement and stood watching her. The instinct towards hiding his face had left him. Her instant and uninterested acceptance of him almost nettled him; his own half-contemptuous impression of Chilcote came to him unpleasantly, and with it the first desire to assert his own individuality. Stung by the conflicting emotions, he felt in Chilcote's pockets for something to smoke.

Eve saw and interpreted the action. "Are these your cigarettes?" She leant towards a small table and picked up a little lizard-skin box.

"Thanks!" He took the box, and as it passed from one to the other, he saw her glance at his rings. The glance was momentary; her lips parted to express question or surprise, then closed again without comment. More than any spoken words the incident showed Loder the gulf that separated husband and wife.

"Well?" he said again. "What of Fraide?"

At his words she sat straighter, and looked at him more directly, as if bracing herself to a task.

"Mr Fraide is—is as interested in you as ever," she began.

"Or in you?" Loder made the interruption precisely as he felt Chilcote would have made it. Then instantly he wished the words back.

Eve's warm skin coloured more deeply. For a second the inscrutable underlying expres-

sion that puzzled Loder showed in her eyes, then she sank back into a corner of the chair.

"Why do you make such a point of sneering at my friends?" she asked quietly. "I overlook it when you are—nervous." She halted slightly on the word. "But you are not nervous to-night."

Loder, to his great humiliation, reddened. Except for an occasional outburst on the part of Mrs Robins, his charwoman, he had not merited a woman's displeasure for years.

"The sneer was unintentional," he said.

For the first time Eve showed a personal interest. She looked at him in a puzzled way. "If your apology was meant," she said hesitatingly, "I should be glad to accept it."

Loder, uncertain of how to take the words, moved back to the desk. He carried an unlighted cigarette between his fingers.

There was an interval in which neither spoke. Then at last, conscious of its awkwardness, Eve rose. With one hand on the back of her chair she looked at him.

"Mr Fraide thinks it such a pity that"—she stopped to choose her words—"that you should lose hold on things—lose interest in things, as you are doing. He has been thinking a good deal about you in the last three weeks, ever since the day of your—your illness in the House; and it seems to him——" Again she broke off, watching Loder's averted head. "It seems to him that if you made one real effort now—even

now, to shake off your restlessness, that your—your health might improve. He thinks that the present crisis would give you a tremendous opportunity. Your trade interests, bound up as they are with Persia, would give any opinion you might hold a double weight." Almost unconsciously a touch of warmth crept into her words. "Mr Fraide talked very seriously about the beginning of your career. He said that if only the spirit of your first days could come back." Her tone grew quicker, as though she feared ridicule in Loder's silence. "He asked me to use my influence. I know that I have little—none perhaps; but I couldn't tell him that, and so—so I promised."

"And have kept the promise?" Loder spoke at random. Her manner and her words had both affected him. There was a sensation of unreality in his brain.

"Yes," she answered. "I always want to do—what I can."

As she spoke a sudden realisation of the effort she was making struck upon him, and with it his scorn of Chilcote rose in renewed force.

"My intention——" he began, turning to her. Then the futility of any declaration silenced him.

"I shall think over what you said," he added after a

minute's wait. "I suppose I can't say more than that."

Their eyes met and she smiled a little.

"I don't believe I expected as much," she said. "I think I'll go now. You have been wonderfully patient." Again she smiled slightly, at the same time extending her hand. The gesture was quite friendly, but in Loder's eyes it held relief as well as friendliness; and when their hands met he noticed that her fingers barely brushed his.

He picked up her cloak and carried it across the room. As he held the door open, he laid it quietly across her arm.

"I'll think over what you said," he repeated.

Again she glanced at him as if suspecting sarcasm; then, partly reassured, she paused. "You will always despise your opportunities, and I suppose I will always envy them," she said. "That's the way with men and women. Good night!" With another faint smile she passed out into the corridor.

Loder waited till he heard the outer door close, then he crossed the room thoughtfully and dropped into the chair that she had vacated. He sat for a time looking at the hand her fingers had touched; then he lifted his head with a characteristic movement.

"By Jove!" he said aloud, "how cordially she detests him!"

CHAPTER IX.

Loder slept soundly and dreamlessly in Chilcote's canopied bed. To him the big

room with its severe magnificence suggested nothing of the gloom and solitude that it held

in its owner's eyes. The ponderous furniture, the high ceiling, the heavy curtains, — unchanged since the days of Chilcote's grandfather, — all hinted at a far-reaching ownership that stirred him. The ownership was mythical in his regard, and the possessions a mirage, but they filled the day. And surely, sufficient for the day——

That was his frame of mind as he opened his eyes on the following morning, and lay appreciative of his comfort — of the surrounding space—even of the light that filtered through the curtain chinks, suggestive of a world re-created. With day, all things seem possible to a healthy man. He stretched his arms luxuriously, delighting in the glossy smoothness of the linen sheets.

What was it Chilcote had said? Better live for a day than exist for a lifetime! That was true; and life had begun. At thirty-six he was to know it for the first time.

He smiled, but without irony. Man is at his best at thirty-six, he mused. He has retained his enthusiasms and shed his exuberances; he has learned what to pick up and what to pass by; he no longer imagines that to drain a cup one must taste the dregs. He closed his eyes and stretched again—not his arms only this time, but his whole body. The pleasure of his mental state insisted on a physical reflection. Then, sitting up in bed, he pressed the electric bell.

Chilcote's new valet responded.

"Pull those curtains, Renwick," he said. "What's the time?" He had passed the ordeal of Renwick's eyes the night before.

The man was slow—even a little stupid. He drew back the curtains carefully, then looked at the small clock on the dressing-table.

"Eight o'clock, sir. I didn't expect the bell so early, sir."

Loder felt reproved, and a pause followed.

"May I bring your cup of tea, sir?"

"No. Not just yet. I'll have a bath first."

Renwick showed ponderous uncertainty.

"Warm, sir?" he hazarded.

"No. Cold."

Still perplexed, the man left the room.

Loder smiled to himself. The chances of discovery in that quarter were not large. He was inclined to think that Chilcote had even overstepped necessity in the matter of dullness.

He breakfasted alone, following Chilcote's habit, and after breakfast found his way to the study.

As he entered, Greening rose with the same conciliatory haste that he had shown the night before.

Loder nodded to him. "Early at work?" he said pleasantly.

The little man showed instant, almost ridiculous relief. "Good morning, sir," he said; "you are early, too. I rather feared your nerves troubled you after I left last night, for I found your letters still un-

opened this morning. But I am glad to see you look so well."

Loder promptly turned his back to the light. "Oh, last night's letters!" he said. "To tell you the truth, Greening, my wife"—his hesitation was very slight—"my wife looked me up after you left, and we gossiped. I clean forgot the post." He smiled in an explanatory way as he moved to the desk and picked up the letters.

With Greening's eyes upon him, there was no time for scruples. With very creditable coolness he began opening the envelopes one by one. The letters were unimportant, and he passed them on, one after another, to the secretary, experiencing a slight thrill of authority as each left his hand. Again the fact that power is visible in little things came to his mind.

"Give me my engagement-book, Greening," he said, when the letters had been disposed of.

The book that Greening handed him was neat in shape, and bound, like Chilcote's cigarette-case, in lizard-skin. As Loder took it the gold monogram "J. C." winked at him in the light of the bright morning. The incident moved his sense of humour. He and the book were co-operators in the fraud, it seemed. He felt an inclination to wink back. Nevertheless he opened the book with correct gravity and skimmed the pages.

The page devoted to the day was almost full. On

every other line were jottings in Chilcote's irregular hand, and twice amongst the entries appeared a prominent cross in blue pencilling. Loder's interest quickened as his eye caught the mark. It had been agreed that only engagements essential to Chilcote's public life need be carried through during his absence—and these, to save confusion, were to be crossed in blue pencil. The rest—for the most part social claims—were to be left to circumstance and Loder's inclination; Chilcote's erratic memory always accounting for the breaking of trivial promises.

But Loder in his new energy was anxious for obligations; the desire for fresh tests grew with indulgence. He scanned the two lines with eagerness. The first was an interview with Cressham, one of Chilcote's supporters in Wark, the other an engagement to lunch with Fraide. At the idea of the former his interest quickened, but at the thought of the latter it quailed momentarily. Had the entry been a royal command it would have affected him infinitely less. For a space his assurance faltered; then, by coincidence, the recollection of Eve and Eve's words of last night came back to him, and his mind was filled with a new sensation.

Because of Chilcote, he was despised by Chilcote's wife! There was no denying that in all the pleasant excitement of the adventure that knowledge had rankled. It came back to him linked with the remem-

brance of the slight reluctant touch of her fingers, the faintly evasive dislike underlying her glance. It was a trivial thing—but it touched his pride as a man. That was how he put it to himself. It wasn't that he valued this woman's opinion—any woman's opinion; it was merely that it touched his pride. He turned again to the window and gazed out, the engagement-book still between his hands. What if he compelled her respect? What if by his own personality, cloaked under Chilcote's identity, he forced her to admit his capability? It was a matter of pride—scarcely even pride; self-respect was a better word.

Satisfied by his own reasoning, he turned back into the room.

"See to those letters, Greening," he said. "And for the rest of the morning's work, you might go on with your Khorasan notes. I believe we'll want every inch of knowledge we can get in that quarter before we're much older. I'll see you again later." With a reassuring nod he crossed the room and passed through the door.

He lunched with Fraide at his club, and afterwards walked with him to Westminster. The walk and lunch were both memorable. In that hour he learned many things that had been sealed to him before. He tasted his first draught of real elation, his first drop of real discomfiture. He saw for the first time how a great man may condescend—how unostentatiously, how fully, how delightfully. He felt what tact and

kindness perfectly combined may accomplish, and he burned inwardly with a sense of duplicity that crushed and elated him alternately. He was John Loder—friendless, penniless, with no present and no future, yet he walked down Whitehall in the full light of day with one of the greatest statesmen England has known.

Some strangers were being shown over the Terrace when he and Fraide reached the House, and noticing the open door, the old man paused.

"I never refuse fresh air," he said. "Shall we take another breath of it before settling down?" He took Loder's arm and drew him forward. As they passed through the doorway the pressure of his fingers tightened.

"I shall reckon to-day amongst my pleasantest memories, Chilcote," he said gravely. "I can't explain the feeling, but I seem to have touched Eve's husband—the real you—more closely this morning than I ever did before. It has been a genuine happiness." He looked up with the eyes that, through all his years of action and responsibility, had remained so bright.

But Loder paled suddenly and his glance turned to the river—wide, mysterious, secret. Unconsciously Fraide had stripped his illusions. It was not John Loder who walked here; it was Chilcote,—Chilcote with his position, his constituency—his wife. He half extricated his arm, but Fraide held it.

"No," he said. "Don't draw

away from me. You have always been too ready to do that. It is not often that I have a pleasant truth to tell. I won't be deprived of the enjoyment." He smiled.

"Can truth ever be pleasant, sir?" Involuntarily Loder echoed Chilcote.

Fraide looked up. He was half a head shorter than his companion, though his dignity concealed the fact. "Chilcote," he said seriously, "give up cynicism. It is the trademark of failure, and I do not like it in my—friends."

Loder said nothing. The quiet insight of the reproof, its mitigating kindness, touched him sharply. In that moment he saw the rails down which he had sent his little car of existence spinning and the sight daunted him. The track was steeper, the gauge narrower than he had guessed; there were curves and sidings upon which he had not reckoned. He turned his head and met Fraide's glance.

"Don't count too much on me, sir," he said slowly. "I might disappoint you again." His voice broke off on the last word, for the sound of voices and laughter came to them across the Terrace, as a group of two women and three men passed through the open door. At a glance he realised that the slighter of the two women was Eve.

Seeing them, she disengaged herself from her party and came quickly forward. Loder saw her cheeks flush and her eyes brighten pleasantly as they rested on his companion;

but he noticed also that, after her first cursory glance, she avoided his own direction.

As she came towards them, Fraide drew away his hand in readiness to greet her.

"Here comes my god-child!" he said. "I often wish, Chilcote, that I could do away with the prefix." He added the last words in an undertone as she reached them; then he responded warmly to her smile.

"What!" he said. "Turning the Terrace into the Garden of Eden in January! We cannot allow this."

Eve laughed. "Blame Lady Sarah!" she said. "We met at lunch and she carried me off. Needless to say, I hadn't to ask where?"

They both laughed, and Loder joined a little uncertainly. He had yet to learn that the devotion of Fraide and his wife was a long-standing jest in their particular set.

At the sound of his tardy laugh Eve turned to him. "I hope I didn't rob you of all sleep last night," she said. "I caught him in his den," she explained, turning to Fraide, "and invaded it most courageously. I believe we talked till two."

Again Loder noticed how quickly she looked from him to Fraide. The knowledge roused his self-assertion.

"I had an excellent night," he said. "Do I look as if I hadn't slept?"

Somewhat slowly and reluctantly Eve looked back. "No," she said truthfully, and with a faint surprise that to Loder seemed the first genuine

emotion she had shown regarding him. "No. I don't think I ever saw you look so well." She was quite unconscious and very charming as she made the admission. It struck him that her colouring of hair and eyes gained by daylight—were brightened and vivified by their setting of sombre river and sombre stone.

Fraide smiled at her affectionately, then looked at Loder. "Chilcote has got a new lease of nerves, Eve," he said quietly. "And I—believe I have got a new henchman. But I see my wife beckoning to me. I must have a word with her before she flits away. May I be excused?" He made a courteous gesture of apology, then smiled at Eve.

She looked after him as he moved away. "I sometimes wonder what I should do, if anything were to happen to the Fraides," she said a little wistfully. Then almost at once she laughed, as if regretting her impulsiveness.

"I heard what he said," she went on in a different voice. "Am I really to congratulate you?"

The change of tone stung Loder unaccountably. "Will you always disbelieve in me?" he said.

Without answering she walked slowly across the deserted Terrace, and pausing by the parapet, laid her hand on the stone-work. Still in silence she looked out across the river—the slight breeze that blew across it stirring her hair.

Loder had followed closely.

Again her aloofness seemed a challenge. "Will you always disbelieve in me?" he repeated.

At last she looked up at him, slowly and with some surprise.

"Have you given me cause to believe?" she asked in a quiet voice.

To this truth he found no answer, though the subdued incredulity nettled him still more.

Prompted to a further effort, he spoke again. "Patience is necessary with every person and every circumstance," he said. "We've all got to wait and see."

She did not lower her gaze as he spoke, and there seemed to him something almost disconcerting in the clear candid blue of her eyes. With a sudden dread of her next words, he moved forward and laid his hand beside hers on the parapet.

"Patience is needed for every one," he said. "Sometimes a man is like a bit of wreckage; he drifts—till some force stronger than himself gets in his way and stops him." He looked again at her face. He scarcely knew what he was saying; he only felt that he was a man in an egregiously false position, trying stupidly to justify himself.

"Don't you believe that flotsam can sometimes be washed ashore?" he asked.

High above them Big Ben chimed sonorously.

Eve raised her head. It almost seemed to Loder that he could see her answer trembling on her lips; then the voice of

Lady Sarah Fraide came cheerfully from behind them.

"Eve!" she called. "Eve!

We must fly. Can you believe it, it's absolutely three o'clock?"

CHAPTER X.

In the days that followed Fraide's marked adoption of him, Loder behaved with a discretion that spoke well for his qualities. Many a man placed in the same responsible and yet strangely irresponsible position might have been excused if, for the time being, he gave himself a loose rein. But Loder kept free of the temptation.

Like all other experiments, his showed unlooked-for features when put to a working test. Its expected difficulties smoothed themselves away, while others, scarcely anticipated, came into prominence. Most notably of all, the physical likeness between himself and Chilcote—the universal factor and bed-rock of the scheme, which had been counted upon to offer most danger—worked without a hitch. He stood literally amazed before the sweeping credulity that met him upon every hand. Men who had known Chilcote from his youth—servants who had been in his employment for years—all joined issue in the unquestioning acceptance. At times the ease of the deception bewildered him: there were moments when he realised that should circumstances force him to a declaration of the truth he would not be believed. Human

nature prefers its own eyesight to the testimony of any man.

But in face of this astonishing success he steered a steady course. In the first exhilaration of Fraide's favour, in the first egotistical wish to break Eve's scepticism, he might possibly have plunged into the vortex of action—let it be in what direction it might; but fortunately for himself, for Chilcote and for their scheme, he was liable to strenuous second thoughts—those wise and necessary curbs that go further to the steadying of the universe than the universe guesses. Sitting in the quiet of the House on the same day that he had spoken with Eve on the Terrace, he had weighed possibilities slowly and cautiously. Impressed to the full by the atmosphere of the place that in his eyes could never lack character, however dull its momentary business, however prosy the voice that filled it, he had sifted impulse from expedience as only a man who has lived within himself can sift and distinguish. And at the close of that first day his programme had been formed. There must be no rush, no headlong plunge, he had decided; things must work round. It was his first expedition into the new country, and it lay with Fate to

say whether it would be his last.

He had been leaning back in his seat, his eyes on the Ministers opposite, his arms folded in imitation of Chilcote, when this final speculation had come to him; and as it came his lips had tightened for a moment and his face looked hard and cold. It is an unpleasant thing when a man first unconsciously speculates on the weakness of another, and the look that expresses the idea is not good to see. Loder had stirred uneasily, then his lips had closed again. He was tenacious by nature, and by nature intolerant of weakness. At the first idea of reckoning upon Chilcote's lapses his mind had shrunk back in disgust; but as the thought came again the disgust had lessened.

In a week—two weeks, perhaps—Chilcote would reclaim his place. Then would begin the routine of the affair. Chilcote, fresh from indulgence and freedom, would find his obligations a thousand times more irksome than before; he would struggle for a time, then——

A shadowy smile had touched Loder's lips as the idea formed itself.

Then would come the inevitable recall; then in earnest he might venture to put his hand to the plough. He never indulged in day-dreams, but something in the nature of a vision had flashed over his mind in that instant. He had seen himself standing in that same building, seen the rows of faces, first bored, then hesitat-

ingly transformed under his personal domination — under the one great power he knew himself to possess, the power of eloquence. The strength of the suggestion had been almost painful. Men who have attained self-repression are occasionally open to a perilous on-rush of feeling. Believing that they know themselves, they walk boldly forward towards the highroad and the pitfall alike.

These had been Loder's disconnected ideas and speculations on the first day of his new life. At four o'clock on the ninth day he was pacing with quiet confidence up and down Chilcote's study, his mind pleasantly busy and his cigar comfortably alight, when he paused in his walk and frowned—interrupted by the entrance of a servant.

The man came softly into the room, drew a small table towards the fire, and proceeded to lay an extremely fine and unserviceable-looking cloth.

Loder watched him in silence. He had grown to find silence a very useful commodity. To wait and let things develop was the attitude he oftenest assumed. But on this occasion he was perplexed. He had not rung for tea, and in any case a cup on a salver would have satisfied his wants. He looked critically at the fragile cloth.

Presently the servant departed and solemnly re-entered, carrying a silver tray with cups, a teapot, and numerous dishes of cake. Having ad-

justed these to his satisfaction, he turned to Loder.

"Mrs Chilcote will be with you in five minutes, sir," he said.

He waited for some response, but Loder gave none. Again he found the advantages of silence, but this time it was silence of a compulsory kind. He had nothing to say.

The man, finding him irresponsive, retired. Left to himself, Loder stared at the array of feminine trifles; then, turning abruptly, he moved to the centre of the room.

Since the day they had talked on the Terrace he had only seen Eve thrice and always in the presence of others. Since the night of his first coming, she had not invaded his domain, and he wondered what this new departure might mean.

His thought of her had been less vivid in the last few days; for, though using steady discretion, he had been drawn gradually nearer the fascinating whirlpool of new interests and new work. Shut his eyes to it as he might, there was no denying that this moment so personally vital to him, was politically vital to the whole country; and that by a curious coincidence Chilcote's position wellnigh forced him to take an active interest in the situation. Again and again the suggestion had arisen that, should the smouldering fire in Persia break into a flame, Chilcote's commercial interests would facilitate, would practically compel his standing in in the campaign against the Government.

The little incident of the tea-table, recalling the social side of his obligations, had roused the realisation of greater things. As he stood meditatively in the middle of the room he saw suddenly how absorbed he had become in these greater things. How in the swing of congenial interests he had been borne forward — his capacities expanding, his intelligence asserting itself. He had so undeniably found his sphere that the idea of usurpation had receded gently as by natural laws, and insensibly his own personality had begun to colour the day's work.

As this knowledge came he wondered quickly if it held a solution to the present little comedy; if Eve had seen what others he knew had observed — that Chilcote was showing a grasp of things that he had not exhibited for years. Then as a sound of skirts came softly down the corridor, he squared his shoulders with his habitual abrupt gesture and threw his cigar into the fire.

Eve entered the room much as she had done on her former visit — with this difference, that in passing Loder she quietly held out her hand.

He took it as quietly. "Why am I so honoured?" he said.

She laughed a little and looked across at the fire. "How like a man! You always want to begin with reasons. Let's have tea first and explanations after." She moved forward towards the table, and Loder followed. As he did so it struck him that her dress seemed in

peculiar harmony with the day and the room, though beyond that he could not follow its details. As she had paused beside the table, he drew forward a chair with a faint touch of awkwardness.

She thanked him and sat down.

He watched her in silence as she poured out the tea, and the thought crossed his mind that it was incredibly long since he had seen a woman preside over a meal. The deftness of her fingers filled him with an unfamiliar, half inquisitive wonder. So interesting was the sensation that, when she held his cup towards him, he didn't immediately see it.

"Don't you want any?" She smiled a little.

He started, embarrassed by his own tardiness. "I'm afraid I'm dull," he said. "I've been so——"

"So keen a worker in the last week," she suggested.

For a moment he felt relieved. Then as silence fell again his sense of awkwardness returned. He sipped his tea and ate a biscuit. He found himself wishing, for almost the first time in his life, for some of the small society talk that came so pleasantly to other men. He felt that the position was ridiculous. He glanced at Eve's averted head, and laid his empty cup upon the table.

Almost at once she turned, and their eyes met.

"John," she said, "do you guess at all why I wanted to have tea with you?"

He looked down at her. "No," he said honestly and without embellishment.

The curtness of the answer might have displeased another woman. Eve seemed to take no offence.

"I had a talk with the Fraides to-day," she said—"a long talk. Mr Fraide said great things of you—things I wouldn't have believed from anybody but Mr Fraide." She altered her position and looked from Loder's face back into the fire.

Loder took a step forward. "What things?" he said. He was almost ashamed at the sudden, inordinate satisfaction that welled up at her words.

"Oh, I mustn't tell you." She laughed a little. "But you have surprised him." She paused, sipped her tea, then looked up with a change of expression.

"John," she said more seriously, "there is one point that sticks a little. Will this great change last?" Her voice was direct and even—wonderfully direct for a woman, Loder thought. It came to him with a certain force that beneath her remarkable charm might possibly lie a remarkable character. It was not a possibility that had occurred to him before, and it caused him to look at her a second time. In the new light he saw her beauty differently, and it interested him differently. Heretofore he had been inclined to class women under three heads—idols, amusements, or encumbrances;

now it crossed his mind that a woman might possibly fill another place—the place of a companion.

"You are very sceptical," he said, still looking down at her.

She did not return his glance. "I think I have been made sceptical," she said, studying the pattern on her cup.

As she spoke the image of Chilcote shot through Loder's mind. Chilcote — irritable, vicious, unstable; and a quick compassion for this woman, so inevitably shackled to him, followed it.

Eve, unconscious of what was passing in his mind, went on.

"When we were married," she said gently, "I had such a great interest in things, such a great belief in life. I had lived in politics, and I was marrying one of the coming men—everybody said you were one of the coming men. I scarcely felt there was anything left to ask for. You didn't make very ardent love," she smiled; "but I think I had forgotten about love. I wanted nothing so much as to be like Lady Sarah—married to a great man." She paused. "For a while things went right; then slowly things went wrong. You got your—your nerves."

Loder changed his position with something of abruptness.

She misconstrued the action.

"Please don't think I want to be disagreeable," she said

hastily. "I don't. I'm only trying to make you understand why—why I lost heart."

"I think I know," Loder's voice broke in involuntarily. "Things got worse—then still worse. You found interference useless; at last you ceased to have a husband."

"Until a week ago——" She glanced up quickly. Absorbed in her own feelings, she had seen nothing extraordinary in his words.

But at hers Loder changed colour.

"It's the most incredible thing in the world," she said. "It's quite incredible, and yet I can't deny it. Against all my reason—all my experience—all my inclination, I seem to feel in the last week something of what I felt at first." She stopped with an embarrassed laugh. "It seems that, as if by magic, life had been picked up where I dropped it six years ago." Again she stopped and laughed.

Loder was keenly uncomfortable, but he could think of nothing to say.

"It seemed to begin that night I dined with the Fraides," she went on. "Mr Fraide talked so wisely and so kindly about many things. He recalled all we had hoped for in you, and—and he blamed me a little." She paused and laid her cup aside. "He said that when people have made what they call their last effort, they should always make just one effort more. He promised that if I could once persuade you to take an interest in your work

he would do the rest. He said all that, and a thousand other kinder things—and I sat and listened. But all the time I thought of nothing but the uselessness of his words. Before I left I promised him to do my best, but my thought was still the same. It was stronger than ever when I forced myself to come up here——” She paused again, and glanced at Loder’s averted head.

“But I came, and then—as if by conquering myself I had compelled a reward, you seemed—you somehow seemed different. It sounds ridiculous, I know.” Her voice was half amused, half deprecating. “It wasn’t a difference in your face, though I knew directly that you were free from—nerves.” Again she hesitated over the word. “It was a difference in yourself—in the things you said, more than in the way you said them.” Once more she paused and laughed a little.

Loder’s discomfort grew.

“But it didn’t affect me then.” She spoke more slowly. “I wouldn’t admit it then. And next day when we talked on the Terrace I still refused to admit it—though I felt it more strongly than before. But I have watched you since that day, and I know there is a change. Mr Fraide feels the same—and he is never mistaken. I know it’s only nine or ten days; but I’ve hardly seen you in the same mood for nine or ten hours in the last three years——” She stopped, and the silence was expressive.

It seemed to plead for confirmation of her instinct.

Still Loder could find no response.

After waiting for a moment, she leant forward in her chair and looked up at him.

“John,” she said, “is it going to last? That’s what I came to ask. I don’t want to believe till I’m sure; I don’t want to risk a new disappointment.” Loder felt the earnestness of her gaze, though he avoided meeting it.

“I couldn’t have said this to you a week ago, but to-day I can. I don’t pretend to explain—the feeling is inexplicable. I only know that I can say it now, and that I couldn’t a week ago. Will you understand—and answer?”

Still Loder remained mute. His position was horribly incongruous. What could he say? What dared he say?

Confused by his silence, Eve rose.

“If it’s only a phase don’t try to hide it,” she said. “But if it’s going to last—if by any possibility it’s going to last——” She hesitated and looked up.

She was quite close to him. He would have been less than man had he been unconscious of the subtle contact of her glance, the nearness of her presence—and no one had ever hinted that manhood was lacking in him. It was a moment of temptation. His own energy, his own intentions seemed so near; Chilcote—and Chilcote’s claims—so distant and unreal. After all, his life, his

ambitions, his determinations were his own. He lifted his eyes and looked at Eve.

"You want me to tell you that I will go on?" he said.

Her eye brightened; she took a step forward. "Yes," she said, "I want it more than anything in the world."

There was a wait. The declaration that would satisfy her came to Loder's lips, but he delayed it. The delay was fateful. While he stood silent the door opened and the servant who had brought in tea reappeared.

He crossed the room and handed Loder a telegram. "Any answer, sir?" he said.

Eve moved back to her chair. There was a flush on her cheeks and her eyes were still alertly bright.

Loder tore the telegram open, read it, then threw it into the fire.

"No answer!" he said laconically.

At the brusqueness of his voice, Eve looked up. "Disagreeable news?" she said as the servant departed.

Loder didn't look at her. He was watching the telegram withering in the centre of the fire.

"No," he said at last in a strained voice. "No. Only news that I—that I had forgotten to expect."

(To be continued.)

THE PYTCHLEY COUNTRY.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, which is practically the country of the Pytchley (or "Pitchley," as Mr John Bright once called it), has been a hunting county since the days of the Saxon kings, and (wrote the late Duke of Beaufort) "no pack of hounds in England—not even its great rival, the Quorn—has so memorable a history." The county was, in fact, one vast game-preserve from end to end all through the Middle Ages until late in the seventeenth century. Forest touched forest on both sides of the Nene, and the largest of them, Rockingham, stretched in an unbroken series of woods and copses, dells and spinneys, from Northampton to Stamford and from the Nene to the Welland. These woods were intersected by broad green alleys known as "ridings" and by narrower paths called "tracks," for the benefit of the huntsmen, much like those which intersect the forest of Fontainebleau at the present day. They were the property of the Crown and well stocked with deer, while at various points, such as Grafton Regis, Brigstock, and King's Cliff, royal lodges were built, and keepers appointed to look after the hounds and check the depredations of poachers. It does not appear, however, that after Plantagenet times the forest laws were very strictly kept; and the villages

in the northern part of the country swarmed with poachers and deer-stealers, who "nobbled" the deer with lassoes and cut their throats, much like the wild denizens of Exmoor in old days or the lawless Hampshire peasants, described in White's 'Selborne.' The country was gradually disforested and enclosed in the eighteenth century; the deer were destroyed wholesale or sent to neighbouring parks—a great loss to the scenery from a picturesque point of view, if we may believe the statement that "there are people now living who remember when, on a fine day in Rockinghamshire, a thousand deer might be seen scattered over the plain."¹ Though the deer have disappeared, there are still traces of the primeval forest in Geddington Chase and Morehay Lawn near Apethorpe—with its green open space, tangled brushwood, and ancient oak-trees, hollow with age, which, according to a local authority, were there before the deluge,—while the beacon on the church-tower at Weldon (in the heart of the old forest) reminds us of the time when its light must have guided many a benighted horseman through those dark and impenetrable woods.

The headquarters of the Norman and Plantagenet kings who came successively to hunt in Northamptonshire was Rock-

¹ Memorials of Old Northamptonshire, by Alice Dryden, p. 127.

ingham itself—"the Windsor of the Midlands"—a royal castle built by the Conqueror. *Rex Gulielmus jussit ibi castellum fieri*—is the entry in Domesday Book. It stands on a lofty spur, at the edge of the ancient forest, dominating the valley of the Welland, and with its own little village, in true feudal fashion, nestling at the foot of the hill. Most of the castle, including the great hall and long gallery, is Elizabethan, but the massive and imposing entrance gateway, flanked by two circular towers, dates from 1275, and portions of the original walls, nine feet thick, show that it must have been a fortress of no ordinary strength. "Anywhere the high site of Rockingham, backed with the avenues of limes and groups of forest-trees, would be a fine one; but in Northamptonshire the wild and broken ground of the park and the abrupt slopes and earthworks on which the castle stands, make it singularly unique."¹ Rockingham was not only a hunting-seat, but a royal castle with a constable of its own, and the Norman and Plantagenet kings—more especially John and Edward III.—paid frequent visits for hunting purposes, and it was in the chapel that the famous council was held in 1094, when Anselm defied the Red King. The Constable of Rockingham was also Seneschal of the forest as well as *Veneur le roy des deymers*—i.e., Master of the King's Buckhounds—and there

are constant references in the royal accounts to the expenses of the kennels and the keepers. No king seems to have hunted here between the reigns of Edward III. and Henry VIII.; but the latter was frequently at one or other of the lodges in the forests on the farther side of the Nene, known as Whitte-wood or Whittlebury. It was at Grafton Regis that Henry pursued his courtship of Anne Boleyn and had his final interview with Cardinal Wolsey; and it was here, too, that an earlier and more romantic courtship in our history took place, when Edward IV. met the fair Elizabeth Woodville at a spot in the forest between Grafton and Whittlebury, where the remnant of an ancient oak-tree in the hedge-row is still known as the "Queen's oak." And it was at Grafton, also, that Edward's secret marriage took place not long after. The old house, associated with so many memories, was plundered and burnt during the civil wars by the Roundheads under Skippon for "prevention of future inconvenience," and was never rebuilt.

The village of Pytchley itself (about three miles from Kettering) stood in the Rockingham Forest, and was associated with the chase from the time of the Conquest, when appropriately enough one "Aylwin, the huntsman," kept hounds there. Later on we find that a tenure of the manor was granted to Sir John D'Engayne in the time of Ed-

¹ James's History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire.

ward I., "to hold of our lord the King *in capite* £20 of land with the appurtenances in Pighesley by the service of hunting the wolf for his pleasure in the county." The first mention of fox-hunting occurs in a charter to the Abbot of Peterborough in the reign of Richard II.; but in those days the stag and the hare were the only legitimate objects of chase: the fox and wolf were classed with the polecat and other vermin, and were ruthlessly destroyed by spring-traps or the crossbow. So late as 1641, when St John impeached Strafford in the House of Lords, "It is true (he said) that we give laws to hares and deer because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes and wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey."¹ It was not till more than a hundred years later that hounds were reserved solely for fox-hunting by the Dukes of Beaufort and Rutland—the Badminton and Belvoir—and about the same date the famous club was established at the Old Hall at Pytchley by Lord Spencer—the first of the four masters supplied from Althorp. He was a fine horseman himself, and

his huntsman, Dick Knight, thoroughly knew his work, and was a fearless rider to hounds, with a voice like John Peel's "Ho! tally ho!" that could be heard three miles, from Wellingborough to Sywell wood. There was great rivalry between the Pytchley and the Quorn in those days, especially on the neutral ground on the high ridge that faces Marston Trussell; and nothing delighted Dick Knight more than to steal a march into the enemies' country, and (as he expressed it) "show those d——d Quornites a trick or two." On the list of the members of the Club at this time occur the names of all the sporting magnates of the day—Lords Jersey, Westmorland, Winchilsea, Powis, as well as local squires, Mr Bouverie, Mr Knightley, Mr Assheton-Smith, and others.²

In 1797 Lord Spencer retired, and was succeeded by Mr John Warde, a man of enormous bulk, who seemed bent on breeding hounds on his own model. They were conspicuous for their bone and size, and were voted "slow" (as they probably were) by the Melton contingent, who contemptuously termed them "Warde's calves" or "jackasses." There seems to have been some fric-

¹ Quoted in the *Badminton* volume. In the same spirit Walter Scott makes Roderick Dhu declare:

"Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
Who ever recked where, how, or when
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?"

² Many of these details are taken from the 'Pytchley Hunt,' by the late Mr H. O. Nethercote, who hunted with this pack for nearly fifty years, and was (we believe) one of the original members of the Zingari.

tion between Mr John Warde and the members of his hunt; but matters went smoothly enough when, in a happy day for the county, Lord Althorp (afterwards Prime Minister) took over the hounds himself in 1808. Northamptonshire may well be proud of him, for not only was he a typical English sportsman of the old school, but by universal consent he was "the best leader of the House any party ever had." Without the least pretensions to oratory—being in fact an awkward and hesitating speaker, blurting out his words in the most unconventional fashion—his wide experience of affairs, his sterling good sense, and his unfailing good temper gave him an influence in Parliament that has often been denied to men ten times his intellectual superiors. But though he championed his party from a sense of duty, his heart and inclinations always turned to his beloved kennels at Althorp. He was never happier than when in the saddle, and the sweetest of all sounds to his ears (so he said) was the music of his hounds in Sywell wood. But though a fearless rider, no worse horseman probably was ever master of a famous pack. He had a loose seat, and had constant falls in consequence—in fact, he dislocated his shoulder so frequently that one of his whips was specially trained to set it. Lord Althorp was an ardent patron of the

"ring"—indeed there seems to have been some secret affinity between the P.H. and the P.R. in those days; for he was the first of four Masters of the Hunt of whom it might be said that they were prize-fighters thrown away.

Under Lord Althorp the glories of the old club-house at Pytchley were once more revived, and the Hunt may be said to have reached its zenith of popularity. The club itself consisted of some forty members—all keen sportsmen—who resorted annually to the fine old Elizabethan manor-house at Pytchley, which was pulled down in 1828. There were kennels close at hand, where the hounds were brought for the hunting on that side of the country. The members stabled their horses in the village, and took up their own quarters at the club, where "the *cuisine* was notoriously good, and, in the fashion of the day, drinking and play were deep."¹ Even when the Club was dissolved in 1816, the Pytchley still kept up its high reputation, and along with the Belvoir, the Quorn, and the Cottesmore, it makes up the illustrious quartette of packs, to hunt with any of which is to "hunt in the Shires"—the distinction being purely arbitrary, and the limits "defined by fashion and not by geography." The Pytchley country comprised in Lord Althorp's time (as it does still) the best part of Northamptonshire, with a slice of Leicester-

¹ James's Northamptonshire, p. 89.

shire round Market Harborough; and for the genuine sportsman it is (as "Brooksby" termed it) a superlatively pleasant country to ride over. Its attractions have been celebrated by writer after writer in prose and verse, but by none so eloquently as by George Whyte-Melville—

"I'll show you a country that none
can surpass

For a flyer to cross like a bird on the
wing;

We have acres of woodland and oceans
of grass,

We have game in the autumn and
cubs in the spring:

We have scores of good fellows hang
out in these Shires,

And the best of them all are the
Pytchley Hunt squires."

There are, as the poet says, plenty of foxes and plenty of grass; the country is not so hilly as Leicestershire; though there are brooks, none of them are as formidable as the Whis-sendine; the fences are big enough, but—except in the neighbourhood of Crick and Market Harborough—are fairly negotiable by a rider who is well mounted and has a good seat. But the large pastures in the two last-named districts are divided by the formidable "oxers," defined in the Badminton volume as "a diabolical sort of fence, peculiar to the grazing counties, consisting of a tolerably high and strong hedge, with a rail on one side, perhaps on both, standing out just *far* enough to turn a horse neatly over after he has cleared the hedge, and a ditch *somewhere*." Even without the ditch thrown in, the huge blackthorn

hedge with the solid oak post and rail some three feet before or beyond it causes the father of a family, like Parson Dove, to shudder as he surveys the obviously unfair hazard; and even the most reckless of the galloping contingent, like "the Honourable Crasher," think twice before attempting it, and if they do—

"There is silence deep as death,
And the boldest hold their breath—
For a time."

Happily, there are gates to these big fields, and discretion under such circumstances is by far the better part of valour. "You may hunt for years from Harborough," says the candid "Brooksby," "without jumping a single 'oxer,' and yet escape being called a coward."

Besides the "oxers," there are certain obvious and inevitable drawbacks to hunting in a populous county like Northamptonshire. In the first place, as Edmund de Langley said, "Scent transcendeth all Masters," and it has been whispered that the cold clay soil of Northamptonshire makes it a bad scenting country. Then there is a village every two or three miles, which makes it impossible for a fox to keep a straight line; and both sheep and oxen—the worst foes to scent—have greatly increased on the pasture-lands of recent years, along with their attendant dogs and shepherds. Again, new lines of railway intersect what used to be an open country, especially on the Harborough and Rugby side; game (especially pheasants)

is more plentiful and more strictly preserved, and a fox has not, as in old days, to make a long and weary midnight journey to get his supper, and thereby keep himself in proper condition and training for the chase. Copses and coverts are also more plentiful than formerly, and give an undue advantage to the fugitive; and, lastly, there is to be found in many places the cruel and unsportsman-like obstruction of barbed wire. There are other and even more unjustifiable outrages than barbed wire; and the modern sportsman not unfrequently echoes the complaint of old Charles Payne, though perhaps not in the same words: "You may rely upon it, that what with greyhounds—and poachers—and traps—and poison, there are very few foxes nowadays that die *a natural death*,"—i.e., are devoured by the Pytchley hounds. All these things are against the modern fox-hunter; and the long runs, recorded in the pages of "Nimrod" and "The Druid," from Sywell or Badby woods—the great strongholds of foxes—are not likely to be repeated in the present generation. One such run took place in 1816, when Lord Althorp was Master, from Sywell to Ashley on the Welland—seventeen miles or more—"when Sir Justinian Isham carried his knife in his hand for the last twenty minutes, declaring that he and no other should cut off the brush,—which he

did."¹ An even more famous run took place, fifty years later—an hour and fifty minutes—from Waterloo Gorse in the Melbourne direction, over eighteen miles of the finest Pytchley and Tailby² country, when Anstruther Thomson hunted the pack himself.

In one respect, the Pytchley Hunt has in no way deteriorated from ancient days, and that is in the cordial support it still receives from all classes, and without which its very existence would be impossible. This is partly due to an Englishman's instinctive love of sport, and partly to the fact that the covert-side is free to all without distinction of persons. In one sense it is true, as Mr Jorrocks tells us, that hunting is the sport of kings, but it is also the playfield of democracy. Every class of society takes part in it, from the Squire to the shoemaker, from the Earl on his three-hundred-guinea hunter to the humble pedestrian, with only his own legs to carry him. All sorts and conditions of men congregate at the Meets—types as numerous and as varied as the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales—and the lowest has as much right to be there and take his share in the sport as the highest in the land. "The turf and the covert-sides are battlefields where mankind is equal. On the turf, or under the turf, it is all one. There is no pride of place; there are no

¹ Nethercote's Pytchley Hunt.

² Afterwards Sir Bache Cunard's.

distinctions.”¹ And it might be added that for the day all enclosures on the line taken by the fox, however sacred and exclusive at other times,—the park, the paddock, the farm, the game preserves, — are thrown open to the members of the hunt: the law of trespass is abolished in their favour, and for the time being they are the chartered libertines of the woodlands. Considerable damage is done by them, no doubt; but it is usually taken in good temper, as a necessary part of the day’s sport. And in this matter too much praise cannot be given to the tenant-farmers, who are the principal sufferers. It is no slight trial to a man’s temper and forbearance in these hard times—especially in a wet season, when his existence is a perpetual struggle with the elements—to see new gates unhinged, fences and railings broken through, and young wheat trampled under foot by a mob of horsemen, many of whom, especially if it is a “Pytchley Wednesday,” never contribute a farthing to the expenses of the Hunt.

On the aforesaid Wednesdays the Pytchley usually meet on the Rugby side, which, from its convenience as a railway and hunting centre, attracts an enormous crowd. “Brooksby,” amongst others, has described “the Niagara-like rush” when the fox breaks cover, and the “superlatively skilful manner” in which the hounds slip through the seething mob of horsemen. Crick

Gorse—formed in 1817, about the same time as the no less famous “Waterloo”—is one of the favourite meets in the Warwickshire direction, and is the scene of Barraud’s well-known picture of the Hunt. But the Market Harborough side is probably best beloved by the genuine sportsman, and any one who wishes to see a Meet of the Pytchley in its perfection cannot do better than repair on a Friday or Saturday to Naseby or Arthingworth—the ancient home of the Rokebys—which is close to the far-famed “Waterloo.” The scene, allowing for some differences in costume and equipment and with a few motor-cars added to the list of vehicles, is much the same now as when Sir Francis Head described it some sixty years since, when Charles Payne was huntsman,—the crowd on horse and foot, the drags and dog-carts, chaises and gigs, the squires and yeomen—the pick of the Shires—the dandies of the chase, magnificently mounted and faultlessly turned out, “trotting, riding, galloping to the meet from every point of the compass.” If it be a fine scenting morning, the trains bring their contingent of horsemen and horse-boxes from Rugby, Leicester, Northampton—nay, even from Melton itself, for the “Monks who live under the hill” have changed their venue and taken a day off from the Quorn or Cottesmore. They have brought their best timber-jumpers, for all round

¹ Locker Lampson, *My Confidences*.

"Waterloo" lie the big grass fields with the formidable bull-finches and "oxers" we have mentioned above; but the young bloods care little for such obstacles—

"For their riding is reckless, their courage is high,

And, regardless of cropper or spill,
Their 'oxers' they rattle, their 'raspers'
they fly;

At the widest of water they *will* have
a shy,

And while horses can wag, it is 'never
say die'

With these Monks that live under
the hill."¹

Although the Pytchley has never had a Master like the famous Hugo Meynell, who hunted the Quorn for forty-seven years, and may indeed be regarded as the father of modern fox-hunting, Lord Althorp has had many distinguished successors. Sir Charles Knightley took over the hounds in 1817, and no one before or since him was so eminently fitted for the post. With his air of high breeding, with his courtly manners, kind heart, hasty temper, and inflexible Toryism, he might have sat for the portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley himself. His ancestral domain of Fawsley, where his family had lived for five hundred years, is on the Warwickshire side of the country, half-way between two famous battlefields, Edgehill and Naseby. In the grand old hall may be seen the "achievement" of the Knightleys, with

over three hundred quarters—which gave some point to Sir William Harcourt's gibe in a debate on the Franchise Bill:

"When (K)nightly to the listening
earth

Repeats the story of his birth."

Sir Charles was a consummate horseman and was always splendidly mounted. There is a hedge and brook, between Brixworth and Cottesbrook, which he once cleared on his celebrated black horse, "Ben-volio"—a distance of thirty-one feet—still known as "Knightley's leap." On another horse—a bay—"Sir Marinel," he jumped a six-barred locked gate on a bridge over the Nene near Heyford. His companion was Dick Gurney, a well-known Norfolk squire, riding nineteen stone, and mounted on "Sober Robin," a horse that carried him over the Pytchley country for twelve seasons. As Sir Charles glanced back after his leap, "the Norfolk welter and his horse were in the air. Fortune favoured them, and though Robin rapped the gate like thunder with every leg, they landed safe."² There is an illustration of this heroic achievement in the Badminton volume; but though the horses are well drawn—as indeed they always are by the pencil of Mr Sturgis—the riders do not in the least degree resemble the originals, and the artist clearly did not realise the contrast between the burly

¹ From one of Whyte-Melville's "Hunting Songs." Melton Mowbray lies in a hollow, on the banks of the little river Wreake; and from whatever side you approach the town, except in one direction, you descend a hill to get to it.

² Post and Paddock, ch. xiii.

form of the Norfolk squire and the tall, stooping, attenuated figure of Sir Charles Knightley, with his aquiline nose and high cheek-bones, that reminded one of Don Quixote or Lismahago.

After various changes in the Mastership, Mr Chaworth (or more usually "Jack") Musters—Lord Byron's successful rival in love—took over the hounds in 1821. Besides being a fine horseman and a general favourite in the hunting-field, he was one of the best all-round sportsmen of his day—indeed there was hardly any game at which he could not hold his own, and "at one time of his life he would have leaped, hopped, ridden, run, fought, danced, fished, swum, shot, fenced, played cricket and tennis, and skated against any man in England." After six seasons in the Pytchley country, during which the Hunt reached a level of high perfection, this Admirable Crichton returned to his own county of Notts, and was succeeded by an equally famous athlete, Mr Osbaldeston. "The Squire" (as he was always known) has been the hero of more legends than man can number; and the stories of his wagers and matches, his feats of strength and endurance, would fill a volume. He was an admirable Master, and found his proper sphere in the Pytchley country. "I have been in search of Paradise (he said) all my life, and have found it at last." Here he hunted for seven years, mainly at his own expense, with the finest pack of hounds in England. (They sold

for £2000 on his retirement, and actually fetched £6440 when sold in lots at Tattersall's six years later.) Though a fearless horseman and a born steeplechaser, as well as a crack shot and a formidable "customer" with the gloves, "the Squire" was never considered by competent judges a really good rider to hounds, and his name does not appear among the sixteen first-class riders of the Quorn—a list headed by Tom Assheton Smith and ending with the stout and witty *bon-vivant*, Lord Alvanley. "Osbaldeston" is only placed third in the second class.

Losses on the turf and in the gambling-rooms compelled "the Squire" to give up the Pytchley in 1834; and several Masters followed him in rapid succession,—the most notable being Lord Chesterfield, who hunted on the most princely scale, keeping seventy horses in his stables, much as Lord Lonsdale did some forty years later. But even his princely income could not hold out against his lavish expenditure; and £200,000 lost at the hazard-tables at Crockford's completed the ruin of the prodigal Lord of Bretby.

It was not till 1844 that the Pytchley found an almost ideal Master in one of the county squires, Mr George Payne, whose name has been a household word in the annals of Northamptonshire sport. To a fine physique and a pleasant presence, he added that unbought grace of life, an incomparable charm of manner, which endeared him to all

classes alike. Certainly there was never a more delightful companion or a more generous and warm-hearted friend than "G. P." But alas! with all his fine qualities he was an incorrigible gambler and spendthrift. He lost above £20,000 on the Leger even before he came of age, and subsequently dissipated three considerable fortunes. Though he kept some good horses, such as "Alarm" and "Musket," and good jockeys, such as Nat "the incorruptible," often carried his racing colours of black and white,—he was singularly unfortunate on the turf both during his partnership with Mr Bouverie of Delapré, and later with the well-known Memoir writer and Clerk of the Council—

"Greville of a noble race,
With nose as long as Portland Place."

It was only an accident at the starting-post that prevented "Alarm" from winning the Derby of '52 and thereby landing £30,000 to the owner.

As, in the case of the guests at Tully Veolan, the Tappit-hen at Luckie Macleary's "change-house" soon devoured the few crumbs of reason left by the Bear of Bradwardine; so did speculations of all kinds as well as games of chance—hazard or vingt-et-un, prolonged till dawn—help to devour the remnants of George Payne's patrimony. His ancestral home of Sulby had long since passed into other hands; and the old manor-house of Pytchley (which had also belonged to him), with all its associations of the famous club, had been

pulled down and the estate sold to the father of the late Lord Overstone. So the Master took up his abode (as several of his successors did) at Pitsford Hall—a convenient distance for the kennels—where his genial hospitality was long remembered in the country-side.

"Whate'er the stranger's caste or
creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself and—
dinner."

However late the after-dinner *séances* in the little house at Pitsford may have been prolonged at night, George Payne never failed to put in a punctual appearance at the covert-side the following morning; and during his all too brief tenure of office he showed the Hunt some excellent sport. Always admirably mounted himself on well-trained weight-carriers, and well to the front of every run, he was gifted with a singularly rich and musical voice, and it was a positive delight (so we are told) to hear him cheering on his hounds in the cover or giving a view-holloa as the fox broke away. Those were days of great runs and famous horses, of wonderful leaps and occasionally of appalling accidents. In 1842 a Mr Sawbridge, hunting from Brixworth, was killed by his horse slipping and falling on him when in the act of jumping a post and rail near Winwick; and in the next season Lord Inverurie, a young lieutenant in the 17th Lancers, met his death by a precisely similar accident at the same spot.

All too soon (as we have said) circumstances compelled Mr George Payne to resign the Mastership in 1848, and Lord Hopetoun—an excellent choice—took his place; but there has always been a lamentable want of what we may call fixity of tenure or permanency in the Pytchley Mastership as contrasted with the Badminton or Fitzwilliam and other old-established packs. No less than seven changes took place between the resignation of George Payne and Mr Herbert Langham's acceptance of the office some thirty years later. Of the intervening Masters, undoubtedly the two who had left the most conspicuous mark on the annals of the Hunt are Colonel Anstruther Thomson and the present Lord Spencer. The former was one of those mighty hunters and perfect horsemen whom Providence seemed to have marked out for the rôle of M.F.H. He had previously been for some years Master of "the Fife"—that gallant little pack which harries the foxes of the "East Neuk"—and from his long experience of large fields with the Atherstone and Oxfordshire "a Pytchley Wednesday" had no terrors for him. Accustomed to command in other quarters, he easily controlled the large and heterogeneous mob—sometimes of five hundred horsemen—who thronged the coversides of Crick or Yelvertoft; and, in spite of his size, his perfect seat, his good hands, and keen eye for the line of country (and, it may be added, the undeniable quality of his

mounts) enabled him to live with his hounds, however fast the pace might be; while his weight helped to carry him and his horse through (not over) rails and bullfinches that would have discomfited a less bold and experienced rider. It was not surprising that the Hunt flourished greatly under his Mastership, and that some of the runs recorded in his time, such as "The Waterloo" of '66, have never been eclipsed before or since.

The man who had most to do with inducing Anstruther Thomson to desert his native heath for the Shires was his lifelong friend and fellow-countryman, George Whyte Melville,—himself a native of Fifeshire,—who was then living at Wootton Hall, near Northampton. "Soldier, sportsman, author" (as he is described in an obituary notice in 'The Times')—but sportsman above all—he never cared for literary society, and was never happier than when in the saddle or in the company of kindred spirits of the hunting field; indeed, in one of his letters he frankly declares, "The longer I live the more cause I have to agree with Jorrocks, that 'all time is wasted that is not spent in hunting.'" He had certainly acted on this principle, and in his day had hunted with most of the crack packs in England, and his songs commemorate their achievements: but for some years past he had hunted with the Pytchley, and in their country are laid the scenes of two of his best-known novels—'Holmby House' and

'Market Harborough.' Few men were personally more attractive than Whyte-Melville, with his "half-sad, half-dreamy manner and general air of disillusionment," but a brilliant talker when the subject interested him.¹ Though his tastes and inclinations were those of a sportsman, there were deeper touches in his character, as may be seen by the pathos and genuine feeling in several of his novels; and though few would suspect the author of 'Digby Grand' and 'Kate Coventry' of any fondness for the classics, we heard him once say, as he looked at the well-known engraving of "Ave Cæsar morituri," &c., that writing the 'Gladiators' had given him more trouble and more pleasure than any of his other works. It was strange that such an accomplished horseman should have been killed instantaneously by the most trivial of accidents. He was not (strictly speaking) hunting at the time, but was merely galloping along the grassy edge of a ploughed field towards the cover-side, when "The Shah" (an old and trusted hunter) stumbled, threw his rider, and—all was over.

Some three years after Colonel Anstruther Thomson's retirement, Lord Spencer himself—as was only right and fitting—took over the Mastership which had already been held by three preceding earls. He was an apt pupil of Charles

Payne, the best huntsman that ever lived, and was always an intrepid rider and a keen sportsman as well as a strict disciplinarian in the hunting-field. But, firstly, ill-health, and subsequently the duties and responsibilities of his high position, prevented him from holding the Mastership for more than three seasons; but in his unavoidable absence from England he always (as the letters quoted by Mr Nethercote show) took the keenest interest in the welfare of his old pack. During the terrible burden of his Irish Viceroyalty he was often, as he says himself, only saved from utter collapse by a gallop with "the Ward"—where, on one occasion, after a desperate run, he found himself at the finish alone with the stag and hounds not even the huntsman or whips being in sight. With characteristic liberality he once brought over six tenant-farmers from his own estates to Dublin, mounted them on the pick of his own stables, and gave them some excellent sport with the Meath and Ward Union. Lord Spencer's successors, Mr Craven, Mr Herbert Langham, and others, have well maintained the reputation of this famous Hunt, which has been singularly fortunate not only in its Masters but in its Huntsmen. Dick Knight and Charles King in early times, and Charles Payne and Will Goodall in modern days, make up a quartette which it would be difficult

¹ George Whyte-Melville was an intimate friend of the late Mr John Blackwood, whose house near St Andrews (Strathtyrum) was only a few miles distant from Mount Melville; and in the third volume of the 'House of Blackwood' there is an excellent little sketch of the novelist by a daughter of the house.

to beat; and though hunting itself is something of an anachronism in a populous district intersected with railways in all directions, there has been no diminution of the loyal support accorded to the Master for the time being by squires and farmers alike.

At this point we may take leave of the Pytchley and turn to the county of "spires and squires,"—and, as some maliciously add, "mires" and "spinsters." Northamptonshire has certainly good reason to be proud of its squires, since, as far as a long descent and a stainless pedigree are concerned, they can hold their own with the greatest nobles in the kingdom. In point of ancestry, the Wakes of Courteenhall, the Drydens of Canons Ashby, the Rokebys of Arthingworth, the Ishams of Lamport, the Sackvilles of Drayton (to quote only a few instances out of many), need fear little in comparison with the Cecils, the Comptons, the Spencers, or the Fitzroys, who chiefly represent the peerage of the county. It was not considered that the late Sir Rainald Knightly of Fawsley added any lustre to his family dignity by taking his seat in the House of Lords. As a matter of fact, there are not more than four or five really large estates in the whole county; but the number of small landowners is legion. There is scarcely a village that has not its hall or manor-house, with a resident squire; and no Northamptonshire peer can say what Coke of Norfolk said, as he looked round

on his vast and solitary domain at Holkham: "I am Giant of Giant Castle, and have eaten up all my neighbours." So far is this from being the case in Northants that, drive where you will in any direction, you will find park touching park and village touching village at a few miles interval, so that, unless a man wilfully isolates himself, he can never complain of a want of county society. For example, there is that pleasant drive through woodland scenery between Kettering and Stamford—the same road along which the Lord of Burleigh in Tennyson's ballad escorted his peasant bride. Like them we pass and duly admire

"Parks with oaks and chestnuts shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state :"—

Boughton, the stately home of the Montagus, with its leafy avenues spreading in all directions: Geddington, with its Queen Eleanor's cross and picturesque village green: Weldon, in the heart of the old Rockingham forest: Deene, with its grey Tudor house and lovely little church where Lord Cardigan reposes after life's fitful fever. The smaller domains of Bulwick and Blatherwyck, Laxton and Fineshade succeed one another in rapid succession, until on the confines of the county we reach "the palatial type of an Elizabethan mansion"—

"Burghley House by Stamford town."

Burghley, however, is in the

Fitzwilliam country, and therefore beyond the limits of our article; but on our way from Stamford we have passed close to a house which in its day must have been no mean rival of the Lord Treasurer's stately mansion, and was chiefly built by his colleague, Sir Christopher Hatton, the famous "Lord Keeper." This is Kirby Hall, buried in the heart of the woodlands, and now a desolate and melancholy ruin. Less than a century ago it was abandoned by the Lord Winchelsea of the time being: the lead was stripped off the roof, and the whole place given over to ruin and decay. In his admirable essay on Northamptonshire, the late Mr James has eloquently described this forlorn survival of a noble mansion as he saw it in its "death-struggle" fifty years ago:—

"To see, as at Kirby, the very action of decomposition going on, the crumbling stucco of the ceiling feeding the vampire ivy, the tattered tapestry yet hanging on the wall, the picture flapping in its broken frame, . . . and yet the masonry in all its firmness, without a stone displaced—the sculpture as sharp as the first day it was carved—the solid oak staircase yet entire: this is a melancholy without a redeeming touch of hope or comfort. Down that long gallery of 160 feet, in the prime of his courtly graces,

' My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The seals and maces danced before him.'

Could all his agility avoid the pitfalls now? Down those green slippery steps (they are still called by Elizabeth's name) his stately sovereign stepped into the trim pleasaunce below. . . . In that

ruined chapel, where you can barely pick your way along the crumbling planks, the loyal household once knelt in prayer for his most sacred Majesty, when such prayer was a crime. From that iron-traceried balcony, corbelled up and embowered by clustering ivy, did the fair heiress of the Montagues, when hostess here, stepping forth from her dainty boudoir, welcome and speed her guests. It is all over now; and yet a moderate and timely outlay, a few years ago [1856], would have saved all these associations and preserved a house that tens of thousands could not now restore; but it is better to let it pass with no stronger feeling than that of regret."¹

Holmby (properly Holdenby) House was also built by Sir Christopher Hatton—"the last and greatest monument of his youth," as he says,—built in imitation of Theobalds, Lord Burghley's splendid palace, which has completely disappeared. In the days of its perfection—with its stately quadrangles, its commanding position, its gardens and deer-park—Holmby must have rivalled Burghley itself; but the house (which was wantonly destroyed by its Puritan owner in the days of the Commonwealth) has been rebuilt and modernised, and, with the exception of the entrance gateways and a tall stack of chimneys, there are few traces of its former magnificence. Holmby was selected by the Parliament as the State prison of Charles I. after Naseby, as being a spacious building, and in the heart of the kingdom. Here he played at bowls with his attendants, and paced the long green alley, still known

¹ James's Northamptonshire, p. 73.

as "The King's Walk"; and here, too, occurred his well-known interview with Cornet Joyce, who came with his "warrant"—two hundred soldiers—to remove him to Hitchinbrook. Whyte-Melville has described these scenes for us in his novel, and gives a charming sketch of the lovely woodland scenery in which Holmby is situated:—

"Like the rolling prairie of the Far West, valley after valley of sunny meadows, dotted with oak and elm and other noble trees, undulates in ceaseless variety, far as the eye can reach; but unlike the boundless prairie, deep, dark copses and thick luxuriant hedgerows, bright and fragrant with wild-flowers, and astir with the glad song of birds, diversify the foreground and blend the distance into a mass of woodland beauty. In June it is a dream of Fairyland to wander along that crested eminence, and turn from the ruins of those tall old gateways cutting their segments of blue out of the deep summer sky, or from the flickering masses of still tender leaves upon the lofty oaks, yellowing in the floods of golden light that stream through the network of their tangled branches, every tree to the up-gazing eye a study of forest scenery in itself, and so to glance earthward at the fair expanse of homely beauty stretching away from one's very feet. Down in the nearest valley, massed like a solid square of Titan warriors, and scattered like advanced champions from the gigantic array profusely up the opposite slope, the huge old oaks of Althorpe quiver in the summer haze, backed by the thickly wooded hills that melt in softened outlines into the southern sky.¹

Almost within sight of Holmby stands Althorpe, Lord Spencer's seat, so often mentioned in these pages, and so long and intimately associated with the

Pytchley Hunt. It is a large, ugly, comfortable house of many rooms, fitted with one of the finest collections of pictures in England. The priceless volumes, which used to line the walls of the suite of libraries, "where Dibdin revelled among the stately folios of Mathaire," have passed into other hands; but the long gallery, "embellished by the pencil of Vandyke and made classical by the muse of Waller," remains much as it was when the Northamptonshire squires crowded it to pay their homage to William III. There are several portraits in the house of Dorothy Spencer, the "Sacharissa" of Waller's poems. It has been said that his devotion to her was half sentimental, half ambitious,—

"He caught at love and filled his arms
with bays."

But, as her face smiles at us from the canvas, and as we recall the stories of her grace, her loveliness, and her good works, it is easy to understand that she was the "darling of each heart and eye" in the days of Marlborough and Queen Anne, and well deserved the chivalrous devotion of connoisseurs like Edmund Waller and Richard Steele. "The fine women nowadays," wrote the latter, "are at best but pretty girls to me, who have seen Sacharissa when all the world repeated the poems she inspired."

Castle Ashby, the home of the Comptons, on the other side of Northampton, in con-

¹ Holmby House, chap. xxvi.

trast to Althorp, stands on high ground, with a grand view from the terrace across the valley of the Nene. It is an Elizabethan house built round a courtyard, with a façade and a long gallery added by Inigo Jones. It is singularly picturesque, with its grey walls, mullioned windows, and the lettered balustrade which surrounds the roof, with the appropriate inscription from the psalter, *Nisi Dominus ædificaverit*. There are two other Ashbys in the county, each with a notable manor-house: Ashby St Ledgers, which stands with its turrets and gables almost embowered in trees, near the Warwickshire border; and Canons Ashby, the seat of the Dryden family—an irregular building of various dates, with a lofty tower, a green courtyard, and rooms hung with ancient tapestry. There are gardens with many terraces, and walks with clipped yew hedges, where the poet may have courted his fair cousin, Honoria Dryden.

Apethorpe, formerly belonging to Lord Westmorland, is another interesting mansion—built by Sir Walter Mildmay round a double quadrangle on the model of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, his Puritan foundation which roused the suspicions of his mistress, Queen Elizabeth. It is charmingly situated in the midst of woodland scenery,—

“Four-square, and double-courted, and
grey stoned,
Two quaint quadrangles of deep-latticed walls,
Grass-grown, and moaned about by
troops of doves.”¹

We have left to the last what to our mind is the most picturesque of all the stately homes of Northamptonshire. This is Drayton House, near Thrapston,—“the dear old place” which satisfied even the fastidious taste of Horace Walpole, who has described its beauties in a famous letter; and it still stands as well preserved and apparently as untouched by time as when he visited it in the time of its “divine old mistress,” Lady Betty Germaine, who bequeathed it to the Sackvilles. Not even Knole itself—belonging to another branch of the same family—surpasses Drayton in its general air of picturesque antiquity. The irregular pile of buildings, crowned (as at Burghley) with Tudor turrets and cupolas; the embattled walls of the fore-court; the marvellous iron-work of the entrance gates; the lime walks and “pleached alleys” in the Dutch gardens, laid out by Sir John Germaine; the square fish-ponds; the terrace flanked by Lord Peterborough’s two banqueting-houses,—all make up a singularly perfect and harmonious picture. The interior is no less interesting; and you can only admire, as every visitor before or since the days of Walpole has done, the stately hall, the great spiral staircase, the king’s dining-room, the long trunk-gallery, the china and the bric-a-brac, and the family portraits of Mordaunts, Germaines, and Sackvilles.

The great houses mentioned

¹ From a poem by Julian Fane.

above stand in the midst of typical English scenery; and though Northamptonshire cannot compete in picturesqueness with Surrey, Devonshire, or the Lake district, it is by no means the flat and uninteresting county which some have supposed it. Travelling on the North-Western main line from Euston to the North, one gets a fair idea of the characteristic features of the county—undulating pastures, thickly wooded, lanes with wide green sides (so convenient for the second horseman), tall hedgerows thickly set with hawthorn—the “bullfinches” that have daunted many a bold rider—pleasant villages nestling round the church, well-built stone cottages with high roofs and gables and Tudor windows—substantial manor-houses of stone from the famous quarries of Weldon or Barnack—village greens shadowed by ancient elms. The trees are everywhere noticeable. Not even the Dukeries or Sherwood can show finer forest timber than the oaks and elms at Rockingham, Althorp, or Yardley Chase. Some of these trees are historical. At Tichmarsh may be seen the largest cedar of Lebanon in England, planted three hundred years ago, which sweeps the rectory lawn with its giant branches. A few miles off, in a field near Lowick, may be seen one of the largest perfect oak-trees in the kingdom. Under another oak-tree, still standing in Milton Park, Cardinal Wolsey is said to have rested on his last journey from Grafton Regis to Leicester; and in

Yardley Chase is another famous oak—“a great picturesque ruin”—the subject of Cowper’s unfinished poem.

The Nene flows through the county from end to end, and travellers who make the weary journey from Northampton to Peterborough may be excused if they find the scenery monotonous—a sluggish stream bordered by osier-beds and flowering reeds, flowing through rich pastures, the sameness of the view being only relieved by clumps of fine trees and the spires of distant churches. But in the southern end of the county, on the Warwickshire side, in the direction of Fawsley and Catesby, the scenery is wonderfully broken as well as richly wooded, and there is no fairer view in the Midlands than that obtained from the rising ground at Preston Capes or the little village of Helidon, where it is said that on a clear day one may get a glimpse of the Malvern Hills or even of the distant Wrekin.

Under the Plantagenets Northampton itself was an important national centre—the meeting-place of Councils and Parliaments. Henry I. called his Barons hither to swear fealty to his daughter, Maud: it was the scene of the great Council of 1164, which resulted in the final rupture between Henry II. and Becket. Here, too, Richard I. kept high festival after his release from captivity; and here in his turn King John received the homage of his rebellious vassals. Close to the town, on the highroad between Lincoln

and Charing, stands the cross which Edward I. erected in memory of his beautiful and devoted wife, Queen Eleanor, whose body had probably rested for the night in the adjacent Convent of De la Prè.

Except on their way to the various hunting-lodges in Rockingham or Whittlebury Forests, Northampton was rarely visited by our later kings; though Queen Elizabeth visited her Lord Keeper at Kirby, and possibly her Lord Treasurer at Burghley, in one of her royal progresses; but the chief association of the county with her reign is Fotheringhay, the scene of her rival's trial and execution. Hardly a trace now remains of this famous castle and palace—a few fragments of masonry and the mound close to the river-side, where once stood the keep, built by Edmund Langley in the form of a fetterlock, to symbolise his own exclusion from the crown. Some large thorn-trees mark the site of the great hall which witnessed the crowning tragedy of Mary Stuart's fitful life. The scene lives for ever in the pages of Froude—the wintry morning, the great wood-fire on the hearth, the black scaffold and the black mutes with the axe, the awe-stricken spectators, the weeping attendants, and the central figure of all—queenly, imposing, and apparently unmoved by a scene which “affected even the practised headsman of the Tower,”—attired in crimson satin and velvet—“standing on the black

scaffold with the black figures all round her, blood-red from head to foot. It is certain,” adds Froude, “that the costume must have been carefully studied, and the pictorial effect must have been appalling.”

Queen Mary's son, the awkward and ungainly James, frequently hunted in the county, and it was on one of his visits to Sir Walter Mildmay at Apethorpe that he first met his ill-omened favourite, George Villiers. But Northamptonshire had other and more sinister associations with his reign, for the arch-conspirator in the Gunpowder Plot, Robert Catesby, was the owner of Ashby St Legers (near Daventry): it was here in the “plot-room” above the gatehouse—still existing—that the conspirators met, and it was here that they first halted in their frantic ride from London after the arrest of Fawkes. Francis Tresham, the cowardly and recreant pupil of the Jesuits and the betrayer of his comrades, also belonged to an old Northamptonshire family; and it is to his father Sir Thomas, the mystical enthusiast, that we owe those two curious buildings that still delight and bewilder our antiquaries—the Lyveden “New Building” and the Triangular Lodge at Rush-ton. The former is built in the form of a Greek cross, and is covered with sculptured emblems of the Passion; while the latter is an elaborate symbolism in stone of the sacred number three—the Treshams, the Trefoil, and the Holy Trinity.

From its central position, Northamptonshire lay in the very heart of the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament. The forces on both sides marched and remarched across the county—the track of the Roundheads being marked, according to their wont, by ruined manor-houses and desecrated churches. The first battle in the war was fought at Edgehill, just across the Warwickshire border; and almost within sight of it, the final and decisive conflict took place at Naseby, on the high plateau that is the watershed of three rivers and overlooks the valley of the Welland. Three hours were sufficient to decide the fate of the Royalists; and Prince Rupert's rashness lost the day for Charles, as it had done at Edgehill. Few relics or traces of the fight remain; but the "Sulby Hedges" are still pointed out, behind which Okey's dragoons lay sheltered till it was time for them to advance and practically decide the battle.¹

If a county can be called fortunate which has no history,

Northamptonshire must have been singularly blessed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, for its annals have been consistently uneventful. The only point in which the county attained a somewhat unenviable notoriety was in the sum lavished in what is known as the "Spendthrift Election" of 1768, and which is said to have cost Lords Spencer, Halifax, and Northampton £450,000 between them—an amount which might be almost doubled to express the present money value. After a "scrutiny" of the House of Commons the numbers were declared equal, and "the result was decided by a toss, Lord Spencer winning and nominating a man out in India." The results were disastrous to all three noblemen. "Lord Halifax never recovered the blow. Lord Northampton cut down his trees and sold his furniture at Compton-Winyates, went abroad for the rest of his life, and died in Switzerland."² Fortunately for the family concerned, in this instance History has *not* repeated itself.

¹ There is an excellent account of both these battlefields in Murray's 'Handbook of Northamptonshire.'

² James's Northamptonshire, p. 61.

A LAD OF PROMISE.

RUARI,¹ the strong fair-haired son of Murchadh Bán,² was a lad of promise,—indeed he was more than that, for already in his youth there were so many things he could do that it seemed he had only to choose which one he would be at always. He could sing, and his voice was for depth like water flowing among stones, and for sweetness like the singing of birds on a clear morning. “He is without doubt to be a great singer!” said his mother often, for she was very proud of him. He could play the pipes, and the music he made was such, that even the old and the sorrowful would be ready to dance when Ruari was playing. “It is sure he is to be a great musician,” his father would say; “music was ever in our family.” He could make songs too, when the fit was on him, and the songs and the music and the singing were such, that you might go from one side of the country to the other and not hear what would please you so much.

And as for the other things Ruari could do, they were so many that it would only be spending your time to mention them all.

Ruari had it in his mind to do something great in the world, and it seemed as if that would not be difficult

with so many gifts as he had. But it was needful first that he should make up his mind what he would begin at, and that was not so easy. He would go through the woods and among the hills and beside the sea, thinking to himself which thing he could do best; but he did not know, and the spirits that are often speaking to a man when he is alone by himself, always in the air, seemed to be calling to him and saying, “Why will you be troubling your mind, Ruari? You are young yet, and there are many things to be passing the time with, till matters are more settled with you.” So Ruari put the time past in cutting peats, and going after deer, and other things. And always he would be thinking of what he was going to do in the days that were coming, and his mind was full of music and singing and splendid words—only far away, like a great company going by in the distance.

Time was now passing, and Ruari was come to years; but he was no farther on than he had been before,—indeed people heard less music and song from him than they had done formerly, yet they would say often among themselves, “Look at Ruari, so quiet as he is, and there is not a man in the country who could be his match at anything were he

¹ Roderick, pronounced Rōōarie.
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² Fair Murdo, Murachad Báan.

to bestir himself." And Ruari too thought the same, and yet he was in no hurry to begin, seeing that he had still so much time before him.

One day it chanced that he was going through a wood, a long way off from his own place, and when he came near the edge of it, what should he hear but some one singing a song that he had made himself. He looked out, and it was a girl gathering crotal¹ on the hillside, and, from the way she sang, it seemed to Ruari that he had never before known half the meaning that was in his own song. It came into his mind to speak to the girl, but all at once it seemed that he had no courage. She was so beautiful that in all his life he had never seen any one like her, and how then could he speak to her, who was himself no more after all than a common man? So he stayed where he was till the girl went away.

Next day he came again to the same place, and found the girl on the hillside as before, herding cows, and this time he stepped out to where she was. "Good day," he said, and could think of no more to say. "Good day," said the girl, and she too had no more to say. Ruari stood before her wishing he had not come, and now not knowing how to go away. "I must be going after the cows," said the girl at last, and she set the dogs after them; and Ruari went away, and he had no wish to be speaking to her again.

The next day, however, as

he was going home to his own place, he passed through the same wood, and when he came to the edge of it there was the girl at the herding, and this day she was again singing his own song.

"Where did you learn the song?" said Ruari, coming out from among the birch-trees. "I got it from a herd-boy from another place," she answered him, "and for beauty there is none like it in the world that I ever heard." "Well," said Ruari, "I am the man that made it, and little did I think I should see another that could sing it." "I have long wished greatly to see the man that made it," said the girl, looking earnestly at him. They stood for a long time without speaking. "The next that I make," said the lad at last in a low voice, "will be for you." "And the next that I sing will be that same," answered the girl, almost in a whisper. And Ruari went away.

After this, Ruari was going more than ever through the woods and among the hills and beside the sea, thinking of the song he would make for the girl, and as he went it seemed that voices whispered to him, "Why will you be troubling your mind, Ruari, with songs and other things? Is it not enough for you that you can be thinking of her?" And Ruari thought that it was enough, and he put past the time with many things, and the same thought always in his mind.

Two years went away, and at

¹ Crotal, a lichen used for making brown dye.

last Ruari made a song that seemed to him to be good enough for the girl, and he took his pipes, and went over the mountain to the place where he had seen her, and as he passed the hillside by the wood, there was no one there. He had not gone far beyond that, when he met a man he knew, from his own place, dressed in his best clothes on his way to a wedding. "Is it the son of Murchadh Bán we have here?" he said to him, very pleased, when they met. "There is no one I would like better to see, for I am on my way to a wedding, and who would be so welcome there as a piper like yourself?" So Ruari went with him to the wedding; but when they came to the house, who should the bride be but the girl he had come to seek, and when he found that, he turned in haste, and was going out at the door when the man he had met took him by the arm. "Stay, man," he said, "why are you so bashful? Come away to the dinner, for you must give us piping after that is over." So Ruari stayed; but he kept near the door, and the girl did not see him. When the dinner was over, the piping began, and Ruari piped in his turn, and the girl saw him, and began to weep. Then he sang the song he had been so long making for her, and now the whole company saw that she was weeping. "It is now about two years since her brother died," said some one to Ruari, speaking low, "and she has never cared for music since then, though she used to be so great a singer."

Then Ruari went out of the house with the pipes under his arm, and took his way home. He was going all the night, for the way was long, and there were many things he might have seen, for it was full moon. It was a night of many stars, above and below, for there was much water in the way he went, and in every pool there was a star shining. As he was going through the wood the owls cried to him, and when it came near morning, there were hundreds of birds singing. But Ruari could hear nothing and see nothing except a company of many people, and in the midst of them a lad piping and a girl weeping.

Ruari now made up his mind that he would be a singer, for that was the thing that seemed to him best of all; and that he might do this, he went a long way off, to the great Master of Singing, that he might get his advice and assistance, for it was now years since he had wished to make a singer of Ruari. All the way, as he was going, he thought of the songs he would sing when he began in earnest, and it seemed to him there was nothing in the world he would like so well as to be a singer, and he wished he had not spent so much time in other things. The Master of Singing gave a great welcome to him, and yet was angry with him that he had not come sooner. "And now you must sing," he said, after a little, "for it is years since I heard your voice." So Ruari sang, and even as he did so he felt that there was some power gone away from him

that he used to have. "O Ruari! Ruari!" said the Master, when he had finished. "Did I not tell you to begin singing years ago, and instead of that you must be spending your time in cutting peats and herding cattle and going after deer, and now the cold and the wet and the time have spoiled the voice that you had, and you will never after all be a great singer."

"Is that so?" said Ruari, after standing quiet for a minute.

"It is so," said the Master.

So Ruari came home again; and now it seemed to him that he had never in all his life wished to be anything else but a singer, and so sad and vexed was he with this trouble and the last, that he gave no heed to anything, but spent the time in foolishness, so that his father and mother were grieved at the heart to see him. And still it was in Ruari's mind that he would yet do some great thing in the world, for were there not many other things he could do besides singing?

In the meantime he grew more and more reckless and wild, so that he did not seem to people like the same Ruari he had been before. There was no drinking row in the place at which he would not be, and with his piping and singing it seemed as if he put the spirit of mischief into every one that came near him. All the lads and young boys of the place would follow him, and the old people did not know what to do. And the songs he made were not now such as he

had been used to make, but wild and reckless as he had himself become.

One night as he was piping, and the lads were singing and shouting and drinking, an old good man, who had known them since they were all young children, came in as he was going past and spoke wise, grave, serious words to them; but before he was done speaking Ruari laughed, and began a tune on the pipes. And when the old man was gone, he made a song about him, so that the lads shook with laughter when they heard it. But that night Ruari did not go home with the rest. He went alone by himself to the hills, and there lay weeping in the heather till the day came.

"I will now indeed give up my foolishness," said Ruari in the morning.

He went home, and began to work steadily and soberly; but his mind was not content, for he had always the wish to be something great, and he had no doubt he would be that some day, for it always seemed easy to him to be above others in anything. He set to work to make songs, as he had been used to do; but now he could only make clever mocking ones, such as he had made for the foolish lads. No others would come into his mind, though he would go seeking for them among the hills as in old days. There was not now the same appearance in anything he saw, though he could not say what it was that was wanting; but at last it seemed to him a

trifling thing to be making songs at all.

He took again to piping, and so wonderfully did he play that people began to come from all parts to hear him; and one day the chief himself sent for Ruari, and it was said in the place that the son of Murchadh Bán was at last to be a great man. Many people were gathered together at the Castle,—noble lords and ladies, and among them notable singers and players,—and all had heard of Ruari, and all wished to listen to his music; but they never heard it, for just then he fell ill, and it soon became plain that he would do no more piping, and it was told to him that he would never be strong any more.

This gave great grief to Ruari, but there was no help for it, and after a while he began to say to himself that he would now give his mind altogether to good things. He began to remember tales of old ancient good men, and to think he would not be content till he could be like them.

"A great good man," he said to himself, "that is the best of all; and now it seems that is

all that I can be." The days passed, however, and he got no better from his sickness, but instead grew weaker and weaker, till at last some one told him that it was Death that had come upon him. At first he would not believe it, for such a thing had not come into his mind, but after a while he saw that it was true. He lay quiet for many hours after he saw that, and many things passed through his mind.

"God be merciful to me a sinner," he said at last, very quietly, "for now I see what it is that I have been." And Death took him.

"Poor Ruari!" said the neighbours, speaking softly among themselves in the house. "Who would have thought that this would be the end of him—such a lad of promise as he was." There was a man in the place who was not "wise," and he was there at the time and heard them speaking. He went and gave a last look at the dead piper.

"Well, well, Ruari!" he said, smiling to himself, "who knows but you may come to something yet!"

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CARVED
UPON HER TOMB.

BY GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.

THOU wert like this ; and now
Beneath this covering earth here dost thou lie,
A skeleton and dust ! And thou,
Fair counterfeit of what was once so fair,
O'er mould and crumbling bones set up in vain,
Staring immovable and mute, apart,
Upon the seasons as they come and go,
Thou of remembrance and of bygone woe
The sole custodian art.

The look, so passing sweet,
That thrill'd, as here we see, men's hearts erewhile,
Doth now the gazer's smile
With cold indifference meet ;
The lips, that, like a brimming urn, well'd out
Words freighted with delight,
The throat, that kindled longings infinite,
The hand of shapeliest mould,
That many a time
Hath made the hand that clasp'd it winter-cold,
The bosom, that has turn'd to ashy white
The cheeks of many a wight,
Its perfect form to view,
What made the charm for which thou once wert known,
All now mere rottenness and dust,
A thing to waken horror and disgust,
Hid out of sight beneath this sculptured stone.

To this pass Fate doth bring
A form that, while it lived,
A reflex seem'd of all we dream of heaven !
Eternal mystery of this
Our mortal state ! To-day the spring
Of thoughts of boundless sweep,
High aspirations, feelings infinite,

Beauty withal, triumphant in its power,
Like some transcendent radiance from the sky
By nature flash'd upon this nether earth,
To be to man's estate a pledge and sign
Of golden worlds beyond, replete with bliss
And destinies sublime;
To-morrow, at a touch, what was so bright,
So angel-like in guise,
Becomes a thing abhorrent to men's eyes,
Degraded, loathly, vile,
And all the wealth so vast
Of fancies noble, that therein were bred,
Hath into silence everlasting pass'd.

Chords, touch'd with skilful hand,
By native charm create
Within our wandering thoughts
A host of visions fanciful and grand,
And infinite desires;
And, quicken'd so,
Our mortal spirit straight,—
We know not how or why,—
Floats on a sea of exquisite delight,
Like the stout swimmer, who
Disports him on the ocean's buoyant waves;
But if upon the ear
A note discordant strike,
The spell within us wrought
Is broke, and all that ecstasy of bliss
Is in a moment turn'd to nought.

If, mortal man, thou be
So altogether pitiful and vile,
If thou be merely dust,
A phantom life for but a little while,
If, too, thou be in some things nigh divine,
Why should each worthiest impulse, why
Should every worthiest thought of thine,
From source so trivial and ignoble spring,
And be with it dissolved and perish utterly?

SCOLOPAXIANA.

HABITS AND HABITAT.

WHEN you flush a snipe from a particular patch of ground, wet or dry, you may be sure that he has lain there for one or both of two reasons, namely, because of the shelter or the food that the spot afforded him. As with all wild creatures, the search for these two conditions is the one aim and object of the bird's existence. On the success or failure of its quest, therefore, depends the success or failure of the shooter's sport. If a bit of marshland, desirable in every way to the human eye, is lacking in one of these essentials, the snipe will only patronise it for the single necessity it supplies. If it lacks both, they will not patronise it at all, any more than you would go into a shop that contains nothing that you want to buy. The whole question of where to seek the birds reduces itself to the ancient one of supply and demand, so that the indignant astonishment often heard from unthinking sportsmen who have plunged all day for nothing through what *they* consider a simply ideal snipe-bog is as foolish as it is ignorant. You may be quite certain that if there are any snipe in the vicinity at all, which is another consideration altogether, they have assuredly made a visit of inspection to the vacant ground, and have concluded that it was not worth the trouble of peg-

ging out their small claims upon.

It does not at all follow that they will not come there just when you are grumblingly giving up looking for them, *i.e.*, at nightfall. For the two things snipe require — a sheltered residence and a well-spread table — they require, like a Frenchman, at different times. So that your vain search for the birds on this splendid-looking stretch of marsh brings us to one broad rule that may be laid down before considering its exceptions — that snipe naturally and preferably feed at night, and rest in the daytime under ordinary conditions. *Ergo*, it is no use to look for them by day in a place which supplies board only, and not lodging. The tract that is snipeless at mid-day may be alive with them twelve hours later. But that is of no use to any one but a cat or a poacher; you want to discover the favoured localities where the birds can sleep in warmth and security, or, better still, where, like Jorrocks, they can both dine and sleep, for then, as they have not had to make a post-prandial flight in search of bed, they are more likely to be full-fed and drowsy, and will probably lie better to your gun.

It is impossible to decide from inspection which may be these ideal spots. Their ad-

vantages are nearly always as invisible as their drawbacks to the eye of man, and local experience alone can guide the sportsman in this respect. As hinted previously, however, the vagaries of the snipe, subject as they are to the state of mind and body of the bird itself, to say nothing of the antics of the barometer and climatic conditions generally, so often throw all experience, local and general, to the winds, that it is almost hopeless to give any absolutely reliable "tips" as to the particular ground and particular day on which the snipe-shooter may expect sport. One of the most puzzling enigmas of all is that of which almost every snipe-walk and snipe-shooting experience can supply instances. A place which last year, nay, last week, held not a single bird by day or night, through which indeed we scarcely took the trouble of sending the dog whilst on our way to more promising spots, is one fine morning found crowded with snipe, sheltering behind tussocks of grass or reed, which never seemed of any use in this way before. Nothing can be gathered from your diary as to the cause of this influx. The same wind has prevailed before; it is unlikely that worms have suddenly appeared in mud which hitherto, judging by the best of all signs, the absence of feeding snipe, has been innocent of them.

Up to the end of November these sudden and transitory (for they take but a few hours' lease) visitants may of course be a further batch of foreign

recruits to the stock of home-bred birds which have been about all the summer. But the constant recurrence of the phenomenon after the supply from northern lands has ceased, renders it impossible that these welcome additions can be, as they are invariably considered to be, flights newly landed from abroad. They must rather be the results of a local migration, possibly from distant points of these islands, possibly from the next parish, from whence they have been driven by failure of the food-supply, overcrowding, persecution, perhaps caprice, or any other conceivable reason. Not having had time to make a tour of exploration for the best haunts the strange district affords, the snipe are merely resting after their flight, and you had better attack them *instantly*, for they will speedily be gone. Birds found in this intermittent fashion in a certain bit of marsh will either lie as close as stones, or rise in wisps at half a mile. There will be nothing of what artists call a middle distance. The former in a snipe invariably points to one of two conditions—either it is tired, or resting after a heavy meal; the latter to uneasiness, caused by something more than an empty stomach.

To throw light on these questions, I have many times made nightly visits to such fickle spots, both after they had been untenanted by day and when birds in profusion had been flushed from them, and have without exception found them always snipeless. This is almost certain proof of a

lack of food-supply, and such places will never be inhabited except as a dâk-bungalow by belated travellers, who are either too weary to look farther afield for better quarters, or finding their arrival to coincide with the approach of day, prefer to remain *impransus* but secure until returning night comes to cover their foraging. In the first case they lie close and well; in the second, they are not only nervous but are crouching all together, listening for the faintest sound, and ready to dash up in a frightened crowd when anything—even a cow—moves in their vicinity.

I once witnessed one of these sudden appearances and departures of snipe, which occurred late in December in a large rushy field on the banks of the river Wey. Returning late and laden from a foray amongst the pike of that prolific little river, a sound like that of a distant winnowing machine arose suddenly in the air, and looking upward I was astonished to see a flock of at least three hundred snipe sweep over my head and alight in the very field in which I walked. There was a bright full moon; their long bills were strongly silhouetted as the birds drifted like a puff of dark smoke across the silver surface; except for the velvety rustle of many wings, they flew in profound silence only a few yards above me. Next day I was in the same place again, and was much interested to see the owner of the land just about to walk the field with his gun as I arrived. He put up only

three snipe from the ground which, for one night at least, must have held as many hundred, and bagging all three was mightily pleased at his good fortune. The Recording Angel has not so many good actions down to my account that I can afford to forgo laying a little flattering unction to my soul for having mercifully refrained from spoiling his pleasure by telling him of the cohorts which must have broken camp and evacuated his domain but a few hours earlier. But even had he come down upon them like the Assyrian, his bag would probably have been but little heavier, for it is ten to one that the three hundred would have risen as one bird, with one shrill *vox*, *et præterea nihil*, leaving him gazing (I invoke the First Offender's Act) wispfully after them!

When snipe rise thus in wisps, it is generally worth while to stand still until they have finished their aerial manœuvres, and mark them down as they drop singly (which they will nearly always do) into different nooks and corners that they have spied from above. If the birds rise thus day after day from any place, station a man in a commanding position, with orders to mark the descending birds for you. Some countrymen are marvellously clever at this, and will retain in their memory almost to an inch the lurking-place of at least half a score of birds which have left their fellows in mid air in this manner. In the case mentioned above,

however, that of the terrified strangers, I have never found it of much use to wait for the wisp to disintegrate and seek the ground one by one. After a few preliminary circlings, they usually depart in a body out of the range of vision, which seems to lend colour to what I have already surmised, their ignorance of the immediate locality. In all other cases, however, unless snipe are very plentiful, many more shots will be obtained if the sportsman accustoms himself to pausing perfectly motionless until the bird or birds he has flushed have either flown out of sight or again sought the earth. Snipe always seem to be undecided little creatures on the wing, whether in wisps or alone. You may put up a bird which dashes off with a business-like air, as if bound straight for a preconceived haven especially noted for such emergencies. The young shooter is apt to be taken in and to regard the departing bird as, if not exactly lost, yet gone most decidedly before. But this "I know exactly where I am going" deportment is the hollowest of frauds. Keep your eyes on the receding speck, and before it has gone many yards you will see symptoms of hesitation. First a dart to the left, then to the right; no! perhaps it would be safer to keep straight on; or how would it be to emulate the bank rate, and get as high as possible in the shortest time! So up he soars, like a brown, blown leaf, mastering the wind with infinite grace of movement, as if ascending to

the heavens by an invisible spiral staircase, only to flit aimlessly about, screaming intermittently, high overhead. Finally an arrowy head-foremost plunge downwards, apparently as little the result of thought as his previous evolutions, perhaps to a spot within fifty yards of that from which he rose. Yet it must not be inferred that our snipe is a fool. Milne Edwards, and I believe Michelet, profess to seeing stupidity stamped on the features of all the Scolopacidæ; but the baffled sportsman will often confess that *Gallinago* at any rate often most thoroughly belies his appearance. There are few birds more wary, and none quicker to take advantage of any assistance to escape offered by surroundings: a projection from a bush, the lip of a boulder, a little pillar of reed stems, it is miraculous how he perceives and uses their shelter when whizzing along in full career, turning behind them, perhaps at right angles, with more certainty at forty miles an hour than you could do at four.

One failing, however, he has which will often give you a second chance at him; he can see no danger in a motionless object, a failing common to nearly all wild creatures. Only keep still and the most timid of fauna will often go on unconcernedly with any business they have in hand, and delightful business it often is to witness. When waiting for the duck to flight at dusk or dawn, I have often had even that most suspicious of fowl,

the curlew, poking about in the ooze within ten yards of my unconcealed but motionless form; and once I sat by a lonely farmyard pond in company with a shoveller drake, and three or four full snipe, who were running about amongst and actually *quarrelling* with the domestic ducks, the proper lords of the manor of mud along the edge. Whenever a snipe, then, which has gone away untouched or unsaluted, is zigzagging dubiously about overhead as described above, stand "motionless as ice," even though one leg be thigh-deep in mud and the other cocked up on an inconveniently high tussock. It is quite on the cards that he will suddenly swoop to the ground so close to you that you may miss him, as I have often done, from his very proximity.

Movement of the face and eyes, though all else be motionless, seems particularly alarming to snipe; indeed the sight of a man's face appears to inspire a most uncomplimentary aversion in all wild creatures, more than any other portion of the human form divine. Mr Cholmondeley-Pennell relates a singular instance of this. One of the most successful fishers of that wariest and keenest-sighted of plebeians, the chub, informed him that the gratifying weights of his catches were due almost entirely to his plan of covering his face with a sort of mask when approaching his quarry. "If he attempted the same process unmasked, the chub were instantly alarmed and ceased

biting, or made off altogether." I do not suggest that the sportsman is to stalk the marshes with his manly features vizored like those of a racing motorist; but he will do well on occasions to put on the mask of absolute stillness, which will be almost as effectual, and not half so terrifying to any superstitious bumpkin who may happen to encounter him. Of course, if birds are plentiful, it would be waste of time to spend five precious minutes of a short winter's day waiting for every soaring snipe to make up its mind to give you another shot. Occasionally, moreover, the snipe will be in a much more decided humour, scuttling off best pace at once, on a bee-line for the horizon, and dispensing altogether with aerial calisthenics. Other days, they will rise just out of shot time after time, and fly but a foot or two before alighting, a most irritating procedure; other days, again (red-letter days these), they will wait to be kicked up, and yet other days they will allow you to pass them, and then bounce up *behind* you so constantly that you feel that the only way to negotiate them must be that which was once urged upon me by an Irish gossoon,—to walk the moors backwards!

It is all a matter of—I was about to say of weather, but the more I think of it the more impossible it seems to lay down any laws at all as to what it is a matter of. It is scarcely even a matter of experience, for snipe will give the lie time

after time even to this comprehensive possession. In this respect they are the trout amongst game birds; they will act differently in the same place, under identical conditions of weather, on every one of the six days of a week. Then perhaps for a fortnight they may seem to have adopted at last a certain line of conduct, rising consistently wild, lying close or bundling off in a mob as the case may be, giving you to understand that they are showing you what they mean to do in future, and that you may make your arrangements accordingly. In the light of this you proceed to attack them in a certain manner, and it is ten to one that they defeat you by the one device you have not provided for. I remember once being thoroughly "bested" in this way by the denizens of a certain very rotten two acres of marsh which lay in a hollow surrounded by high hills. The place held hundreds of snipe, and for several years I had tried every method of circumventing them, always with the same result. No sooner was the first shot fired than from all parts of the bog crowds of screaming snipe rose like a noisy exhalation, and, making invariably straight for the shoulder of a mountain, disappeared from view, leaving not half a dozen of their kind behind. I tried them down the wind, against the wind, across the wind; sometimes I walked slowly and carefully, sometimes endeavoured to surprise them with a rush, always with the

same failure. Then I posted a sharp-eyed man up on the mountain, and, after insulting him by not believing his report, went there myself whilst he flushed the birds. Neither he nor I was ever able to mark down even a solitary individual of that tremendous wisp.

At last I determined to try a drive. One rough windy day, with infinite caution, I made my way to a point up-wind, in the hopes that a greater part of the flock at least would be forced to pass over my head as they fought with the gale. My man remained on the down-wind side, with orders to advance towards me slowly, and with as little noise as possible. When in position I raised my gun as a signal and came to the "ready," determined to do or die, meaning if necessary or possible to fire into the brown of the mighty rush of snipe I expected. Oh, the agony of that next quarter of an hour! The birds lay like dead things before my advancing driver. One by one they rose, fifteen yards in front of him; but they came not nigh me, turning instead, with devilish cunning, back over his gunless person. In a short time I could stand it no longer, and, waving to him to stop, advanced myself into the bog. In an instant, before a shot was fired, two thousand birds were up and away. I got off two barrels, killing a right and left, but not another bird did we put up from that place. Many times subsequently did we try that drive in the course of the old round of experiments, with varying,

but never even moderate, success; and to this day I confess myself thoroughly defeated by those two acres of quaggy ground and their teeming inhabitants.

The vagaries of snipe are not, however, always so inexplicable as this. They are, in fact, chiefly due to the weather, in so far as it affects their feeding. As before stated, they prefer to dine at night, and, given a bill of fare, like human diners, require two more things for comfort—light and quiet. If either or both of these are wanting, they will make but an unsatisfactory meal, perhaps will not feed at all, in which case, unlike their cousin the woodcock, they will then devote the following day to making up overdue supplies. This is the great law governing their movements from the shooter's point of view. Snipes cannot see in the dark: the brighter the night the greater their success in finding the spots where worms abound. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the influence of the moon on wild birds. Some people seem to imagine that it exercises a sort of occult influence on their spirits, as it was once supposed to do on those of human beings. You may often hear, too, especially from keepers and other unlearned folk, whose life is spent amongst our game birds, remarks disclosing a belief that the luminary has powers affecting the migration of birds to these shores, very similar to those it possesses over the tides of the ocean.

The idea is not unnatural, for the comings and goings of our migratory game must seem mysterious enough to the unscientific to warrant any number of fantastic theories about their allegiance to the Queen of the Night.

But the truth, though less romantic, is more intelligible. Birds are strict utilitarians, and see no reason for blundering about in the dark when at certain seasons a great lamp arises to guide them to their objective. In the case of migration, however, it does occasionally happen that a considerable arrival of birds may occur on the darkest of nights. I expect that the explanation of this is to be found in the rapid changes of the appearance of the skies in Great Britain, from moonlit brilliance one night to gloom the next. I do not believe that birds would start on their voyage across the sea if they foresaw that their landing-place would be shrouded in darkness. According to their calculations (there are numberless proofs of their power to divine far distant atmospheric conditions) there should be a moon on the night of their arrival, and they are much disconcerted when they find themselves on a strange shore in pitch darkness. Any one who has had the fortune to fall in with a newly arrived flight of woodcock near the sea-coast has to thank the darkness of the previous night for his extraordinary sport. Had there been a moon the birds, tired as they were, would probably have dispersed inland instead

of remaining so unnaturally sociable on the first bit of dry land they came to. To return to our snipe, the same thing holds good. It must have light of some sort, whether of the moon or of the stars, both for its migration and its feeding. For the latter occupation it prefers quiet, though it is not absolutely necessary. A wild night is an abomination to a snipe: like all birds it detests at any time being buffeted about, and having its feathers blown all over the place; but when the occasion entails such exposure, as does the great question of dinner on an open marsh, the bird nearly always elects to postpone feeding altogether until daylight either brings calm, or at least a better chance of finding food without so much trotting and flitting about.

Unlike many birds, the snipe is wildest and most alert when in quest of food, so that when a very dark or tempestuous night forces them to put off feeding until daylight, you will usually find them almost unapproachable during the morning hours of the next day. Indeed, if time is no object and the loss of a day does not matter, it would be far better to leave them undisturbed on such occasions, and to turn home after a sufficient number of snipe have risen at impossible distances to convince you that they have got all their eyes about them, primarily for worms, but incidentally for you. Nothing is more likely to make birds permanently suspicious, if not to drive them away altogether,

than harassing them at their hours of feeding. By day snipe will feed in the roughest of weather; by night I believe they seldom do unless it is fairly calm. I have several times seen them at it in a wild gale, and a very uncomfortable occupation it appears. Perhaps the ideal day for snipe-shooting is one on which a moderate warm south-west wind is blowing, the previous night having been calm and moonlit, or, better still, illuminated by bright starlight. Such days after such nights are of course rare; so, consequently, are these ideal times for making a bag. However, in snipe-shooting it never does to despair because of apparently unsuitable weather. Any weather may be ideal for all you know; heavy bags have been made on the most discouraging-looking days. Another sort of day which I have usually found conducive to sport is a sunny, cheerful one, with a strongish north-east wind, exactly the opposite, you will observe, of the former kind mentioned.

During every kind of weather between these two extremes, however, sport *may* be had. A glance out of window in the morning should never be allowed to decide the day's plans. There is only one really bad time for walking after snipe, and that is the first few days of a white frost. They are then, in my experience, always wild and collected in wisps. Shooting had better be postponed until the warm moist weather which invariably follows that,

Christmas - card - looking appearance caused by what Colonel Hawker called "atmospheric arsenic." Neither, unless you are pushed for time, is it advisable to sally forth during heavy rain. Apart from the personal discomfort, the snipe will very likely be uneasy, your dogs will be miserable, and if you do manage to make a bag the game will be wet, and draggled, and unfit to send away to your friends. There is nothing more hideous than a bundle of drenched snipe. Equally with climatic conditions does the nature of the ground composing your beat affect the disposition of the birds. *Cæteris paribus*, the drier its general condition the better sport will you have. If the district, as is commonly the case with snipe-ground, contains something of everything, it will usually be found that more birds will be shot on the drier portions, though more may be seen on the quagmires, for wet ground means splashing of both yourself and your dog. Wildfowl of all sorts are even more suspicious of the sounds than of the sight of an intruder, and no sound carries farther on a still day than that of a man plashing through shallow water.

But the places where snipe are usually at their very wildest are those shaky oozy bogs into which the sportsman sinks thigh-deep at every step, such

as that which gave me daily occupation and defeat as described above. Noise cannot be the explanation in this case, for the skilful bogtrotter's advance in such spots may be as noiseless as if he were treading thick grass, though it will hardly be as rapid. The snipe-shooter will constantly meet with places of this description in his wanderings, very often of only an acre in extent, in the midst perhaps of thousands of acres of firmer soil. They are not uncommonly found about the sources of streams, and invariably hold a vast population of snipe. The suddenness with which every bird will leap up from every portion of the bog, very often before he has hardly set foot upon it at all, much less fired a shot, is inconceivable to the tyro, and not easily explained by any one. It is probable that instantaneous news of an enemy's approach is Marconigrammed all over the marsh to the sleeping birds by the quivering of the jelly-like ground beneath them. Even a light footfall along an apparently firm river-bank will often cause similar widespread alarm and scurry amongst fish. Snipe may lie after they have seen you, they may do so even when they have heard your voice; but your slow progress over shuddering morass they never await.

SCOLOPAX.

WHITAKER WRIGHT FINANCE.

A VERY instructive book might be written on exploded financial meteors. Beginning with John Law and his Mississippi Scheme, the South Sea Bubble, the Darien Scheme, and other primitive attempts at wild-cat finance, it might descend gradually to the latest and worst of wild cats—the London and Globe Corporation. A sufficiently dramatic epilogue to it would be found in the Whitaker Wright trial and its so-called tragic sequel. Among the interesting and suggestive points which such a review might develop, the most striking would be the increasing frequency with which financial meteors come and go. The intervals between them are rapidly shortening. Formerly they occurred but once or twice in a generation. Now we have a new one every five or six years. Before the wreckage of the last has been cleared away, another shoots up and is ready to explode.

One element in the case, however, is almost invariable. It is public gullibility—a quality not only perennial but indestructible. That anomalous class of people who style themselves “speculative investors” had barely escaped from the expensive toils of Mr Hooley when they found Whitaker Wright waiting for them, and they literally rushed into his arms. Their last state was worse than their first, in so far as the risks they ran were

much greater and more difficult to guard against.

The Hooley trap was baited with industrial companies, good enough in themselves if they had not been absurdly over-capitalised. Whitaker Wright's bait consisted chiefly of mines and mining options at the farthest ends of the earth. The risks connected with these were many and various. The “mining option” might never materialise at all; as a matter of fact, hundreds of untested options lapsed on the failure of the London and Globe and its allied companies. When a *bona fide* mine was discovered, it might not pay after being developed: several bad examples of this also occurred in Whitaker Wright's short and eventful career. Even a paying mine was not safe in such hands, for it could be manipulated by market “riggers,” as the Lake View actually was. But unsafest of all was a paying mine in the hands of a so-called finance company with an unscrupulous gambler at the head of it.

It may only be doing justice to the memory of a dead man to acknowledge that he did not originate the financial methods of which he made such fatal use. He found them in existence here when he came over from America in 1894. He speedily saw their great possibilities from a gambling and market-rigging point of view, and he lost no time in utilising

them. Their real originators were the Jewish-Anglo-German groups of financiers who a few years before had divided up the Rand amongst themselves. By arrangement with ex-President Kruger, they pegged out miles of claims. Each group got ten or twenty times more claims than it could possibly work. They had neither the labour nor the capital requisite to develop them. Consequently they had to form companies to hold and finance them until working arrangements could be made. These finance companies adopted a uniform policy of dividing up their claims into manageable blocks of 150 to 200 claims each. As they had opportunity they "floated" a subsidiary company for each block with a generous capital on paper, a small share of which went to the public, while the lion's share remained in the strong-box of the floaters.

It was a case of mother and baby, with the maternal relations reversed. The mother milked the babies instead of the babies milking the mother. There are degrees of respectability even among mining finance companies. Some attend to their proper business—namely, the management of their subsidiary companies and the development of their mining properties; others divide their attention between mining proper and the share market; while others again are much more in the share market than anywhere else. They have a retinue of brokers and jobbers openly acting for them in the Kaffir Circus. "Shop" trading

is a recognised and undeniable practice. Buying and selling for the "big houses" are almost as familiar incidents at one end of the Stock Exchange as the visits of the Government broker are at the other—that is, to the Consol market.

In its early and evil days Westralian finance copied the bad features of the Kaffir Circus, and gave them freer as well as wider scope. It was altogether of a more gambling nature. The mines themselves differed greatly in character. While the lode formations on the Rand are exceptionally regular and uniform, those of Kalgoorlie are, in mining language, "pocketty." Patches of rich ore are distributed in a very erratic way over stretches of poor ground. If the patches had been continuous, such mines as the Ivanhoe and Lake View would have been veritable caves of Aladdin. Unfortunately they are not, and the transitions from wealth to poverty are rapid—sometimes sensationally rapid.

Westralian mines have, in consequence of this peculiarity, had many violent ups and downs. Their output of gold has in course of a single year fluctuated by thousands of ounces per month. The prices of their shares have fluctuated even more violently. For example, reference was made at Whitaker Wright's trial of Lake Views having at one time reached 28. Since then they have been under 2, and their present quotation is only about 1½. This is a specimen of the

sort of material Whitaker Wright had to work with. His methods were expressly adapted to it, and it provided the conditions which rendered easy and fascinating the style of gambling in which he was an adept.

His training also offers some clue to his wild-cat manipulations. As a youth he had gone to the States with a smattering of chemistry and metallurgy. There he had learned both prospecting and mining from the American point of view. He had also practised with success the latest American forms of gambling. He had known what it was to be a millionaire one day and a penniless man the next.

As to the circumstances under which he returned to London in 1891 there is some uncertainty. His first venture was on the old-fashioned lines—a mining promotion pure and simple. It has left no record good or bad, and was evidently a failure. This was in 1891, and not much more was heard of him till 1894, when the new goldfield at Coolgardie began to be talked of in the City. Hitherto it had been worked by small local companies, most of which had their headquarters in Adelaide. Some rich strikes having been made, the Adelaide holders came to London for financial help. They were exactly what Whitaker Wright and men of his stamp had been looking out for—large possibilities to be secured for a small amount of cash down.

Since his still-born venture

in 1891 Wright had, however, learned a good deal of City ways. He had discovered that there are many people who will gamble by proxy in mines who will not touch a mining share; also, that old-fashioned stockbrokers will patronise a mining finance company when they would have nothing to do with a mine; and further, that banks, however strict their veto on mining scrip as security for advances, do not always frown on it when presented to them under another name. Whitaker Wright, thoroughly understanding these predilections of his public, organised a scheme to humour them in every respect. This was his West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, which he launched toward the end of 1894. It was so well received and found such a lucrative field of speculation waiting for it that there seemed to be room for a second breed. Accordingly, on the first of April 1895, the original London and Globe Finance Corporation made its appearance. It was a still greater success than its predecessor, and Whitaker Wright had now his foot in the stirrup.

The original London and Globe did a considerable amount of legitimate promotion. It brought out the Lake View Consols, with a capital of a quarter of a million sterling. In its upper levels this mine disclosed such enormous quantities of high-grade ore that it promised to become one of the world's greatest

"bonanzas." At one time it was producing 30,000 ounces of gold per month, and the market value of its capital rose to seven millions sterling. Lake View, in short, was the making of Whitaker Wright, and also his undoing. Not only had he a large proportion of the ordinary shares, but through his two finance companies he secured the lion's share of all profits divided, whether derived from mining or from speculation.

In each company he had reserved to himself so many founder's shares—5000 in the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, and 100,000 in the London and Globe—which entitled him to one-half of all profits after the ordinary shares had got 10 per cent. On the former he actually received dividends to the amount of £25, 7s. per share—£125,000 in all; and on the London and Globe deferred shares about £80,000. In the subsequent amalgamation of the two companies all these founder's shares were commuted on his own terms. He had also ample opportunity to market them at his own price, and it came out in the trial that he selected the best time for selling, which was, of course, when the public were most eager buyers.

It was early in 1897 that London and Globe Finance Corporation Number Two appeared on the scene. It took in the two original companies on terms practically dictated by Whitaker Wright, the most notable of them being that he

was to get 605,000 new shares for the deferred shares above described. The capital of the new company was a round two millions sterling in £1 shares, which skilful manipulation of the market soon put up to 100 per cent premium. On paper Wright's 605,000 shares represented the tidy sum of nearly a million and a quarter sterling, all obtained from one little clause in a promoter's agreement with himself! But the tide was about to turn.

Up to this point Whitaker Wright had been a man of business. He had done a certain amount of legitimate mining promotion. He had drawn one or two big prizes, which were not materially offset by a few blanks. He had worked with a reasonable amount of capital—£200,000 in each company—on which it was easy to earn big dividends in a favourable market. Moreover, he had had men of business associated with him, who could exercise some check on his optimistic gambling. But in the new London and Globe all that was completely changed. Everything was swagger, and no room was left for business. Swagger directors, swagger offices, swagger brokers, a swagger house at the West End, a swagger palace down in Surrey, a swagger yacht at Cowes, swagger entertainments—all matched each other. The whole thing was a gorgeous vulgarity—a magnificent burlesque of business.

But though it was all ridiculous and fantastic from a business point of view, it was right

in one important respect. It fetched the public as no honest rational enterprise could ever have done. Subscribers to the new London and Globe rushed in, as they always do after coronets and gold lace. Allotments were dealt out as favours—especially in the West End. Those who could not get allotments rushed into the market to buy at high premiums. A company promoter would have been more than human if, with such an adoring crowd raging round him, he had not lost his head. Many others have gone through the same intoxicating experience with similar results. The swagger promoter comes and goes, but the speculative public remains always the same. It has periodical crazy fits, in which coronets and gold lace are simply irresistible.

When the tumult was over, Whitaker Wright made his second start with about 10,000 shareholders and a nominal capital of two millions sterling to earn dividends upon. In less than three years the two millions had gone and three millions more along with it. Swagger promotion in Lothbury and swagger gambling on the Stock Exchange swallowed it up as easily as the whale swallowed Jonah. Before they knew where they were the 10,000 shareholders had lost their dividends, their capital, and their fancy premiums. The obvious moral is that swagger and business are two very different things. But to preach that or anything of the kind to the speculative public

has hitherto been sheer beating of the air. Perhaps a few more examples drawn from the history of the London and Globe Corporation may have greater effect.

First as regards its promotions. It began this branch of its work with a new Kalgoorlie mine, the Ivanhoe. This had been capitalised by its Australian owners at £50,000, which the London and Globe converted into a round million. But, as Westralian mines go, this did not prove excessive, for the shares still stand at a premium of 90 per cent.

Next came the British America Corporation, with a capital of a million and a half sterling. The odd half million appears to have been intended for promoters' profit. Even the million was represented to a very small extent by tangible property, and to a very large extent by "options" on mining prospects. These were situated chiefly in British Columbia, and had been obtained from a British Columbia politician, who afterwards professed to have made little or nothing out of the deal. Of course the British America was a mere promoting concern, like the London and Globe itself. They became twin-sisters, and agreed to share equally the profits on British Columbia business.

Their first joint flotation was the Le Roi mine, a developed property for which they paid over three-quarters of a million sterling to its Canadian owners. Of course they were all too busy to give much attention to its

management, and from the moment it came into their hands it began to go downhill. Profits and reputation alike disappeared; scandals and committees of inquiry took their place. The last time that Whitaker Wright met the shareholders he assured them that "a period of steady dividend payments might thereafter be expected." A few months later, when the failure of the British America Corporation threw them on their own resources, they found that the mine was virtually in possession of a Canadian bank, whose cash advances exceeded three-quarters of a million dollars. This was somewhat of a shock for shareholders who had paid £8 or £9 for £5 shares. The reaction in the market was rapid and severe. It has now gone so far that *Le Roi* shares are to-day quoted at 12s. 6d. to 15s.

There was a second *Le Roi*, which had even a more eventful history than the original. "*Le Roi No. 2*," as it was christened, is now remembered on the Stock Exchange chiefly as having been the occasion of a desperate duel between Whitaker Wright and his natural enemies the jobbers. This was one of his few victories in the stock market. Here he actually achieved what he failed over and over again to accomplish in the case of *Lake Views*—namely, to establish a corner. But it was only the fact of his having all the cards in his own hand that enabled him to succeed. When *Le Roi No. 2* came out the jobbers sold

shares "for special settlement," as the custom is with all new shares. They assumed that a fair allotment would be made to the public, and that before the special settlement arrived there would be a sufficient supply of shares in the market to enable them to "even their books"—in other words, to balance their sales and purchases. Very probably there was also a good deal of bear selling by outside speculators.

Whitaker Wright having ascertained from his brokers that the market was oversold, proceeded to lay a trap for the bears. He allotted the shares to people whom he could rely on to do with them whatever he wanted. At the special settlement they one and all refused to lend or to "carry over" shares. The jobbers, being at their mercy, had to pay the penalty, which meant anything up to 22 or 23 for £5 shares. In the next London and Globe balance-sheet these same shares were entered at par. As Mr Rufus Isaacs sarcastically observed, "it was the only lot of shares the defendant had undervalued." Their latest market price is about 15s.

We have described the two *Le Rois* as typical examples of Whitaker Wright's promoting methods. When the collapse came there were several more pending, but only one of them calls for special notice. The Standard Exploration Company was one of the trio which shuttlecocked their assets and liabilities from one to the other for balance-sheet purposes. It may therefore be briefly de-

scribed. The original West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, though very successful on the whole, had accumulated a few stale issues. In order to give these another chance they were turned over to a finance company—the Standard Exploration—which had been specially created to nurse them.

This and the later issues of the London and Globe, the Victorian Gold Estates, Caledonian Copper, Nickel Corporation, &c., were all rickety infants, and can hardly have paid the expenses of bringing them into the world. The youngest batch of all—Loddon Valley, Moorlort, and Columbian Proprietary—were never fully hatched. The British America Corporation had its half-born brood also—East Le Roi, West Le Roi, Columbia, Kootenay, &c. Share certificates for most of these companies were printed and signed, but apparently they never left the office. Inside the office, however, they were treated as genuine marketable scrip, and for balance-sheet purposes very large transactions took place in them. One shuffle was not sufficient, and there was generally a series of them. So involved and intricate did they become in the end, that the skilled accountants of the Official Receiver's department found them difficult to unravel.

First of all, there was a nominal sale of "claims," or "option blocks" as they are generally termed, by the parent company to the subsidiary company which had been formed

ostensibly to work them. When the capital was fixed at £500,000 the subsidiary company paid £400,000 in shares to the parent company, and reserved £100,000 for working expenses. In the next place, the parent company—say the London and Globe—divided with the other parent companies—say the British America Corporation or the Standard Exploration Company—what it was pleased to call its profits. In the third stage of the process, a parent company desirous of converting some of these huge paper profits into cash went through the farce of selling them to another parent company. The profit thus manufactured was taken into the accounts as solid income. Dividends were actually paid by the London and Globe Corporation out of these imaginary earnings both for 1899 and 1900.

These operations were not merely fraudulent in themselves, but they necessitated fraudulent book-keeping, fraudulent accounts, fraudulent balance-sheets. It was characteristic of our criminal law that Whitaker Wright could only be charged with the secondary and not with the primary offence. He might have made bogus sales from one company to another, have conjured up bogus profits, have paid bogus dividends, and created bogus markets with perfect safety, had he not committed himself to bogus figures. Apparently nothing could have been done to him for wasting, as he did, five millions sterling,

and carrying on for years a gigantic deception both on his shareholders and the public. As to the worst part of his wrong - doing — his reckless plunging on the Stock Exchange — the law had least power over him. Doubtless the London and Globe Corporation's articles of association gave him a free hand in that respect, and would have enabled him to quote direct or implied authority for all he had done.

This aspect of the case requires to be most strongly and urgently impressed on the speculative public. When they blame the law for failing to protect them against financiers of the Whitaker Wright stamp, the law is entitled, in a way, to retort on them, that fools who rush with their eyes open into every snare spread out before them defy protection. Doubtless thousands of Whitaker Wright's victims were men of intelligence, who should have known, or have been able to find out for themselves, that the kind of finance he practised gave him an overwhelming advantage over everybody else in the game. It placed his fellow-directors, his shareholders, and the public more or less completely at his mercy.

To begin with, mining finance companies are dangerous innovations of recent origin. The best that can be said for them is that, if properly conducted, they minimise the risks of mining promotion. It may also be claimed for them that they may — if they choose —

work more economically than the single - handed promoter can, unless he has a large command of capital and a wide connection. Their chief recommendation at the outset was that they would gradually form a permanent clientèle, ready to subscribe to their various issues, and thus save the enormous outlay on advertising and printing involved in an appeal to the general public. In practice they have not realised even that modest hope. Promotion expenses, instead of decreasing in their hands, became wildly extravagant, and worse than extravagant — they became deplorably corrupt. In the primitive days of promoting, a couple of thousand pounds would cover all the necessary expenses of an average flotation. It was given in evidence at Whitaker Wright's trial that he had spent as much as £50,000 on a single promotion.

If mining finance companies are dangerous individually, they must be tenfold more so when they hunt in couples and in half-dozens, as Whitaker Wright's did. An honest financier will have all the work he needs in managing a single company of this sort properly. It will require as close and anxious attention as a bank, and whoever heard of a man attempting to manage four or five banks at the same time! The mere attempt would stamp him as either a fool or overweeningly conceited. But what bank depositors would not submit to for a moment, men who consider themselves sharp specula-

tors swallow like babies. They not only trust their money to the champion plunger of the day, but they practically give him *carte blanche* to play with it as he likes.

The recent trial brought out with ghastly clearness how dangers multiply and increase when a number of gambling companies get to working together, as the London and Globe, the British America, and the Standard Exploration did in their latter days. Not only were speculative accounts transferred from one to the other to suit Whitaker Wright's book, but when they were not gambling in the stock market they gambled with each other. They borrowed and lent money to each other with the utmost indifference to security. The London and Globe did most of the borrowing, and apparently the others were proud to be the lenders. In this way the British America Corporation was literally plundered of fully nine-tenths of its cash capital—£941,000 out of its original million sterling. Its shareholders innocently imagined that their money was being employed in honest mining in British Columbia, when Whitaker Wright was playing at ducks and drakes with it in Old Broad Street.

To a smaller extent the other allies of the London and Globe were shamelessly pillaged. And it is their shareholders who deserve the strongest sympathy. They believed that they were engaged in legitimate mining

ventures, altogether outside the shady field of the London and Globe. If they had lost their money in the class of risks they had been invited to undertake, they could no doubt have forgiven their directors; but never to have had a chance at legitimate mining, and to have had nearly their whole capital surreptitiously swept away in order to cover the losses of another company, was indeed cruel.

The one class of Whitaker Wright's victims whom it is difficult to sympathise with is the shareholders of the London and Globe itself. In their case there are many checks to compassion. Most of them having been votaries of Whitaker Wright from the beginning, have lost little or nothing by him. They at the same time knew enough of his methods to be under no delusion regarding them. They could hardly fail to suspect that a considerable part, if not the main part, of their big dividends was earned in the stock market. It was a matter of common notoriety in mining circles that he devoted most of his time and attention to the engineering of bull campaigns in Lake View shares. They regarded him as the leader of the bull forces, and doubtless many of them did some private fighting under his banner. While the fight was on they were quite as keen bulls as he was, and when he came to grief they joined eagerly in the outcry he raised about conspiracy and betrayal.

Under a mistaken notion of loyalty they stood by him to the end, and resisted by every means in their power a proper judicial inquiry into his proceedings. Almost unanimously—there were but two dissentients—they adopted his motion for going into voluntary liquidation, and if that had been allowed to stand, all the iniquities of the London and Globe Corporation would have been buried along with it. There would have been no judicial inquiry, no exposure of the huge frauds that had been going on, no criminal proceedings, and no vindication of the rights of innocent shareholders. Whitaker Wright might have resumed his gambling operations with a fresh supply of capital, and had he done so there would have been another smash within six months, involving the loss of another half million or more.

In pursuing this apparently suicidal course the shareholders of the London and Globe Corporation were only acting up to the well-known traditions of the British shareholder when his directors find themselves in a mess. A chairman who knows the game, and few understood it better than Whitaker Wright, has only to draw a red herring or two across the trail, and they will be all after it to a man. "Wrecking," "conspiracy," "bear attacks," are magical words to use on such an occasion. They set the befooled shareholder's teeth on edge, and let loose torrents of indignation—not against the directors, but against imaginary wreckers.

This farce is gone through in the City almost daily, and it raises a question if the average British shareholder has not been expressly created by a mysterious Providence to illustrate the boundlessness of financial credulity. Many directors act on this assumption. In mining finance it may almost be called a fundamental principle of the game.

Within a month after the collapse of the London and Globe Corporation a reconstruction meeting was held, and the report of its proceedings stands out now in ludicrous contrast with the criminal trial which wound up the sordid tragedy. Whitaker Wright in explaining the situation said they required the sum of £485,000 "to settle losses arising from the liquidation of certain of our assets on the Stock Exchange." With one exception all the creditors had signed an agreement to release the company from all obligations on payment of this sum of £485,000, and the money was to be raised by selling one of their principal assets. "We have been negotiating very actively," he added, "during the last two or three days for the sale of this asset, and that sale is on the point of consummation." Then he unfolded his scheme of reconstruction, and the shareholders, accepting his assurance that they were out of the wood, became as effusive and complimentary as ever.

One gentleman hoped that "the advice of the chairman and the managing director would be taken to the fullest

extent, and then he was quite sure, from what he knew about the assets of the company, that the good ship would be successfully steered into a haven of rest." In reply to a naïve question as to what would be the value of the company's assets after the £485,000 had been paid, Whitaker Wright coolly stated that their par value would be £2,901,420, but "in his opinion it would not be expedient to publish a list of them, as it would only place impediments in the way of their recuperating their position." We do not recall this astounding statement in order to cast it at the memory of the speaker, who has gone to his last account, but that the shareholders who heard and accepted it without question may see how wilfully blind and helpless they were in the hands of their manipulator.

And these are the innocent beings who, when forced to open their eyes to their own folly, rail at the law because it does not protect them! Protect them from what? From the sharpers who fleece them or from their own selves, who invite fleecing and literally throw themselves in its way? Granted our joint-stock law is bad and inefficient; but who allows it to remain so? Who has put up with its shortcomings and inefficiencies for forty years without making one serious effort to have them corrected? From top to bottom our joint-stock system is honeycombed with legal insincerities. From the House of Lords down to the seediest kerbstone pro-

moter, everybody knows it. Judges, directors, solicitors, auditors, shareholders, are all aware that a coach-and-six can be driven through any of the joint-stock Acts. As safeguards against fraud, or maladministration of any kind on the part of directors, they are mere make-believes.

In this very case of Whitaker Wright it was not the joint-stock Acts that furnished a basis for prosecution. The framers of the indictment had to go outside of them altogether and establish their charges on the Larceny Act of 1862. Sections 83 and 84, on which the counts were based, relate to unimportant offences compared with what the prisoner was really being tried for. The former makes it a misdemeanour for any director, manager, or public officer of any body corporate to destroy, alter, mutilate, or falsify any book, paper, or security with intent to defraud. The latter makes it equally a misdemeanour "to circulate or publish, or concur in circulating or publishing, any written statement or account which he shall know to be false in any material particular, with intent to defraud or deceive any creditor or shareholder in such a company."

But all the falsifying of books and publishing of false accounts charged against Whitaker Wright were mere incidents in the main frauds he had committed. All his fellow-directors might with equal justice have been indicted under the same two sections of

the Larceny Act. The true matter for surprise is that English criminal law should know no other offences than these on the part of directors. It is a further matter for surprise that such offences should not be directly punishable under our joint-stock company laws. And a still greater surprise was given to the country when the chief law officers of the Crown declared in Parliament that Whitaker Wright's case was not one in which the Attorney-General should order a public prosecution. The Solicitor-General was a still more determined precisian. He believed that Whitaker Wright had published a false balance-sheet, but would any one say that a man could be prosecuted for publishing a false balance-sheet? When a member interjected that he ought to be, the Solicitor-General retorted triumphantly, "Then you must pass a law for it."

Without the aid of a new law Whitaker Wright was brought to justice, but the legal question remains none the less in a very unsatisfactory condition. A man has been tried and convicted for what one of the chief law officers of the Crown declared beforehand to be a non-indictable offence. The Prime Minister, adopting the same view, declared that "the statute did not provide an adequate remedy against a fraud, however scandalous, which was not directed against the shareholder or the creditor." But he promised that "an amendment of the law should be made, and that as soon as

possible." After the terrible disclosures which were made for the third or fourth time in the recent trial, and still more after the proof which a British jury has given of how seriously they were regarded by the country, the Prime Minister will, we may be sure, lose no further time in redeeming his promise of a year ago.

But that is not all. Instead of putting another patch on the criminal law and leaving everything else as vague and ambiguous as ever, why should not the Government attempt to give to the commerce of the country what it so badly needs—a proper commercial code? Short of that there will never be any effective safeguard against the scandals and abuses of reckless speculation. Whether it be in produce or in stocks, speculation has become so universal that stringent laws for its regulation are imperatively required. At the very least we should have an honest joint-stock law which will render impossible the existence of such another group of gambling companies as the London and Globe Corporation and its satellites. This we might have had years ago if the Legislature had ever sincerely desired to give it. Again and again it has had the opportunity, again and again the opportunity has been wasted.

Every new patch on our joint-stock law seems only to aggravate its futility. And the fact will have to be recognised sooner or later that this legislative deadlock is due, not to mere accident, but to active

and powerful obstacles within the Legislature itself. The phalanx of company directors and company solicitors in the House of Commons is strong enough to defeat any effort, however well meant, at drastic reform. This professional opposition, if we may call it so, is specially jealous of attempts to enforce the responsibility of directors. Its favourite objection is that such legislation would make the position of directors so full of risks, that men of character and position could no longer be got for the office. Such an argument implies that our present race of directors have little faith in themselves and their capacity for the duties they have undertaken. With competent and properly trained administrators it would have little weight.

Without explicit and enforceable responsibility of directors there can be no efficient joint-stock law. And the responsibility ought to be for faithful discharge of duty as directors, instead of for mere matters of figures in books and accounts. As our law stands now, a director may commit gross breaches of trust with impunity; but if he doctors a balance-sheet in order to conceal such breach of trust he may be condemned to seven years' penal servitude. Such is our English logic as applied to criminal law! German logic in similar circumstances is much easier to follow. Section 43 of the imperial law relating to limited liability companies says:—

“The directors have in the

affairs of the company to exercise the prudence of ordinary business men.

“Directors who fail to fulfil their obligations are answerable to the company as a whole for the consequent damage.”

When the House of Commons has the courage to pass a new joint-stock Act with a similar clause in it to the above, then we may begin to believe in the sincerity of its longing for honest administration of joint-stock companies.

Finally, a word on the special form of finance which brought the London and Globe Corporation to grief, and its managing director to a criminal dock. It is in every way a bad form of finance—bad for the mining industry, bad for the stock markets, bad for the speculative public, and bad for the country generally. Since it was introduced by the Rand magnates, it has done incalculable harm, moral and financial. Millions of money have been squandered over it. Skill and enterprise have been withdrawn from more useful channels to be sunk in it. More reputable forms of finance have suffered from its competition. It has spread a restless unsettling spirit of speculation all through society. Even commercial circles are becoming infected by it; and if the credit of British commerce is to maintain the high level of the past, this organised gambling under the mask of finance must be checked. A voice from a dishonoured grave warns us to look where we are going in this matter.

FORT DROUTHY.

FORT DROUTHY sat on the plain and frowned — cause enough too! For behind, and on either hand, where smaller forts were dotted along the border-line till they were lost in the hazy distance, reigned law and order; while in front stretched the land and dwelt the Lords of Misrule — murderers, rascals, all of the latter in Drouthy's eyes, though in their own gentlemen of spirit and very heedful of their honours. And the fort, guardian of law and order, but only up to the border-line, disliked their methods and their manners, and resented them as any guardian should, who held within his gates fifty sabres and eighty bayonets—for that was the garrison—and yet was unable to smite the lawlessness of which he was compelled to be a daily witness.

Over against Drouthy stood the rocky sun-baked hills of the pass, usually also, but not always, meeting frown with frown; for at sunrise and sunset — more often the latter, their backs being then to the light—they could smile almost divinely. But the mud walls of the old fort, its loopholed curtains and hornworks and its embrasured bastions, could and can do nothing but frown. Like some huge modern line of battle-ship is Fort Drouthy, set in a smooth sage-green sea, guarding the narrow entrance to a harbour on a rock-girt mountainous coast. From a distance of one mile to four this likeness is at its best, the low free-board of the hornworks stretching fore and aft, the two storeys surmounted by the tower being the lofty midships structure, the ancient mortars peering from the bastions are the guns *en barbette*, while the stumpy flagstaff and a wisp of smoke from the mess chimney on the top of the tower readily suggest at that distance the armoured mast and the funnel and banked furnaces of a leviathan at anchor.

The likeness dies away on nearer approach; but once inside the gates it again asserts itself tenfold. For nowhere else that I know of, save on ship-board, would one find oneself so constantly climbing steep ladders and stumbling over such unexpected obstacles, such narrow alley-ways or oddly shaped quaintly windowed rooms. Gracing the entrance to the little anteroom stands a speaking-trumpet for easier communication with the distant parts of the ship, or at times for hailing the babu station-master at the forlorn little station out on the plain, to delay his daily train for a few minutes. Then, too, the wind can blow here as it can nowhere do but at sea. Confined through twenty miles of pass, it bursts on to the plain with marvellous vehemence, hurtles across the three miles of open, and the fort being the

first obstacle in its way, it smites those old mud walls a woundy blow. Then Drouthy gives tongue on its yelling telegraph-wires, its whooping, shrilling loopholes, while everything on hinges bangs, tarpaulins are whipped off the guns, high overhead the flag-staff and halyards make almost as much to-do as the cordage of a full-rigged ship, and the air is full of flying gravel and grit painful to the countenance, and not to be passed unnoted in the soup.

The union-jack is always in tatters, and the filling-in (in triplicate) and the despatch of requisitions headed "Stores, textile, flags, union, one," are quite two of the most arduous duties of the not over busy officer commanding this second-class fortalice. Disagreeable as these gales are in winter, when they cut through you like a knife, and when the patient troop-horse stands knee-deep in mud, with his sodden blankets unshifted for days at a stretch, yet who shall find an adjective powerful enough to describe these same winds, when, heated seven times in the burning fiery furnace of the summer sun, they blow their searching, scorching blasts without pause day and night, night and day, for a whole week? Sleep there is not, but boxed up in a hermetically sealed and tiny room the crew of the good ship Drouthy get through the night as best they can, tippling tepid soda-water and trying to imagine that the thermantidote, which is badly out of order, is pumping cool

and not hot air into the room. This and longing for the dawn. But the hot summer gales have blown me out of my course. So let me return once more to the marine aspects of this most unmaritime spot.

Any one who has stumbled the rounds on one of his Majesty's ships, and visited the guards at Fort Drouthy by night, will have found in the two duties much that is akin. Up this ladder, down that, bend here, creep there, mind your forehead, and now your shins, and so on. And when the last sentry on the western hornwork has reeled off his orders, ending up with, "To challenge any one approaching my post three times—once in English, once in Punjabi, and once in Pushtu; but to fire without challenging at any one who approaches like a jackal" (this last order is not on the board), one may be almost justified in being on the point of asking him what his orders are about the patent lifebuoy! For going a late round is sleepy work, and looking over the parapet on a dark night at the sea-like plain, stretching to the hills, one is once more at sea.

Drouthy not by name only, but by nature; for a well bored out of the solid rock, 300 feet deep, and containing a foot or two of bad water, is no way at all of satisfying the one hundred and thirty odd thirsts that continually do rage during five months of the year. Two yoke of oxen find just room to pace their leisurely hundred yards within

the walls, and do thus draw up the dripping leather bag full of water once in every five or six minutes, morning and evening. Temperature on a June day at the well head, in the shade, anything over 100°; temperature of the water, fresh from its cool depths, as indicated by the hospital thermometer, just over 70°. Lucky microbes that dwell below! So the well water, which is only fit for ablutions, satisfies no thirsts. To supply the want, five miles off beyond the border-line is a precious spring, jealously guarded and carefully husbanded by the clan in whose territory it rises. For a monetary consideration, paid yearly, a supply of water comes from this twice weekly through a little open channel into the receiving tanks and filter-beds constructed within the fort. Yet this source dries up just when it is most wanted—that is to say, when the heat is greatest. Do not in the youthful innocence of your heart seek to obtain more water without the formalities of red tape, nor despatch a simple yet urgently worded letter to Moses at the rock telling him your plight. For this also is but vanity and vexation (vain on your part, vexatious to him), nor will you raise one drop till the usual form in triplicate (or is it—quadruplicate?) has gone forth. Then, and not till then, will that official smite upon the rock, and a squadron of water-carts will come cruising out to Drouthy. Daily thence-

forth will their clangour arouse you at screech of dawn, as they go forth to bring in the supply for the day.

In the two very small, very dark chambers that we call the mess, live the officers of the Pass Rifles. Sometimes we sat down as many as three. The Rifles themselves are quartered in a fortified barrack without the fort. Serving in their ranks are representatives of every clan inhabiting that portion of the border, for the ordering of which, indeed, they themselves are enlisted. I take it that their fine corps is in many respects very much what our own Highland regiments were when they were first raised. Here neither merit nor seniority are the only roads to promotion, for the social status or personal prowess in clannish warfare of individuals are qualifications still counting for much amongst men enlisting from tribal communities continually at war one with another. Thus, young Mohammed Gul, younger of Lala-Garhi (or Red Castle,—no offence meant to the one in the Black Isle!), is given a direct commission, for he can bring in his train, and exercise some control over to boot, a score of stout blades, his sire's vassals. While Sher Khan, though a stripling barely out of his teens, having recently, in company with a couple of friends, scaled and taken by a *coup de main* his enemy's tower, and thereby proved himself to be a man of war, springs to the non-commis-

sioned grade at once. Pleasant fellows are these Rifles, and whatever their faults may be—and I am aware that they own many—with the manners of gentlemen, and totally lacking in that somewhat oppressively respectful demeanour which is shown by, and indeed expected of, the regular sepoy towards the British officer.

To the status and better pay of the regular these irregulars are anxious to be raised, but they are wisely kept in that state in which it has pleased the Sirkar to have called them. Dwelling on the borders of their own country, strangers so far as any soldier may be to any form of spot and polish, and unequalled on their native scorching hillsides or in a freezing night ambush after stolen property; and lastly, but by no means least, enjoying the status which is accorded to them as being the only wearers in these parts of the king's uniform, by people whom his Majesty and his forebears have frequently had occasion to hammer. No "regular" gets so much leave as the rifleman of the Pass, though sometimes, indeed, it is easier for him to obtain than to avail himself of this indulgence. Take, for instance, the case of Naik Gud Mulli. He has two months' leave due to him, and he appears at durbar, which is daily held by his commanding officer, and at which all such matters are transacted. The leave is asked for and granted from a certain named date. The applicant salutes, and gives place to the next.

Now Gud Mulli happens to have a blood-feud on. As he did the last killing, it is his turn now, and he has to be careful. Travelling as he has to do thirty miles to reach his tower, and limited as he is in that precipitous country to perhaps three possible routes, to start on a certain advertised date could for him scarcely spell anything short of death. Later in the day, then, he may be observed strolling unobtrusively across to his officer's quarters, where, making certain that his audience is a strictly private one, he mentions that, if there is no objection to it, he proposes starting on his leave on a Thursday instead of on the following Monday; and further, that his departure will be of an entirely private nature, not to say secret, and will occur in the very small hours of the morning. He may add with a faint smile that although it is generally supposed that he will be travelling by a certain route and over a certain pass, he is in reality going by quite another way, and over no pass at all; and that this may cause disappointment to certain persons who might not improbably be expecting his advent by the supposed route.

Further explanation is unnecessary. The private departure is sanctioned. How such a one will spend his leave depends on circumstances. Possibly he may dwell in peace, plough his land, do a little hawking, and cultivate the domestic virtues,—in which, by the way, our Highlander is sadly deficient, for he has the

credit all along the border of being ready any day to sell a wife for a rifle; and it is a pet grievance with him that when his ladies fly into British India to escape bad treatment, they are not forcibly returned to him. On the other hand, his relations with a neighbouring tower may necessitate his remaining indoors during the whole of his leave, breathing his native air through a loophole, and committing to memory any range-marks visible through the same orifice that may be useful; or he may find wholesome employment in the excavation of covered ways, tunnels, epaulements, and the like, which will enable him or his women to reach water in safety, or any portions of his domain which may be exposed to fire. He is a Royal Engineer by heredity.

Though he invariably has a Koran in his house, and it is invariably the only thing he leaves behind him when obliged to quit by a punitive force,—in this he resembles the Boer and his *Bij-bel*,—yet he will neither read it nor any other printed matter, for he is probably quite illiterate. Certainly an old native officer was once found seated in the door of his tower perusing a drill-book, which he held in one hand, while in the other he grasped a loaded revolver; and when asked what he was doing, he replied naïvely, “Spending my leave”! He was quite exceptional. No! any mental exercise that he may take will be in puzzling out how to rejoin his regiment with a whole skin and without over-staying his leave. And

however he spends it, I have no doubt that he enjoys it just as much as you or I do ours; and if he thought about the matter at all, that he would wonder how we managed to spend our leave!

Does any one, regretful of the romance of the Scottish clans of yore, wish to see a very fair reproduction of the men, manners, and customs of those halcyon days? Let him abide at Drouthy for a month or two, talk to the men of the neighbourhood, stand on Drouthy tower and look abroad. He will see things and hear things that will give him a vivid and a true picture of the period before the 'Forty-five. For here dwells the chief, and here, in his tower, are his vassals. Some are blood connections, while others offer him service in return for what protection he can afford them. Here may be heard the skirl of the pipes (though without the drone); here rule the same laws of hospitality, the same love of foraying, harrying, and cattle-lifting, one clan raiding another, or ravaging the richer lowlands. Here are esteemed hardiness, bravery, hillmanship, prowess in the chase, skill in the dance, and success in my lady's bower. Assuredly, also, no petty Highland chieftain of them all was more punctilious in matters affecting his honour, or had a finer disregard for mercantile pursuits. Here also men see fairies and wraiths; and here a certain prayerfulness characterises the daily lives of men whose actions we should consider too often treacherous and bloody.

I know not whether the Highlanders of yore elevated their murders to the status of the vendetta. If so, you meet them here again, together with a somewhat quaint code of blood-feud laws to direct their protracted—I was almost saying tedious—workings. Two things are, however, sadly lacking to lengthen the parallel, for usquebaugh is not, and the rainfall might be heavier in these barren hills with advantage. Living amongst grey rocks and not amongst the greens, crimsons, and yellows of North Britain, our clansmen of and about the Pass dress invariably in a stone-coloured homespun, almost invisible amongst their surroundings, where the darker hues of the tartan would afford too conspicuous a mark. Yet distinctions there are between the outward appearance of the men of one clan and those of another, in some subtle arrangement of the hair or dress; for the M'Tavish, if he would be the first to shoot or stab, and the last to laugh, must, and can, distinguish at a glance his enemy of another clan. And since these marks are quite invisible to the stranger, we must complete the simile by accrediting these eastern Highlanders with the gift of second-sight.

Nor does one at all realise what the blood-feud means till one has lived cheek by jowl with people whose business or else whose recreation it is to carry it on. Not infrequently in the course of a stroll near the precincts of the fort, or

while standing on its tower, which commands an extensive view of the neighbouring estates and castles (all of the latter very much detached, and none at all desirable residences), the more pleasing aspect of a feud in full swing will be apparent both to your eyes and ears. A ragged volley and a puff of smoke (though, with the arsenal at Cabul turning out up-to-date rifles and smokeless powder, you will not always see smoke) will first draw your attention to the matter, and you will hasten to get the locality of both into the field of your glasses should you have them on you. A dozen or so grey figures couchant below the lip of a nullah or lying seemingly out in the open—seemingly only, for the Afridi never fights out of cover except in the service of his Majesty—will be all you find^o at first. The flash of steel, or, if your eyes happen to be right on it, a flutter of grey cloth, will presently mark the position of the other side. Then a little more firing and another phase commences, — no imaginary forces here and practically no fictitious limits in time or ground for the conduct of the operations, and no white-banded umpires to spoil people's tempers by putting them out of action! From the advantage of your position, maybe, you will observe a flanking or enfilading movement. Clearly now the objective of the attacking force is that little rising ground, the gaining of which undetected will give them the next move in the game. A few men are left to mask the move-

ment, evidently with orders to blaze away undeterred by any consideration of expense or scarcity of ammunition: powder of sorts can be made, and, let alone other sources, a visit by night to the nearest rifle-range, only nine miles distant, can supply a certain quantity of lead.

But the defenders are not thus easily to be caught. In a scattered rush over what looks like very open ground, only no bullets kick up the dust there, they shift to a second position, and to your regret the conformation of the ground prevents further view of the combat. But these fights are almost as inconclusive as those fought with umpires and blank ammunition. Lack of the latter, whether blank or balled, will put an end to either: so will bad weather or darkness. And on the next suitable occasion the braves of either side will turn out to resume their play, with much noise, a good deal of smoke, and since people who like playing with edged tools must sometimes cut themselves, occasional bloodshed. Over this there is much lamentation on the one side and much elation on the other.

Still this, though one of the aspects of the blood-feud, can hardly be called murder by even correct you or me. There is another aspect—the inconvenient. Taking the air on the king's highway near the fort, one may often see an old gentleman on a crutch. He was winged some years ago. Now the road, though it runs

through the lands of several foreign potentates, is ruled to be British territory, and is therefore strictly "dead" ground. "None of your games on my road," says Fort Drouthy,— "fighting strictly prohibited": a death occurring on it is treated as a felony, and retribution, if quick enough to catch the murderer, follows. Hence such as dwell in towers near the road can, once they are out on it, walk abroad in safety. Still, to get there a dangerous zone may have to be crossed; and this is the case with the old gentleman on crutches, whose tower is adjacent, but between which and the road lies a distance of three hundred yards. With the range of every stone known to an inch, the odds are all against the target, however swiftly he may run, and with the cripple it would be a thousand to one chance and no takers. For though his tower is near the road, that of his enemy covers his line of approach thereto. So from the cripple's front door to the road has been dug a trench, along which he can crawl in safety while his garrison cover the sally-port of his enemy's tower, to prevent a sortie and the catching of the crawler at a great disadvantage. When it rains, which is not very often, the trench is a foot deep in water, and crawling along it must be very damp work. The cripple is pleased to show you over his defences, and exhibits with pride a home-made piece of ordnance of fearful aspect, throwing a solid ball,

with which, if the stock was not nearly always out, he could render his neighbour's castle untenable.

The babu station-master at the little terminus, when playfully asked how long he expects to keep a whole skin, replies most sorrowfully, "Sir, I am not a fighting man. I know that this is work of too great danger—neighbouring gentlemen very bloody." He confesses, however, to having obtained leave to spend his nights within the fort walls, and leaves his little station in charge of no less than eight watchmen. His wires for instructions when two rival chiefs, who have been in to transact business with the Commissioner in the cantonment, and are awaited by their respective bodyguards on the not over-roomy platform, are, I believe, on a par with that historical series of telegrams respecting a tiger jumping on a platform. For it is idle work waiting several hours for a train: not that the Drouthy trains do not run up to time, but because Asiatics have rather over-cultivated the virtue of being in good time for them, and the opportunities for picking a quarrel are quite golden.

It is difficult to know quite where to draw the line between where the joke ends and deadly earnest begins, or to say whether those affairs are more business or pleasure. Probably a mixture of both. To a stranger like myself their method and conduct are best explained by looking on the

actions of these people as one would on a community of rather vicious, very blood-thirsty children, grown too old for toy guns, idle enough to quarrel plenteously, yet child-like enough to cry loudly on being hurt. "Let's play at murders," say they, and they do so. "Now let's play at sieges or battles": they do so till tired of it. Yet this simile must not be pressed too far, for the essence of the vendetta is a continuity of purpose which has nothing childlike in it. Take the following. The actors might well have been children playing at sieges.

Within a few miles of the fort stands a village, though a better term might be invented to describe a group of towers, dwelling in proximity merely on account of water. The owner of one of these was wanted at Drouthy on some local business, and a sepoy in plain clothes was sent to summon him. The messenger, however, found him besieged in his castle—"kila-band," as the term is. "You're wanted at Drouthy," shouts the sepoy. "Can't come," is the answer through a loophole. "Tell the sahib I'm kila-band, and ask him to send a man in uniform with a safe-conduct, and orders to the enemy to raise the siege for an hour or two." Away goes the messenger; a man in uniform is sent, the siege is raised without any trouble, and the beleaguered party under the safe-conduct—a sort of "tabu" of these parts—is taken to Fort Drouthy. In due time he is returned to his tower,

safely installed therein, and the investment recommences.

At night a blazing rick or two testifies to the fact that the M'Tavish is raiding his great-great-grandfather's enemy's great-great-grandson, and destroying the miserable harvest that has just been gathered. Ricks make a grand blaze, and the opportunity for playing with fire is, of course, not to be missed. Besides, does not honour demand it? The other fellow retaliates by next night ingeniously damming a water-cut and flooding the M'Tavish's ripe yet un-reaped barley-field. And all under Drouthy's very nose! Indeed these acts are perpetrated by the men in his own employ, but only—very much only—when they are on leave and out of uniform. While serving with the corps they are perfect patterns of propriety, and all these barbarisms are dropped. A front-rank man with his deadliest enemy immediately behind him is as safe as any man can be. Mistakes and grievous accidents may happen, and that is how Yakub Khan had the misfortune to come by his death. He was one of the guard holding a small post, a chain of which extend all the way up the pass. They fell to arguing as to whether a sniper on a rock on the mountain-side that rose steeply in front of them could pepper them if they were sitting as they were then doing in the door of their little round tower. Sher Khan said, "I'm not going to argue. I merely tell

you, Yakub, that he could." "The best Peshawur *loongi* to an old pair of grass-shoes he couldn't," replied Yakub. "Will you sit just where you are while I prove you are wrong?" said Sher Khan. "See if I don't," replied Yakub. "Right," answered Sher Khan, and taking his Snider rifle and one round, away he doubled, shinned up the hillside, reached the rock, lay down, slipped in his cartridge, adjusted his sights, drew a careful bead at his pal, and the latter being hit fairly through the head, has never misjudged a distance since.

These acts, especially the sham fights with ball-cartridge, are the less unpleasing aspects of the blood-feuds. Not that Yakub Khan was a victim to anything but a slight miscalculation of distance. The stabbings, the individual shootings, the lying-in-wait for, are the other and much more forbidding side to the picture. Perpetrated in lonely places, under cover of darkness, they are not so much in evidence; but still there they are, and any one with a taste for cold-blooded murder stories, told in a simple, naïve, childlike manner by pleasant-spoken murderers quite at large, may hear a few from the men of Drouthy. The following is a very fair specimen.

A raiding party went out to raid. On returning they were hospitably entertained at the tower of one Mukdum, the chief of a village which was at peace with their own.

Mukdum had two sons absent with others of their kin on another raid. The first party having eaten, drunk, and rested, continued their journey; but before they had passed out of their host's territory they sighted the second raiding party "travelling noisily, like fools, with much cattle, taking no heed." The opportunity of securing twenty rifles was too good a one to be missed. Number one party disappeared into the rocks, and shortly afterwards the other party walked into a circle of rifle-barrels, and, like wise men, held up their hands when ordered to do so. They were relieved of their arms, and probably thought themselves lucky in escaping with whole skins. The first party then made haste to gain their own coasts before their victims should have time to raise the "chigha" or gathering-call, and start in pursuit. Mukdum, who would probably have rather lost his two sons than their rifles, was furious at the treachery and ingratitude displayed by the men who had so recently eaten of his salt, and equally enraged with his own people for having been the victims of the trap. Pending counter-measures, he swore by the Book that he would get back two rifles or claim a bloody substitute—two rifles, or two lives, or both. To deprive a trans-frontier Pathan of his rifle is not much worse than to take his life, for the possession of the former ensures the continuity of the latter. Hence the astound-

ingly high prices that these moneyless folk will give for a rifle—many times its original value; and hence that most enterprising, most crafty, and most pestilent class of person, the rifle-thief, who murders sentries, conjures rifles from the arm-racks in crowded barrack-rooms, guard-rooms, or tents, and pursues his avocation with that amazing combination of fearlessness and legerdemain which, if it costs him his life occasionally, yet more often pays him right royally. So Mukdum, taking his one remaining rifle and his two sons, set forth on vengeance intent, carrying a little flour in a goat-skin, and what water they could.

On the third night, having travelled always after dark, they were on the scene of operations,—a collection of towers, where dwelt the men who had taken the rifles. There was yet an hour or two before dawn to examine the *locale*; and to eyes accustomed from childhood to operations by night, this was not so difficult as it would be to honest men. The best place to lie in wait for game, whether human or not, is water. But the proximity of the towers to the village dam and the loud long-drawn cries of the watchmen, "Be careful! be careful!" showed that though it might be possible to lurk here by night, yet to do so in daylight would be madness. A hasty cast round the place brought them on to a well-beaten track, passing down the steep hillside above the village, commanding a good view of

any one approaching, and possessing on either side just enough cover to enable a man to lie there unobserved, provided that he remained perfectly motionless. The hillside faced south, and the heat there during the thirteen-hour-long summer day would be terrific. But this was undoubtedly the place, and the Mukdum trio went to earth just as the Mullah on one of the towers below them began his dreary call to prayer. That meant the dawn.

Light came, and with it the village flocks and herds, escorted by the whistling herd-boys, came up the path to seek pasturage on the ground above them. Soon every hill-top had lynx-eyes on it, and the three had to lie as still as hill-partridge amongst the rocks, for the smallest movement would have been detected. This almost intolerable roasting at length came to an end as the sun went over the hill, and the cattle were driven back for the night. Groups of men had passed close by the watchers during the day, but this was not what was wanted. When darkness at length fell, the ambuscade rose and stretched its aching limbs. They were in a bad plight. The youngest Mukdum had succumbed to the fearful heat, and was off his head and scarce able to stand. His elder brother was not in much better case. I give Mukdum's story in his own words:—

"I gave them what little water there was left, bade them eat bread, and when they had regained their strength, I sent them back, for another day

would have killed them, and they were useless to me in their present state. I was thus left alone, and, it having been impossible to pray at the hour of sunset, I now did so very fervently. Then when all was quiet I crept down to the village to see if my prayer would be answered. But I left my rifle safely hidden, meaning to do what I wanted with this long knife. I went first to the water and drank my fill. Then I crawled through the village, visiting and listening at each tower; but all I saw was a young fool making love to a girl. As men don't go armed to such affairs, I let him be. Fate was not kind; by dawn I was back in my place, and laid my head on the north side of a rock, so as to have a little shade. By sundown I was wellnigh insensible, but again I prayed for strength, and after dark managed to crawl down to the water. Here I lay almost spent, but having drunk I was able to eat a little bread. As I lay by the water I heard a man singing. Now this too was the act of a fool whose fate has been written.

"The singer drew near me, and now against the sky-line, as he topped the bank on that side of the dam, I could see him, with what might be a rifle over his shoulder. No one was with him. Fate, which gave him a joyful heart, thus warned me of his coming,—for had he done so quietly he might have heard me eating or taken me unawares,—and now directed his steps round the edge of the water, till he was on my bank.

I lay quiet, knowing he could not see me, and hoping that he might not step on me, and would pass by and have his back to me. But he did better. When two yards off—it was very dark—he stopped, and I knew he was about to unload. I wondered whether I should hear the sound of the block of a Snider falling back, or the click of the Henry-Martini breech being jerked open, or the gentle drawing back of a Lee-Metford bolt. It was a Lee-Metford. He took out the cartridge, and then coming two steps nearer he lay down, placing his rifle on the ground, and lying between me and it. Then keeping one hand on the rifle, and turning rather from me in order to do so, he stooped to drink. He was thirsty, and as no man is in worse position to defend himself than when lying to drink, I let him do so for two breaths, and made ready. At the third suck I placed my left hand on his head, pushing his face deeper into the water, and with my right hand I thrust my knife between his shoulders. It was a true blow, and he never moved, lying with his face in the water, which bubbled a little, and then all was still. At first I thought of pushing him into the tank; but since it is written that to pollute even an enemy's water is infamous, I drew him out, and as he was a believer, I crossed his hands on his breast and so left him, taking his rifle and rounds, and returning to my place by a different way. The women who came out to draw water early

next morning found that rash one who had drunk so incautiously. I could see and hear them as they called to other women; and presently, after much talk, men came. Later there was great wailing, and at sundown I saw him carried forth to burial.

"It was cooler that day, the sun being covered with clouds, for which I thanked God as I lay. After sunset, but before dark, a party of men, armed and carrying food, came up out of the village along the path near which I was hiding. Where they were bound for I do not know, but when they were opposite me a grey-beard, looking back, said, 'Where is that lingerer Baz Khan? Has he not come yet?' A young man with the party turned and shouted back, 'Oh, Baz Khan! Come quickly and follow us by the upper path.' Then they passed on out of sight. Presently the lingerer came running. He carried a rifle and a skin full of flour. To have shot him would have attracted the attention of the men who had just passed on, and probably of others yet in the village; nor is a running man facing towards you and armed with a rifle an occasion for stabbing. As I was pondering how I might slay him an old woman came out of one of the houses and called to him that he had forgotten the parcel of dried dates for his father, adding, 'Oh, thoughtless boy! how far will those grass-shoes on your feet last you? You have left the bundle of *mazri* to make new ones lying in the

byre!' Fate granted that he was an obedient son, or that he feared his father's wrath in the matter of the dates, for he turned back unwillingly enough, and ran down the hill. Well, his blood be on his mother's head, for it was she that kept him till it was dark, and his companions had passed out of ear-shot. When he came breathless up the hill again I was ready. A man breathing hard and hasting forward is deaf and blind to that which is behind him. I dealt with the lad as I had dealt with that other. He was very young, and his face as smooth as a girl's. Then, since there was no hurry, for his mother thought he was with his father, and his father thought he was following him, I renewed my strength on the dates and the bread, newly baked by his mother. Then binding two of the rifles with *mazri* rope and slinging them on my back, I took my own in my hand, and started homewards by a different and longer road, lest the armed party I had seen go forth, suspecting that the killing of the man over-night was an act of vengeance for the taking of our rifles, might be awaiting their chance on the more direct road. I reached my tower in safety on the morning of the fifth day."

I take it that the foregoing story shows an average kind of beginning to the blood-feud. But even these quarrelsome folk grow weary of it sometimes. To be shut up in a tower for perhaps as long as

two years, never to reap or sow, and to be dependent on your kinsmen for all the necessities of life, must pall after a time. And there is a way of ending a feud, or a certain class of feud, when both parties are willing to do it. Word reaches the nearest political officer, no matter how, that two individuals, long at war, are anxious to patch up a truce. The Political summons both parties on a safe-conduct. They arrive, with followers, to all appearances more implacably bloodthirsty than ever. One of the parties, if not both, know well why they have been summoned; but on the reason being told them, a blank amazement is evinced, that any one could possibly have been so misinformed as to suppose that they could have had enough of such an heirloom of a quarrel. "Speaking for myself," says one, casting a withering glance at the other, "my honour can be satisfied with nothing less than this man's blood, though of course should he——" But here the other party, assuming his most truculent air, hastens to assure every one that he is equally irreconcilable. "Certainly," he replies to the Political, "I have not ploughed these two seasons; but what of that! My tower is well supplied, and will not my kinsmen, for their own honour, furnish me with anything that may be lacking," and so on.

But where there's a will there's a way; and, *a fortiori*, where there are two wills, a

tactful and knowledgeable officer to direct two pairs of willing sandalled feet into it, that way, after the scruples of honour have been laid to rest, is not very hard to come at. Terms having been arranged, a cairn is erected and peace proclaimed,—the erection and demolition of a cairn being the Pushtu for making and ending peace.

A mention of singing-birds may appear hardly in place amongst these turbulent pages. Yet the larks of Drouthy are its very special and only pleasing feature. In that land of unrest, where everything suggested the very antithesis of larkdom, they certainly seemed quaintly misplaced. Yet here they were,—not such lofty soarers nor so full-voiced as those to be heard in our own spring skies, yet vocal withal, and seeming to extract from their stony surroundings as joyous an anthem as if they had nested in green fields and under a tender English sky. Moreover, the Drouthy lark sings not by day only,—as any one who has tossed through the long hours on a burning bed, high up on the ramparts, should very gratefully recollect, for the silence of the sleepless hot weather night is often broken by first one and then another of these little birds, trilling the most joyous of songs, lasting perhaps but a minute or two, and then dying out as one after another they sink again to rest on the parched and stony plain.

Cause to recollect, say I, for

instead of cursing God, and wearily turning the other cheek to the burning pillow, you cannot help but translate these outbursts of melody into wordless thanksgivings to the Creator; and you, following, let us hope, so excellent an example, bless instead of curse, and patiently await the first cool puff from some far-off snowy peak, that ends wakefulness and heralds the advent of the dawn.

Silent, gloomy, old tower! Well may you frown! Yet who knows? Only four years ago 10,000 men lay about you. Your not too spacious quarters contained a whole general and his staff, and the pass was full of your armed men. War was in the air: were not the very sandbags on your parapet nightly peppered by snipers! All these passed, like many and many another host before them, leaving only their dead. Beginning with Hari Singh, hammer of the Scots of these parts, who fell fighting in the pass, and whose white shrine set in the eastern wall, inscribed with his name and fate, may be seen from afar, and ending with the dreary little enclosure where shrunk wooden crosses tell of Trooper Jones "killed on patrol," or of Private Brown "died of enteric"—quite a few years ago. All manner of warfare has Drouthy seen, from the stern methods of the Khalsa, who burnt what they did not slay or could not eat, to those of less than a decade since, when tribal representatives flocked

in to discuss terms, to protest against conditions, and to eat abundantly of the fat-tailed sheep provided by the victor, and eke to play a little football with Thomas Atkins! Now comes the hurrying globe-trotter, to do the pass and be back for breakfast. While he changes horses or picks up his escort, he may ask what is that circular track cleared of stones, and still littered. "Why, that was the race-course, made while the Division lay here." "And those crumbling mounds?" "They were the grand stands, though they could never accommodate half the crowds that came from camp and city to attend the weekly Drouthy meetings." These few boulders mark the stone wall—the general wanted

it stiff—and the "post and rails" was just opposite here. "Yes, it was all made by fatigue-parties, to keep the men hard when the Division lay here."

"Ah," says the globe-trotter, too much in a hurry to realise quite what it means, "it looks a bit forlorn now, doesn't it?"

But Fort Drouthy, old in wisdom, has seen too much bloody traffic pass his gates to believe for one moment that he is left for good, or that the tide of war has ebbed never to flow again. What has been will be. But what the next affair will be,—punitive, avenging, aggressive—Drouthy knows them all,—that is the cause, with other matters afore-mentioned, of the permanent frown.

X.

O D E.

TO A NEW TALL HAT.

ALL hail, thou dear, benignant tyrant, hail!
Hat of the gorgeous bloom and brimmy curves,
Whose lustre bids the very sun grow pale,
And strikes white blindness down the optic nerves
Of him that too incautiously observes,
How pure thy pride! Thy raven gloss how chaste!
Thy *tout ensemble*, alas, how soon abased!

Thou art too fragile, O thou lovely thing,
For this hard world, where storms be swift and shrewd;
Where danger wanders darkly on the wing,
And men abrade, and "with forced fingers rude"
Scar thine incomparable nigritude.
O woeful tale, that careless hands should be
Rough on so frail, so fair, a Hat as thee!

A thousand perils wait thee in the street,
Perils from which thou mayst not ride aloof;
Full many a stabbing broly thou shalt meet;
Th' inaccurate window in the hansom's roof
With sharp concussion shall not find thee proof;
Nor warm consoling iron, nor suasive plush,
Once gone, may all restore thy pristine blush!

Plebeian felt shall oust thee in thy home,
And coatings rub thy delicate dress awry;
Tho' thou wert cased beneath a lucent dome
Of clearest crystal, impious maids would ply
The flippant duster to thine injury;
Dust thee, forsooth! Dear heavens, how long, how long
Must I support this lamentable wrong?

Better and wiser 'twere that thou hadst been
Clothed as thy rugged sires, who nothing knew
Of silken nap or vulnerable sheen;
These from the coy and shivering beaver drew
His furred protection, comely to the view,
Strong in defence, to hurts of rain or wind
Inured, and pleasing all, except the skinned!

And yet I know not. Were it so, perchance,
To see thee hardy were to love thee less.
E'en as the dam's peculiar vigilance
For her one weakling, something doth express
Of love grown deep through tender pitifulness;
And thou wouldst lack beguilement, being stout,
To lure friend Pluvius from his threatened drought.

But come, dear Hat; upon my favoured brow
Perch lightly, and affront the glowing skies;
There shall not be so bright a thing as thou
On the fair scene; this noon shall many eyes
Water, and strangers turn to eulogise.
Let us fare forth, and flaunt thy little span
Of triumph, giving pleasure while we can!

SELIM.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

OBJECTIONS TO A NATIONAL THEATRE—FUTURE OF PUBLIC TASTE IN LITERATURE—IN DEFENCE OF THE STUDY OF GREEK.

THE friends and champions of the British stage are in despair, and their despair is not surprising. That absurd hybrid miscalled "Musical Comedy" is fast driving every other form of drama from the theatre. The public, we are told, cares only for frivolity, and grows impatient if its debased taste is not everywhere gratified. Tragedy can no longer find a place upon our boards, because the play-goer wishes to be amused. There is enough tragedy in life, says he in his breezy way, though you may be sure that he never encounters it in the 'bus or train which carries him from his villa to his office. And even comedy of an older and saner method stands but a small chance nowadays. The theatre, in truth, has accurately supplied the prevailing demand, and the result is that 90 per cent of our theatres have in reality been converted into music-halls. Is a remedy possible? Can we by any means revert to the better fashion which once prevailed? Such are the questions which Mr John Hare, a comedian who has always treated his calling with respect, and never stooped to catch popularity by foolish artifices, answers in 'The Times' with emphasis and conviction. He believes, and none has a better right to speak than he, that

the English stage can only be rescued from ruin and disgrace by the endowment of a National Theatre and of a Conservatoire.

But before we discuss the remedy, let us consider the disease. It must be clear to all that the theatre has long been divorced from literature, which was its original and only excuse. The tragedies and comedies which moved our forefathers to pity or to laughter have been replaced by curious mechanisms which can only appear both imbecile and dull to an intelligent audience. These mechanisms are presented by actors and actresses, who, for the most part, are ignorant and undisciplined. The hard training of the old stock companies has not been theirs. If the best of them had to study a part in twenty-four hours, they would not merely be indignant at the enforced labour,—they would probably have an attack of nerves and break down. Moreover, the actor can so easily satisfy the demand made upon him by the foolish part which he is asked to "create," that he does not think it worth while to learn to speak, to walk, or to interpret his action by appropriate gesture. Consequently the actor's profession is hedged about by neither merit nor qualification. To-day, as Mr Hare most truly

says, "an author or manager rarely shows confidence in an actor because he can act a part, but because he can look it." And so aspiring actors walk upon the stage before they know the meaning of education or discipline. A painter, a man of letters, or a barrister must still serve an apprenticeship before he is able to practise his craft. But the actor, who always arrogates to himself the title of "artist," and blandly calls his business *the* profession, appears to think that ambition is sufficient equipment. The result is that the technique of acting is no longer taught, and that with the exception of one or two comedians, among whom Mr John Hare holds the most honourable place, we can scarce be said to have any actors at all. At how many theatres is it possible to hear the English language correctly, or even intelligibly, spoken? How many actors can cross the stage with ease, or conduct themselves in a mimic drawing-room with simplicity. The old "blue-chin," who came to London after twenty years of hard toil in the provinces, did not perhaps speak or act as a fine gentleman off the stage; but on the stage he was actor enough to pour himself into any mould, and he was ready at a moment's notice to represent an emperor without absurdity or violence. He did not rely, like the mummers of to-day, upon a foolish realism; he did not boast that he looked a gentleman on the boards, because he was a gentleman off them. No; he replaced these

vain makeshifts by a practical knowledge of stagecraft, and a loyal fidelity to tradition. But, alas! that tradition, without which a dignified theatre will always be impossible, is dead. And there seems little chance of reviving it. Mr Benson alone of our managers has devoted himself to the formation of a school; and though he achieves in a modest way what was once the aim of the stock companies, one enterprise conducted in the country is not sufficient to raise the level of acting in London. And so we are asked to listen to young women fresh from school, whose ideal of elocution is a sugary sweetness, and to young men who are not ashamed to sport an eyeglass and to perform such dandified antics as would disgrace a peasant grinning through a horse-collar at a country fair. Yet the profession of acting was never so densely overcrowded as to-day, and it will not cease to attract its hundreds of victims so long as it demands nothing more than an amiable presence and a lisping tongue.

It is not surprising, then, that a stage blocked with too willing amateurs should find few dramatic masterpieces to represent. An author who writes for the study needs nothing more to interpret his words than ink and paper. But between the dramatist and his audience there are many interruptions. The writer of plays must perforce accept such instruments as the theatre puts in his hands. He may rehearse his company with

all the skill and energy he possesses; but he cannot prevent the actors and actresses, who "create" the part assigned to them, from putting a new face upon the matter. Why, then, should a poet run certain risk of misunderstanding? Why should he intrust his work to those whose lack of training renders them incapable of presenting his thoughts? If it were impossible to attain accuracy in the printing of books, no writer who respects his craft would multiply copies by this artifice; and it seems hopeless to expect a genuine revival of the drama until we have actors and actresses competent to perform their parts. It is true that Mr J. M. Barrie now and again enlivens the theatre with his fantasies; but for the rest we cannot call to mind any playwright in whom we may take legitimate pride. Mr Pinero long ago gave up the writing of farces, which were both amusing and characteristic, for the solution of problems, which are neither the one nor the other. Nor do we see elsewhere much chance that the art which was once our pride will ever be revived.

The causes of the degradation of the theatre are not far to seek. As Mr Hare says, the abolition of the old stock companies has much to answer for. If there are no schools, there can be no efficient scholars, and even in the most gentlemanly of professions, a genuine success cannot be achieved without an effort. But the lack of education is

not the theatre's only sin. It is the actor-manager whose greed and vanity have brought the worst disgrace upon the drama. When once the actor had made himself the tyrant of a theatre, the art of the stage was doomed. The star was determined to shine alone in his firmament. He did not wish any one to dispute his brilliance; he was quite content that the company which surrounded him should walk on and off as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. The play became the player, about whom the willing playwright knocked up his mechanical pieces. The public, the drama's real patron, accepted the change with enthusiasm, for the public is always most intensely interested in personalities, and it fell upon the worship of the actor-manager with eagerness. It caressed his portrait when it might not enter the august presence with flattery; and who can blame the actor-manager if he mistook a large balance for an artistic triumph? To-day, indeed, the actor-manager is the master of all the theatres in London which are not given over to the cult of burlesque. More than this, he would be lord of the provinces also, and he covers the country with his companies trained to mimic the actions of their chiefs with accuracy and submission. How different the time when our theatres were directed by men of taste, who considered the best interests of the drama, and employed the best actors that were available to carry out their designs! As for the rest

of the theatres, in all of which a Girl from somewhere or other dances and chirrups inanely through three acts, they are in the hands of a syndicate or two which have not the smallest ambition to benefit anybody or anything save their own pocket. So we go round in a vicious circle, from the actor-manager who makes acting impossible, to a kind of acting which is the plainest discouragement to the composition of serious drama. And the worst is, the public is by no means displeased, being perfectly satisfied if it can carry away from the theatre a few tunes which it is able to hum, and a pleasant memory of an awkward and inexpressive dance. 'The Era,' a theatrical paper quoted by Mr Hare, neither conceals nor extenuates the prevailing disgrace. It declares that the manager's sole duty is "to make both ends meet," to give the public what it wants, not to "stuff" it with what it does not want. We admire the frankness of the journal, but we confess that if its frankness be justified, its function is at an end. What interests, indeed, of the drama has a journal to promote, when it believes that the stage has no other end in view than the making of money? The drama is nothing, tradition is nothing, acting is nothing; nothing exists save the till, and, so long as this be full, the drama, in the eyes of a friendly journal, prospers exceedingly.

But the impartial observer who dimly remembers a better

state of things, cannot judge the drama by the simple computation of profit and loss. It is clear that if the English stage is to be preserved from decay, a remedy must be found for the evils we have named. Mr Hare is of opinion that the Government should step in, and, by the establishment of a National Theatre and Conservatoire, should arrest the ruin. He appeals with confidence to the practice of foreign cities, and argues that until we have a theatre which is independent of commerce we shall not witness any representation of our dramatic masterpieces upon the stage. But while we recognise the candour and loyalty of Mr Hare's argument, we cannot accept his proposal. We do not believe that a National Theatre in London would be either wise or practicable. It is idle to point triumphantly to the example of the Théâtre Français, the success of which has depended not merely upon a great tradition, but upon the genuine love of art which has animated the greatest of its *sociétaires*. Surely it would be worse than folly to establish a National Theatre at the very moment when we can boast no sound method of acting, and when the sole ambition of our players is to extract as much money as they can from management—which is not their proper business at all. How shall we set an example to a young generation of actors, when a false realism is our only ideal, and when the merest aspirant is permitted to go as he pleases,

without reverence for the past, and without devotion to the honourable rules of his art? If the House of Molière did not exist, we would not advocate its establishment. It is the admirable institution that we know, because it has remained true to the conventions which prevailed in the seventeenth century. By a wise restraint its actors play the works of Molière not as their own "genius" prompts them, but as Molière himself would have presented them. And in each succeeding generation the Théâtre Français, by choosing whatever was best, and acting it in accord with a sound method, has built up a body of tradition which neither changes of dynasty nor revolutions of taste have been able to destroy. But how can we, at the moment when our stage is at its lowest ebb, hope to rival this achievement? We have no school that is worthy imitation, and all our repertory would have to be sought in the past. Nor do we believe that we should attract the people by better plays. The diffusion of knowledge has so profoundly debased the intellectual currency, that an attempt to coerce the public taste could only end in disaster. Even a National Theatre, which has a better aim than commercial prosperity, does not wish to play to empty benches, and our play-goers must be educated for another generation before they will surrender the joys of musical comedy for the purer delights of Shakespeare and the Classics.

Again, even if you conciliated your public, whence would you derive your actors? A member of the National Theatre would be asked to put his craft before his ambition, to surrender his personal vanity to the demands of the play which he helped to interpret. Is it likely that our mummers, who have grown rich on starring at their own theatre, who have overfed their pride on the flattery of patient worshippers, would consent to such a sacrifice? We do not think they would. The most distinguished actor of the Théâtre Français cannot hope to earn more than £800 a-year. He must perforce live as an artist, not as a prince, and doubtless he is content, because he knows that he is one of a distinguished line which goes back to the great Molière himself, and because he is conscious that his life is at once dignified and artistic. For centuries France has been able to engage at a slender salary the most accomplished of her actors; she has been able to persuade them to hide their "genius" in the art, and even on occasion to play a small part. Above all, she has ensured that their delicate art shall not grow stale by a vain repetition of the same part; and any one who will take the trouble to compare the Coquelin of the Porte St Martin with the Coquelin of the Théâtre Français, as revealed in a play of Molière, will recognise the enormous advantage. But again, we ask, is it possible that in London we can rival this triumph of the Théâtre Français? And there can be no

doubt as to the answer. If we establish a National Theatre in London, we must content ourselves with the young and second-rate—with the young, who would use the endowed stage as a stepping-stone to glory; with the second-rate, who had renounced all hope of management, and who would find some solace in an assured salary. But there is another practical reason why a National Theatre would have but a small chance of success in England. For the last thirty years a vulgar taste has insisted upon elaborate mounting and the vain display of furniture. This scenic extravagance has profited the actor-manager, while it has been the worst obstacle to the progress of the drama. It has brought to the theatre those who are too indolent to listen, but not too indolent to gaze, and it has withdrawn the attention of the audience from the many shortcomings of modern acting and modern plays. But the lavish decoration now so popular would find no place in an endowed theatre; and for this reason, too, the necessary and admirable limitations of a national drama would win nothing save the contempt of the people. What would be said of a Government who designed a handsome zoological garden, fitted it with houses of the wisest pattern, and then found that it had no animals to fill the houses and no people to gaze upon their emptiness? Yet an English Government which would establish a National Theatre would be guilty of a similar imprudence.

It might build the best house that architecture could devise, but it would look in vain for dramas, actors, and audiences, and it would remain a mere monument to the supreme folly of optimism.

But besides the practical objections which we find to Mr Hare's scheme, there is a moral objection of still greater weight. England has never taken kindly either to State aid or to State interference. Whatever we have achieved in the past has been achieved without the help of the Government. Mediocrity, illumined now and again by a flash of genius, is better suited to our temperament than equable and organised talent. We have always proved restive to the restraint of Academies, and have preferred to find out our own way to excellence. The road sometimes has been tortuous, sometimes it has ended in a blind alley, but for good or evil it is the road best adapted to our method of progress, and we do not believe that we shall gain anything by changing it now. The immense stimulus that was given to the theatrical art at the beginning of the last century was due not to the encouragement of authority, but to the transcendent genius of Edmund Kean, and we believe that our best chance for the future is that a man of genius shall arise who will compel a higher standard of acting, and whose managers will provide him with parts worthy his eminence. Turn over the pages of Hazlitt's 'View of the English Stage,' and you will see that in those

happy days our theatre was at its zenith. It is true that Kean is Hazlitt's hero, that while the critic praised the actor with unfailing enthusiasm, the actor gave the critic a unique opportunity. But what strikes us most forcibly in Hazlitt's incomparable work is that Kean did not stand alone. Not only was he magnificently supported at Drury Lane, but the whole stage was the better for his example, and we believe that genius will prove a better regenerator of the English drama than the most munificent subsidy. The abolition of the actor-manager might achieve much, while the school of Mr Hare's dream could not fail to raise the level of the art, especially if its training were strict enough to exclude ambitious weaklings from the stage. But, after all, it is idle to bolster up a dying cause. When our actors act better, and our dramatists compose masterpieces, then, and not till then, shall we boast a theatre which is worthy the splendid tradition of our past.

However, there is one fact emerging from the controversy, that all candid observers will accept—the decay of public taste: the people does not love literature in any form. It prefers “musical comedy” to drama, as eagerly as it prefers snippets to books. The intelligent few, who in happier times were the sole support of the two or three theatres licensed to present plays, and of the rare books which the publishers found it profitable

to produce, are to-day swamped in the illiterate mass, which imperiously demands the gratification of its ignorance. In literature, as in politics, the minority must go unrepresented, and triumphant democracy has thus far exercised a far more baneful effect upon poetry than upon affairs. A constitution like England's, whose sympathies are sternly oligarchic, can withstand for many years the reckless assaults of the mob. But the mob by mere force of numbers has been able to set the fashion in the theatre as in the bookshop, and until it wearies of its fad, or attains a higher level, we cannot do more than passively resist. The people does not love literature—so much we are told on every side. Here, for instance, is the Poet Laureate, never so wisely inspired as when he lays aside his lyre, deploring the growing dislike for the higher kinds of poetry. Here again is Mr William Watson, proclaiming aloud that the State does its best to discourage literature. These complaints are abundantly justified. We firmly believe that the dislike for poetry is general, if not growing, and we notice without alarm the State's indifference. But we cannot find it in our heart to blame the insensibility of the public. Though we can compel every man to read and write by Act of Parliament, we cannot compel him to cultivate a refined and lofty taste. We have let loose all the world into a vast meadow of printed matter, and it is not surprising that every

man crops the herbage he likes best. The majority did not want to learn to read, and now the gift is forced upon it, it uses it not to cultivate its intellect, but to kill the hours which hang heavy on its hands. It is too busy to read, it complains; but it is not too busy to excite its jaded nerves with false news and broken pieces of useless knowledge. Meanwhile the small public, which now, as always, takes a genuine pleasure in whatever is best of prose or poetry, pursues its quiet studies unperturbed. But numerically it is insignificant, and therefore escapes notice in the vast mass of persons who solace their idleness by turning over the pages of the pictured magazines. At the same time, we do not see much cause for despair. Dislike is a far healthier sentiment than false admiration, and we prefer the foolish man who honestly enjoys his dish of scandal to the hypocrite who hides his favourite rag beneath the neatly bound works of William Shakespeare.

We are unable, therefore, to share the depression of the Poet Laureate and Mr William Watson. The English poets are immortal and indestructible. For those who love them the splendid pages of Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Johnson, Milton and Dryden, Byron and Tennyson, are for ever open. But we shall neither add to their glory nor increase the happiness of mankind by thrusting the works of these masters upon all and sundry. The final test of good taste is sincerity, and the poets sang to

none save those who have ears to hear. Now, England was the last of the civilised countries of Europe to force education upon her people, and the experiment has not yet had time to prove itself. In another thirty years, maybe, the vast public, which learns because it must, may have improved its taste and widened its horizon; and if it achieve this desirable end none will feel a keener satisfaction than ourselves. But meantime we would jealously guard the freedom of the mass—a freedom to be illiterate and unpretentious, a freedom to assume no more knowledge than it possesses, a freedom to be itself even in the depths of ignorance.

While the Poet Laureate has no remedy to suggest, Mr William Watson agrees with Mr Hare that the Government should step in. But our objection to the interference of the State is far greater in literature than in the drama. A poet may win a hearing among the best judges by a small edition and at a modest outlay. A dramatist, on the other hand, requires a stage, a company of actors, and costly properties for the exposition of a single work. And while we do not see the necessity for Mr Watson's reforms, we cannot too strongly condemn his proposed remedy. He would have "honorific distinctions" distributed among our men of letters, as they are worthily distributed among our soldiers and men of science. He believes that literature would be encouraged by the conferring of

titles and orders upon its professors. He confesses that our writers have no difficulty in winning the appreciation of the happy few, and complains at the same time that to the mass of their countrymen they remain unknown. The obscurity does not seem to us a grave hardship; and surely a general admiration based upon an inappropriate title, and not upon an artistic triumph, would bring little satisfaction to a man of letters. The State, moreover, is singularly incompetent to make such awards as Mr Watson suggests. The business of the King's advisers is politics, and they have neither the time nor the knowledge to measure the respective merits of poet and prose writer. We have already an Order of Merit, and it is significant that the names of the greatest master in either medium are absent from this roll. Not long since two novelists received the distinction of knighthood, and who can say that they better deserved the honour than their fellows? The truth is that our Government, with a very proper prudence, will not reward a man of letters until he is known to have done something else. And as it would be unfair to test our statesmen by the vote of the poets, so our poets may wisely be left to seek and to find their fame without the intervention of an unsympathetic Government. In brief, men of letters should ask no more and expect no more than an open field for the exercise of their craft, and such protection as Government may afford to

their finished work. A just Copyright Act, for instance, which should assure the writers the profitable enjoyment of their talents, would be of far greater value to them than all the orders and decorations in the world, which by appealing to the snobbishness inherent in man can but exact appreciation upon a false ground.

But when Mr Watson complains of a discouragement which assails literature within its own borders we are in perfect agreement with him. There are certain literary persons who tamely surrender the very stronghold of their craft, who "have fallen into a quaint practice"—we quote Mr Watson's own words—"of apologising for literature—apologising for the distinctively literary features of literature." These gentry fear style as a thing unholy. They are all for a plain statement conveyed in plain terms. They will attempt to persuade you that the ideal of prose is conversation, and that he who rises above this homely level is but a paltry artificer. They forget, these homely critics, who are ashamed of the craft they follow so ill, that prose as well as verse is essentially artificial. No one ever became a man of letters who did not permit art to aid his natural endowment, who did not emphasise the difference between the written and the spoken word in every line which he composed. The sin is no new one, being at least as old as Montaigne, whose worldliness rebelled a little at the imputa-

tion of literature ; but this wise man denied in practice what he preached in theory, and he discovered before he died what escaped him at the outset, that he also was a man of letters. Maybe it is a sort of false shame which persuades the foolish man to deny his craft, to forget that style, like all well-bred things, is an affair of pedigree, and that tradition is at least three parts of literature. But happily there are still left those who, in Mr Watson's admirable phrase, "ask that literature should speak to them, as was its wont, in its own tongue and in its own tones—its tongue being other than the language of buying and selling, and its tones being other than the accent of the street." So long as readers, thus sanely inspired, remain to us, we need not fear for the future of literature, which does not depend upon the encouragement of politicians, and which is not the rival in popularity of the prevailing athleticism. Rather is it a delicate art pursued for its own sake, whose highest reward lies in its own accomplishment.

We have said that tradition is three parts of literature, and in this very year our most august traditions are being assailed by the friends of practical utility. The study of Greek and Latin, which are the sole begetters of our modern literature, is being threatened at both our ancient universities. Now, then, is an excellent opportunity for the true friends of letters to prove their sincerity. To save

the study of Greek from the attacks of the politicians and men of science, who are attacking it, is an enterprise better worth attempting than the exaction of titles and endowments. The assault at Oxford, as at Cambridge alike, is at present led upon Greek alone. But if Greek be sacrificed, what hope shall there be for Latin, which may be overthrown by the same prejudice, the same false argument? "*Tunc tua res agitur, paries quum proximus ardet,*" once said a witty professor of Latin, and his apt quotation was perfectly justified. It is not for us to plead the cause of Latin and Greek, which in truth need no defence. To their study the universities have been devoted for many centuries ; they have proved the finest instruments of culture to many generations of writers and scholars ; and we are asked to abolish them on no better ground than to make the path of science easier, and to convert our seats of learning into secondary schools, where the youth of Great Britain may be fitted for the "struggle for life." So far as the controversy has proceeded, the assailants have been able to discover no destructive argument. They are pleased to assert that the amount of Greek exacted at the universities is too small to profit the student. Then by all means let them not abolish it,—let them raise the standard. The remedy is easy, and would meet with no opposition from scholars. But of what benefit would it be to substitute for this beautiful

language the study of a single science? To read even one Greek play is to acquire more knowledge of life as well as of letters than the dissection of a pigeon's brain could ever impart. Again, it is no more the duty of a university to exhaust knowledge than to fit its nurslings for the practical duty of earning their bread. A university can only lead the aspirant to the door of the temple, and invite him to enter, that he may worship himself if he be fit. Here then is a task for the true friends of literature. Let them forget that titles are sparingly and inappositely distributed. Let them fight for the traditions which underlie all our modern literature, and we shall not complain that our Government neglects its duty. Some time since, Professor Butcher defended the language which he has served so loyally in terms of enthusiastic eloquence. We can ask nothing more than that all the foes of Greek should read his splendid apology. The Greek language and literature, he pointed out, can never degenerate into a narrow specialism, and for the following reasons :—

"In the first place," he said, "the spirit of Greece was a care for the

things of the mind above all material possessions; it stood for free and fearless inquiry, for truthful investigation and expansion in all departments of learning; and that learning was not purely intellectual, but one in which intellect was touched with emotion; for in the Greek love of wisdom or 'philosophy' there was an emotional glow, while at the same time it was a love which was keenly discriminating, just as we were often most critical about the things for which we cared most. Next, the spirit of Greece was the sense of proportion, of adjustment, by which the parts were in vital relation to the whole, and from the whole derived their meaning. In literature and art it gave organic unity; in life it meant public spirit, the spirit of citizenship, ennobling service for the common good. Again, in action, the spirit of Greece was the spirit of compromise, the reconciliation of opposites; logic was not pushed in any one direction to desolating conclusions; it was a spirit which was the foe of all fanaticism. Lastly, in education, the chief lesson which Greece had to read us was that the greatest educative force was the force of personality, the power of sympathy, the sway of the living word, the contagion of personal example; that learning was an intellectual partnership, a give-and-take between kindred but independent minds, a fellowship ripening into friendship."

Is there any professor of science who dare claim so much for his own branch, or who will remain insensible to this eloquent appeal?

THE OPENING OF THE WAR.

"THE Japanese Government having exhausted in vain every means of conciliation, with a view to removing from the relations between the two countries every cause for future complications, and finding that their just representations and moderate unselfish proposals, made in the interests of a permanent peace in the Extreme East, are not receiving from the Russian Government the consideration which is their due, have resolved to sever their diplomatic relations with the Russian Government, which, for the reason named, have ceased to possess value."

This communication was made to Count Lamsdorff at St Petersburg on Friday, February 5, and was surely a sufficient warning that war, if not absolutely certain, might break out at any moment. Indeed these are the closing words of the Russian official communiqué replying to the Japanese memorandum with reference to the severance of diplomatic relations:—

"The Imperial Government, while laying upon Japan the full responsibility for any consequence of such a course of action, will await the development of events, and the moment it becomes necessary will take the most decisive measures for the protection of its interests in the Far East."

It is an old cause of complaint in both our own and foreign navies, that the in-

terests of the navy and the influence of sea-power have been too often pushed on one side as of minor importance. One reason for this is, that the sea service very seldom has a powerful representative who can exercise a commanding influence in the councils of the State. In the Far East the Russian navy can make no such complaint: not only is Admiral Alexieff Russia's Viceroy in the Far East, but he is a man to whom most remarkable powers have been delegated, and it is absolutely certain that none can have had a freer hand than he in making the dispositions necessary for the protection of the interests of his master the Czar.

What were these dispositions? I gave last month a concise account of the relative fighting value of the rival fleets in the Yellow Sea; and on the assumption that the Japanese personnel would not fall short of the efficiency of their supposed well-trained opponents, I gave Japan the advantage at sea in the proportion of 5 to 4. There has been a prevailing opinion for some time past in naval circles that the personnel of the Russian Black Sea fleet is inferior to that of their Baltic ships—the Far East fleet has been looked upon as the most efficient of all the Russian squadrons—so that naval men looked forward with the greatest interest to the opening moves of a war for

which the combatants had been preparing for months, and in which, on the side of the Russians at any rate, an admiral exercised full sway both afloat and ashore. What "decisive measures" would Russia take, and when should we learn their effects?

Manœuvres very commonly leave much to be desired as a picture of naval war; they are all too short, and it is extremely difficult to fairly represent all the conditions of a modern naval campaign in a few days. But one phase of modern war has been pretty thoroughly rehearsed, discussed, and exercised—namely, the opening moves from the time that relations have become strained, until either a formal declaration or a definite act of war makes hostilities certain. How familiar we are with the various phases, the despatch of scouting cruisers to shadow the enemy, the endeavours to gain accurate intelligence of the force and movements of the various squadrons which he is preparing, the secret preparation of the torpedo flotilla, and the sudden dash at any fraction of the enemy's forces that may expose itself to these insidious small craft.

Every one agrees that early and continuous intelligence of the force and movements of the enemy or possible enemy is of the highest importance, and that above all things it is necessary to avoid the exposure of valuable ships to torpedo attack unless the advantage gained fairly counterbalances the risk run. It may

be necessary to take up certain commanding positions notwithstanding the torpedo menace, or in pushing home a reconnaissance risks may be run in order to gain indispensable information; otherwise it is distinctly desirable to give the enemy's torpedo craft and torpedo stations a wide berth.

Let us apply these principles to the state of affairs in the Far East when, on Friday, February 5, diplomatic relations were broken off between Japan and Russia.

The disposition of the ships seems to have been, as follows: the bulk of the Russian force was at Port Arthur, and included seven battleships, *Tsar-evitch*, *Retvizan*, *Pobieda*, *Peresviet*, *Poltava*, *Petropaulofsk*, *Sevastopol*—good ships all of them, averaging 13,000 tons; also the armoured cruiser *Bayan*, and the five protected cruisers *Pallada*, *Askold*, *Diana*, *Boyarin*, and *Novik*. The four best Russian cruisers were at Vladivostock—namely, the *Gromoboi* and *Bogatyr* (with guns protected by armour), and the *Rossiia* and *Rurik* (with protected waterlines but unprotected batteries). The three largest are 12,000 tons, and the *Bogatyr* 7000. The new fast cruiser *Variag* of 6500 tons was at Chemulpo, with the out-of-date sloop or gunboat *Koriets*.

The Japanese fleet was concentrated at Sasebo in the Straits of Korea: it consisted of the six splendid battleships, *Mikasa*, *Asahi*, *Hatsuse*, *Shikishima*, *Fuji*, and *Yashima*, 13,000 to 15,000 tons; the 10,000

SKETCH CHART OF SEA OF JAPAN AND YELLOW SEA.



tons armoured cruisers *Idzumo*, *Iwate*, *Asama*, *Tokiwa*, *Yakumo*, *Azuma*, and the 4500 tons protected cruisers *Chitose*, *Kasagi*, *Takasago*, *Yoshino*. This fleet comprised practically the whole of Japan's fighting force; and since the island Empire of the East depends absolutely on sea-power, the magnitude of the stake played by her strategists when Admiral Togo was sent to sea on February 6, with intent to carry the war into the waters of the enemy, can well be conceived. Not a single vessel of any fighting value was left in Japan. The two cruisers purchased from Italy were just leaving Singapore. Four small second-class protected cruisers, the *Takachiho*, *Naniwa*, *Suma*, and *Akashi*, under Admiral Uriu, who flew his flag in the first-named ship—an Elswick cruiser 18 years old—were acting as a convoy to five fast transports, which seem to have started about the same time to make a dash at Chemulpo and Seoul.¹ There are but five other cruisers of any size on Japan's navy list; they are all over twelve years old, and not of much fighting value. Whether they remain in the Inland sea or in the neighbourhood of the capital has not been divulged. At any rate there has been no manifestations of anxiety for the safety of the Japanese ports, such as too often hampers the offensive power of European and American fleets. Admirals Togo and Uriu also took with

them the best part of the Japanese torpedo flotilla; and I doubt if any island kingdom has ever been left so completely without any representatives of its fleet as was Japan on Sunday, February 7. Their whole force was on that day 800 miles from Tokio, steaming steadily away towards the Gulf of Pechili, over which looks the great Russian fortress of Port Arthur, with its powerful battle fleet and swarms of torpedo craft. The little men of the Far East, indeed, did a bold and resolute thing in deciding to strike single-handed at the Colossus of the North—a Power which during the last ten years has been straining every nerve to build up such a powerful navy as would make it, if not the second, at any rate the third sea-Power in the world. True that war had not actually been declared; but had the waters outside Port Arthur been patrolled by the large torpedo flotilla, numbering some thirty to forty modern craft, which are based on that port, the Japanese fleet would not have been in a very pleasant position, for they might have met this flotilla off Port Arthur on the night of February 8-9. The first shot had already been fired by the Russian gunboat *Korietz* at a Japanese torpedo-boat off Chemulpo in the afternoon of Monday the 8th, and though this was evidently unknown to Admiral Togo, the fact remains that

¹ Some reports state that the armoured cruiser *Asama* was also with this squadron; others place her with the main fleet.

some of the Russians at any rate were ready to strike. Had the Japanese come across the Russian torpedo craft on Monday night, the war would probably have begun by a discharge of Russian torpedoes, and possibly the sinking of one or more Japanese battle-ships.

When the news flew all over the world on the morning of Tuesday, 9th February, that three Russian ships had been struck by torpedoes, it was the general impression that the Japanese, acting on information received of the exposed position of the Russian fleet, had carefully prepared, planned, and executed the daring and successful attack with which the war practically began. Admiral Togo's despatch rather points in the opposite direction—namely, that the attack was due to the Japanese suddenly discovering the Russians in a most exposed position, which absolutely invited torpedo attack. On Monday afternoon at least seven Japanese torpedo craft—whether boats or destroyers is not clear—were at Chemulpo, some 260 miles from Port Arthur. If the fact of the exposed position of the Russian fleet had been known, it may be considered as almost certain that these vessels would have steamed across the Yellow Sea, and there would have been a much more formidable attack, not on Monday but on Tuesday night. From Admiral Togo's brief and most modest despatch it appears that his view of the midnight encounter was, that "the Japanese advanced

squadron attacked the enemy's advanced squadron, the enemy's vessels being mostly outside the bay." No one could have conceived that the Russian battle-fleet, having a safe torpedo-proof harbour within a mile, would anchor and remain all night in an open roadstead, thus absolutely inviting torpedo attack. And that not only would the battleships be thus exposed, but the destroyers, whose main and principal function it is to safeguard the heavier ships by keeping at a distance any lurking torpedo craft, would be themselves actually in the harbour. Thus the sheep were outside the fold, and the dogs safely ensconced within.

Under these circumstances Admiral Togo's "advance squadron" crept up to reconnoitre. At the time of writing it does not appear by any means certain what these vessels were. If, as seems likely, Admiral Togo's objective in proceeding off Port Arthur was to engage the Russian fleet, which had been cruising in the Gulf of Pechili during the previous week, he would naturally keep his fleet some distance away during the night, and send on a certain number of destroyers to reconnoitre and if possible to attack any ships that might be exposed. The Japanese destroyers, however, carry the 18-inch torpedo, and if this weapon had been used, the three ships hit would almost certainly have been sunk in a very short time unless protected by nets. The very moderate amount of damage inflicted,

as shown by the fact that all the ships hit got under way and steamed some distance towards the harbour entrance, rather points to the use of the 14-inch torpedo, which is only carried by torpedo-boats and ships' picket-boats.

If the Japanese took their torpedo-boats to Port Arthur, some 550 miles from Sasebo, it would be a notable feat, but not a very likely one, as these small craft seriously hamper a fleet. Whatever the craft were, it is evident that they took the Russians by surprise. According to the lucid account of the master and seamen of the British steamer *Columbia*, it seems that the Russians were first aroused by the explosion of the torpedoes which hit the ships. No mention whatever is made of the torpedo-nets being out; indeed the indications point entirely in the opposite direction. The Russians alone among the Continental nations adhere to the torpedo-net, and it would be very remarkable if its use has been neglected on this occasion; but there seems no doubt that this was so. In any case the cruiser *Pallada* is not fitted with nets, and as the torpedo which struck her seems to have done about the same amount of damage as those which hit the battleships *Tsarevitch* and *Retvizan*, it is almost certain that those ships do not owe their comparative immunity to the use of nets.

The officers in command of the Japanese "advance squadron" managed well in selecting the two best battleships for

attack. It is of course possible that this was to some extent accidental, as Admiral Togo was not aware when he sent off his despatch on the 10th that the battleships had been hit by torpedoes. But the fact that all the ships hit were large ones would seem to indicate that the Japanese torpedo craft directed their torpedoes with discrimination. A report from Osaka, not well substantiated, states that there were some nine or ten destroyers attacking with twenty torpedoes, but it is hard to believe so many torpedoes missed their mark, unless indeed the destroyers or torpedo-boats arrived at considerable intervals, which allowed the nets to be swung out after the explosion of the first torpedo had warned the Russians to be on the alert. None of the attacking craft were injured, nor were they aware of what ships were hit, for Admiral Togo as late as Wednesday the 10th thought that there had been merely an encounter with the Russian "advanced squadron"—i.e., the cruisers.

The Japanese main fleet must have given Port Arthur a wide berth on Monday night. They probably arranged to meet their advanced squadron at daylight on Tuesday somewhere to the eastward of Dalny, as they were sighted from that place between 9 and 10 A.M. Their design was evidently to offer battle to the Russian fleet and to cut them off from their base if they had ventured out for a cruise, as they had done the week before. In this they

were disappointed; but the Russian ships which had been damaged by torpedoes being still outside the harbour, probably waiting for high water, it was in any case incumbent on the remainder to support them if fired on by the Japanese. This they did, and there occurred what Nelson would have called a "brush" or "miserable action," the Japanese trying to get at the Russian ships, and the latter reasonably enough clinging to the shelter of the forts. These latter distinctly saved the Russian fleet from destruction, and the Japanese, finding that there was no hope of getting the Russians into the open, withdrew after some 45 minutes' long-range firing. This firing was, however, very effective. In such a case the objective must be not to silence forts or battleships, but if possible to destroy some weaker ship which there is a reasonable chance of sinking with a single heavy projectile. The Russian cruisers, which, if they had been employed in scouting during the previous day and night, should have given due warning of the Japanese approach, were now pushed forward into the front part of the battle. The captain of the small cruiser *Novik* has been decorated for the prominent part he took. The Japanese seized the opportunity and directed their heavy guns on these ships. The best 2nd-class cruiser at Port Arthur, the *Askold*, was seriously injured, and is now resting on the bottom of the basin in Port Arthur harbour, whilst the *Diana* and *Novik*

were also considerably damaged. The battleship *Poltava* was reported to have sustained injuries on the waterline; but her vitals being protected by armour, it is probable that the damage will be easily repaired. None of the Japanese ships were seriously injured, which may be accounted for by the fact that they seem to have kept their unprotected cruisers out of range. The loss of men on both sides was very small, and amounted to some 40 or 50 Japanese and 90 to 100 Russians.

Whilst these events were going forward at Port Arthur on Monday night and Tuesday morning, the Japanese made their raid on Chemulpo, 260 miles from Port Arthur. On Monday afternoon about 4 P.M. the Russian gunboat *Koreitz*, a ship of no fighting value, was proceeding down the channel that leads from Chemulpo anchorage to the sea, when she met some Japanese torpedo-boats (or destroyers?) escorting five transports. The *Koreitz* fired on the boats, and the latter retaliated with two torpedoes. Neither shells nor torpedoes took effect; and not only did fighting stop, but the *Koreitz* seems to have explained away the firing and the incident closed. This was nevertheless the opening of hostilities. Both sides claim to have been attacked, but the presumption is that the ship fired first. It was entirely contrary to the Japanese interests to sink such an unimportant ship as the *Koreitz*, whereas it was a reasonable thing for that ship

to fire at any torpedo craft which she might suspect of attacking her. A Japanese gunboat was lying at Chemulpo, with four cruisers of different nations—British, French, Italian, and American respectively. There also lay the *Variag*, the fastest and best of the Russian 2nd-class cruisers, a perfectly new vessel built in the United States, and having a speed of 23 knots. The transports were convoyed by four small Japanese cruisers, which were, according to some accounts, supported by the armoured cruiser *Asama*. The Japanese at once proceeded with their task of landing the troops and stores, carrying out the work most systematically and rapidly, so that by midnight the men, numbering some 3000, were all ashore. There is no evidence as to the attitude of the Russians; but they took no effective steps to impede the landing. Thus the night passed quietly, the Japanese gunboat having withdrawn to join her consorts, which had taken up a blockading position six miles off at the mouth of the Salee river, on which Chemulpo is situated. The next morning Admiral Uriu notified to the Russians that he was about to take warlike measures, and announced that if they did not leave the anchorage he should attack them as they lay. Captain Roudneff of the *Variag* decided to go out. The odds against him were heavy, but escape did not seem impossible. Each of the four Japanese cruisers, *Takachiho*, *Naniwa*, *Suma*, *Akashi*, are less than

half the size and fighting power of the *Variag*, and some 5 knots slower. The gunboat *Chiyoda* was scarcely equal to the *Koreitz*. Newspaper reporters have stated that the *Asama* was also there; but the reports (apparently official) of the absence of casualties only mention the four small cruisers. Moreover, Alexieff's report of sixteen Japanese ships at Port Arthur indicates that the *Asama* was there. The *Asama* being twice as powerful as the *Variag*, it would be natural for the former to surrender if her passage to the sea was barred by such a superior ship: this she did not do. She seems to have come boldly out to the entrance of the river (or channel), which has a navigable breadth of two to five miles according to the state of the tide. The Japanese squadron barred her way to the sea. Whether confident in her fighting powers or esteeming escape impossible, she apparently made no use of her speed, but entered into a long-range fight with the Japanese squadron. The fire of the latter was sufficiently heavy and accurate to crush the resistance of the *Variag*, and after some forty-five minutes, having lost 41 killed and 66 wounded, but with engines and steering-gear still serviceable, she turned and retreated to the anchorage. Her fire was so ineffective that the Japanese did not lose a man. For some unexplained reason Admiral Uriu does not seem to have compelled the *Variag* to surrender, and she was

allowed to take up her anchorage once more amongst the foreign ships. Some three hours afterwards, the *Variag's* men having been removed by the neutral men-of-war, she was set on fire and scuttled by her crew. Whether Admiral Uriu had given some promise to consider the man-of-war anchorage at Chemulpo as neutral does not appear; but in the sinking of the *Variag* the Japanese lost a valuable prize, and it seems most unlikely that she can be raised, as she sank in deep water. The *Koreitz* took some little part in the action, but was scarcely fired at by the Japanese. She was scuttled with the *Variag*.

As to the material results of the fighting on the 8th and 9th, the Japanese, notwithstanding their notable successes, have not captured any ships. The *Variag* may be considered destroyed, and the cruiser *Askold* and battleship *Retvizan* are on the mud at Port Arthur. But the shallowness of that harbour bids fair to be the salvation of the Russian ships, and, as far as can be judged from the meagre information available, both these vessels may be serviceable in two or three months. If the Russian reports are to be believed, neither the *Tsarevitch* nor the *Pallada* were seriously

injured by the torpedoes that struck them; and it is not to be supposed that either the *Poltava*, *Diana*, or *Novik*, which were damaged by Japanese shells on the 9th, will be un-serviceable for more than three or four weeks. Of course much of this is mere surmise. No one can judge of the injuries to a ship without going on board and making a careful survey, nor can the time taken to make good her defects be estimated without a thorough knowledge of the repairing facilities available. The Russians have no object to gain in publishing to the world the condition of their ships or the extent of their repairing facilities, and it is distinctly desirable that Japan should not know how long the disabled ships will be *hors de combat*. Thus we shall probably be in ignorance of what ships are and are not serviceable until the day arrives for them to come out again.¹

But the *morale* of the Russian navy must have been severely shaken, and all history shows that this may be more difficult to repair than even the rent made by a big torpedo. Not only Admiral Alexieff but the Czar himself alludes most pointedly to the fact that the precious fortress of Port Arthur is safe. The very principle on which both Port Arthur and

¹ At the moment of going to press reports are to hand of the attack on the Port Arthur ships by destroyers on Sunday the 14th. The flotilla was dispersed *en route*, and only two reached the harbour. (Perhaps something of the same kind happened on the 8th-9th.) The Japanese state that the *Boyarín* was hit. The Russians do not acknowledge any loss. The latter, of course, may wish to conceal their losses, but it seems more likely that the torpedoes may have missed. The courage shown by the attacking craft was most remarkable.

Vladivostock have been equipped is as harbours of refuge for sound ships that have had to run away. They bristle with guns, and are very badly provided with docks. Thus for a ship which has fought a successful battle, but has suffered severely, they do not afford facilities for getting to sea quickly. They are excellent for a beaten fleet that does not want to go to sea again; but even the most extreme admirers of the Fleet in Being would hardly consider such a fleet as that now at Port Arthur a serious bar to oversea military operations by the enemy. Unless Russia can put a check on Japan's transport and supply of troops, their fleet might as well have stayed in the Baltic.

Are there any lessons to be learnt from what has happened? Alexieff's error in leaving the *Variag* at Chemulpo, where the narrow waters made her speed useless, is patent enough. Again, ships which are not in harbour at night should not only be under way, but their position should be unknown to the enemy. If obliged to remain in a position where torpedo attack is probable, nets should be out. A fleet that does not know where the enemy is, and takes no steps to remedy this lack of knowledge, may expect to be surprised. The transport and landing of troops may be risky under certain circumstances, as, for example, when the command of the sea is not assured; but the risk may be worth taking. And we might add, it is obviously a mistake to

detach valuable ships for the attack of commerce, when the enemy's commerce is not particularly essential to his welfare, especially when the ships thus detached might have been employed far better in making it difficult for the Japanese to carry troops across to Korea. If the four big cruisers at Vladivostock—the *Gromoboi*, *Rossiya*, *Rurik*, and *Bogatyr*—go out a dozen times unharmed and capture or sink a tramp steamer every time, but get caught and destroyed the thirteenth time, the game will scarcely be found to have been worth the candle. With the arrival of the Italian-built cruisers Japan has now a squadron of eight armoured cruisers, excellent craft for safeguarding the transport of troops and stores, though they lack speed to catch the *Bogatyr*, *Bayan*, and *Askold*. It is in this connection that the *Variag* would have been so valuable to them. The Japanese cannot increase their battleship or large cruiser force, for they cannot build at home nor buy abroad, and even small cruisers take a long time to build in Japan. Even if the Black Sea remains closed, the Russians will be able to send out two first-class battleships from the Baltic this summer, and in 1905 there will be another battleship and a ship of the *Askold* class to add to their Far East fleet, to say nothing of destroyers, torpedo craft, and possibly submarines. It therefore behoves Japan to push on with the war both afloat and ashore. What she needs

is to capture as many ships as possible, or failing this, to destroy them—for the Port Arthur force does not appear to be incapacitated for very long. Especially it is needful to prevent the arrival of Russian reinforcements, also of material and machinery for the repair of the Port Arthur ships, which neutrals will be only too glad to deliver if it pays them well. The supersession of Admiral Starck shows that the Russians hope to do better under Makaroff. They will naturally strain every nerve to refit the ships at Port Arthur, and we may yet hear from their torpedo flotilla.

The opening moves of the war have disclosed the excellent

organisation and Intelligence of the Japanese fleet, and the courage and skill of officers and men, whilst the Russians have started very badly. But it is a mistake to suppose that there is no redemption for the Russian navy. Japan has a hard task before her, and it cannot be expected that the blunders made in the first week of war will be continually repeated. The armies have yet to get to work, and it is on shore that the principal fighting must take place. Both ashore and afloat there is a long struggle to come. In any case many months, or even years, will elapse before we are likely to have peace again.

ACTIVE LIST.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

THE parliamentary session of 1904 opened on a very checkered scene. The ominous cloud long looming over the Far East had at length burst; and on the storm now raging neither England nor Europe can afford to gaze with unconcern. At home the state of public affairs is not such as to lessen the anxiety inseparable in any case from an outbreak of hostilities in which we ourselves may at any moment be called on to participate; how much more so when we reflect on our present political situation! Divided counsels and unnatural coalitions plunged us into war just fifty years ago. We are face to face with the impending dissolution of a great political connection, which has conducted the affairs of this country with glory and success for nearly twenty years, and is now threatened with destruction by the prejudices of one party who cannot read the signs of the times and the passions of another who hope to rise upon its ruins. To do what in him lies, be it much or little, to avert so great a national calamity is a duty which every man owes to his country at this moment, and one which the constituencies, possibly at no distant date, will be called on to fulfil.

To trace as briefly as possible the origin and progress of this fatal schism, the offspring of very mingled motives, in which honest conviction, personal

pique, and disappointed ambition have all had their share, and to point out the inevitable consequences if it is prosecuted to the bitter end, is the object of the present paper; and it is earnestly hoped that those who read it may be led to rate both the cause of quarrel and the conduct of those who began it at their proper value.

It was on the 18th of last September that Mr Chamberlain's resignation was first announced. The correspondence then published between himself and Mr Balfour was of a perfectly friendly character, and Mr Balfour combated the resolution at which the Colonial Secretary had arrived without a shade of asperity. Perhaps it was a little unfortunate that the letter was made public; for though it was only Mr Balfour's anxiety to retain the service of so valuable a colleague which prompted him to minimise the extent of the difference between them, yet of course it gave a handle to the Opposition for imputing to him complete agreement with Mr Chamberlain at all points,—a charge which they have continued to repeat ever since, in spite of Mr Balfour's frequent and decisive protests.

The retirement of the Colonial Secretary was followed by the secession of several other members of the Ministry. But all this time the Duke of Devonshire and Mr Balfour continued to

meet on the most confidential terms. The Duke had read Mr Balfour's pamphlet, and his answer to Mr Chamberlain; yet his allegiance to the Prime Minister remained unbroken, and he rendered valuable assistance to Mr Balfour in the reconstruction of his Cabinet. Such was the footing on which they stood at the end of September. On the 1st of October Mr Balfour made his great speech at Sheffield, and what was his astonishment on being informed less than a week afterwards that his Grace of Devonshire could no longer remain a member of the Government. Down to that moment they had been fast friends. Not a whisper of dissent had been heard. "I felt," said Mr Balfour, so runs the story, "as if I had been jilted at the altar."

It would appear, however, that the Duke had repented of his agreement with Mr Balfour immediately after it was formed. But he must have some decent pretext for reversing it—that was clear; and it seems to us, as we suspect it seemed to Mr Balfour, that he was determined to find it in the Sheffield speech. "The increasing doubts" in the Duke's mind as to whether he had done well to remain in the Government had begun to grow before the speech was delivered. That they were instilled into his mind from the outside is the suspicion which naturally arises on this consideration. It would not be the first time that such intervention has been successfully employed to sow dissension among statesmen whose union would have

balked a faction. The Duke himself, however, in his speech in the House of Lords, to which we shall recur, declares that he was so much disturbed in his mind at the time of his conversation with Mr Balfour that he did not quite grasp the situation. The Sheffield speech, containing no explicit disavowal of Mr Chamberlain's policy, finally determined him. He still maintains that he does not understand Mr Balfour's. Whatever may be the case with the Duke of Devonshire, it is clear that the Opposition are determined not to understand him. It would not suit their book. It was said during the debate on the Address by some of the Free Food party, after Mr G. Balfour's speech, that if "all this" had been made plain before, there would have been no schism. But it *had* been made plain before, only the Opposition didn't choose to see it. Mr Balfour should be—must be—an out-and-out Protectionist whether he would or no. If Free Fooders are sincere in declaring that had they known all, there would have been no split, why do they not retrace their steps and put an end to it? This is the true test, serving to gauge the purity of the motives which underlie the whole attack.

The reason which the Duke assigns for dissolving the Liberal Unionist Association is still more lame. He tells Mr Chamberlain that, as President of the Liberal Unionist Association, he desires to dissolve it. It has served its

purpose. Home Rule, the fear of which called it into being, is now a remote danger no longer to be dreaded; and the *raison d'être* of the Association having ceased to exist, the Association itself should follow. Home Rule a remote danger! Mr Redmond has already knocked the bottom out of that argument, by proclaiming that Home Rule is still alive and vigorous, and determined on pushing its demands with renewed energy in the next Parliament. And even if it seemed to be remote at the moment when the Duke spoke, how long would it remain so if the Liberal Unionist Association were dissolved? Cannot his Grace see the absurdity of telling us that Home Rule is a remote question, when he himself is doing all he can to bring it to the front?

But was the dread of Home Rule the sole bond of union between Liberal Unionists and the Government? If on this being removed they were all along prepared to fall back in line with the Radicals, and join them again in their party campaign, they have certainly misled the British people to a grave extent, the Duke himself being one of the worst offenders. The party of which he has been the recognised leader and spokesman has been loyally supported by the country, and by Conservative constituencies, for nearly eighteen years, in the firm belief that he was fully in accord with the principles of the Government. He himself has been a great sufferer, as he

told us once in almost piteous tones, by Radical finance. If he is now prepared to kiss the rod, it cannot be helped; but in that case he is certainly not the man for whom all England has taken him—not the Duke of Devonshire whom we were all so proud to number among our leaders.

It may well be that his Grace, as well as other seceders, both Liberal and Conservative, took umbrage at Mr Chamberlain's methods. What many of them say is that, as Fox once said of Burke, he was right, but he was right too soon. While they cannot sufficiently admire the energy, audacity, and self-reliance with which at the age of sixty-eight he threw himself into the conflict, hoping to carry all before him by a dashing charge, they cannot forget how many lost battles have been attributable to a similar mistake. They believe that by more cautious methods and more gradual steps he might have attained his ends without breaking up his party. But now—

“Εκτωρ ἦφι βίηφι πιθήσας ὤλεσε λαόν.

That feelings of this description had a good deal to do with the division on Mr Morley's amendment we may safely assume. Of the Unionists who voted against the Government, many, perhaps the majority, were moved quite as much by a desire to mark their sense of Mr Chamberlain's rashness as by any hostility to Mr Balfour's policy. So said Lord Robertson, in his speech in the House of Lords on the 19th of last

month. Had that policy stood by itself they say all would have gone well. Chamberlain's rush upset the coach.

There are some who do not scruple to insinuate that the Duke of Devonshire was, in sporting language, "got at" between the 16th of September and the 1st of October. And it would surprise nobody to learn that a little clique of petty traitors had done all they could to inflame the Duke's discontent. But if Mr Winston Churchill, and his little gang of croakers, who would fain be oxen instead of frogs, really have been trying what impression flattery could make upon his Grace, we should expect to find that they had been treated with dignified contempt.

Mr Morley's amendment was merely a repetition of what the Opposition have been doing all through the recess. Its object, of course,—and it cannot be proclaimed too often,—was to fasten on Mr Balfour a principle which he has always repudiated, and to widen the breach between the Government and the mutineers by endorsing their alleged grievance with well-feigned indignation, and denouncing as a reality what they knew to be a phantom.

Mr Balfour himself contends that he has said the same thing from the beginning. Reciprocity, when it has to be enforced, becomes Retaliation; and his policy is to secure by negotiation with other Powers "those benefits which they all acknowledged in increased commerce, and avoid those dangers

which might possibly attend a less cautious and prudent course." The above extract is taken from a speech of Mr Disraeli's, delivered in the House of Commons in April 1843, following one on the same subject, described by Mr John Morley in his 'Life of Cobden' as being "remarkable to this day for its large and comprehensive survey of the whole field of our commerce, and for its discernment of the channels in which it would expand." The dangers referred to are the possible effects of such commercial distress as prevailed in England in 1843. Hear the same statesman still further. Mr Disraeli went on to say:—

"A peculiar characteristic of the free-trade school was their total neglect of circumstances—they never took any circumstances into consideration. He had stated that as a consequence of our commercial system powerful interests had grown up in other countries to advocate and enforce our views; if those parties succeeded in their endeavours, if commercial arrangements were brought about, we should immediately have a considerable increase to our trade without intervening danger of any kind; but honourable gentlemen might rest assured, if they were to be guided by what was said or, what was of more importance, by what was written in Europe and America at this moment, they never would succeed unless they took a decided course. If they meant to obtain advantages by negotiation they must unreservedly announce it, and certainly it would not be long before they attained their end, because the minister of England who negotiated was placed in a much more favourable position than the minister of any other country."

Such were the opinions of a statesman, distinguished, in the

judgment of Mr John Morley, who moved the amendment to the Address in censure of Mr Balfour's policy, for his large and comprehensive survey of the whole field of our commerce, and his acute discernment of the means most proper for expanding it.

If possible, a greater sham even than Mr Morley's amendment was Mr Herbert Samuel's, condemning the introduction of Chinese labour into the Transvaal till the approval of the colonists had been ascertained. The case of the Opposition was one mass of contradictions. The Chinese will overflow the land. The Chinese will be isolated and treated like prisoners. The Kaffirs are so badly paid that they will not work for their wages. But the Chinese will rob them of the wages which they refuse to take. The opponents of the Ordinance cry out that the Transvaal should have self-government and settle this question for themselves; when it is not denied that the first thing they would do would be to import the Chinaman. An attack upon the Government was bolstered up by such arguments as these, which appear to have been urged just as each happened to occur to the speaker's mind, without regard to what had gone before or to what was to come after. It is needless to say that their pretended apprehension of "a yellow flood" overflowing and corrupting South Africa is a laughable contradiction of their other stock indictment, that we are introducing slavery into the

colony. The case was so flimsy that the clear and forcible answers of Mr Lyttelton and Mr Brodrick were like using rifles against cobwebs. As for slavery, how any member of Parliament in his right mind could have the hardihood to assert that the Chinese taken to the Transvaal will be slaves, we are at a loss to understand. They will be practically on the footing of apprentices, and they will be carefully looked after. If the coolie wishes to leave before his engagement is concluded, he can do so on paying the expenses of his voyage. The party in the Transvaal who are opposed to the introduction of coolies are in favour of compelling the Kaffirs to work, of breaking up their locations, and driving them into the mines. Who would be the slaves then? As for the coolies corrupting the morals of the Kaffirs, or for that matter of the Boers, we have Mr Gladstone's opinion on the value of that bugbear. When the Australians taxed the importation of coolies, it was to protect the white labourer. Protect him from what? Not from his vices, but from his virtues, because he worked harder and drank less. Whether either white labour or black labour is so unequal to the demand for it in the Transvaal as to necessitate the introduction of the yellow variety is a matter of detail. These are debatable points, on which the weight of evidence seems strongly in favour of the Government. But to charge the Ministers

with the intention of reviving slavery is so transparently absurd as almost to lose the name of dishonesty. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, though he laid himself open to some pleasant chaff from Mr Brodrick, saw that much, and wisely confined himself to generalities.

In the House of Lords the debate on the fiscal question commenced on the 18th of last month, Lord Crewe moving that "no duty upon imports into the United Kingdom from foreign countries or from British colonies and dependencies should be imposed, modified, or removed without the formal consent of Parliament to each such proposal." The whole fiscal question had been so completely thrashed out during the recess, that there was little left for either House of Parliament to do but formally to register in the pages of Hansard the conclusions arrived at. The House of Lords so far could only repeat what the House of Commons had already done. The whole interest of the debate which occupied the Peers for two days, the 18th and 19th of February, centred in the personal explanations tendered by the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, though both had been discounted. The latter, however, had no story to tell. He had only to repeat the stock arguments of the Free Food party against both Mr Chamberlain's and Mr Balfour's proposals. Lord Crewe's resolution, that the Government, if their main principle were accepted, must submit every detail to the

consideration of Parliament before it was adopted, was appropriately met by Lord Salisbury's amendment, that "this House, while affirming the constitutional doctrine that all the fiscal arrangements of this country must be subject to the full and effective control of Parliament over taxation, is not prepared to lay down rules for the guidance of future Parliaments as to the exact method in which such control should be exercised by them in cases which might arise." Lord Crewe's motion was rejected by a majority of fifty-one, and Lord Salisbury's was then agreed to.

One of the most interesting speeches in the debate was Lord Robertson's, whose abuse of Mr Chamberlain's characteristic of the *perfervidum ingenium* was part of the day's work, and has been sufficiently retorted many times over. But he was one of the few speakers in the debate, if not the only one, who called attention to the special danger of a split in the Unionist party at the present moment: danger to the Empire, danger to the constitution; to which we may add, danger also to our national security. He did not exaggerate the responsibility of those who have caused this rupture. But who *are* these? That is the question. Lord Robertson says it is Mr Chamberlain. We on our side say, No: it is men like himself, who think a fiscal dispute more important than the safety of all those great national and imperial interests which he has so much at heart.

The Duke of Devonshire's confession, to which we have already referred, cannot be read without a feeling of compassion. One would almost suppose that he had been drugged by Mr Balfour, and that as soon as he recovered his senses he made his escape. Mr Balfour has stated repeatedly, emphatically, and with unwavering precision that there was nothing in the Sheffield speech and nothing left out of it for which the Duke ought not to have been fully prepared; and here the question must rest till Mr Balfour reopens it himself. The Duke seems to admit that he lost his head, and that when he found it again he did not exactly know what to do with it. It is unfortunate that it should have been so, and much as we sympathise with his difficulties, we cannot help saying that he does not emerge from them with any increased title to our confidence. But even if he did, the effect of that part of his speech would be entirely destroyed by what he said at the end of it. He there repeats in other words the advice he gave to Dulwich, Lewisham, and Ludlow. He declares again that he is fully prepared to advise all constituencies with which he has any influence to exact from Unionist candidates a pledge that they will oppose Protection in every shape and form, and that on the refusal of such a pledge they are at once to reject them, though heart and soul with them on far more important questions.

Even in the absence of Mr Balfour and Mr Chamberlain,

the Government have shown themselves fully equal to cope with the Opposition. They have had the best of the argument throughout, which is perhaps not to be wondered at when their adversaries persevere in denouncing what they own that they cannot understand. Their majority of fifty-one, suppose none of the seceders should return, would be quite enough to carry them through the session, in the absence of any unusual or severe pressure. But it may be taken for granted that on all the ordinary business of the session members who have deserted on the fiscal question may be expected to return to their colours; and if there were no rocks ahead, what happened a month ago need cause us very little anxiety. But unluckily there are rocks ahead, and other financial questions may arise, leading to fresh troubles and possibly to a general election. Had Mr Ritchie not committed the foolish mistake of taking off the shilling duty, the present controversy need never have arisen. As it is, however, the Government would not be surprised should the Budget bring together for the moment all the elements of discontent and disloyalty which undoubtedly exist in the House of Commons, involving the possibility of a Government defeat on some important point. In that event Ministers would advise his Majesty to dissolve the present Parliament, so that a general election might take place early in the summer. The result is thought to be

uncertain. From thirty to fifty supporters of the present Administration, many of them holding safe seats, have announced their intention of not offering themselves for re-election. It may be one or two years, or it may be two or three months, before a dissolution becomes necessary. But when it does, it is to be hoped that these gentlemen will reflect a little more deeply on the character of the present crisis, and learn to see the true proportion in which their political responsibilities stand to each other.

There will be other stumbling-blocks besides the Tariff question when the appeal is made to the country. If the Licensing Bill promised in the King's Speech interferes with the magistrates, the abstainers will be violent. If it does not, the brewers will be lukewarm. The fate of the Scottish Education Bill no man predicts; and the existing Education law in England will of course be drawn into the service of the Opposition, who have already undertaken to repeal it. That is an idle boast. But all those questions sink into utter insignificance compared with the momentous issues dependent on the victory or defeat of the Unionist Administration.

We appeal both to our parliamentary parties and to the constituencies at large to consider well what they are about in exchanging a Unionist and constitutional Administration for one which must inevitably be dependent on Radicals such

as Mr Lloyd George, and Nationalists such as Mr Redmond. Will the seceders, whether Whig, Liberal, or Conservative, allow us to remind them of what the Duke of Wellington said in 1846 when he resolved to stand by Sir Robert Peel? A good Government, he said, was of more consequence than any Corn Law. Conservatives should ponder this saying well; and Liberal Unionists should remember that as Conservatives have made many sacrifices for them, some may be expected in return. Let the two wings of the Unionist party only remember how long they have been united, how easily and cordially they have worked together, and that in their hands party government was again regaining its former efficiency and its proper organisation. Let them consider the great interests committed to their charge, and ask themselves whether it is the part of either a patriot, a statesman, or a sincere believer in the moral value of institutions, to imperil all these objects.

To the public at large we would say as much and more too. There is a phrase with which we are familiar, the game of politics; and perhaps it is inevitable that the parliamentary proceedings should sometimes partake of that character. But not so with the nation. The people can afford to view the principles for which parties are contending without merely fighting for the victory of one of them. And we confidently

appeal to that great body of the public who have so long upheld the Administration, ere long to be put upon its trial, to consider whether it does not call for their support as much as, or more than, it did eighteen years ago. What has the great British majority been fighting for during the whole of this period? For Free Trade? No; but for things infinitely more important: for the integrity of the Empire, for the safety of the constitution, for religious education, for security of property, and for the efficiency of our military and naval services—every one of which is threatened by the return of the Liberals to power. They cannot return without the help of those who are enemies to all five; for Liberalism now and for the future can only at the best be Radicalism in disguise. We know what the Home Rulers want, we know what the Non-conformists want, we know what the Socialists want, and we know what the Little Englanders want. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, himself an opponent of Mr Balfour's, or rather of Mr Chamberlain's policy, spoke some memorable words at Bristol on the 13th of last November. He has no ambition to serve. His political career is at an end. Let us hear what he now says, with the wisdom and foresight which the evening of life often brings with it.

"I am animated," he says, "by a sentiment of the greatest attachment to the political party which I have tried to the best of my power to

serve for forty years. I know that that party has before it an arduous struggle, and I wish, if I can, to adhere to it and to help it. But I am also influenced, I think, by reason; for I know, as my right hon. friend has told you, that through the party system alone can the government of this country be carried on; and when I am told by my political opponents that, because of my opinions on fiscal questions, I ought to go over to the other side, why, I look upon the political situation as a whole, I view the opinions and counsels of those who really dominate the councils of the Radical party, and I do not believe that the destinies of the country will be safe in their hands."

Yes; let the public be guided by these weighty words. Let them, too, view the political situation as a whole, and, having regard to what the objects of the Radical party really are, ask themselves with the speaker whether the destinies of the country will be safe in their hands.

At a moment like the present, when war has broken out between a great European Power and an Eastern State which seems powerful enough to contend with its adversary upon equal terms, who can say, if the struggle is prolonged, how soon England may be drawn into it? At such a moment the condition of our national defence becomes a question of primary importance: and what have we to expect from a party which is led by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman? On the 27th of November Mr Balfour made a speech on Army Reform, in which he showed that the steps taken by Mr Stanhope, when War Minister, to secure the efficiency of

the Army were revoked by Sir Henry Campbell - Bannerman the moment he came into office. The Conservatives returned, to restore the efficiency of the Army; and if they had not done so, we never could have weathered the South African war. Now, if Sir Henry Campbell - Bannerman came into office again, would he repeat his reductions of ten years ago? What did he say at Newport on the 30th of November?—"I stand by my ideal"; "I do not want to see a military England," with much more to the same effect. We may depend upon it that when the Radicals return to Downing Street they will be much too busy destroying the Empire and disestablishing Churches to give a thought to

such a trifle as the British Army. Lord Robertson, like Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, sees this danger very plainly. But he does not follow the example of that loyal statesman, who sees in the threatening state of foreign affairs an all-powerful reason for rallying round the present Government. When the appeal to the country is announced, be it sooner or later, let the people rouse themselves to see that there are interests at stake of far deeper import than even the temporary price of food,—interests which, if sacrificed to some immediate object, will inevitably be followed by a fatal day of reckoning, when we shall find how dearly we have to pay for our homage to a fiscal superstition.

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“THE FEAST OF KÉBŌBS”: A REMINISCENCE.

BY LADY CURRIE.

It was purely a domestic incident, if “incident” it can be called, in an unpretending private family, which took place in a modest villa in the Regent’s Park during the last expiring throes of the Crimean war; but it occurs to me, with some sadness, that as I am now absolutely the sole survivor of those who assisted at it,—although I was present merely as a childish interloper and not as an invited guest,—it might possibly be of interest if I gave a slight sketch of what I saw and heard upon the occasion, for the scene is just now as distinctly visible to me as though it had been enacted only last week.

It took place about a year before the death of my father.

He and my mother were then quite a young couple, as it seems to me now, or at any rate at an age when the soul is capable of its warmest and most generous enthusiasms, and when certain exaggerations and inconsistencies may be readily tolerated and forgiven. At the risk of seeming too autobiographical, I will briefly explain that, owing to a disagreement with my paternal grandfather (an old gentleman who, in spite of his marked kindness to myself, possessed, I have been led to believe, a good many of the characteristics of the “wicked baronet” of fiction), my father, who had lately become afflicted with blindness, had removed, in high dudgeon, from Beauport, our old Sussex

home, the property of his father, but a portion of which he had occupied until then, and had come to reside in London, partly on account of these unfortunate family differences, and partly with the object of consulting some of the best oculists of the day.

In order to mark his displeasure, my grandfather had unexpectedly withdrawn the allowance he had hitherto given his son, who, but for what he had inherited from his mother, might have found himself in some financial difficulties. As it was, even, the exercise of strict economy was necessary, and it seemed no easy matter at first to obtain a London house suitable to our requirements (one of which was a garden large enough for a blind man to stroll about in unattended) at a reasonable rent. My father required also spacious stable accommodation, for, like my friend Mr Wilfrid Blunt (with whom he possessed other points in common, being something of a political "wire-puller" and an Eastern traveller of wide experience), he had devoted a good deal of attention to the breeding of Arab horses, and although he had ceased to be able to ride, he could not be prevailed upon to part with them whilst there remained the glimmer of a hope that he might one day recover his sight.

At the time of which I am

writing, a narrow lane, or roadway, upon the opposite side of the street to Abbey Lodge (the imposing Gothic abode of Mr Ernest de Bunsen), discharged, like a tributary stream, its daily dribble of human atoms into the more important thoroughfare. Hanover Terrace was the name of it, as far as I can remember; and here, fallen from his high estate, there then dwelt, in a modest stucco residence, one who had been a mighty chieftain in his day, and whose pedigree is, even now, to those who are affected by such things, as the sounding of a mighty clarion,—to wit, Reginald Macdonald, Chief of Clanranald, direct lineal descendant of the Kings of the Isles,¹ recently married to his third wife; a tall, straight-backed, flat-footed lady, who, although seeming to be long past her first youth, was considerably his junior, and who was apparently of somewhat obscure origin, since all that her husband's friends could learn from him regarding her was, that she had been "Elizabeth, the daughter of a poor man." She was a good deal laughed at, I remember, by the Chieftain's former acquaintances, who generally alluded to her, sarcastically, as "the Lady of Clanranald," this being the inscription upon her visiting-card, for which, some said, there was no precedent in the

¹ Reginald George Macdonald, 25th Captain and Chief of Clanranald, at one time M.P. for Plympton. Previously to his third marriage he had married, 1st, Lady Caroline Edgecumbe, daughter of the second Earl of Mount-Edgecumbe, and 2ndly, the widow of Richard Dunning, Lord Ashburton. The Chief left issue only by his first wife. He died at an advanced age in 1873.

London world, whatever might have been the custom in "Ultima Thule," though, upon turning to the pages of my 'Ascanius; or, the Young Adventurer,' I am inclined to believe that she was in the right. Be this as it may, she seemed to be the very quintessence of middle-class respectability, and to make "Clannie" (as she was in the habit of calling her husband) an excellent wife; and it was owing to the kind exertions of the Chieftain, and to those of Mr Ernest de Bunsen, his near neighbour, both old friends, that what was looked upon as a suitable house was at last obtained for us.

No. 15 Park Road was our new address, and I can well remember how, in order to reconcile us children to our changed circumstances, we were told that we should be able, from our new home, to hear the roaring of the lions and tigers at the Zoological Gardens, and that we might even go there and look at them sometimes if we were very good. In spite of this attraction, however, I never ceased, for my own part, to regret my free life "under the greenwood tree"; and my father too, though he never complained, must have experienced a sense of imprisonment, as he paced sadly up and down the narrow garden paths, noisy with London traffic, and overlooked by all those who journeyed upon the tops of omnibuses—only of this he was in blissful ignorance, by reason of his affliction.

Mr Ernest de Bunsen, coming one day to pay him a visit,

and seeing how cramped and restricted was the space allotted to this "prisoned eagle," who had been wont, in happier days, to fly so far afield, very kindly proposed that we should make use of his own garden, during his temporary absence from town, Abbey Lodge being only a stone's-throw over the way; and he also made an arrangement whereby my father was enabled to stable two of his Arab steeds in the stalls that were to spare in his commodious and comfortable stables. A kinder neighbour, in fact, it would have been hardly possible to imagine. Profiting by this amiable permission, I used often to take my father, upon summer afternoons, to this garden over the way, when the rest of the family were otherwise occupied in town; piloting him across the intervening roadway, and then either walking with him or leaving him to his own devices, whilst I, too, dreamed my dreams and built my air-castles, always keeping him in sight lest he should happen to want me. It was a delightful change from the miserable sun-dried grass-plot opposite, and as I roamed about under the shady elms and blossoming lime-trees, and listened now and again to the distant roaring of the wild beasts at the "Zoo," I used to try to imagine that I was the denizen of some kind of "forest primeval," maybe the very garden of Eden itself, and that London, with its rattling cabs and omnibuses, had never come into existence at all! Nevertheless, its roar

and clatter *would* force themselves upon me from time to time, in spite of my best efforts, and one day, just as I was trying hard to play at my "primeval jungle" game, this seemed to increase and surge in my ears with an unusual persistence, whilst a great concourse of people, talking and gesticulating, began collecting together outside the iron railings which, then as now, separated Park Road from the private grounds of Abbey Lodge. My father, hearing the disturbance, called to me to ascertain what it meant, and we went together to the entrance-gate to find out. Here I saw that the whole roadway was in a state of ferment and excitement. I managed to "swarm" up the iron railings and thence into the branch of a tree, where, perched above the heads of the people, I could see in the distance, advancing from the direction of Gloucester Place, a stupendous structure, —unlike anything I had ever before beheld,—drawn by a great number of horses, and surmounted by the figure of a man in oriental costume. After telling my father what I had seen, we both took up our position at the gate and awaited impatiently the coming of this wonder upon wheels. By-and-by, lumbering along, and seeming to shake the solid earth to its very foundations by its weight, it approached nearer and nearer,—the poor horses straining every muscle to get it along,—to the accompaniment of a chorus of forcible adjurations and crackings of whips.

"It is as big as a house," I said to my father, "and there is a Turk sitting upon the top of it, in a white turban, smoking a pipe."

When my father heard this he became much excited, and rushed out, impulsively, into the midst of the crowd, without his hat, which he had left upon one of the benches in Mr de Bunsen's garden, calling out for a policeman who might be able to explain the meaning of these signs and wonders. Before his blindness he had been an oriental traveller of considerable experience, and, like several other Englishmen I could name, he seemed to be continually hearing "the East a-callin'" to him whenever he happened to be established in the West,—although Mr Rudyard Kipling was not there to diagnose the symptoms of unrest which this occasioned. Mr Rudyard Kipling, indeed, could then have been nothing more than a mere floating molecule, awaiting some manner of incarnation, if even he had as yet become detached from the "great sun-centre of life," which is very doubtful; but the East went on "a-callin'" to my father for all that, so I was not surprised that he should have displayed some emotion when he learnt that a real live turbaned Turk was just then within a few yards of him, although he was unable to see him with his own eyes.

But now a new wonder came to pass which much astonished my infant mind. The turbaned Turk seated thus upon the summit of this huge car

of Juggernaut—for such it seemed—seeing my father coming towards him, as he no doubt imagined, began dancing about and waving his arms as though in sign of joyful recognition, and making all kinds of extravagant demonstrations, at the imminent risk of his life, seeing that he was perched up at so great a height.

"He is jumping about for joy," I said, "and he seems as if he knew you, and was pleased to see you again."

Then a policeman appeared, and partly explained. And, moreover, it was our *own* policeman ("the policeman of our bosom," if I may use the expression), upon whose "beat" our house was situated, and who, many a time and oft, had helped me to pilot my father across Park Road when there was an excess of traffic, or a big funeral,—which used often to happen, for it was the year of the great cholera outbreak, when Lord Jocelyn and several of our friends were carried off, and when watching, and counting the funerals that went past our door, and which were then much more grimly elaborate than they are at present, was, *faute de mieux*, not the least interesting of my sad daily distractions!

Our own policeman, then (at that time no burly, martial figure, but one whose "Frank" hat and meek mutton-chop whiskers—almost clerical in appearance—suggested none of

the notions of truculent brute-force that are associated with the helmet and belted tunic of to-day), proceeded to explain to us that this gigantic edifice, now rumbling and crashing by, contained a strange creature whose final destination was the Zoological Gardens. Its occupant was, in a word, the very first hippopotamus that had ever visited our shores¹ (*Hippopotamus amphibius* of the natural history books; the "great river-horse" of the ancients), and what I had taken for a Turk, because turbaned, was its personal attendant, or *valet de chambre*, "an Egyptian" (the policeman had heard), "or some other kind of a 'Harab.'"

By this time the great car had rolled by and turned into the Regent's Park by the gate which adjoins Abbey Lodge. The policeman's explanation, interesting though it was, threw no light upon the extraordinary behaviour of the Egyptian "Harab," which remained a mystery. It was decided, therefore, that we should go to the Zoological Gardens upon the afternoon of the morrow, in order to find out if possible what it might portend, and thither in due course we proceeded.

The great river-horse, we were informed, being somewhat fatigued with his journey, had been rather late in rising; but now, like *le roi soleil*, he was holding a reg-

¹ Since the above was written, I have learnt that the "first hippopotamus" was presented by Sir Charles Murray in 1850. This was, therefore, the one that was presented in 1854 by the Viceroy of Egypt.

ular levée whilst engaged in his toilet, which, unlike that of the august monarch referred to, was no mere finicking affair of finger-tips and rose-water in a gilded washing-basin ("a basin of vermilion-gilt," as one old translator describes it). The mighty pachyderm, after his long journey, was indulging in a *bain complet*, like any other reasonable creature, in which he was snorting and floundering to his heart's content, and splashing the muddy water of his tank into the faces of the admiring crowd.

As I could see nothing of him but what looked rather like the top of a billiard-table, rising and sinking in the midst of agitated slush, and as my father could not see even this much, we beat a hasty retreat, wellnigh wetted to the skin, and inquired of a keeper where the animal's personal attendant might be, whom we had expected to have found in waiting? We were told that, like his master, he was somewhat fatigued with his journey; furthermore, that he had a very bad cold, and that he was lodged in a hay-loft over the giraffe-house. Thither we immediately proceeded. I had some difficulty in getting my blind father up the high ladder which led to the loft; the great crane-necked, mild-eyed creatures (said to be perfectly harmless by their keeper) nibbling gently at our heels during the ascent. (I can recall the curious sensation of their velvet-soft noses sniffing at my bare ten-year-old legs, even at this

distance of time!) Finally we succeeded in reaching the top of the ladder, and after scrambling upon all-fours through a square hole in the ceiling, found ourselves in the hay-loft, where my father, a tall man, was unable to stand upright. The place was so dark that at first I could see nothing; but by-and-by I espied amongst the trusses in a far corner a young and yellow Egyptian, groaning upon a mattress, his face bound up in a spotted bandana—for, besides a bad cold, the poor fellow was suffering, it transpired, from a severe toothache. Upon beholding my father, however, all that was visible of his countenance became suddenly illuminated. Springing from his bed, he ran towards him and prostrated himself at his feet with many salaams and guttural ejaculations; when, lo and behold! whom should he turn out to be but Abdallah, a Berberine donkey-boy, who had acted as my father's attendant and factotum during his last visit to Upper Egypt, and who had devotedly ministered to him when he was suffering from the sunstroke which was said by the oculists to have permanently injured the optic nerve.

The pleasure occasioned by this unexpected meeting seemed to be mutual, and the two conversed together for some time as though oblivious of my existence, in what I presume was Abdallah's native language. How it was that he had been chosen to chaperon the "great river-horse" to this country I was never informed. Possibly

he may have been in the service of the person who procured it for the Zoological Society; but, be this as it may, the fact that he should have chanced upon his former master during his very first progress through the London streets was certainly a curious coincidence.

From that time forth we paid several visits to the interesting Egyptian, and I became quite an adept at scaling the ladder in the giraffe-house and scrambling up into the trap-door at the top. I used to leave my father down below, however, and Abdallah, if not well enough to go down, used to shout out his thanks hoarsely and gutturally from above, for we always brought him some offering in the form of fruit, sweetmeats, or tobacco, which we hoped might appeal to his oriental appetite. There was a peculiar stuffiness about this hay-loft, I remember, which had been thus, in summer weather, turned into a human habitation,—a sickly odour of hay, wild man, and the exhalations of giraffes,—so that I was not sorry when Abdallah was able to come down and walk about with us in the gardens. All this, however, is merely preliminary,—an introduction, and nothing more. "The Feast of Kébōbs" itself came about in this wise.

The late Mr Danby Seymour,¹ an old friend, whilst paying a visit to my parents, fell in one

afternoon with the late Mr David Urquhart,² who was in his day a person of some celebrity, and at whose feet my father was sitting—politically—at about this time. (As this is no *chronique scandaleuse*, there seems no just cause for a suppression of real names, and I am giving them, therefore, in full. Alas that "the late"—unenviable though highly respectable prefix—should have come to be appropriate to so many of them!)

Now, Mr Danby Seymour and Mr David Urquhart, although they were both members of the House of Commons, had never, as it happened, become personally acquainted, and their opinions upon many subjects were diametrically opposed. "The Bey" (as Mr Urquhart was called by his intimates, on account of his philo-Turkish sentiments) was well known to be extremely argumentative and pugnacious, and intolerant to a degree of the views of all those who ventured to differ from him. My parents, therefore, were somewhat put out at the meeting, fearing that it might lead to a heated discussion not unaccompanied by the violent language in which the Bey was frequently wont to indulge. A heated discussion *did*, indeed, take place, with high words and shakings of the fist upon Mr Urquhart's part, but it had nothing whatever to do with politics.

¹ Henry Danby Seymour, of Manor House, Trent, M.P. for Poole, 1850-68, Joint-Secretary to the Board of Control from 1855 to 1858, died 1877.

² David Urquhart of Braelangwell, Ross-shire, sometime Secretary of Embassy to "The Great Elchi" at Constantinople, M.P. for Stafford, died 1877. He was the means of introducing the Turkish bath into England.

The two visitors, having plunged into Eastern reminiscences, quarrelled as to the precise manner in which a Turkish delicacy called a *kébōb* ought to be prepared; Mr Danby Seymour asserting that *rice* was absolutely essential to its composition (and thereby proving, to all initiated persons, that he was hopelessly muddling it up with the *pillauf*), whilst Mr Urquhart declared that although rice might be served with the *kébōbs* as an *accessory*, it was by no means an indispensable ingredient.

The battle raged furiously for full half an hour, it appears, upon this seemingly unimportant subject. Greater men, as I have found out since, have often fallen out for less! And then it was that "The Feast of Kébōbs" was first conceived and projected.

"There is a young Berberine now in London," said my father, interrupting the combatants, "who lived once in my service, and whom I know to be a most excellent cook. He will soon solve this question for us." And the very next day we paid a long visit to Abdallah, who was still living in the hay-loft over the giraffes. At first it was meant to be quite, *quite* a small affair—only the two disputants, my father and mother, and a couple of young lady relatives who happened to be staying with us at this time. Everybody who has had anything to do with the organising of a dinner-

party, however, must be aware of its protean habit of changing form and consistency, so that the first conception of it bears often scarcely any resemblance to what it may become in the fulness of time; and thus it was with "The Feast of Kébōbs."

It was remembered that Mr Urquhart had lately married a wife,¹ who had just deposited cards at 15 Park Road, and that to exclude her from the proposed dinner-party would be a gratuitous act of discourtesy, particularly as she "out-Urquharted Urquhart" in her sympathy with the Turk and her abhorrence of the machinations of Russia, encouraged by the baneful policy of Lord Palmerston.² This would make one woman over, to be sure, but that could be easily remedied, and it was now decided that unless one could chance upon another lady holding precisely the same views as the Bey and his wife, and who was, besides, interested in the cooking of *kébōbs* and the introduction of the Turkish bath (which, short of a miracle, it seemed hopeless to expect), or else merely some amiable nonentity in female form, whose views would not clash with those of the principal guests, it would be better, for the sake of peace and quietness, that all the remainder of the company should be of the sterner sex. At this juncture one of the Bey's disciples, a certain Prince Frederick of

¹ Harriett, sister of the first Lord Clermont and of the first Lord Carlingford.

² Mr Urquhart believed, for some mysterious reason, that Lord Palmerston was in the pay of Russia.

Schleswig-Holstein,¹ who later on assumed the subordinate title of "Comte de Noër" upon making a morganatic marriage with a learned young lady who acted as his librarian, happened to propose to dine with Mr and Mrs Urquhart upon the very evening that was destined for the feast. As he was an intimate friend of all parties, what easier than to transfer him to the dinner-party in Park Road? No sooner said than done. And now the sexes were equal—four men and four women; just a nice little party.

Then in toddled the little old Highland Chieftain and his straight-backed dame, who, Martha-like, occupied, as she always was, with household troubles, proceeded to describe some domestic tragedy connected with cook "run amok," or kitchen-boiler bursted, and to bemoan and lament in consequence. *How* difficult, in these circumstances, to leave out such a very, *very* old friend as "Clannie," and might not "the Lady of Clanranald" prove to be just the very "amiable nonentity" that it had been despaired of finding, and that all the while was blossoming under our very noses, as so often happens? . . . Ten persons, then, all told, and the sexes equal, and it was agreed that this was to be the extreme limit.

Nevertheless, the number of guests went on growing apace. Everybody who heard of "The

Feast of Kébōbs" seemed to wish to assist at it, until at last so numerous and so distinguished was the company expected that it was feared our then modest establishment might scarcely be able to cope with such an extra strain upon its resources.

My mother, who had never been a very ardent supporter of the project, which had originated entirely with my father, now actually proposed that Abdallah and the *kébōbs* should be altogether eliminated, and that the proposed banquet should aim at becoming merely a friendly political dinner-party, dependent for its gastronomic success upon the efforts of the family *chef*. This, she said, might prevent all kinds of untoward complications. How embarrassing it would be, for instance, if the hippopotamus were to be suddenly taken ill, just as we were so absolutely dependent upon Abdallah, and it was rumoured that it had been anything but flourishing of late. But my father would hear of no change in the intended programme; whilst Mr Urquhart, learning how far the affair had outgrown its original dimensions, kindly proposed that Roskalla, his own Albanian body-servant (a magnificent-looking creature with his girdle stuck full of pistols and yataghans), should assist our limited *personnel* by waiting at table in full national costume.

¹ Only son (by first marriage) of the Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, who married secondly (1864) the lady who is now Countess Waldersee. He died 1880, when the male branch of the family became extinct.

After this the projected entertainment took all sorts of novel and fantastic developments. The ladies, it was proposed, should all appear, if possible, in Eastern or fancy dress, which entirely reconciled my mother to the idea,—for, besides having during her travels accumulated a large assortment of outlandish garments, chiefly of oriental fashion, here was an opportunity for letting down her beautiful dark hair, which reached nearly to the ground, and for interweaving it with pearls and sequins. Mrs Urquhart, too, although possessing by no means the ox-eyed, moon-faced beauty of an odalisque, but rather a high-bred, "truly British" type, with neat conical head and accentuated profile, was nevertheless gratified at the notion of appearing in the picturesque *fustan* of a Turkish lady, which had been recently presented to her by the Bey.

Now it appears that just about this time a new preparation of *hasheesh* had been introduced into England by a certain Dr Learèd, one of Mr Urquhart's faithful adherents, of whom I can remember nothing except that he was fat and round, although I feel sure that he must have been distinguished in other ways. One evening, in that same week, a party was to have assembled at the Bey's house to test the quality and effects of the condiment. Why should not this party be transferred bodily to Park Road? and why should not the *hasheesh* experiments follow immediately upon the

heels of "The Feast of Kébōbs"? With the ladies all tricked out in oriental costume, Roskalla waiting at table, Abdallah busied in the kitchen, and an orgie of Indian hemp "to follow," those of the company who were in the habit of hearing "the East a-callin'" might, with only a slight effort of the imagination, believe themselves to be once more under the glamour of its enchantment. The cook and kitchen-maid, it appears, were in the first instance formidable obstacles to the project. They would have no "nasty foreigners messing about" in their kitchen, they declared. If Abdallah came to cook for us upon this occasion, he might cook on, for all they cared, "till the day of judgment," and so forth. How bring these ignorant people to see reason? Finally it was explained that the Egyptian, touched by the delicious fruits, cakes, and jellies that our cook had sent him during his illness, had desired to show his gratitude by imparting to her the secret of one of the most *récherché* of Eastern dishes, and that it would be well not to thwart him in his amiable intention. This had the effect of pacifying them.

Now, it was the fashion when I was a child—unless my own people were exceptions to the general rule—for parents to be at some pains to discover the likes and dislikes of their offspring in the matter of food, and then to ply them systematically with such dishes as were the most distasteful to them, assuring them the while

that this was for their eventual good. Our own cook may have been a *cordon-bleu* for all I know to the contrary. Underdone boiled mutton, however, and tapioca-pudding (my two especial aversions) were about the only evidences of her skill with which I was personally familiar; but I fancy, by the company we "kept," that she must have been something more than a mere preparer of human food, and as it was thought that it would be unwise to depend entirely upon the *kébōbs* (which, after all, *might* turn out a failure), it was a relief to the family when she was finally conciliated.

I need not say that I was not made acquainted with most of these details until several years after the event, although from the very first dawning of the auspicious day it must almost have been evident to the traditional "babe unborn" (that unconscious staple commodity of British literature) that something quite out of the common was about to take place.

During the morning and afternoon the whole atmosphere seemed charged with mysterious portent, whilst preparations, the object of which was not confided to me, appeared to be all working together towards some "promised good." New lampshades, looking like smart fashionable hats, decorated the globes of the moderator-lamps, and fresh flowers ornamented the drawing-room vases, whilst Persian carpets were spread about here and there, in order to conceal

the shortcomings common to the carpets of a hired house. Towards evening, as I was passing my mother's room on my way up to the nursery, I perceived, laid out upon the bed, through the half-open door, a gold-laced crimson velvet jacket, a tasselled cap, or *kalpāk*, full yellow satin trousers, and a pink striped shirt of transparent *moigir*. Fairy slippers, embroidered in pearls, tufted, and turned up at the toes, were set out upon a chair hard by, whilst the dressing-table seemed to be positively groaning under its burden of gold and silver bangles, anklets, belts, amber *thisbeks*, Roman pearls, and threaded sequins. Upstairs I went, marvelling greatly, and there learnt that if I was good I might, later on, see my mamma and our two young relatives arrayed in fancy costume. Time wore on, however, and although I was dressed and washed up, according to custom, in order to be ready to go in to dessert, no summons came to me. In the midst of all this bustle of preparation it was but too evident that I had been forgotten.

I was feeling injured, though resigned, when I bethought me of my favourite cat, whose dinner, at about this hour, used always to be sent up to me from the kitchen. I went downstairs, hoping to find it upon a lower landing; but there was no sign of it, so, thinking I might be saving the servants trouble upon what was evidently a "dinner-party night," I went half-way down the backstairs and called out

for it. What I there saw and heard induced me to venture still farther, until I stood upon the very threshold of the kitchen itself, and thus it was that, besides seeing the assembled company upstairs all in due time, I came to be actually present at the very cooking of the *kébōbs*.

Quite a small crowd had assembled. No wonder that I and my poor cat had been forgotten. The maids stood, round-eyed and giggling for the most part, and clinging to one another as though in terror, whilst the extra hands had in to assist, although preserving a more dignified exterior, had all of them their gaze riveted upon one central figure. This was none other than Abdallah, his head swathed in the spotted red-and-yellow bandana, for he was still suffering from the remains of a heavy cold and its unpleasant accompaniments. As he shuffled up and down between the table and the fireplace, seeking for the utensils that were necessary to him, he coughed and snuffled continually, grunting and clearing his throat in an ominous manner. Poor man! He could ask for nothing that he required, and nobody lifted a finger to help him. I saw his predicament, and pitied him.

After hacking away at a leg of mutton with his pocket-knife, and chopping it up into rough knobs of about the size of a large walnut, he made signs that he could go no farther without something else that he was unable to ask for. Holding up his hands, and spreading out

his dumpy fingers, he made a feint of chopping these all off, one after the other, with his knife, and then looked, first at the *kébōbs*, and then round about him imploringly. The ignorant maid-servants only giggled anew; but I fancied that he required some little pieces of stick, and darted off to the garden to fetch them. At the top of the kitchen-stairs I encountered Roskalla,—a splendid apparition, armed to the teeth, glittering in gold and crimson underneath the gas-jet. He raised my clean pinafore to his lips, and then, abasing himself, kissed my hand and pressed it against his forehead. Many children would have been terrified, but Roskalla was an old friend, and I liked and admired him, and was proud to accept his homage. I knew, too, that, in spite of his ferocious aspect, he was in reality a gentle and submissive creature, or that such he had always seemed until then; for once, when Mr Urquhart was staying at Beauport, with Roskalla in attendance, he had perceived, with half an eye as it were, whilst lying dozing in the morning, that in order to ascertain the temperature of his bath, the Albanian had actually dared to put his hand into the water, thereby contaminating it eternally, according to oriental notions. Up jumped the Bey from his bed, indignant at the outrage, and, seizing the offender by the sash, commenced belabouring him about the legs and shoulders with an implement of torture called a *kourbash*—a whip fashioned out of rhinoceros-hide, and capable, as

I have good reason for knowing, of inflicting a considerable amount of pain. Poor Roskalla never attempted to retaliate, although he could easily have felled his master with a blow, but ran off and took sanctuary in our nursery, whimpering and blubbering like a baby, which is how I came to know of the occurrence. But this is a digression.

Abdallah had employed the time of my absence in chopping up onions, as I immediately perceived when I returned with the sticks. He was now moping his brow and eyes with the spotted handkerchief which he had removed from his face, though this did not prevent him, as I afterwards informed my parents, from "crying all over the *kébōbs*." What I saw convinced me, child though I was, that it is unwise to look on whilst the delicious dishes of which one may eventually have to partake are being prepared (for the *kébōbs* were afterwards pronounced "delicious" by the company assembled above stairs). Who knows whether *real* cooks, as well as poor Abdallah, may not "cry" over their creations whilst they are flavouring them with onions? If one is not going to eat of them afterwards, it is a different matter, and this was my case, in the present instance; but it was the first and last time that I ever wished to assist at anything of the same kind.

As soon as Abdallah had finished with the onions, he began chopping away at the sticks, and having made them

of the requisite length, he straightway transfixed a *kébōb* upon each one of them, after the manner of the hearts and darts that are often depicted upon valentines. He then put the chopped onions into a pan to fry with oil, whilst the *kébōbs* with their skewers were set to simmer in a saucepan. From time to time he took off the lid and held a lighted tallow-candle over it to see how all was going on within, forgetting, I suppose, that the heat of the fire would melt the tallow and cause a good deal of it to mingle with the contents. Then he fished out the *kébōbs*, and after shaking them in our faces, put as many of them as he could upon two gridirons, and kept on turning them, holding them by their skewers, until they were browned upon every side, after which they were placed upon a "lordly dish" mixed with the fried onions, and whisked off to the upper regions. Here is the recipe of a popular oriental delicacy all for nothing! I daresay, however, that it would be quite as good without either the tears or the tallow.

Later on, seeing that I had a standing invitation to dessert which had not been cancelled, I crept to the door of the dining-room, and stood there transfixed with wonder at what I beheld. There sat the assembled guests, unconscious of my humble presence, their voices rising and sinking, as it seemed to me, like the surging billows of the ocean. Two candelabra, twinkling with

gleaming lights, had been placed upon the table instead of the lamp that usually did duty there. The sideboard was resplendent with shining silver, and bowls of roses stood upon either side of the branching candles. My mother, beautiful as a *houri* (or so she seemed to my youthful gaze), was facing me at the farther end of the table, wearing the crimson velvet jacket, *moigir* shirt, and gold-embroidered *kalpāk* that I had seen displayed upstairs upon her bed. Her dark hair, reaching to the ground as she sat, and trailing beyond, was perpetually catching in Roskalla's sleeve-buttons and in the warlike accoutrements of his waistbelt, or being trampled underfoot by the hired waiter, when a little cloud would ruffle her fair brow, though only for an instant. Upon one side of her was seated the Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein before alluded to, afterwards the eminent Sanscrit scholar and collector of ancient Indian manuscripts, then quite a young man, fair, slender, and delicate-looking, bearing a marked resemblance to the present King of Greece when younger, to whom, I believe, he was related. From time to time, with a shrieking laugh which sounded almost hysterical, he bounded up and down in his chair, and slapped the table with his hands, by which one knew that the Bey, who sat upon his other side, had made some more than usually witty sally. On the left hand of the hostess was seated the

Duke of Newcastle,—grandfather of the present Duke,—the then somewhat severely criticised Minister of War; red-whiskered, having not yet, as later, adopted the full beard; beady-eyed, showing a great deal of shirt-front, and wearing somewhat the fixed expression of a ship's figurehead,—a dignified but rather pompous personality. He had conducted to the dinner-table "the Lady of Clanranald"; but my parents, thinking, perhaps, that the amiable prattle of "Elizabeth, the daughter of a poor man," was not likely to prove particularly interesting to a Cabinet Minister, had begged him to place her upon the left hand of the host, who, after some discussion, had been prevailed upon to give Mrs Urquhart precedence of the wife of the great Highland Chieftain, seeing that, besides being a bride and the sister of an Irish peer, her husband was regarded upon this occasion as the guest of the evening. The Duke thus found himself next to his old friend Mr Danby Seymour, whose assertion with regard to the *kébōbs* had been already refuted, and who, with his purring, insinuating manners and shrewd little *rétroussé* nose, sat very low down in his chair, and whispered "soft nothings" into the ears of one of my young-lady relatives,—a very handsome girl of eighteen, who sat upon his left, arrayed, like the hostess, in full oriental costume. The Bey himself, as far as I could judge, was dressed very much like anybody else in similar circumstances, except

that he was wearing the fez, and that he had removed his boots, substituting for them a pair of lemon-coloured slippers, such as he usually wore in the house, and which it was his habit to kick off and catch again upon the tips of his bare feet (it being against his principles at this time to wear stockings) during the heat of argument. Now and again, in the midst of his brilliant converse, he would beckon to Roskalla, who thereupon would offer him a brazen basin, over which he held his hands whilst water was poured over them—according to time-honoured Eastern usage—from a vessel designated an *ibriq*, and which looked like a coffee-pot with an elongated spout.

It would have been presumptuous in me at that early age to have hazarded an opinion as to the qualities or defects of this ardent and impassioned spirit, some of whose opinions were then shared by a not altogether unimportant minority. However observant a little girl of ten years old may be with regard to the shape of a nose or the "set" of a shirt-front, she can hardly be expected to be a competent judge of character. Years afterwards, however, I renewed my acquaintance with him, meeting him again, for the first time, at the house of Frances, Lady Waldegrave (his sister-in-law by marriage), in Carlton House Terrace, when I could detect no change in him since the evening I am endeavouring to describe, except that he had discarded for the nonce both

his fez and his lemon-coloured slippers. His virile energy, boyish enthusiasm, and indomitable courage had kept him young, although he must have been then quite an old man. Later on I saw a good deal of him, and we have often laughed together over "The Feast of Kébōbs"; but then he retired with his family to a Swiss mountain-top, inaccessible to me in those days, and I lost sight of him altogether.

To outward appearance he was a small fair man, with rudimentary features, pale blinking eyes, and light eyelashes, and with hair so smoothly plastered down upon his head that it produced the effect of a chestnut wig. His easy, loosely cut garments,—whenever he condescended to wear garments at all (in his own house he usually went about wrapped in a kind of toga, which he discarded at will),—and his habit of walking barefoot, or only with slippered feet, made him appear shorter than he really was, and fostered a cautious plantigrade manner of progression, which ended by becoming habitual. His voice was clear and incisive, cajoling and insinuating upon occasion, whilst in moments of excitement his whole frame quivered, his countenance became, as it were, inspired, and his pale blinking eyes seemed to flash forth unquenchable fires. However unreasonable or incomprehensible some of his opinions may have appeared to those who differed from him, and in spite of many fads and extravagances in his

mode of living, he was by no means a *poseur* in the ordinary sense of the term. His conversation, though often heated and exaggerated, and accompanied by violent gesture, might always have served as a real lesson in declamation, for, as those few will know who have ever chanced to dip into 'The Pillars of Hercules,' he was a thorough master of English literary style. With all this he possessed a delightful sense of humour and play of fancy, combined with that power of inspiring conviction which is so rare a gift, and which made of him—with certain limitations—a "leader of men." Very few of those who scoffed at his opinions had ever come under the magnetic influence of the man himself, for, after an unusually congenial marriage, he preferred the joys of domesticity to the excitement of the political arena, although he continued to the end of his life to work for the furtherance of his own peculiar views. A fair number of his political prophecies have come to pass since his death: the Turkish bath, which he was the means of introducing into England, may now be counted amongst our national institutions; whilst the craze for bringing up children to go about barefoot and half-clad, which he advocated (a system upon which I was myself brought up, so that I know all the miseries of treading upon newly mown bracken and broken bottles, and even of being caught in an iron "clam" or rat-trap), is now being adopted by persons who are no

longer regarded as lunatic or homicidal. Unlike most prophets and reformers, too, he gained no single advantage by his eccentricity. It was, indeed, altogether "the other way." Inheriting an ancient name and a comfortable fortune, he had considerably diminished the latter in the furtherance of his views, although, being a man of simple habits, his losses affected him but little. An amusing story used to be told, some years after the period of which I am writing, illustrative of the philosophic calm with which the Bey, at times so violent and denunciatory, could bear upon occasion "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Some scheme or speculation in which he was interested unexpectedly collapsed, by which he became a loser to the amount of several thousands, and an emissary connected with the project was sent down to Worthing, where he was then living with his family, to apprise him of the catastrophe. This emissary (who I have been told was the late Captain Percy Smythe), in spite of his having been one of the noble "six hundred" who took part in the "Charge of the Light Brigade," felt his courage fail him when he arrived, as the bearer of evil tidings, at the Bey's modest residence upon the Marine Parade, for he was not personally acquainted with him, and had heard terrible tales of the violence of his anger when provoked or annoyed. When the visitor was announced, Mr and Mrs Urquhart, the story

goes on to relate, were seated in an arbour, at the back of their house, in the act of taking an "air bath," in the simple array of our first parents; but after wrapping up his wife in the supplement of 'The Times,' Mr Urquhart admitted the messenger, who thereupon, in fear and trembling, delivered his unpleasant news. "Pray sit down and take some of our excellent strawberries," was all that the Bey made answer, imperturbed alike by nakedness or reverse of fortune; "they happen to be particularly good this year." And from that day forth Captain Percy Smythe was numbered amongst Mr Urquhart's most ardent admirers.

Some of these details—those, for instance, which refer to 'The Times' supplement—are obvious inventions, though I can well believe that Mr and Mrs Urquhart, when surprised in their back-garden, were but lightly clad; the story, however, is very characteristic of the man, who, in addition to his other qualities, was a devoted husband and father. That he should have insisted upon subjecting two of his children to the Turkish bath soon after their respective births, and that the coroner should have felt it his duty to "sit" upon one of them, was merely a result of his exaggerated admiration of Eastern manners and customs. He was simply following the habit prevalent in Turkey, where infants forty days after birth are subjected to a like treatment, with the object, I presume, of ensuring

only "the survival of the fittest." Over and above everything, David Urquhart was a man of honour and a gentleman from the crown of his head to the tips of his singularly spatulate fingers and toes. (It is not everybody that affords one so good a chance of judging of character by their extremities.)

The Chief of Clanranald, also a small man and a great gentleman, must have been nearly seventy at the time of which I write. He was almost the last surviving specimen of the "old beau" that I can remember, and bore traces of having been exceedingly good-looking, although his beauty must have been of a somewhat effeminate type. He had small finely cut features, a wonderful complexion, which it was even said that he did not disdain to enhance by art, and was a great dandy in respect to his dress and appearance. His "phantasm" arises before me—when ever I evoke it—dressed in a dark-blue frock-coat, a buff nankeen waistcoat, polished boots, and fluffy white beaver hat, holding in its neatly gloved right hand a cane with a massive gold top. Thus arrayed, I have many a time chanced upon the fallen chieftain, toddling along the "allée des bébés" in Kensington Gardens by the side of his somewhat formidable-looking lady, who had the appearance of being a good deal taller than himself, and of having "swallowed the poker" into the bargain. His conversation, as far as I can remember it, consisted of a series of courtly platitudes, delivered

in a voice that seemed fast becoming as extinct as his former grandeur. He presented a marked contrast in every respect to his only son, the genial and somewhat rollicking “Rim” Macdonald,¹ who still lives in the memory of his many friends; nor did he bear any outward resemblance to those of his daughters, with whom I became acquainted in subsequent years.

Upon the present occasion, learning the turn that affairs had taken with regard to costume, he had volunteered in the kindest manner possible to appear at the board arrayed in the garb of the Gael, to which no man living could have had a better right. It would appear, however, that at the last moment his courage failed him, and that the fear of being considered unconventional prevented him from carrying out his intention. Either this, or else that his amiable lady, impelled by some sense of family tradition, or what not, had appropriated, and annexed to her own costume, most of the picturesque accessories that go to make up the full equipment of a Highland chieftain. Her back was towards me as I stood, awestricken, in the doorway, but surmounting her long neck and lean shoulders (across which she wore a tartan scarf of many colours over a low white muslin dress) I could see the three eagles’ plumes, the distinctive mark of her husband’s position as Chief and

Captain of his clan, standing proudly erect from the blue velvet “bonnet” which crowned her somewhat sparse tresses, and which was fastened in its place by a large and costly brooch of Scotch agate and cairngorm. In the front part of her dress a bunch of purple heather lent a new note of colour to her costume, whilst, lower down, the “sporrán,” with its dangling appendages, was worn after the fashion of an apron, and I have no doubt but that a “skene-dhu” would have been found in her stocking to make all complete, if anybody had taken the trouble to seek for it. Mrs Urquhart, likewise slim and *élancée* in figure, had also her back towards me; but I caught sight of her profile now and then, and saw it nodding, with little bird-like, pecking movements, in the direction of her husband, as she marked her approval of some sentiment expressed by him at the other end of the table. “I don’t see the bearing of that!” I heard her remark very scornfully, as she looked severely at some one who had ventured to remind him that there was generally a reverse side to every medal. Never was wife more loyally devoted to her husband or to his opinions, which in itself spoke volumes in the Bey’s favour. Like most of the other ladies, she was wearing Eastern dress, — embroidered velvet jacket, *moigir* shirt, and gold and crimson *kalpāk*, beneath which her brown hair

¹ Admiral Sir Reginald John Macdonald, R.N., K.C.B., twenty-sixth Chief of Clanranald, died 1899.

was arranged in a neat coil, instead of being allowed to float loose at will. Upon her left hand was seated Mr (afterwards "Sir" Victor) Houlton,¹ whose fine presence and sonorous voice were with us until only the other day; then private secretary to the Colonial Secretary, Sir William Molesworth (who, it may be interesting now to note, was ever opposed to Lord Palmerston upon matters relating to territorial expansion in South Africa), the handsome scion of a handsome family, although he was even then completely bald. I can remember, however, that he was the possessor of a pair of magnificent jet-black whiskers, fearfully and wonderfully curled by some contrivance that must have gone out of fashion to-day, as I know of only one individual who now wears the like of them.

Between the two ladies above mentioned sat my father, a romantic and attractive personality, whose children, grown grey in the worldly wisdom to which he did not live to attain, when turning with tender and almost parental indulgence to his memory, can find nothing more serious to lay to his charge than an occasional error of judgment, or some such concession to passionate impulse as the ancient Egyptians prayed might be forgiven them by

"Osiris the changeless, and those other
Divinest Rulers of the plaited beard,"

making pretty sure the while that their prayer would be granted them. In spite of his blindness he appeared to be all animation, though I could only see the back of his curly head and just the tip of his chestnut beard from where I was standing. There were other guests besides those I have named (eighteen in all, I have heard tell), but not all of them were known to me, and just as I was trying to make out who they could be, I became somehow entangled in Roskalla's buttons and danglements as he was dashing impetuously out of the room, and so was discovered, and offered a place beside my mother, and some dessert,—not the mummified almonds and raisins for which I was prepared, but a delicious apricot, which the future eminent Sanscrit scholar cut up and peeled for me with a silver knife upon one of the best dessert-plates. After this I was "kissed all round" and sent off to bed; but as it was before my usual hour, I merely repaired to what we called "the little schoolroom" and awaited events. Hither came by-and-by, after much ringing of bells and banging of doors, the learned Dr Learèd, a little fat man, followed by Abdallah and Roskalla bearing the *hasheesh* and its accessories upon tea-trays. It was of the kind that is *eaten*, and not *smoked*, I believe, and looked, as I thought at the time, very much like greengage jam,

¹ Sir Victor Houlton of Farleigh Castle, Bath, private secretary to Sir William Molesworth in 1855; Chief Secretary to Government at Malta, and Vice-President of the Council, 1855-83.

though I have since seen the wheels of a locomotive being greased with something which looked more like it still. As it was not deemed expedient to partake of it immediately after having dined, a short interval was allowed, during which an Arabian horse called "Camar-alzaman" (or "Cammy" for short) performed several clever tricks upon the miniature lawn in front of the windows, the company looking on meanwhile from seats in the verandah—for dinners were over in those days a good deal earlier than they are now, and it was still light enough to see and admire the performer. Then I was marched off to bed, and knew nothing of what happened till some time afterwards. The *hasheesh*-party was not quite such an unmixed success, it seems, as "The Feast of Kébōbs." In the first place, nearly all the ladies, disgusted by the rank hempen smell of the condiment, declined at the last moment to partake of it at any price. "The Lady of Clanranald" alone adventured, anxious, as it would seem, for some new experience, and egged on by the Bey, who ended by nearly forcing the *hasheesh* down her throat, spoon and all. Whether, in his anxiety that she should taste it, he had inadvertently administered too large a dose, or whether (as was suspected) it was rather too soon after dinner prudently to partake of it at all, it is impossible to say, but the effect was almost immediately disastrous. She was compelled hurriedly to leave the room,

and passed the rest of the evening in seclusion, feeling, as she afterwards expressed it, exactly as if she was "upon the deck of a vessel." This *contretemps* was not encouraging to the rest of the company, the male guests for the most part being afraid lest some such experience should overtake them under the bright eyes of the "total abstainers," and this for a while caused the proceedings to hang fire. Then Dr Learèd himself and Mr Urquhart (both old hands), and finally Mr Danby Seymour and my father, partook of the drug, the two last feeling nothing in particular in the way of result. Dr Learèd and Mr Urquhart, however, apparently went through some very interesting experiences—unless, as I have sometimes fancied since, they were merely "pulling the legs" of the assembled company.

It would seem that the Bey was, almost at once, transported in fancy to some sort of Mahomet's Paradise, where all was ordered so precisely in accordance with his own views that he could not help giving expression to the delight and satisfaction this afforded him. He sang, danced, recited poetry, described eloquently all he beheld, and ended by laughing immoderately, as though for very joy of heart at having at last discovered a society that was perfectly organised. Dr Learèd, on the contrary, was altogether as solemn as Mr Urquhart was hilarious. Seating himself upon a divan, with his feet gathered up under him in Eastern fashion, he refused

to join in the conversation, declaring that he was "the Buddha," and that he was too pure to bandy words with common folk. His ridiculous appearance only made Mr Urquhart laugh the more, and the "total abstainers" were also immensely amused at the doctor's absurd pretensions. When, however, he began to divest himself of his garments, declaring that he was too pure even to wear clothes, all of these rushed in a body from the room, and repaired to where "the Lady of Clanranald," now convalescent, was reposing upon a sofa with ruffled plumes, and with her "sporrán" worked round to the position usually occupied by what dressmakers call the "*basque*."

Then in due course everybody departed except Mr and Mrs Urquhart, who remained until the last, and now an awkward and unexpected dilemma arose. It seems that when Abdallah had quitted the Zoological Gardens in order so kindly to come and cook the *kébōbs*, he had given no intimation as to when he intended to return, expecting that he would be invited to pass the night in Park Road. Our house, however, was small even for the requirements of the family. Every bed from attic to basement was already occupied, and nobody seemed to be desirous that the Egyptian, with his heavy cold, should share his sleeping apartment. At so late an hour it would be impossible to obtain a lodging elsewhere. What in the world was to be done?

Mr Urquhart, now "clothed and in his right mind," proposed a way out of the difficulty. Abdallah was young, absolutely ignorant of European manners and customs, and unable to speak a word of English. It would never do to turn him adrift upon the London streets at such an hour to find his way back to the Zoological Gardens alone. Roskalla, however, his own servant, had lived in England, [off and on, for a good many years. He knew something of London, and being an older man and perfectly trustworthy, was not likely to get into mischief, and was quite capable of looking after Abdallah and of seeing that he came to no harm. It was settled, therefore, that the two should proceed together to the Zoological Gardens in a four-wheeled cab with confidential cabman, and endeavour if possible to effect an entrance, after which, if their efforts proved successful, Roskalla was to return to his master's residence in the far west.

It was a great relief to get rid of Abdallah and his cough, although he had been so kind and obliging, and after presenting him and Roskalla with liberal *bākhshish*, my father repaired to the drawing-room, there to muse upon the success of the evening, whilst the ladies of the family retired to their rooms, a good deal fatigued with their exertions, to commence the arduous task of unweaving the pearls and sequins from their flowing tresses before courting a well-earned repose. But it

seemed as though the excitements of the evening were destined never to come to an end. It had always been my father's habit to sit up for an hour or so after the rest of the family had retired for the night, and although, as I have said, he was to all intents and purposes a blind man, yet, as he could still distinguish some kind of blurred indication of the sun by day and of lamp or candle by night, and so know the better where he was, he objected upon such occasions to being left entirely in the dark, and was always provided with a lamp, which he could turn out when he finally left the room.

Upon this particular evening, just as he was about to take this necessary precaution, he was aware, in the silence of the night, of the grating wheels of a cab stopping at the garden-door, followed by loud and prolonged ringing at the bell. Knowing that he was probably the only waking creature in the house, and that the garden-bell did not ring where it could be easily heard upstairs; wishing, too, to spare those trouble who had worked so loyally to procure the triumph so lately achieved, he started off, stick in hand, to find out for himself the cause of the disturbance. The geography of the house and "grounds" was by this time well known to him, and he had only to go down three steps and a straight gravel walk to find himself at the garden-door. Here a disagreeable surprise awaited him—doubly disagreeable, because, as I have already

hinted, he was one of those Englishmen who can with difficulty be brought to believe that any native of the East, or even of the now distracted Balkan States, will yield, under provocation, to the same temptations as the degenerate Londoner; and yet (as was now only too apparent) here were Roskalla and Abdallah, together with the confidential cabman, all just as "drunk and disorderly" as it was possible for three individuals to be in any country upon the face of the globe!

My father was now in a position of some difficulty; blind, wearing only Turkish slippers, and confronted thus, in the "small hours," with a besotted cabman and two infuriated savages, for Roskalla drunk bore no resemblance to Roskalla sober, and the fact that he was fully armed, and stood over 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings, added not a little to the embarrassment of the situation. My father had no money either, having given away all his spare cash in *bākhshish* (the radical cause, it may be, of this unpleasant *dénouement*), and he knew not what might happen in the meantime if he groped his way back to the house to seek for more. He could not, therefore, pay off the besotted cabman, who was now rashly laying about him with his whip and demanding his fare, whilst the Albanian, to the accompaniment of much strong language in an unknown tongue, drew forth a pistol from his girdle and gave it an ominous "click." Abdallah, so docile upon ordin-

ary occasions, and who had likewise behaved at first with seeming violence, calmed down upon beholding my father, and had now subsided into the gutter, where he was crooning "songs of Araby" in a hoarse discordant voice, leaving Roskalla and the cabman to settle their differences between them. My father was in hopes that this abominable noise might have attracted the attention of the police; but, as far as he could judge, Park Road was as deserted as the Great Sahara may be assumed to be at a similar hour.

Just then the cab-horse—the only sober member of the party except my father, and having the advantage of him in being able to see—caused a distraction by walking determinedly across the road and pulling up at the entrance-gate of Mr de Bunsen's garden. This suggested an idea to my father. Fortunately he happened to have the key of the gate in his pocket, and just as he was endeavouring to fit it in the lock the hoped-for policeman arrived upon the scene, to whom the situation was explained. The action of the cab-horse had suggested to my father that by waking up his groom, who was lodged in Mr de Bunsen's stables, he could obtain money enough to pay off the cabman without disturbing his own establishment. Luckily the man—the same who had brought round "Cammy" to perform his tricks—happened to be awake. The cabman was paid off, and Roskalla and Abdallah, now grown sleepy and maudlin, and no longer

violent, were provided with a "shake-down" in a spare loose-box for the night, the former having been previously deprived of his murderous weapons. How they could have so far departed from their national traditions remains a mystery. It was supposed, however, that, failing in their efforts to arouse the Zoological Gardens and obtain an entrance there at so unearthly an hour (as was only natural), the cabman, habitually besotted, but probably also a fiend of low cunning, must have driven them off to some haunt of vice and there plied them with spirits or drugged beer with the object of gaining possession of their money, and that this, acting upon brains enfeebled by a long course of sobriety, had produced extraordinary results. My father, anxious to excuse them in spite of the trouble they had given him, had also a theory to the effect that they might have cleared up and devoured the extra *hasheesh* which had been mixed up on the trays for the "total abstainers," and that this, and not common everyday drink, was at the root of the matter. How many stripes from the *kourbash* poor Roskalla received at the hands of the Bey when he was informed of the occurrence, or whether he was ever informed of it at all, is also unknown to me, for the "life-history" of the two culprits ended, so far as I was concerned, when they were both safely locked up in the spare loose-box at Abbey Lodge.

My father, escorted by the policeman, and feeling not dis-

inclined for his long-delayed night's rest, now proceeded to retrace his footsteps, when, lo! if he could only have witnessed it, what a scene would have presented itself! The whole of the lower portion of the "desirable villa residence" was aglow with flame. Tongues of fire were darting from the drawing-room windows, under the verandah, with a crackling sound, whilst from those on the storey above the ladies of the family, newly risen from their beds, and having seized upon their oriental finery as being the only garments that were near at hand, were calling out in the greatest alarm for the assistance of the fire-brigade and the police. It would seem that my father himself, over-anxious as he was not to disturb the household, had been in reality the cause of all this. In getting up suddenly from his chair to answer the violent ringing at the bell, he had accidentally overturned the moderator-lamp that stood in the centre of the table. It fell softly upon a file of 'The Morning Advertiser' (the Bey's favourite "organ" at that time, and from which he had been reading aloud after descending to earth from the presence of the Prophet), so that my father, hearing no sound, was quite unaware of the accident. The burning newspaper, saturated with lamp-oil, communicated the flames to the table, which was composed of *papier-mâché* (a black ground on which were raised blobs of mother-of-pearl, representing Chinese figures

and pagodas, and which I remember thinking one of the most beautiful tables I had ever beheld). This slowly smouldered to the carpet, and then set fire to some chairs, whilst my father was endeavouring to pacify the drunken midnight intruders; but what made the most show in the conflagration were the drawing-room curtains, which had just become ignited when he returned home accompanied by the policeman. The flames were fortunately extinguished by the united efforts of the household and the police before the arrival of the fire-engines. The damage was assessed, I remember, at the modest sum of £18, 15s., and even this was thought to be excessive, considering the small value of the articles destroyed, so that matters might really have been a good deal worse than they were.

Thus ended, with a display of fireworks by way of finale, the grotesque incident that I have called "The Feast of Kébōbs," if anything can be said to be really "ended" whilst it is still so well remembered even by a single individual; and I can only hope that the pleasant company which I may possibly rejoin at no very distant date will bear me no ill-will if it should come to know, in the Land of Shadows, that I have laughed a little at the harmless eccentricities of some of its members. "*Rira bien qui rira le dernier.*" This is the sorry consolation which is mine to-day.

THE TRAGEDY OF A BLACK SHEEP.

"ALWAYS THE WORST OF THE FLOCK."

I MIGHT have risen to high estate ;
I might have been, in course of time,
Comparatively good and great,—
Respectable, at any rate,
Instead of writing rhyme.

But Virtue's evanescent bloom
Was early withered by a Phrase,—
A sombre Formula of Doom,—
Which cramped my youth, and cast a gloom
Over my future days.

At school, had I been judged aright,
I might have been a fairly good
Example, and a shining light
(Mind you, I only say I *might* ;
I do not say I should) ;

For I was branded from the first,
Though not unvirtuously prone,
As automatically "worst
Of all the flock"—a thing accurst—
And evil to the bone.

Both high and low confessed the creed.
My ribald peers, with one accord,
Drove me by force to take the lead
In many a dark, unhallowed deed,
Which I, at heart, deplored.

E'en the magnificent partook
This unsubstantiated view ;
Though I was one that loved his book,
And loved his mates, and tried to look
As if I loved them, too.

They never gave a thought to my
Great qualities of heart and brain;
They simply made a rule that I
Was wicked, *ex hypothesi*,
And plied the searching cane.

They made my moral fibres weak;
They nipped the tender bud of hope;
Till what might well have been unique
(My Virtue) shrivelled, so to speak,
Purely from lack of scope.

And thus, discouraged, scorned, reviled,
And crushed beneath the rigid Ban
Of those who never drew it mild,
Reader, that soured and beaten child
Begot this beaten man.

And yet I might have climbed to fame;
I might have earned the dearest prize
Of life, a reputable name;
(I think I should, though, all the same,
I cannot dogmatise.)

But I am one at whom men mock,
And decent-minded people shun;
They put me in the moral dock,
Condemned—the “worst of all the flock”—
Accused—“a parson’s son.”

SELIM.

KHAKOO! KHAKI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE GAMBITS."

"KARKĀRĀ, karkārā, karkārā," rasped the hoarse cries of a frightened khohoran across the crisp silence of the veldt, as the bird, flushed from its bed in a karoo-patch, flapped away into the night.

A rhythmic thresh - thresh, that had accompanied but hardly broken the silence, suddenly ceased, as a party of mounted infantry, every whit as scared as the bird, propped at the weird sound, for nerves in the early morning are not all steel, and laughed to itself in relief, as the khohoran showed in silhouette across the sinking moon. Not the full moon of Merrie England, with its gnarled familiar faces, but the inverted moon of the southern seas, showing the figure of Britannia, erect with trident and attendant lighthouse, for all the world like a British halfpenny, showing blue in the golden setting, to the intense chagrin of every observant foreigner that dare trespass south of the line, so that he who runs may read the portent.

"Oh my, what a noise! eh!" whispered the Afrikaner guide to the subaltern at the head of the party.

"Damn that bird!" swore the Saxon; "who the devil put him up? I hope the brethren aren't about — pass the word down to move along," added he, true to the rule of the night-raider that says, "Keep on the

move when dangers threaten at night, and volleys are possible." Apparently, however, it was the column itself that had disturbed the bird, or at worst a Boer scout, for the British pursued their way in file unmolested, and the drowsy troopers dozed off again, to lurch on their wallets, should their horses check or stumble.

The war that we are fast forgetting was now wearing to a close, and twelve months of night-raids had taught the farmers that a farmhouse at night was the surest of traps, to which only the most venturesome of lovers dare trust himself, so that they slept in the open by spruit or kop or ranjie, and only came up to the homesteads in full daylight, in which no "khaki" could possibly be hidden.

Therefore it was that prisoners were scarce, and information scarcer, and there was little enough data for Lord Kitchener to bend to his purposes, or for a column commander to engineer a *coup*. A K. K. K. wire had come down the line in that mysterious cipher, saying that prisoners must be caught and news obtained. So every cunning commander called to him his intelligencer, his chief scout, and every reiving knave that knew the veldt, and each concocted plans as best his wits would let him.

Some sent parties by night, by long detours, to occupy some spruit, or nek, or drift twenty miles or so away, and then in the morning would march the rest of their column on a wide front, their baggage following, in full daylight, with dust and rattle and pomp and circumstance, so that patrols of the brethren, avoiding the sledgehammer, might scuttle back into the ambush, that closed as it were the neck of the funnel.

Others paraded the country with tame and spurious prisoners, held in chains, whom a brutal escort would thrust into a farmhouse during a halt, to canoodle coffee and information from sympathetic "Boereens," while the exits were ostentatiously guarded. And the best of such spurious prisoners was an English doctor from the Rand, well versed in the ways of the chosen, who, with a flaming sandy beard, ragged corduroys, and a Rip Van Winkle hat, never failed to extract loving information.

The Constabulary with their line of posts had invented a game of simultaneous raiding that they termed "Pounce-out-piggy," and held in high esteem, and every other commander of any parts had pet devices of his own.

The column to which our party, the same that jumped to the croak of the khohoran, belonged, was commanded by a soldier of more than usual parts, who combined with much rough-and-tumble experience many wise saws and maxims imbibed during the course at the Staff College. He held that nothing is new under the

sun, either in love or war; that what was good enough for Julius Cæsar was good enough for him; and that he who would catch the wild man, be he Arab or Afridee, Burman or Boer, must know a trick or two above the average. He had therefore despatched this party of mounted infantry to occupy by night a farm lying some fourteen miles from his own camp, to which he had a week or so earlier imported two families of good-looking girls, who had besought him to move them from the threatening vicinity of a Basuto location. He now proposed to gauge the strength of his bait, and his methods will appear later.

To achieve his end, forty picked Thomases of the original Mounted Infantry Corps, an Afrikaner guide, three white and two Kaffir scouts, under the command of his smartest subaltern, one Carstairs, a man of Devon, were now at 2 A.M., on a spring morning in October, threading their way through the rolling veldt to the homestead of Luipersfontein, bij Witkop. Here dwelt the family of Gert van der Walt, veldt-cornet, reinforced by the selected families of Martinus Cornelius Vorster, from Spion-heuvel, and of Gabriel Albertus Terblanche of Plessis-dam, comprising three comfortable vraus, one sour anæmic maiden aunt, and half a dozen as comely *meisjes* as ever an isolated commando could wish to see.

"If you don't find lobsters in that pot, young feller, my lad," said our commander as he

gave his last instructions to the party, "you're more of a fool than I take you for." Truly some guile comes of a blend of Camberley and campaigning. All of which excursion brings us abreast of our small party heading for Luipersfontein, none the worse for the flushing of the khohoran.

For a full two hours more the party threshed on through the rise and fall of the rolling veldt, by *vaal bosch* scrub and stony spruit, past empty kraal and deserted homestead, by poplar-grove and weeping-willow, till Britannia in her moon had long sunk behind the never-never horizon, that, trek as you may, you never can reach, while the false dawn gave light in her place, and stirred the breeze, as a sign that day was approaching. Once more the column stopped automatically, and the dozing troopers jolted into life as their lean garrons propped to a weird sound borne on the morning breeze. Clear and distinct in the cool air came the refrain of a psalm as the eager party listened. The chief scout came scuttling back from his place a hundred yards ahead of the party. "Them gals is awake, I reckon, captain," said he. "'Taint mor'n four hundred yards off now. Pete-boy here says the shanty stands nigh the top o' the neck, with the kraal this side, about a hundred yards. He's been to the kraal, and there ain't no hawses in it."

Sutty the scout was an American, erstwhile the mate of a windjammer, with a year's

cow-punching, and a spell of frontier service as a trooper to his score, and as hard-bitten a partisan soldier as ever followed Stewart or Jackson.

"We'd best push on to the kraals, dismount, and surround the house, though 'taint likely any o' them Boer rustlers will be there," to which the officer nodded assent.

On pressed the party once more, as the psalm rose clearer and shriller from half a dozen young voices, till Carstairs felt he might be Graham of Claver'se and his dragoons scouring the moss-hags for a conventicle. The pastoral Boer, whatever his morals and principles, is a great singer of psalms: early to bed with a psalm, and earlier still to rise with a psalm and coffee to it, is the routine of the veldt, which makes for wondrous eyesight, with never a book to strain the accommodation.

As the party drew up by the kraals and dismounted, the refrain of the "Quare fremuerunt" rose and fell to the accompaniment of a wheezy harmonium, clear and distinct in the crisp air:—

"Gij zult vergeefs mijn rijksbestel
weerstreven:
Mijn Koning is gezalfd door mijn be-
leid:
Hij door mijn hand ap Zions troon ver-
heven
Heerscht op den berg van mijne
Heiligheid."¹

"We'll soon close this conventicle, and see if any brethren are attending. The first two groups with Sutty to the far side, the next group to the right,

¹ "Yet have I set my King: on my holy hill of Zion."

the next to the left, six men and the guide to the door with me, Sergeant Corcoran and the remainder to stay here with the horses," rapped out Carstairs decisively.

Up the stony path to the homestead, showing white amid half a dozen poplars and ragged blue-gums, sped the raiders, the subaltern and his party waiting a moment to allow of the house being surrounded before he ventured on the hazard of forcing the door, always the anxious moment, lest a volley from trapped desperadoes from the dark of the interior greet the summons to surrender.

Tied to a tree by the stoep stood two saddled ponies, with ragged quilts rolled on the pomels. "Aha! some one in the bag," reflected Carstairs, as he and a corporal sprang to the door, while two others manned the windows right and left of it, one at each side, under cover.

"En ik, die Vorst, met zoo veel magt
bedeeld
Zal Gods besluit aan't wereldrond doen
hooron
Hij sprak tot mij . . ."¹

rose the psalm again, while the harmonium wheezed and quavered.

"Hands-up all here!" rang out Carstairs' voice; then, "Come out, all the men."

A sudden silence, and then screams from within. "Alle-machtig! De khakis staat op de stoep! Johanna, waar is Dirk? Waar nu is mijn geweer?" ("Where is my rifle?")

"Tell the men to come out,

Van Ronsberg," thunders Carstairs to the guide.

"Burghurs, u moet uit kom" ("You must come out"), shouts the latter, and two sheepish-looking sandy-haired lads emerge, held back by two voluble girls, during which time the parties surrounding the house have closed in on the house and occupied the backdoor and the windows. "Waar is uw geweer, jongen?" asks the guide. "In de sit-kamer" (parlour), sullenly replies one of the Burghers, the one with eyes like an albino, while the other disgorges a British army-pattern revolver.

"Every man to stay where he is and wait for orders," shouts the officer, who then with Suttie and another scout proceeds to make a rapid survey of the house before developing the cunning plans of his commander.

As he enters the *sit-kamer* one gradely lass flounces on to the harmonium-stool and strums out the Volkslied in bravado—bravado that hardly keeps back the tears, for is not her own Pete among the captured? Disregarding the lass, Carstairs proceeds with his inspection, and his plans are soon laid. Returning to the stoep, where the sergeant from the kraal had been summoned, he issues his orders.

"Here, Suttie, take half the women into that bedroom, keeping families intact; put up the shutters, and place a sentry over them; shut the door; knock out the top panel of

¹ "I will preach the law : whereof the Lord said unto me."

the door, and put a sentry outside it. Rensberg, put the remainder in that room opposite, and do the same. Sergeant Corcoran, tell off the men for this duty. Corporal Jones, you go down to the kraal, have all the horses watered, and then leave them in the kraal. Stay yourself, with eight men, in the cowshed there. Now mind, no man is to show, and you are to keep a double sentry in the shed—is that all clear? Very good; remember, not a man is to be seen. You may cook and smoke in the shed.”

The women with much talking and expostulating were hustled off into the respective rooms, one or two already making friends with the khakis. Then, as Van Rensberg emerged from installing his party, the business of the day commenced. Carstairs' next order was to him.

“Now, get me five skirts, five white aprons, and five *kappies* [large sun-bonnets] from those girls. Now, Sergeant Corcoran, all men in the house to lie down in the centre room and not to move about. I want one sentry at the back and one at the front door. Look sharp, and then come to me here with the sentries.”

In the corner of the room squatted, safely roped for the present, the two prisoners, now eagerly watching the proceedings, their glum looks gradually broadening to a grin as Rensberg emerged from ransacking the rooms with skirts found hanging up, without depriving the girls of them, and *kappies* from the wall-pegs. Anything

“slim” always appealed to the Burgher, and it was a curious national trait that, directly he was in a hat himself, he was anxious to see his friends there too, even to taking an active part in their capture.

The sergeant now returned with the men for guard.

“Now listen to me, sentries and reliefs. I am expecting a Boer patrol here about 8 A.M. to a coffee-party, and hope to surprise them. The sentries are not to carry their rifles but to have them handy. No other men are to show at all. If you see any one coming, you are to warn the men inside, who are to get their rifles handy, but not to move till Mr Suttie or I give the order.”

By this time a panel in each of the doors confining the women had been stove in, so that the sentry on the room could see, which enabled the women also to watch what was in progress. As they realised the devilry that Carstairs and his sentries had been up to, they raised a yell of execration and abuse, as well they might.

A stalwart Boer lass lounged against the lintel of each door of the house, a sun-bonnet above, and below her skirts peeped heavy Cossack boots, with khaki putties atop, while under the upper flap of their aprons showed packed bandoliers. Outside on the stoep stood two other lasses, each in pink *kappies*, one with a broom, the other holding a pail, staring fixedly out to the west, a clear steely blue in protest to the glory of the approaching dawn opposite. The rest of the party,

rifles by their side, were lying or sitting round the *sit-kamer*, highly diverted at their officer's and comrades' disguises, as were also the two prisoners.

Two Boer girls here suddenly threw themselves on one of the sentries by the window shutters of their room, in an effort to get away and give the alarm. The sergeant and Rensberg were equal to this, however. "Every girl who can't stay quiet will be tied up and gagged," said the latter. "Yah, hands-opper," came the retort, jauntily enough, though second thoughts prompted them to retire to the bed to watch events.

Sutty and Carstairs, the two pink-capped fairies, were now overhauling the geography of the locality. Half a mile to the west lay a ragged line of rocky outcrop, indented by a valley in which stood the homestead, rising to a neck some 1000 yards from the house, over which the road disappeared. To the east the track dropped sharply from the stoep to the kraals, and then streaked across the veldt to the next line of kopjies, three miles and more away. The stable by the kraal was the only out-building, and below it lay the dam and fountain fringed with weeping-willows, the happy home of ducks and geese before the tide of war and reiving irregulars had swept the land of all feathered food.

The usual *débris*-heap—sardine-tins, bones, and the inevitable broken axle—lay outside the door; far to the north the tops of three poplar-trees

showed the dip where nestled the next farm. By the back-door were the cook-house and oven; inside the former hung half an ox, a big fire blazed in the copper, and on a shelf were piled thirty or forty huge square loaves.

"Guess there's going to be a party," remarked the American; "specs they'll be here to breakfast."

"Rensberg had better find out from those girls what's up," said Carstairs. "I don't fancy we shall have long to wait, — rather a lark if the whole commando are coming," reflected he, and what a good scheme it was that the whole column would be at the range of kopjies behind by noon, ready to rescue the party if need be, to which end Carstairs had his company heliograph with him.

The dangerous game in South Africa was not the despatch of small parties by themselves, but the failure to be near enough to pick them out should they come to harm. Therefore the wise commander when organising a raid would say to his party, "I will come along to look after you, and will get into communication with you," stating hour and place. Thus the subaltern and his filibusterers would know that should they get "hung up," they would be extricated if they could hold out to the hour arranged on—a far easier matter than holding on till all bandoliers were empty, and all the horses and half the men killed, with no chance of a rescue. Had it been always

possible thus to support detachments, many surrenders would have been avoided.

So when Carstairs stumbled on the fatted calf and leavened loaves in the Luipersfontein kitchen, he realised that he was to be an unbidden guest at a party, and, despite the lark of it all, rejoiced that by twelve noon the column, horse, foot, and artillery, would be within hail. As he re-entered the house the sound of psalms once more arose; the wretched girls, doomed to watch the discomfiture of their friends, were trying to bear it bravely,—poor fun for them, however courteously the *mooi captan* had explained the situation. Artful preparations to capture slim Boers by a slim ruse, with their own *kappies* too—a pretty fine game! Where had these *verdomde rooineks* learnt such guile? Why, from the Boers themselves, of course; just as the Boer commandoes, the latter-day ones, had learnt in exchange how discipline and initiative were necessary to success—lore from which the younger bloods were drawing much temporary profit.

"This singing must stop—where is Rensberg?" calls Carstairs. Van Rensberg, in pursuit of his mission to get information, was sitting in the other room, a girl on each knee, canoodling and questioning by turns, for the Boers are a friendly people. This, too, was a less hostile room than the one opposite, for the majority of its occupants were Terblanches; since was not old Gabriel Terblanche a prisoner

in Ceylon, out of harm's way and as happy as a king, while his brother in the colony was a loyal tobacco-farmer and J.P. to boot, though, to be sure, all the young Terblanches were on commando save two, 'Cos in the Cape Police and Gert in the South African Light Horse. Clearly interests in this family were amply divided, and it occupied a delightful and commanding position on the top of the fence—like many others. Such conditions give us much light on affairs in America during the War of Independence, when some were for Mr Washington and others for the King—God bless him!

However, Rensberg must leave his complacent lasses and enforce order in the other room. "If those sour-faced old devils don't keep their daughters quiet I shall burn this house before I go—tell them that, Rensberg," says the officer, for war is war and half-measures worthless. This ultimatum produces some effect, and the girl whose *fiancé* is one of the two prisoners brightens to think that at any rate her man was out of harm's way, always a solace to any woman however patriotic,—better the salt sea than a six-foot grave by the lonely homestead cemetery beyond the kraal.

The guide now proceeded to divulge to Carstairs the results of his researches. "These prisoners belong to Frickie Fouché's commando, eighty men in all; he is sweet on Annie Vorster, and will probably be here just now and twelve men with him;

he slept out west by the vlei yonder. The rest may come later with Veldt-Cornet Stoffel Vander Berg of Witrand, a *bai slim kerrel*. Jacobus du Toit with a hundred burghers is said to be coming just now from Knapzack rivier, to meet Munik Hertzog and his brother the *rechter* [judge], who are expected in these parts."

"*Ja wohl*," replies Carstairs. "The more the merrier, but the fewer the better fare."

The cool morning has now changed as the sun rose higher, and the veldt lies shimmering in the full glare of the southern mirage; the soldiers in the *sit-kamer*, their biscuits and baccy finished, doze and stretch after their night in the saddle. The skirted sentries lounge on the lintels; Carstairs even, relieved for a while by Satty, is dreaming of a big bag. Here and there little dust-devils pirouette in gullies and corners or gyre and gimble along the track up the nek, forerunners of the afternoon breeze, that is at once the curse and the salvation of the African climate.

Nine o'clock—ten o'clock—10.30; the breakfast-party is late. All are quiet, even the girls, though they had again attempted a mocking war ballad, printed at President Steyn's travelling press, with the contemptuous refrain "*Khakoo! khaki*" at the end of each verse. Rensberg successfully competed with this disturber. In one of the rooms the children, of whom there were several, had started their criss-cross row, changing to a monotonous "*Ik zie de kat,*

daar zit een rat, de kat lust de muis"; apparently one of the Terblanche girls was the local schoolmarm. The reading lesson changed to the old world-wide rhyme, "*Anna en haar lam*":—

"De kleine Anna had een lam,
Als sneeuw zoo wit zijn vel."

Nothing could be more desirable than this to allay suspicion, and it was not interfered with, but ere long died into silence. The dust-devils increased in size, Satty peered from under his *kappie* and cleared his revolver from his apron-strings, a dozing soldier muttered in his sleep.

Suddenly back from rocks by the nek runs the Basuto scout, who has been watching to the west since dawn. Two Boers are riding up the track towards the farm, and he thinks more are following, but the mirage among the *vaal bosch* scrub is tricky. Carstairs is aroused, and at once orders the sentries to loaf about in the verandah, wakes all the men, warning them to lie down till they hear him shout "*Hands up!*" and then eight of them are to man the doors and windows. "*Mind, not a soul stirs till I shout Hands up! and not a man fires till I do.*"

A few minutes elapse in expectation, and then two Boers appear on the neck 1000 yards away.

Satty in his *kappie* and skirts emerges on to the stoep, puts a pail down, and trips back again; Fraulein Carstairs, sitting on the steps, gets up and goes inside. The brethren,

reassured, canter down to the farm. The suppressed excitement is intense in the house. They pull up a few yards from it, hop off their horses, leaving the reins trailing, advance towards it, and run up the stoep.

"Hands up!" shouts Carstairs, and a dozen khaki hats with levelled rifles appear at the windows. Up fly the Boer hands without a moment's hesitation; the meaning of "hands up" is impressed clearly on the densest Boer mind.

Sutty and Carstairs, covering them with their revolvers, lead them half-dazed into an inner room, with the order, "Keep them separate from the other two," and they are securely roped up and put by till Van Rensberg has time to try his persuasiveness on them.

Loyal George Van Rensberg, the son of an English mother, who proves the universal rule, to which there seemed no exception in this war, that the children of mixed marriages are true to the mother's race!

"Who's coming behind you, sonnie?" asks Sutty. "Commandant Fouché," replies one leather-breeched rogue. The plot thickens.

"Under cover every one," is the next order, and the tension becomes still sharper.

Ten minutes elapse. The horses of the two first comers stand motionless, obedient to the trailing rein, which forbids movement. A cloud of dust rises close behind the nek. Once more the maidens on the stoep go through their parts,

and a dozen Burghers canter down to the farm. Rensberg springs to the harmonium and strikes up the Volkslied.

Up canters the leader, a burly bearded man of some presence, fifty yards ahead of the others, jumps from his horse, runs up the stoep to the door, calling "Uit kom so, Anna." As he pushes open the door he is dealt a violent blow on the head by Sutty, and precipitated into the arms of two soldiers, who seize him and wrap his head in a blanket, he cursing the while with a vocabulary worthy of an East-end docker.

Up sweep the rest of the party and begin to dismount, all save two, who ride on to the dam to water their horses, and two more a trifle behind the others. Eight are off their horses.

"Hands up, Burghers!" roars Carstairs. Up fly the hands once more before the levelled rifles, with the same ready alacrity. The two lads behind realise the situation, turn, and gallop off.

"Shoot those two!" cries Carstairs. "The men at the right window only to fire—remainder help Sutty secure the prisoners."

Half a dozen men open fire on the two lads, now over 200 yards away, one of whom drops as his horse, with a broken foreleg, gives way beneath him. Back turns his gallant comrade as the other struggles free, and in a moment the dismounted man is swung up beside the other. "Stout fellow," shouts Carstairs, "well done! Shoot the blighter if

you can, boys ; he's far too good a man to let free ! " In guerilla warfare there must be no place for chivalry,—

"Though e'en the ranks of Tuscany
could scarce forbear to cheer."

However, though the bullets splash and splutter all around them, the pair, to every one's secret relief, get away, their sturdy mount making nothing of the double load.

"Humph," says Carstairs, throwing off his *kappie*, "that blows the gaff at any rate ; the sooner we are out of this the better."

By this time Suttly has secured the prisoners, nine more in all, and passes them into the house, where Rensberg is pumping the commandant. Half a dozen soldiers catch the ponies, and the company wag, free to let his tongue quack after hours of compulsory silence, asserts, "Strike me if I couldn't do some burgoo, or a pint o' four-half—'oo says a fizzer ? "

The men from the kraal now bring up two more prisoners, the pair that had ridden off *viâ* the dam, which makes the tally up to fifteen, including the commandant—a respectable day's work.

Carstairs now decides to slip away as sharp as possible, lest the escaped lads bring the whole commando, and perhaps Du Toit's as well, buzzing round him to effect a rescue.

"Sergeant Corcoran, get all the men mounted sharp. Three groups are to stay with me as rearguard, their horses to come to the house. Mount all the

prisoners, take away their stirrups, each to have his horse led by one of the men ; you and Mr Suttly then slip away. Here, Suttly, you go with Sergeant Corcoran.

"Get those duds off you, men. The men of number one section to stay with me, number threes to bring up the horses. Keep the women in the rooms till we're gone.

"Corporal Jones, get that helio on to the next line of kopjies, where the road crosses the nek, and call up the column."

The men, nothing loath, are quick enough in getting their horses together and hoisting up the prisoners ; for in ten minutes the whole party are off, the captured rifles slung over the backs of the number threes. From every haversack protrudes a loaf of Boer bread and a chunk of raw beef : bread is scarce on the veldt, and even the coarse Dutch loaf is worth having. "Beg yer pardon, sir ; I can't get that column," says the signaller at the helio. He is told by Carstairs, who is posting his rearguard of nine, to keep calling up at intervals, and one of Suttly's native scouts is sent off at a gallop with a note to the column.

He was quite right not to let the men tarry, for ere the main party and prisoners are a quarter of a mile on their way a few Burghers appear on the nek, and as soon as they see the British trailing back, half a dozen come cantering towards the farm. The only consideration is to gain time, so the rearguard rap out a couple of

volleys, and the brethren turn and gallop to the nearest sheltering gully.

"Shan't stop here long," mutters our subaltern, "or shall get hung up. Fire a shot at those beggars occasionally, Corporal Jones, just to keep 'em quiet."

He is quite right in his idea of the situation: before five minutes have elapsed the signaller watching for the friendly helio slips in to say, "Beg yer pardon, sir, I think some o' them Berjers is a-slipping round like." Right he is; for over the top of a roll in the veldt a dozen hats are visible, bobbing as their riders scuttle down a vlei. They had slipped over the kopje herring-bone farther along, and are riding hell-for-leather to a donga to cut off the rearguard.

"A pretty fine game," says Carstairs, who knew the donga, for Suttly had shown it him, as a useful under-feature, and sees that he has a chance to get there first. "Get mounted, every mother's son, and follow me," and then, turning to sour old *frau* Vander Walt, "So long, *oud missus*. *Hoe zegt oud President Brand, alles zal recht kom, hein?*" ("What did old President Brand say—everything shall come right in time?"), for he had a pretty wit when the spirit moved him, and that was usually when matters were critical.

The old *Frau* must fain smile, as she vows that he is a *mooi kerrel* (a good-looking lad), and, for all his trickery, far pleasanter to deal with than "that Rimington," as well she

might, with a whole roof to her head.

The men fling themselves on to their horses from the back-stoop, and, following their subaltern at a gallop, are off like lightning. The points of a rearguard can't afford to be sticky.

Suttly and the main party, who had started off at a trot, the prisoners clinging to their pommels, are now a mile the home side of the debatable donga, which lies perhaps three-quarters of a mile from the farm, and to which now a dozen Boers and as many Britons are converging, like two trains at Clapham Junction, *quam celerrime*, and devil take the hindmost. For some hundreds of yards a rise in the ground hides them from each other; suddenly they come into mutual view, with 400 yards to the donga and as much between themselves. "Gallop like hell!" yells Carstairs. "*Schiet!* [shoot!] *Burghurs, schiet!*" shouts the Boer *caporal*, and the farmers shoot from the saddle without slackening rein,—a disconcerting trick which our men had not acquired. Down goes a trooper, shot through knee and saddle to horse. The Burghers yell derision. Carstairs, seeing that neither party can gain the donga first, shouts, "Ride straight at the blighters!" and turns his own handy cob. Two Boers slip from their horses and open magazine-fire; two more of the British are pitched forward as their horses give way beneath them.

Whrrr — whr-r-r — whr-r-r-r

—phut! Whrrr-r—whr-r-r-r—phut!—whang two vicious shrapnel overhead, and two white balloons hang over the kraal, to which a score more Boers had galloped down from the nek. The column was up to time after all.

To the first scream of the shell, the farmers Carstairs is charging wheel about, and scuttle for dear life back to their kopjies. Pom—pom—pom—pom from the timely column on the far ridge, phut—phut—phut among the brethren. “Pull up, d—n you! Get off and shoot!” shouts Carstairs to his breathless remnant, and the brethren are further hastened on their way by the contents of ten magazines, though no one seemed one penny the worse.

As Sutt’s party are now close under the guns of the column, the rearguard take stock of their losses in the donga: two horses killed, two men wounded, not seriously, and one horse wounded. The saddles are taken off the dead animals, and the dismounted men struggle off on foot, the remainder following slowly unmolested, extended to twenty paces. The brethren have disappeared, the artillery have ceased firing, and by the time Carstairs arrives the whole column has outspanned, and is watering at a dam hard by, absolutely secure on its kopjies, with a clear road back to camp in the afternoon.

The commander beams as Carstairs comes up to report.

“Just picked you out of that in time, sonnie,” says he. “You’ve done jolly well, and I shan’t forget it. We shall get ‘full congratulations’ to-night. Next to George Brand, Fouché’s the most important man in these parts. Come and feed.”

So ended a red-letter day, of which there were none too many, even for the most fortunate of leaders. Of the many weary nights in the saddle, week in, week out, with never a success; of the many wild-goose chases, the many blank days, when patience gave out and tempers grew short, and the only part to contain a Boer was the ground just left, just as the days when the snipe is always behind you,—of such we will not speak. Still less need we dwell on the still worse day, when the Boer took tea with the Briton, and the “brother” fell top-dog, as fall he must at times; when dragged and footsore soldiers, clothed in sacking, straggled into the nearest post minus rifles, horses, and saddlery, and when the ambulance sallied out alone to ask for the dead and wounded, or, better, horse, foot, and artillery marched out in force to bury the dead they could not save.

“Dogged,” however, “does it”; and the red-letter day, as it gradually became more frequent, finally brought us to the turn of the long lane, for

“Be the day short or be the day long,
at length it ringeth to evensong.”

A FRIEND OF WARREN HASTINGS.

IN every age the man who has failed sinks out of sight behind his more successful brother, and the early records of our Indian Empire enshrine the pathetic histories of many forgotten adventurers. One such history is to be found in a thin folio volume forming part of the Hastings MSS. in the British Museum. When Dr Tysoe Saul Hancock wrote from Calcutta to his wife Philadelphia in England, he copied each letter carefully into this book before despatching it, apparently for fear of forgetting what he had said before the answer arrived, which was sometimes not for two years. A search through the Miscellaneous Correspondence and other papers of Warren Hastings has shown the close connection of the Hancock family with the early part of his career, and a curious record of travel, to be mentioned in its place, completes the story.

The first glimpse of the Hancocks occurs in 1762, in the letters of a certain Samuel Staveley—called “Old Rattle,” as he confesses, by his friends—to Warren Hastings, at this time the young Resident at Murshidabad. Mr Staveley’s lively epistles give us a pleasant picture of Calcutta society, showing the kind of “family party” life now associated with small stations in which all the inhabitants are on good terms. There are Governor and Mrs Vansittart, with their two little

boys, an amiable Miss Ironside, who plays the guitar,—little Betsy Hancock is very fond both of the lady and the instrument,—a good Mr and Mrs Bowers, the latter always ready to do or get anything for anybody, and a friendly chorus of young officers and civilians. There are festivities at the baptism of the Vansittart baby, and pleasant evenings spent at the Gardens, where “we sup to-night all snug,” says Mr Staveley. Troubles there had been in the past, as we learn from Hancock’s letters. At one time Philadelphia had been thankful for the kindness and countenance of a Mrs Freeman and her daughters, perhaps when an ungrateful Mrs Strachey, whose life Hancock had saved by his “physical powers” (which would now be called his medical skill), slandered her to Mrs Clive, and deprived her for a time of that great lady’s favour. But now all was going smoothly, and the severest trial to which the Hancocks were exposed was a temporary separation caused by the devotion of “our excellent friend and physician” to a patient. “With all his airs,” says Staveley, “I leave you to guess what he must have suffered by being so long absent from his wife and child. He has been night and day with Lyon.” “It has been a very hard struggle between Dr Hancock and old Charon,” writes Vansittart. After this, it is

sad to read some years later that "the estate of the late Hon. James Philip Lyon is considerably indebted to Dr Hancock." The prosperous Calcutta doctor had sometimes to take out his fees in philanthropy, it seems.

Little Betsy Hancock figures argely in these letters. She is "a fine little girl," "a sweet little girl," and her health and spirits are evidently matters of moment to the lonely man at Moradbagh. Hastings was Betsy's godfather, and seems to have lavished upon her the affection he would have felt for his own little Elizabeth had she lived. The coincidence of the two children's names is curious, and prompts a suggestion which is supported by Hastings' evident feeling of responsibility for the Hancock family, and the generosity with which he placed them above the reach of want when he was contemplating a second marriage. Was Philadelphia Hancock the sister of his first wife? The splendid figure of the second Mrs Hastings — the "best-beloved Marian" of her adoring husband's letters — dressed and jewelled like an Indian princess, as Miss Burney says, with her flowing auburn locks and regal bearing, has almost obscured the dim and pathetic memory of her predecessor. The maiden name of Mary Hastings is unknown, and there is even an uncertainty as to the date of her death,

as Colonel Malleson points out. More curious still, the name of her first husband is incorrectly given in every biography that has yet appeared. Some years ago the present writer, in a footnote to a novel in which Hastings appeared as one of the subsidiary characters, remarked that either the accepted date of the marriage or the particulars usually given of the bride must be wrong. A kind correspondent in Calcutta, personally unknown, replied by forwarding a copy of the 'Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal' for July 21, 1899, in which the Rev. H. B. Hyde proved that the first Mrs Hastings was the widow, not of the Captain Campbell who was killed at Baj-Baj, as always stated, but of Captain Buchanan,¹ one of the victims of the Black Hole. This interesting fact appears still to be unknown to English writers, and has not led to further research, as might have been expected. Mr Hyde suggests that the maiden name of Mary Hastings may have been Scott, but this only by way of conjecture. If our suggestion be correct, it was Austen; and the dearly loved son George, whose death left a shadow on Hastings' face for years, would be named after the Rev. George Austen of Stephenton in Hampshire, who was brother to Mrs Hancock, and thus also to Mrs Hastings.

During his visits to Calcutta, Hastings appears to have made

¹ Mr Hyde's evidence is unimpeachable, but a corroborative proof is found in Hastings' care, as shown in his Correspondence, for Captain Buchanan's daughter, who was sent home for education, but turned out badly.

his home with the Hancocks until, on being appointed to a seat in the Council, he built himself a house, of the progress of which Mr Staveley duly informs him. When he left India in 1765, the only member of the Bengal Government whose hands were unstained by the bribes of the conflicting claimants of the *subadari*, the Hancocks were his fellow-passengers on board the *Medway*. According to Gleig, this was a ship of war, and the passage was presumably granted as an act of grace; but Hancock mentions that he had to pay £1500 for the transport of his own and his wife's possessions, so that the naval officer of the day was not averse from making an honest penny out of his guests.

In England the Hancocks either made or renewed acquaintance with Mrs Woodman, Hastings' sister, and her husband, becoming so intimate with them that Hastings writes that he regarded the two families as one. The friendship continued when lack of money had driven Hastings and Hancock back to India, after a stay of little more than three years at home. Hancock's pecuniary troubles were in part due, like those of his friend, to the failure of his Indian investments, and in part to the fact that he had come home ill, and left many of his affairs outstanding. He had also under-estimated the sum necessary to secure a competence in England. In one of his latest letters to his wife he points out that

his expenses at home, including a compassionate allowance to a sister, amounted to £1534 a-year, needing an invested capital of £44,000 to defray them, and investing money in India was something like gambling. When an Anglo-Indian returned home he appointed two or three of his friends his attorneys. They were not necessarily or even usually lawyers, but rather what we now call trustees, placing his money out in various enterprises, and remitting him the proceeds when these were successful, and apologies and regrets when they were not. This was the ideal procedure; but both Hastings and Hancock complain bitterly that whereas when in England they could get no accounts from their Indian attorneys, on their return to India they received none from those they had appointed in England.

The mere return to India was a matter of difficulty, for there was no system of furloughs in either the military or the civil service. A civilian who went out to India remained there until he died or retired with a fortune, and an officer who was invalided home was compelled to resign his commission unless he was intrusted with despatches. The man who "found himself under the disagreeable necessity of a second residence in Bengal," as the phrase went, was ordinarily obliged to return at his own expense, to sue *in forma pauperis* for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread from the new generation which had

grown up since his day, and liable to find himself deported as an interloper if he proved too successful in trading, or had no obvious means of support. He was happy if he could pester some old acquaintance who happened to be in power into appointing him to any post of profit, however incongruous might be its nature.

At this point the paths of the two friends diverged for a while. Hastings, whose evidence before a Parliamentary Committee on Indian Affairs had attracted considerable attention at the India House, had the good fortune to be appointed second in Council at Madras, while Hancock was obliged to return in a private capacity, pinning his hopes on obtaining a *dastak*, or permission to trade on his own account, from such of his old friends as were still in Bengal. He was able to pay his passage, but no more. Hastings had so far impoverished himself by gifts and annuities conferred upon his relations that he was obliged to borrow money for his own outfit; but he willingly became Hancock's security for a bond of considerable amount, which enabled him to leave his wife and Betsy in comfort. Hancock's name is not in the list of passengers on board the *Duke of Grafton*, in which his friend embarked upon his fateful voyage, and it seems certain, from a comparison of

dates, that he left England, as he certainly arrived in India, some time before Hastings. A disagreeable incident marked his touching at Madras. He had evidently left debts behind him in India, for he was arrested, though ill at the time, at the suit of a man to whom he refers as "that dirty fellow Drake," and only rescued from jail by the intervention of a Mr Briggs, to whom he testifies his lasting gratitude.

Thus unpropitiously began Hancock's second sojourn in India, and the first letter in his book¹ describes the disappointment he met with on reaching Calcutta. Owing to a positive order recently received from home that no one lower in rank than a factor was to be granted a *dastak*, he found that an official position under the Company was necessary if he was to trade at all. By the advice of General Smith — apparently the Richard Smith who was the original of Foote's Sir Matthew Mite—he accepted the post of Surgeon Extraordinary to the garrison, which was intended, he says, to be a sinecure, but kept him constantly at work. "You know," he writes, "how much I hate the practice of Physick, yet I am obliged to take it up again. Nothing could have induced me to do so, but the hopes of thereby providing for my family." With a not uncommon blindness, he appears to have been very distrustful

¹ Dated Nov. 23, 1770—an evident slip for 1769. This letter is headed No. 6. The earlier letters were apparently written on the voyage, and not included.

of his own medical skill, in which his friends had so much confidence, while he believed implicitly in his business faculties, which were conspicuous by their absence. To the performance of his official duties he never reconciled himself. He complains that physic is perfect slavery, and that he is constrained to keep a carriage by the necessity of attending families "who now constantly reside at their country houses, and only come to town for business." "The town being very populous occasions my having more medical business than ever you knew me to have, but it is labour without profit." But in spite of his dislike for his post, he is anxious not to offend the patron who had obtained it for him, and directs his "dear Phila" to call upon Mrs Smith and congratulate her on her husband's safe arrival. "The omission might be of consequence to me, as he will be a man of great power. You perfectly know his vanity and my necessities."

A portion of the poor surgeon extraordinary's discontent with his surroundings was doubtless due to ill-health. "A very infirm old man," he calls himself shortly after his arrival; "a carcase worn out with age and sickness, continually harassed by labour and disappointment," he says again. He had settled in an unhealthy neighbourhood, for finding that "a very paltry house" cost him £450 a-year in rent, he determined to save this expense by buying Phila's old home, which was offered him cheap.

Since the days when she knew it, it had been built round, which made it very hot, and he had scarcely moved into it, after doing extensive repairs, before ten days' "severe fever" left him very weak, but could not release him from the drudgery of his hated rounds.

The gloomy state of Hancock's affairs must be supposed to cast a shadow upon all his impressions of the place and people; but in justice to him it must be remembered that at this time unblushing corruption among the rulers of Bengal existed side by side with frightful misery among the ruled. "The deceases [*sic*] which have been and continue to be very fatal here are chiefly owing to putrification, occasioned by the prodigious number of dead bodies lying in the streets and all places adjacent," he writes. "This mortality is the effect of a most terrible famine, which has half depopulated Bengal." The rigour of the famine, he says in another place, was much aggravated by the infamous avidity of the English Residents, each of whom might monopolise the grain of his own district, so that, even after a good harvest, their love of gain prevented the natural return to cheapness. In face of this, luxury had increased in Calcutta. The number of inhabitants was ten times what it had been when Phila knew the city, the price of every necessary was enhanced, and that of provisions doubled. House-rent ran from 1500 to 6000 rupees a-year, and in servants' wages Hancock paid

£160 annually. The very native manufactures were all altered for the worse, and the fine fabrics and embroideries of former years could not even be copied. The friendly habits of old days had disappeared. There was no hospitality but that which sprang from self-interest, and no man trusted another without security. Hancock's own friends fell off from him, thinking that his misfortunes had soured his temper, or met him with "that ceremonious address which plainly indicates dread of too great an intimacy." There was some excuse for them. He says that on his arrival he resolved to exercise the utmost parsimony, and that he lived without company, seldom going abroad and never inviting any one. "I have confined my diet to one dish a-day, and that generally salt fish or curry-and-rice; I eat neither breakfast nor supper, and all this that I may save a little for you."

Besides saving money, Hancock was anxious to make it, by virtue of the *dastak* which his uncongenial appointment had procured for him. "Through the guidance of Huzzrimaul I am largely concerned in trade. God send us success!" he writes in January 1770, only two months after his arrival; but at the end of the same year¹ he has to confess that his trading had not cleared its expenses. The great native broker having done so little for him, his next partner was a European, a certain Benjamin Lacam, whose

character was not of the best, but who was dazzling all Calcutta with a display of apparent wealth. The unscrupulous financier of that day, at any rate in India, did not promote a company, but obtained a Government contract, and Lacam had a scheme for providing the large quantities of *chunam*—plaster made from sea-shells burnt into lime—required in the public works. What he wanted was a partner with money, and with the eye of genius he discovered his capitalist in the poverty-stricken, penurious doctor. He went to work delicately, first inviting Hancock to leave his unhealthy dwelling and live with him in his huge house by the river until the hot weather was over and he had quite recovered from his illness. His intended victim accepted the offer gratefully, and was enchanted when Lacam broached his scheme, in which he took a third share. How he found the money does not appear, but it was almost certainly provided by Hastings, now established in his post at Madras.

The *chunam*, as Hancock explains to his wife, was made in the Sunderbund Woods, so that it was necessary for the partners to pay surprise visits to the workmen, to make sure that they neither cheated their employers nor were themselves cheated by their overseers. In the next letter, which is written on the river, the scheme is in full swing, and he is visiting his workers.

¹ This letter is also misdated Dec. 26, 1771. It should be 1770.

"Imagination," he says, "can scarcely form an idea of a more dismal place than the Sunderbunds. They begin just below Culpee,¹ and extend southerly to the sea; to the eastward they are terminated by Luckypore; so that their extent is greater than all England. The whole is divided by a prodigious number of rivers into islands, some large and some small; all entirely covered with jungles so thick that you cannot see ten feet into them, except in some few places where the salt-makers have cleared the ground for the space of fifty or a hundred yards. Throughout all the woods, there is no fresh water but at two places. The only animals are the rhinoceros, tygers of a very large size, deer and wild hogs. The rivers abound with fish. In the Sunderbunds are neither houses nor hutts, therefore the people who are employed in making salt or chunam are obliged before sunset to remove in their boats from the shore into the middle of the rivers; where they are not perfectly safe, for the tygers sometimes swim off and take them out of their boats. We have unfortunately lost eight men by these terrible beasts."

From a later letter we learn that the contract was given for three years, and then nothing more is heard about it until, at the end of 1773, Hancock writes with some impatience to Phila: "You have been very pressing to know the result of the Chunam Contract. I am fortunate to have gotten quit of it with the loss of only 7300 rupees." The amateur in business had been worsted by the wily speculator, and Hastings came once more to the rescue of his friend, and lent Lacam the money, 24,152 rupees, to buy him out. Telling everyone that he had paid Hancock 50,000 rupees for his share,

Lacam retained the contract, which appears to have paid him well, since he mentions it in 1775 as a ground for refusing to be nominated to the Court of Directors for a lucrative post.

While still a partner in the chunam business, Hancock made two further attempts to improve his circumstances, but ill fortune continued to pursue him. In March 1771 he writes in the highest spirits that the gentlemen of the Council are about to enter into a joint trade on a very large scale, and have invited him, as the most capable person in India, to manage the whole. But when he writes next, in August, he says that the plan is totally abandoned, and laments the unkindness of fortune, which renders it a moral impossibility for any one not of high station or in great favour with the Government to make money. In January 1772 he is once more jubilant. He has secured the contract (by himself this time) for making all the Company's gun-carriages and doing all the carpentering work at the New Fort—the present Fort William. Should he be spared, he is bound to succeed at last. Only two months later he reports that the Company have sent out orders that strict economy is to be maintained, and none but necessary repairs done, which makes the contract almost worthless. Later he says that he has neither gained nor lost by it. "How little industry and application can avail when

¹ Or Diamond Harbour, on the Hugly.

Fortune, or whatever you please to call it, is against a man!"

Before this last disappointment Hancock had suffered another, and at the hands of his friend Hastings. Soon after his arrival at Calcutta he writes that Hastings is much harassed by court-martials and other disagreeable business at Madras: "I fear we shall never live together in India, unless Mr Hastings is removed to Bengal."

Two years later he says joyfully, "Mr Hastings is expected here the beginning of March," but adds the sorrowful prophecy, remarkable since the Supreme Court, the new Councillors, and other fruits of the Regulating Act were still in the future, "This Government will prove to him a crown of thorns." "Mr Hastings is arrived this day," he writes on February 17, 1772. "He is thin and very grave, but in good health." In April he says that his friend's residence in Madras has greatly increased his former reserve, and he seems inclined to break through many Bengal customs, which the inhabitants do not relish. In the same letter he gives Phila a little interesting information about Mr and Mrs Imhoff, who are often of the Governor's private parties, and had preceded him to Calcutta from Madras—the husband "truly a German," the wife twenty-six years old, with a good figure and the remains of beauty (this seems a jaundiced view, in the face of later testimony), sensible, lively, and needing only to be a greater mistress of the English language to prove that she has a great share of wit. In Decem-

ber he sends a letter of introduction:—

"The young gentleman who will deliver this is the son of Mr and Mrs Imhoff, whom I mentioned to you in a former letter. Your taking great notice of him and doing him any good office will be very grateful to Mr Hastings, who patronizes him, on which account I so strongly recommend him to your notice, as we cannot do too much to oblige the gentleman who has been so great a friend to us."

The person thus formally introduced had only attained, unless the received chronology of Sir Charles Imhoff's life is altogether at fault, the mature age of five! Three months later Baron Imhoff followed his son to England, and Hancock desires Phila to receive him as an acquaintance. His letter contains a disagreeable hint as to Mrs Imhoff's reasons for staying in Bengal. The extraordinary compact between Hastings and Imhoff and his wife was still a secret, and Hancock puts the worst construction upon the lady's remaining. It is impossible not to suspect that a certain jealousy of her influence had invaded his mind. If the theory we have propounded be correct, it was natural that he should object to find Phila's sister supplanted by a foreigner whose position he considered equivocal, and he had certainly not reaped the benefits he anticipated from Hastings' appointment. "I have not," he complains, "a hundredth part of the influence with the Governor which his head-bearer enjoys. At present I am somewhat in the situation of the

clergyman mentioned by Swift, who made interest to be a lord's chaplain, but was obliged to be contented with being his lordship's postilion." When he attempted to obtain a post for an acquaintance, Hastings had answered, "As to my friends, I shall be glad to serve them, but as to my friends' friends, I neither can nor will serve them." The words must have been uttered in a moment of unusual irritation, but Hancock felt that he could ask no more, though this was not his worst disappointment. He had hoped to become his friend's private secretary, "on account of our long intimacy and my education," but was passed over in favour of the Hon. John Stewart. "I will venture to assure you," he says tartly, "that the abilities of this gentleman are circumscribed within a narrow compass; but he is a Scotsman, and blessed with a happy opinion of his own importance." When Stewart became Secretary to the Council, Hancock ventured again to ask Hastings whom he meant to appoint, and learned that it was Belli, the *protégé* of John Macpherson, his Madras colleague. Poor Hancock writes that the answer had cured him of vanity, as the young man was very worthy, and better qualified for the post than himself, and though much hurt, he feels that Hastings is right.

Although Hastings did not make his friend his private secretary, he lavished favours upon him in other ways. He gave him the charge of his

money matters, which the unfortunate doctor mismanaged with as much zeal and as little success as he did his own, and he relieved him, by a princely gift, from all apprehension for the future of his wife and daughter. It was his way to bestow gifts on his friends and annuities on his relations in a style more commensurate with their desires than with his own interests; but the sum settled on "my dear and ever-valued friend," Mrs Hancock, and "my dear Betsy," as he calls them in a letter to the former, given by Gleig, was such as to astonish even Hancock himself. At first the gift took the shape of a Respondentia bond for 40,000 rupees (about £5000, says Hancock), but both the form and amount were afterwards changed. In March 1775, "for and in consideration of the sum of five shillings of lawful money," Hastings gave £10,000 in trust to his brother-in-law Woodman and the Rev. George Austen for Hancock and Phila during their lives, and on the death of the survivor for Betsy. In his letter on the subject, Hancock explains to Phila that Mr Woodman is named first in the deed as a compliment to Hastings, and that when it reaches England her brother must come to town to sign and seal it. She must pay his expenses for the trip, for the interest of the money will amount to nearly £400 a-year, and give Betsy a large fortune.

Hastings appears from his letters to have had a high idea of Mrs Hancock's wisdom and

discretion—an opinion which her husband did not always share. In the phrase of her day, poor Phila was “no Economist,” and her ignorance of money matters was a source of constant annoyance to him. “How heartily sorry am I that you do not understand accounts. If you did, I should put the management both of money and everything else in England under your sole care immediately.” This was in answer to her complaint of the awkwardness of being compelled to apply for every farthing she required to her uncle, Francis Austen, Hancock’s very negligent and forgetful English attorney. “Oh, Phila,” he cries on another occasion, “had a very few of those hours which were formerly spent in dissipation been employed in acquiring the necessary and most useful knowledge of accounts, happy would it have been for us both!” He gives stringent orders that Betsy is to have the best writing-master to be procured by money, and is to learn arithmetic, since her other accomplishments are mere ornaments, but this is absolutely necessary.

As the years pass, and hopefulness changes into a dogged determination to struggle on till the end, there is a slight but manifest alteration in the tone of the letters, bespeaking that unconscious alienation which arises from long severance and imperfect means of communication. Hancock loves his wife as much as ever, but she can do nothing right. He resents even her complaint that

his letters do not tell enough about himself. “A wretch who can convey no idea but that of misery and sickness”—what can he have to tell that would be cheering? He is particularly annoyed by her earnest assurances that she does all she can to save expense—assurances which the poor woman must have repeated in every letter for eighteen months or two years before she learned her error. “I take it unkindly that you should apologise to me, who have never in my life once hinted that I thought you in the least extravagant. . . . I cannot help thinking that it seems to imply a suspicion of my grudging you the expense of living like a gentlewoman. Do me the favour of leaving off apologising, as it is totally needless.” It was probably in her ardour for cheapness that Phila sent out half-bound books, which her husband detested, and others which were so badly bound that some pages were loose and some missing altogether, as well as shirt-buttons which he calls derisively “Catherine wheels.” One of her savings was especially galling to the professional mind. “Take care of your eyes. Don’t tamper with medicine recommended by ignorant quacks, but in all illness send for the best advice at first. . . . Let no thoughts of œconomy induce you to neglect either your own or the child’s health.”

Poor Phila’s attempts to please her husband seem to have been uniformly unfortunate, as when she sent out a picture of Betsy “made of

small clippings of hair stuck on with gum,"—apparently a variation of the hair embroidery fashionable at the time. Hancock points out unmercifully that the head is broader than the body, and that there is no shading or expression in the face; but adds graciously, that he appreciates "the mark of your attention to everything that may give me pleasure." She also worked him a waistcoat, which was lost on its voyage out; and he remarks philosophically that he is too old for finery. Learning that she is sending another, he says, "If the new waistcoat has the least finery about it, I shall never put it on. It is fully sufficient to have been a coxcomb in my younger years." The bearer of the second waistcoat was drowned in landing in the Hugly, and the garment lost; but the persevering Phila was already engaged on a third. Hancock warns her that if this came he would return it; but when it arrived some time later, he does not say whether he carried out his threat. Such indifference must have been very trying when contrasted with his gallantry in acknowledging a pair of garters worked for him by one of the Miss Freemans already mentioned. The young lady had enclosed the gift in a letter, to save an extra sheet of paper, and Hancock moralises, "Oh, Economy, would I had been twenty years ago blest with thee!" His reply was sent through Phila, since he feared Miss Molly

Freeman had been infected with old-maidish notions by her elder sister, Miss Stella, and is worth quoting, if only as an illustration of the manners prevailing in Calcutta at the time:—

"Your favour, dated March 28th, 1771, was not delivered to me till the 30th of last December. I was at dinner with two young ladies who sometimes honour me with their agreeable company. Opening the packet in great haste, unluckily the garters fell out. The ladies snatched them up immediately, declared they were sent me by some lady who granted me, as the only favour I deserved,¹ the honour of being hanged in her garters. They laid violent hands upon me, and declared they would suspend me to the tester of my own bed. I believe they would have executed their threats¹ had I not been rescued by some of my elder guests, who thought it better to eat a few more suppers with me than to see me hanged in jest and dye in earnest."

He adds that the garters were too good to be worn, and that he will keep them to look at, but that he has had a curious piece of native workmanship made for her, and Phila will show her how to put it on.

The gifts which Hancock sends home are many and various. Several times he sends "ottar"; once some from Patna, "the finest ever made in Indostan," with directions to Phila to give away what she already possessed, which was inferior, to a friend, who was never to be shown the new. Unfortunately the letter miscarried, and Phila gave away the new ottar and kept the old. A good deal of Madeira is sent on various occasions,

¹ Miswritten *delivered* and *thanks*.

each cask enclosed in a larger one, and the space between filled with straw. It is probable that some of the Madeira was also to be given away, but the quantity consumed by Phila's small household appears enormous. Once Mr Woodman writes to Hastings that she was obliged to decline the half-pipe of Madeira he had sent for her, as she had just received two pipes from her husband. Sometimes Hancock sends muslins, once asking that Betsy may have some vestment made of one of them, and be acquainted that it is sent with his love and blessing. Sometimes mysterious articles are mentioned, such as a *soosy* quilt, which is afterwards explained as a "sattin covered worked in colours," *ballichong* from the Straits of Malacca, and *cassoonddy*, neither of which have we been able to identify, and lime *achar*, which seems to be pickles. A curious shrewdness in details, co-existing with carelessness in larger matters, comes out when Hancock mentions that Mrs Bowers has undertaken to have some garments made up for Phila from the "two finest pieces of long-cloth ever seen." She is to have them "marked with the initials of your name, as I intend to send them by a lady, and would be sorry to have them changed." Elsewhere Phila is warned not to ask Mrs Bowers to have things made or sent in the hope of saving her husband trouble, as he has to pay for them none the less.

These parcels, and even

letters, were sent under difficulties. In one letter Hancock laments that he cannot forward the sheets Phila wants by any of the Indiamen then sailing, as he has no acquaintance among the captains or officers. Another time he is more fortunate, sending a pipe of Madeira by Captain Hough, who is "quite the gentleman," and Phila must therefore be careful to pay him any expense he incurred for customs and landing charges. Hancock had already made Captain Hough a present in recognition of his kindness, and for a similar consideration the pursers of his Majesty's and the Company's ships were often willing to take charge of parcels. One of these officials, a Mr Higgs, carried with him a letter of introduction to Phila, asking her to use the interest of her family with the Directors in his favour; but in the private letter sent at the same time, Hancock writes very differently. Phila is to be civil, but to keep Mr Higgs at a distance. He is very forward, and though he had at one time been useful, Hancock has since had reason to be seriously displeased with him, and would have refused him the introduction had it not been for the packages in his care. To the request for support at the India House she is to give a polite but evasive answer. One wonders whether Mr Higgs ever discovered the truth.

Letters were sent, whenever possible, by a private hand, and any friend going home was expected to be ready to take

charge of them. No private person was allowed to write by the Company's express packets, which were sent overland by way of Suez or Basra, and the time of their despatch was kept secret. Even letters intrusted to the captain of an Indiaman were not always safe, since they were sometimes sent on from Madras by country or, as we should call them, local ships, and these were more exposed to the risk of shipwreck than larger vessels. In view of the loss of several of Phila's letters in one disaster, Hancock tells her always to send duplicates, as he does himself, each letter in his book being carefully marked—"Original per *Bridgewater*, duplicate per *Houghton*," for example.

Far worse than this, however, was the difficulty of remitting money home. In his first letter Hancock explains that the Government will grant no bills payable in less than two years, and he is asking Hastings if he can procure any at the coast, as the French are too dangerous for money to be sent in any other form. Hastings replies that there is no possibility of sending bills from Madras. Phila must have £1000 to go on with, as her husband does not believe she can manage on less than £600 a-year, and the balance left of the borrowed money was not enough even to pay what they owed. In this emergency a friendly merchant, Mr Motte, is asked to procure diamonds to the needed amount at "Ben-naras," where he is trading, though they are dear and

scarce, and 30 per cent was lost on the last sent home. Mr Motte succeeded in securing diamonds to the value of £400 or £500, and Hastings also sent 2500 pagodas' worth, showing a ready kindness in his instructions to Mr Woodman to advance Mrs Hancock any needed sum if her husband's remittances were late. A year later there is much the same trouble. The Company would grant no bills, there were no diamonds procurable that would sell in England for half their value, and the Dutch refused to receive money for bills. Probably the arrival of Hastings in Calcutta saved the situation. In 1774 the case was almost desperate. Unable to remit money home from India, the Bengal gentlemen seem all to have been seized simultaneously with the idea of sending it to Canton, where the factories of the different European nations subsisted side by side in peace, though their home governments might be at war. But at this juncture it was impossible even at Canton to get either English, French, Dutch, or Danish bills; and Captain Mackay, who had taken charge of Hancock's money and received 2 per cent for his services, left it in the hands of a stranger, who would charge another 2 per cent if he was able to remit it next year. To supply Phila's immediate necessities her husband sent home a chest of silver, for which he had paid £680, 9s., but which he anticipated would only fetch in England £550, out of which the freight and customs must be paid. No

wonder that he estimated there was a loss of 25 per cent on sending money home. The Canton difficulty seems to have been satisfactorily settled, for there is a letter extant to Phila from a Mr Savage, apparently a clerk at the India House, telling her that he has sent instructions to Canton that the supercargoes may receive as much as £5000 of Mr Hancock's money into the Comprador's treasury, and grant him bills for it. This is the method pursued with other gentlemen, and he trusts it will answer her expectations.

One of Phila's indiscretions was the constant granting of letters of introduction to the impecunious relatives of her friends. Bengal was still believed to be an Eldorado, so that a family thought it had done well for its young scapegrace when it shipped him off there without money or credit, but with a letter to some unfortunate public man, who was expected to get him a post and give him hospitality until he could provide for himself. Phila gave introductions until Hancock, in desperation, sent her a draft form of refusal which was to be used for all future applicants. Even after this, however, the nuisance was not at an end.

"It gives me, I own, infinite pain," he writes, "to have — — recommended to me in the manner he is. . . . Now I must keep a table, which the least recollection will remind you cannot be done but at a very great expense. The only return will probably be that I am a stingy, sneaking old fellow. I have already paid more

than £20 for a budgerow to fetch him from Idgellee.¹ By the failure of my contract and the accidents which have happened to a ship which was purchased on account of that contract, I this year lose 40,000 rupees. . . . Notwithstanding my circumstances, I will treat — — with what kindness I can."

The person here alluded to was Philip Dormer Stanhope, whose mother was Phila's cousin. Of Mrs Stanhope Hancock remarks in his first letter that she is in illness the counterpart of himself. Later on he sends her congratulations on the death of her husband, and again when she marries a Mr Jones. Young Stanhope must have inherited unamiable qualities from both parents. He has left us a record of his visit to India in a minute but pretentious volume dedicated to Hastings, and called the 'Memoirs of Asiaticus.' He recounts complacently how Hancock, whom he had known in England, and whose lady was his near relation, sent a budgeroe to Culpee to meet him, and gave him an apartment in his house and an unlimited order on his Sarcar. Presented to Hastings by Hancock, who had been many years on terms of the most intimate friendship with the Governor, Stanhope was promised a provision in the military line, preferably a lucrative appointment in the Nabob of Owd's service; but "at present," writes the young gentleman smugly, "I shall continue to reside with Mr Hancock, whose general knowledge of mankind renders him a most agreeable com-

¹ Hijli, generally spelt Ingellee.

panion, and who, though upwards of fifty years of age, still retains all the fire and pleasantry of youth." The pleasure of this sojourn was marred by a severe attack of illness, on which Stanhope remarks artlessly that Mr Hancock had advised him against intemperance, but that he could not resist filling bumpers to the health of absent friends. Hastings was thus prevented from finding him a post before the arrival of his new colleagues on the Council and the Judges of the Supreme Court, who brought with them an army of dependants as greedy as locusts, says Mr Stanhope, virtuously indignant. At length Hancock and Hastings combined to return the young man to Madras, with a letter asking Mr Wynche, the Governor there, to give him a commission, but Stanhope's unwilling entertainers had not got rid of him yet. He was shipwrecked on his voyage to Madras, and returned to Calcutta, where, so he assures us, Hancock, who had lamented his untimely death, welcomed him anew with tears of sincere affection. Hastings congratulated him on his escape, and—offered him fresh recommendations to Madras! Imminent peril did not change the young gentleman's character. An imprudent quarrel on board ship had made him liable to two duels, he indulged copiously in his host's claret before sailing a second time, and he ran into debt, so that Hancock

was obliged to save him from jail at the cost of over 2000 rupees. "He will never be prudent," laments Hancock, in mentioning that he has returned to Madras, where Hastings' recommendation brought him first a commission as ensign at 5s. a-day, and then an appointment to a troop of horse under the Nabob of Arcot.

In March 1777 Stanhope writes to Hastings announcing his intention of revisiting Calcutta to pay his respects before returning to England. In fact, the prodigal was going home in triumph; but the friend who had done so much for him was not at Calcutta to rejoice with him. The young man pays his memory a deserved tribute. "He was a sincere friend and generous benefactor. I believe no man ever lived more generally beloved, or died more universally regretted. He was the patron of the widow and the fatherless, and I pay but a just tribute to his memory when I say, that in unaffected charity and real integrity of heart he was not inferior to Mr Hastings." Nearly thirty years later another Asiaticus,¹ in his 'Ecclesiastical and Historical Sketches of Bengal,' cites among the inscriptions in the Great Burying-ground, Chowringhee—

HERE

Lieth the Body of
 TYSO SAUL HANDCOCK, Esq.,
 who died 5th of Novemr., 1775,
 Aged 64 Years.

The last letter to Phila is dated August 5, and intro-

¹ Identified in the British Museum Catalogue, for reasons that do not appear, as Hastings' parliamentary agent, Major John Scott-Waring.

duces Alexander Elliot, "a very fine young gentleman," who was going to England as Hastings' representative. Phila was to treat him with the greatest civility; "he is the friend of our great friend." If other letters were written, time or strength may have been wanting to copy them into the letter-book. Four years before, Hancock had complained of "gout in the stomach," and Phila, in her reply, had remarked sagely that he ought to bring it into his feet, to which he returned that he would be only too thankful if she would tell him how to manage this, as he had tried in vain. In May 1775 he writes: "My grief and vexation to observe how ill Mr Hastings has been treated by the three new Councillors occasioned my having suffered severely the gout in my head, &c. . . . He is in good health, and bears his persecution with surprising temper."

We have found no actual record of Hancock's death. His will, dated Dec. 8, 1774, left Hastings and his friend Baber his executors, and directed them, if his estate reached £11,000, to pay £30 a-year to his sister Olivia Hancock, either in quarterly payments or by way of an annuity. Long ago he had written to Phila, "Olivia's allowance ought to be withdrawn, in justice to my own family; but it pierces my heart to think of what the poor creature must suffer by it." To Betsy he left a miniature of her mother set with diamonds in a ring, which she was always to keep, that it

might "remind her of her mother's virtues as well as her person." This ring he had taken to India with him, and when the climate injured the miniature, sent it home to be put right "at any expense." Everything else was left to Phila, and at her death to Betsy. We may hope that poor Hancock's closing days were not darkened by the knowledge of the full extent of his financial misfortunes; but a casual reference of Captain Price, who succeeded him in the charge of Hastings' money matters, tells us that he died bankrupt, and the £10,000 which had been settled upon Phila and Betsy by his friend seems to have been their only provision. His English attorney, Phila's uncle, had treated him scandalously, and the consequences of both his negligence and Hancock's own carelessness fell on Hastings. The sum borrowed on their return to India had never been repaid, though Hancock had given Mr Austen instructions to have it done, and told Hastings that the bond was destroyed. Hastings was obliged to pay it, as also a sum of over £1100, the share due to their friend Waller from a timber contract which the three held in common. Hancock had either made an erroneous entry or not put down the payment, and Hastings bore the loss. Nearly two years before his death Hancock had begged Phila to get as much of his money as she could from his brother without distressing him; but she seems to have failed, for when Mr Hancock of Charing Cross also be-

came bankrupt, he had £1500 of his brother's money in his hands. What made it the more distressing was that this was the exact sum intrusted to Hancock by the widow of Colonel Forde, one of the Supervisors lost with Vansittart in the ill-fated *Aurora*, and formed the entire fortune of her step-daughter. From that day forward, Mrs Forde and Louisa's fortune are constantly to be met with in the Hastings Correspondence; but, wonderful to relate, Hastings does not seem to have offered to replace the money, though he allowed the lady £20 a-year.

The news of her husband's death was broken to Phila in a letter from good Mrs Bowers, closely followed by one from Hastings. "We feel much for her," says Mr Woodman, "and endeavour to support her under the affliction." They had formed a friendly little circle, meeting to celebrate the birthdays of Betsy and of Tommy Woodman, dining on state occasions with Aunt Elizabeth Hastings and drinking the health of the two absentees, and planning the dinner with which Hastings was to be greeted when the malice of his enemies should have driven him home. "A leg of mutton and an apple pye" were the dishes selected—not exactly those that a returning Anglo-Indian would choose nowadays. The Woodmans seem to have expected that Phila would remain near them; but she seized the chance of fulfilling an old aspiration, and went abroad for the sake of retrenchment and of Betsy's education. Her friends thought

this unnecessary, since Betsy was already "a fine girl, very accomplished, and perfectly agreeable in her behaviour;" but in 1778 we hear of them at Brussels, and two years later in Paris, "the young lady almost as tall as her mother." From Paris Phila writes to Hastings, asking anxiously whether her husband's affairs are yet collected—settled, as we should say. Mrs Forde is continually writing and distressing her; a Mrs Davis, a widow with two children, is in great distress for the money she had left in Hancock's hands. A year later we learn Phila's reason for wishing to know the exact state of affairs. Mr Woodman writes:—

"Mrs and Miss Hancock are yet in France and likely to continue there, the young lady being on the point of marriage with a French officer, which Mrs Hancock writes is of good family, with expectation of good fortune, but at present but little. Her letter was to Mr Austen and self on the subject, and she seems inclined to give up to them the sum which was settled on her for life, and wants the money to be transferred into the French funds, which we have thought prudent for her sake to decline, and Mr Austen is much concerned at the connection, which he says is giving up all their friends, their country, and he fears their religion."

The Rev. George Austen is again reported in a later letter to be much concerned at the match, which had now taken place, as the young couple "seem already desirous of draining the mother of every shilling she has." We may trust, however, that this suspicion was merely due to insular prejudice, since Mrs Hancock writes very pleasantly of her son-in-law Charles de

Feuillide and her little grandson in 1789, when she is proposing a visit to the Woodmans in order to wind up her husband's estate, out of the wreck of which sufficient seems to have been at last obtained to repay Hastings. She makes no mention of Hastings, though his trial was in progress, none of French politics, though it was the year of the fall of the Bastille; but is as exclusively occupied with the very cold weather and her family affairs as any other domesticated elderly lady. She has passed into a new world since she wrote with a full heart to Hastings:—

"There have been many mortifying and disagreeable events in my life, but none that has given me such lasting affliction as the reflection that many worthy persons may be sufferers by the confidence they have unfortunately placed in the person whose name I bear; not from any fault of his, I will be bold to say, for never was there a man of better principles than Mr Hancock, but from a concurrence of unlucky events."

This is the last letter from Phila, but from 1794 to 1797 "Elizabeth, Comtesse de Feuillide," is in frequent correspondence with Hastings and Woodman. She and her boy, apparently in very poor circumstances, are staying with friends in Northumberland, and she is urgent for the breaking of the trust. It would appear that her husband had been one of the victims of the Terror, for there is some uncertainty about his death. The sight of a foreign post-mark fills her with hope, lest there should be news of his safety, and Wood-

man tells her that the trust cannot be broken until it is certain he is dead, lest he should reappear and the trustees be liable to pay the money twice over. In 1797 the certainty has come. Her mother and husband are both dead, she and her boy are left alone, and she has counsel's opinion that the trust may legally be broken on her application. In December she explains her reasons in an affectionate letter to Hastings. She is going to marry her cousin Captain Austen, whose person, principles, position, and income are all that can be desired, and who has consented to settle the trust-money on her boy. The bridegroom was one of the sons of the Rev. George Austen, brought up, as the other tells us, to love and venerate the name of Mr Hastings. He was in the navy, and a grateful letter from his father shows that Hastings had used his influence with his friend Admiral Affleck to obtain him promotion or transfer to a more probable station—presumably one where opportunities for distinction were more frequent. The marriage evidently took place, for in 1818, only shortly before Hastings' death, his "dutiful goddaughter, Elizabeth Austen," sends him a breakfast cup and saucer painted and gilded by herself, representing the story of Zephyrus and the Rose, that he may be obliged to remember her at least once in every twenty-four hours. His kindness for "sweet little Betsy" continued to the last.

SYDNEY C. GRIER.

JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was a silence—an uneasy break—after Loder spoke. The episode of the telegram was to all appearances ordinary enough, calling forth Eve's question and his own reply as a natural sequence; yet in the pause that followed it each was conscious of a jar, each was aware that in some subtle way the thread of sympathy had been dropped—though to one the cause was inexplicable and to the other only too plain.

Loder watched the ghost of his message grow whiter and thinner, then dissolve into airy fragments and flutter up the chimney. As the last morsel wavered out of sight he turned and looked at his companion.

"You almost made me commit myself," he said. In the desire to hide his feelings his tone was short.

Eve returned his glance with a quiet regard, but he scarcely saw it. He had a stupefied sense of disaster, a feeling of bitter self-commiseration that for the moment outweighed all other considerations. Almost at the moment of justification the good of life had crumbled in his fingers, the soil given beneath his feet; and with an absence of logic, a lack of justice unusual in him, he let resentment against Chilcote sweep suddenly over his mind.

Eve, still watching him, saw

the darkening of his expression, and with a quiet movement rose from her chair.

"Lady Sarah has a theatre-party to-night, and I am dining with her," she said. "It is an early dinner, so I must think about dressing. I'm sorry if you think I tried to draw you into anything. I must have explained myself badly." She laughed a little to cover the slight discomfiture that her tone betrayed, and as she laughed she moved across the room towards the door.

Loder, engrossed in the check to his own schemes, incensed at the suddenness of Chilcote's recall, and still more incensed at his own folly in not having anticipated it, was oblivious for the moment of both her movement and her words. Then quite abruptly they obtruded themselves upon him, breaking through his egotism with something of the sharpness of pain following a blow. Turning quickly from the fireplace, he faced the shadowy room across which she had passed; but simultaneously with his turning he heard the door close.

The knowledge that she was gone struck him with a sense of loss. "Wait!" he called, suddenly moving forward. But almost at once he paused, chilled by the solitude of the room.

The blow had fallen, the inevitable come to pass, and nothing remained but to take the fact with as good a grace as possible. Chilcote's telegram had summoned him to Clifford's Inn at seven o'clock, and it was now well on towards six. He pulled out his watch—Chilcote's watch, he realised with a touch of grim humour, as he stooped to examine the dial by the light of the fire. Then, as if the humour had verged to another feeling, he stood straight again and felt for the electric button in the wall. His fingers touched it, and immediately the room was lighted.

The abrupt alteration from shadow to light came almost as a shock. The feminine arrangement of the tea-table seemed incongruous beside the sober books and the desk laden with papers—incongruous as his own presence in the place. The thought was unpleasant, and he turned aside as if to avoid it; but at the movement his eyes fell on Chilcote's cigarette-box with its gleaming monogram, and the whimsical suggestion of his first morning rose again. The idea that the inanimate objects in the room knew him for what he was—recognised the interloper where human eyes saw the rightful possessor—returned to his mind. Through all his disgust and chagrin a smile forced itself to his lips, and crossing the room for the second time he passed into Chilcote's bedroom.

There the massive furniture and sombre atmosphere fitted better with his mood than the

energy and action which the study always suggested. Walking directly to the great bed, he sat upon its side, and for several minutes stared straight in front of him apparently seeing nothing: then at last the apathy passed from him, as his previous anger against Chilcote had passed. He stood up slowly, drawing his long limbs together, and recrossed the room, passing along the corridor and through the door communicating with the rest of the house. Five minutes later he was in the open air and walking steadily eastward, his hat drawn forward and his overcoat buttoned up.

As he traversed the streets he allowed himself no time for thought. Once, as he waited in Trafalgar Square to find a passage between the vehicles, the remembrance of Chilcote's voice coming out of the fog on their first meeting made itself prominent, but he rejected it quickly—guarding himself from even an involuntary glance at the place of their encounter. The Strand, with its unceasing life, came to him as something almost unfamiliar. Since his identification with the new life no business had drawn him east of Charing Cross, and his first sight of the narrower stream of traffic struck him as garish and unpleasant. As the impression came he accelerated his steps, moved by the wish to make regret and retrospection alike impossible by a contact with actual forces.

Still walking hastily he entered Clifford's Inn, but there almost unconsciously his feet

halted. There was something in the quiet immutability of the place that sobered energy, both mental and physical. A sense of changelessness—the changelessness of inanimate things, that rises in such solemn contrast to the variableness of mere human nature which a new environment, a new outlook, sometimes even a new presence, has power to upheave and remould. He paused; then with slower and steadier steps crossed the little court and mounted the familiar stairs of his own house.

As he turned the handle of his own door some one stirred inside the sitting-room. Still under the influence of the stones and trees that he had just left, he moved directly toward the sound, and without waiting for permission entered the room. After the darkness of the passage it seemed well alight, for, beside the lamp with its green shade, a large fire burned in the grate and helped to dispel the shadows.

As he entered Chilcote rose and came forward, his figure thrown into strong relief by the double light. He was dressed in a shabby suit, his face looked pale and set, with a slightly nervous tension; but except for the look and a certain added restlessness of glance, there was no visible change. Reaching Loder, he held out his hand.

"Well?" he said quickly.

The other looked at him questioningly.

"Well?" he repeated. "Well, how has it gone?"

"The scheme? Oh, excel-

lently." Loder's manner was abrupt. Turning from the restless curiosity in Chilcote's eyes, he moved a little way across the room and began to draw off his coat. Then, struck by the incivility of the action, he looked back again. "The scheme has gone extraordinarily," he said. "I could almost say absurdly. There are some things, Chilcote, that fairly bowl a man over—and this is one."

A great relief tinged Chilcote's face.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Good! Tell me all about it."

But Loder was reticent. The moment was not propitious. It was as if a hungry man had dreamed a great banquet and had awakened to his starvation. He was chary of imparting his visions.

"There's nothing to tell," he said shortly. "All that you'll want to know is here in black and white. I don't think you'll find I have slipped anything; it's a clear business record." From an inner pocket he drew out a bulky note-book, and recrossing the room laid it open on the table. It was a correct record of every action that had been accomplished in Chilcote's name.

"I don't think you'll find any loose ends," he said as he turned the pages. "I had you and your position in my mind all through." He paused and glanced up from the book. "You have a position that absolutely insists upon attention," he added in a different voice.

At the new tone Chilcote looked up as well. "No moral lectures!" he said with a nervous laugh. "I was anxious to know if you had pulled it off, and you have reassured me. That's enough. I was in a funk this afternoon to know how things were going—one of those sudden, unreasonable funks. But now that I see you——" He cut himself short, and laughed once more. "Now that I see you, I'm hanged if I don't want to—to prolong your engagement."

Loder glanced at him, then glanced away. He felt a quick shame at the eagerness that rose at the words—a surprised contempt at his own readiness to anticipate the man's weakness. But almost as speedily as he had turned away, he looked back again.

"Tush, man!" he said with his old intolerant manner. "You're dreaming. You've had your holiday and school's begun again. You must remember you are dining with the Charringtons to-night. Young Charrington's coming of age—quite a big business. Come along! I want my clothes." He laughed, and moving closer to Chilcote slapped him on the shoulder.

Chilcote started; then, suddenly becoming imbued with the other's manner, he echoed the laugh.

"By Jove!" he said, "you're right! You're quite right! A man must keep his feet in their own groove." Raising his hand he began to fumble with his tie.

But Loder retained his posi-

tion. "You'll find the cheque-book in its usual drawer," he said. "I've made one entry of a hundred pounds—pay for the first week. The rest can stand over until——" He paused abruptly.

Chilcote shifted his position. "Don't talk about that. It upsets me to anticipate. I can make out a cheque tomorrow payable to John Loder."

"No. It can wait. The name of Loder is better out of the book; we can't be too careful." He spoke with unusual impetuosity. Already a slight unreasonable jealousy was colouring his thoughts. Already he grudged the idea of Chilcote with his unstable glance and restless fingers opening the drawers and sorting the papers that for one stupendous fortnight had been his without question. Turning aside, he changed the subject brusquely.

"Come into the bedroom," he said. "It's half-past seven if it's a minute, and the Charringtons' show is at nine." Without waiting for a reply, he walked across the room and held the door open.

There was no silence while they exchanged clothes. Loder talked continuously, sometimes in short curt sentences, sometimes with ironic touches of humour; he talked until Chilcote, strangely affected by contact with another personality after his weeks of solitude, fell under his influence—his excitement rising, his imagination stirring at the novelty of change. At last, garbed once

more in the clothes of his own world, he passed from the bedroom back into the sitting-room and there halted, waiting for his companion.

Almost directly Loder followed. He came into the room quietly, and moving at once to the table, picked up the note-book that still lay there.

"I'm not going to preach," he began, "so you needn't shut me up. But I'll say just one thing—a thing that *will* get said. Try and keep your hold! Remember your responsibilities—and keep your hold!" He

spoke energetically—looking earnestly into Chilcote's eyes. He did not realise it, but he was pleading for his own career.

Chilcote paled a little, as he always did in face of a reality. Then he extended his hand.

"My dear fellow," he said with a touch of hauteur, "a man can generally be trusted to look after his own life."

Extricating his hand almost immediately, he turned towards the door, and without a word of farewell passed into the little hall, leaving Loder alone in the sitting-room.

CHAPTER XII.

On the night of Chilcote's return to his own, Loder tasted the lees of life poignantly for the first time. Before their curious compact had been entered upon he had been, if not content, at least apathetic; but with action the apathy had been dispersed, never again to regain its old position.

He realised with bitter certainty that his was no homecoming. On entering Chilcote's house he had experienced none of the unfamiliarity, none of the unsettled awkwardness, that assailed him now. There, he had almost seemed the exile returning after many wanderings; here, in the atmosphere made common by years, he felt an alien. It was illustrative of the man's character that sentimentalities found no place in his nature. Sentiments were not lacking, though they

lay out of sight, but sentimentalities he altogether denied.

Left alone in the sitting-room after Chilcote's departure, his first sensation was one of physical discomfort and unfamiliarity. His own clothes with their worn looseness brought no sense of friendliness such as some men find in an old garment. Lounging—and the clothes that suggested lounging—had no appeal for him. In his eyes the garb that implies responsibility was symbolic, and even inspiring.

And as with clothes, so with his actual surroundings. Each detail of his room was familiar, but not one had ever become intimately close. He had used the place for years, but he had used it as he might a hotel; and whatever of his household gods had come there with him remained like himself on sufferance. His entrance into Chil-

cote's surroundings had been altogether different. Unknown to himself he had been in the position of a modeller who, having moulded roughly in clay, is brought into the studio of a finished sculptor. To his outward vision everything had been new, but his inner sight had leaped to instant understanding. Amid all the strangeness he had recognised the one essential—the workshop, the atmosphere, the home.

On this first night of return he comprehended something of the reverse position; and, comprehending, faced the problem and fought with it.

He had made his bargain and must pay his share. Weighing this, he looked about the room with a quiet gaze. Then at last, as if finding the object really sought for, his eyes came round to the mantelpiece and rested on the pipe-rack. The pipes stood precisely as he had left them. He looked at them for a long time; then an ironic expression that was almost a smile touched his lips, and crossing the room he took the oldest and blackest from its place and slowly filled it with tobacco.

With the first indrawn breath of smoke his attitude unbent. Without conscious determination he had chosen the one factor capable of easing his mood. A cigarette is for the trivial moments of life; a cigar for its fulfilments, its pleasant comfortable retrospections; but in real distress—in the solving of a question, the fighting of a difficulty—a pipe is man's eternal solace.

So he passed the first night of his return to the actualities of life. Next day his mind had somewhat settled and outward aid was not so essential; but though facts faced him more solidly they were nevertheless very drab in shade. The necessity for work—that blessed antidote to ennui—no longer forced him to endeavour. He was no longer penniless, but the money he possessed brought with it no desire to spend. When a man has lived from hand to mouth for years, and suddenly finds himself with a hundred pounds in his pocket, the result is sometimes curious. He finds with a vague sense of surprise that he has forgotten how to spend. That extravagance, like other artificial passions, requires cultivation.

This Loder realised more fully as one day succeeded another, and with it was born a new bitterness. The man who has friends and no money may find life difficult, but the man who has money and no friend to rejoice in his fortune or benefit by his generosity is aloof indeed. With the leaven of incredulity that works in all strong natures he distrusted the professional beggar—consequently the charity that bestows easily and promiscuously was denied him; and of other channels of generosity he was too self-contained to have learned the secret.

When depression falls upon a man of usually even temperament it descends with a double weight. The mercurial nature has a hundred counterbalancing

devices to rid itself of gloom—a sudden lifting of spirit, a memory of other moods lived through, other blacknesses dispersed by time; but the man of level nature has none of these. Depression when it comes is indeed depression; no phase of mind to be superseded by another phase, but a slackening of all the cords of life.

It was through such a depression as this that he laboured during three weeks, while no summons and no hint of remembrance came from Chilcote. His position was peculiarly difficult. He found no interest in the present; and towards the future he dared not trust himself to look. He had slipped the old moorings that familiarity had rendered endurable; but having slipped them, he had found no substitute. Such was his case on the last night of the three weeks, and such his frame of mind as, wrapped in his heavy overcoat, he crossed Fleet Street from Clifford's Inn to Middle Temple Lane.

It was scarcely seven o'clock, but already the dusk was falling; the greater press of vehicles had ceased, and the light of the street lamps gleamed back from the spaces of dry and polished roadway, worn smooth as a mirror by wheels and hoofs. Something of the solitude of night that sits so ill on the strenuous city street was making itself felt, though the throngs of people on the pathway still streamed east and westward, and the taverns plied a busy trade.

Having crossed the roadway, Loder paused for a moment to

survey the scene. But humanity in the abstract made small appeal to him, and his glance wandered from the passers-by to the buildings, massed like clouds against the dark sky. As his gaze moved slowly from one to the other, a clock near at hand struck seven, and a second after the chorus was taken up by a dozen clamorous tongues. Usually he scarcely heard, and never heeded, these innumerable chimes; but this evening their effect was strange. Coming out of the darkness they seemed to possess a personal note, a human declaration. The impression was fantastic, but it was strong: with a species of revolt against life and his own personality, he turned slowly, and moved forward in the direction of Ludgate Hill.

For a space he continued his course, but reaching Bouverie Street turned sharply to the right, made his way down the slight incline of Carmelite and Tallis Streets, and reached the Embankment. There he paused and drew a long breath. The sense of space and darkness soothed him. Pulling his cap well over his eyes, he crossed to the river and walked on in the direction of Westminster Bridge.

As he walked, the great mass of water by his side looked dense and smooth as oil, with its sweeping width and network of reflected light. On its farther bank rose the tall buildings, the chimneys, the flaring lights that suggest another and an alien London; close at hand stretched the

solid stone parapet giving assurance of protection.

All these things he saw with his mental eyes, but with his mental eyes only, for his physical gaze was fixed ahead where the Houses of Parliament loomed out of the dusk. From the great building his glance never wavered until the Embankment was traversed and Westminster Bridge reached. Then he paused, resting his hands on the low coping of the bridge.

In the tense quietude of the darkness the place looked vast and inspiring. The shadowy Terrace, the silent river, the rows of lighted windows, each seemed significant. Slowly and comprehensively his glance passed from one to the other. He was no sentimentalist and no dreamer; his act was simply the act of a man whose interests, robbed of their natural outlet, turn instinctively towards the forms and symbols of the work that is denied them. His scrutiny was steady—even cold. He was raised to no exaltation by the vastness of the building, nor was he chilled by any dwarfing of himself. He looked at it long and thoughtfully, then, still moving slowly, he turned and retraced his steps.

His mind was full as he walked back, oblivious of the stone parapet of the Embankment, of the bare trees, and the flaring lights of the advertisements across the water. Turning up Carmelite Street, he regained Fleet Street and made for his own habitation with the quiet accuracy that some men

exhibit in moments of absorption.

He crossed Clifford's Inn with the same slow, almost listless step; then as his own doorway came into view he stopped. Some one was standing in its recess.

For a moment he wondered if his fancy were playing him a trick; then his reason sprang to certainty with so fierce a leap, that for an instant his mind recoiled. We more often stand aghast at the strength of our own feelings than before the enormity of our neighbours' acts.

"Is that you, Chilcote?" he said below his breath. His voice was even, though his mind swam.

At the sound of his voice the other wheeled round. "Hallo!" he said quickly. "I thought you were the ghost of some old inhabitant. I suppose I am very unexpected?"

Loder took the hand that he extended and pressed the fingers unconsciously. The sight of this man was like the finding of an oasis at the point where the desert is sandiest, deadliest, most unbearable.

"Yes; you are—unexpected," he answered.

Chilcote looked at him, then looked out into the court. "I'm done up," he said sharply. "I'm at the end of the tether." He laughed as he said it, but in the dim light of the hall Loder thought his face looked ill and harassed, despite the flush that the excitement of the meeting had brought to it. Taking his arm he drew him towards the stairs.

"So the rope has run out, eh?" he said, in imitation of the other's tone. But under the quiet of his manner his own nerves were throbbing with the peculiar alertness of anticipation,—a sudden sense of mastery over life, that lifted him above surroundings and above persons; a sense of stature, mental and physical, from which he surveyed the world. He felt as if Fate, in the moment of darkness, had given him a sign.

As they had crossed the hall, Chilcote had drawn away and was already mounting the stairs. As Loder followed it came sharply to his mind that here, in the slipshod freedom of a door that was always open and a stair that was innocent of covering, lay his companion's real niche — unrecognised in outward avowal but acknowledged by the inward keener sense that manifests the individual.

In silence they mounted the stairs, but on the first landing Chilcote paused and looked back.

"I did very well at first," he said. "I did very well—I almost followed your example for a week or so. I found myself on a sort of pinnacle—and I clung on. But in the last ten days I've—I've rather lapsed."

"Why?" Loder avoided looking at his face; he kept his eyes fixed determinately on the spot where his own hand gripped the banister.

"Why?" Chilcote repeated. "Oh, the prehistoric tale — weakness stronger than

strength. I'm—I'm sorry to come down on you like this; but it's the social side that bowls me over. It's the social side I can't stick."

"The social side? I thought —"

"Don't think. I never think; it entails such a constant upsetting of principles and theories. We did arrange for business only, but one can't set up barriers. Society pushes itself everywhere nowadays — into business most of all. I don't want you for theatre-parties or dinners. But a big reception with a political flavour is different. A man has to be seen at these things; he needn't say anything or do anything, but it's bad form if he fails to show up."

Loder raised his head. "Explain," he said abruptly.

Chilcote started slightly at the sudden demand.

"I—I suppose I'm rather irrelevant," he said quickly. "Fact is, there's a reception at the Bramfells' to-night. You know Blanche Bramfell—Viscountess Bramfell, sister to Lillian Astrupp?" His words conveyed nothing to Loder, but he did not consider that. All explanations were irksome to him, and he invariably chafed to be done with them.

"And you've got to put in an appearance — for party reasons?"

Chilcote showed relief. "Yes. Old Fraide makes rather a point of it—so does Eve." He said the last words carelessly, then, as if their sound recalled something, his expression changed. A trace of satirical

amusement touched his lips, and he laughed.

"By the way, Loder," he said, "my wife was actually tolerant of me for nine or ten days after my return. I thought your representation of me was to be quite impersonal? I'm not jealous," he laughed. "I'm not jealous, I assure you; but the burned child shouldn't grow absent-minded."

At his tone and his laugh Loder's blood stirred; with a sudden unexpected impulse his hand tightened on the banister, and looking up he caught sight of the face above him—his own face it seemed, alight with malicious interest. At the sight a strange sensation seized him; his grip on the banister loosened, and pushing past Chilcote he hurriedly mounted the stairs.

Outside his own door the other overtook him.

"Loder!" he said. "Loder! I meant no harm. A man must have a laugh sometimes."

But Loder was facing the door, and did not turn round.

A sudden fear shook Chilcote. "Loder!" he exclaimed again, "you wouldn't desert me? I can't go back to-night. I can't go back."

Still Loder remained immovable.

Alarmed by his silence Chilcote crossed the landing swiftly, glancing nervously back at the steep staircase.

"Loder! Loder, you won't desert me?" He caught hastily at his arm.

With a quick repulsion Loder shook him off; then almost as quickly he turned round.

"What fools we all are!" he said abruptly. "I believe we only differ in degree. Come in, and let us change our clothes."

CHAPTER XIII.

The best moments of a man's life are the moments when, strong in himself, he feels that the world lies before him. Gratified ambition may be the summer, but anticipation is the ardent spring-time of man's career.

As Loder drove that night from Fleet Street to Grosvenor Square he realised this—though scarcely with any degree of consciousness, for he was no accomplished self-analyst. But in a wave of feeling too vigorous to be denied, he recognised his regained foothold—the step that lifted him at once from the pit to the pinnacle.

In that moment of realisation he looked neither backward nor forward. The present was all-sufficing. Difficulties might loom ahead, but difficulties had but one object—the testing and sharpening of a man's strength. In the first deep surge of egotistical feeling he almost rejoiced in Chilcote's weakness. The more Chilcote tangled the threads of his life the stronger must be the fingers that unravelled them. He was possessed by a great impatience; the joy of action was stirring in his blood.

Leaving the cab, he walked confidently to the door of Chil-

cote's house and inserted the latch-key. Even in this small act there was a grain of individual satisfaction. Then very quietly he opened the door and crossed the hall.

As he entered a footman was arranging the fire that burned in the big grate. Seeing the man, he halted.

"Where is your mistress?" he asked, in unconscious repetition of his first question in the same house.

The man looked up. "She has just finished dinner, sir. She dined alone—in her own room." He glanced at Loder in the quick uncertain way that was noticeable in all the servants of the household when they addressed their master. Loder saw the look and wondered what depth of curiosity it betrayed,—how much of insight into the domestic life that he must always be content to skim. For an instant the old resentment against Chilcote tinged his exaltation, but he swept it angrily aside. Without further remark, he began to mount the stairs.

Gaining the landing, he did not turn as usual to the door that shut off Chilcote's rooms, but moved onward down the corridor towards Eve's private sitting-room. He moved slowly till the door was reached; then he paused and lifted his hand. There was a moment's wait while his fingers rested on the handle; then a sensation he could not explain—a reticence, a reluctance to intrude upon this one precinct—caused his fingers to relax. With a slightly embarrassed gesture

he drew back slowly and retraced his steps.

Once in Chilcote's bedroom he walked to the nearest bell and pressed it. Renwick responded, and at sight of him Loder's feelings warmed with the same sense of fitness and familiarity that the huge bed and sombre furniture of the room inspired.

But the man did not come forward as he expected. He remained close to the door, with a hesitation that was unusual in a trained servant. It struck Loder that possibly the man's stolidity had exasperated Chilcote, and that possibly Chilcote had been at no pains to conceal the exasperation. The idea caused him to smile involuntarily.

"Come into the room, Renwick," he said. "It's uncomfortable to see you standing there. I want to know if Mrs Chilcote has sent me any message about to-night?"

Renwick studied him furtively as he came forward. "Yes, sir," he said. "Mrs Chilcote's maid said that the carriage was ordered for 10.15, and she hoped that would suit you." He spoke reluctantly, as if expecting a rebuke.

At the opening sentence Loder had turned aside, but now as the man finished he wheeled round again and looked at him closely with his keen observant eyes.

"Look here," he said, "I can't have you speak to me like that. I may come down on you rather sharply when my—my nerves are bad; but when I'm myself I treat you—

well, I treat you decently at any rate. You'll have to learn to discriminate. Look at me now!" A thrill of risk and of rulership passed through him as he spoke.

"Look at me now! Do I look as I looked this morning—or yesterday?"

The man eyed him half-stupidly and half-timidly.

"Well?" Loder insisted.

"Well, sir," Renwick responded with some slowness, "you look the same—and you look different. A healthier colour, perhaps, sir; and the eye clearer." He grew more confident under the half-humorous, half-insistent gaze of Loder's eyes. "Now that I look closer, sir——"

Loder laughed. "That's it!" he said. "Now that you look closer! You'll have to grow observant; observation is an excellent quality in a servant. When you come into a room in future, look at me first of all and take your cue from that. Remember that serving a man with nerves is like serving two masters. Now you can go; and tell Mrs Chilcote's maid that I shall be quite ready at a quarter-past ten."

"Yes, sir. And after that?"

"Nothing further. I shan't want you again to-night." He turned as he spoke and moved towards the great fire that was always kept alight in Chilcote's room. Then as the man moved towards the door, he wheeled back again.

"Oh, one thing more, Renwick! Bring me some sandwiches and a whisky." He remembered for the first time

that he had eaten nothing since early afternoon.

At a few minutes after ten Loder left Chilcote's room, resolutely descended the stairs, and took up his position in the hall. Resolution is a strong word to apply to such a proceeding, but something in his bearing, in the attitude of his shoulders and head, instinctively suggested it.

Five or six minutes passed, but he waited without impatience; then at last the sound of a carriage stopping before the house caused him to lift his head, and at the same instant Eve appeared at the head of the stairs.

She stood there for a second, looking down on him, her maid a pace or two behind, holding her cloak. The picture she made struck upon his mind with something of a revelation.

On his first sight of her she had appealed to him as a strange blending of youth and self-possession—a girl with a woman's clearer perception of life; later, he had been drawn to study her in other aspects: but now for the first time he saw her as a power in her own world, a woman to whom no man could deny consideration. She looked taller for the distance between them, and the distinction of her carriage added to the effect. Her black gown was exquisitely soft—as soft as her black hair; above her forehead was a cluster of splendid diamonds shaped like a coronet, and a band of the same stones encircled her neck. Loder realised in a glance that only the most distinguished of women could

wear such ornaments and not have her beauty eclipsed. With a touch of the awkwardness that had before assailed him in her presence, he came slowly forward as she descended the stairs.

"Can I help you with your cloak?" he asked. And as he asked it, something like surprise at his own timidity crossed his mind.

For a second Eve's glance rested on his face. Her expression was quite impassive, but as she lowered her lashes a faint gleam flickered across her eyes; nevertheless her answer when it came was studiously courteous.

"Thank you," she said, "but Marie will do all I want."

Loder looked at her for a moment, then turned aside. He was not hurt by his rebuff, —rather, by an interesting sequence of impressions, he was stirred by it. The pride that had refused Chilcote's help and the self-control that had refused it graciously moved him to admiration. He understood and appreciated both by the light of personal experience.

"The carriage is at the door, sir," Crapham's voice broke in.

Eve turned to her maid. "That will do, Marie," she said. "I shall want a cup of chocolate when I get back—probably at one o'clock." She drew her cloak about her shoulders and moved towards the door. Then she paused and looked back.

"Shall we start?" she asked quietly.

Loder, still watching her, came forward at once. "Certainly," he said with unusual gentleness.

He followed her as she crossed the footpath, but made no further offer of help, and when the moment came he quietly took his place beside her in the carriage. His last impression as the horses wheeled round was of the open door—of Crapham in his sombre livery and the maid in her black dress, silhouetted against the dark background of the hall; then, as the carriage moved forward smoothly and rapidly, he leant back in his seat and closed his eyes.

During the first few moments of the drive there was silence. To Loder there was a strange new sensation in this companionship, so close and yet so distant. He was so near to Eve that the slight fragrant scent from her clothes might almost have belonged to his own garments. The impression was confusing and yet vaguely delightful. It was years since he had been so close to a woman of his own class—his own world. He acknowledged the thought with a curious sense of pleasure. His own world! Involuntarily he turned and looked at her.

She was sitting very straight—her fine profile cut clear against the carriage-window, her diamonds quivering in the light that flashed by them from the street. For a space the sense of unreality that had pervaded his first entrance into Chilcote's life touched him again, then another and more potent feeling rose to quell it. Almost involuntarily as he looked at her his lips parted.

"May I say something?" he asked.

Eve remained motionless. She did not turn her head, as most women would have done.

"Say anything you like," she said gravely.

"Anything?" He bent a little nearer, filled again by the inordinate wish to dominate.

"Of course." It seemed to him that her voice sounded forced and a little tired. For a moment he looked through the window at the passing lights, then slowly his gaze returned to her face.

"You look very beautiful to-night," he said. His voice was low and his manner unemotional, but his words had the effect he desired.

She turned her head, and her eyes met his in a glance of curiosity and surprise.

Slight as the triumph was, it thrilled him. The small scene with Chilcote's valet came to him; his own personality moved him again as it had done then to a reckless determination to make his own voice heard. Leaning forward, he laid his hand lightly on her arm.

"Eve," he said quickly, "Eve, do you remember——" Then he paused and withdrew his hand. The horses had slackened speed, then stopped, as the carriage fell into line outside Lord Bramfell's house.

CHAPTER XIV.

Loder entered Lord Bramfell's feeling far more like an actor in a drama than an ordinary man in a peculiar situation. It was the first time he had played Chilcote to a purely social audience, and the first time for many years that he had rubbed shoulders with a well-dressed crowd, ostensibly brought together for amusement. As he followed Eve along the corridor that led to the reception-rooms he questioned the reality of the position again and again; then abruptly, at the moment when the sensation of unfamiliarity was strongest, a cheery voice hailed him, and turning he saw the square shoulders, light eyes, and pointed moustache of Lakeley, the owner and editor of the 'St George's Gazette.'

At the sight of the man and the sound of his greeting his

doubts and speculations vanished. The essentials of life rose again to the position they had occupied three weeks ago in the short but strenuous period when his dormant activities had been stirred and he had recognised his true self. He lifted his head unconsciously—the shade of misgiving that had crossed his confidence passing from him, as he smiled at Lakeley with a keen alert pleasure that altered his whole face.

Eve, looking back, saw the expression. It attracted and held her, like a sudden glimpse into a secret room. In all the years of her marriage—in the years of her courtship even—she had never surprised the look on Chilcote's face. The impression came quickly, and with it a strange warm rush of interest that receded slowly, leaving an

odd sense of loneliness. But at the moment that the feeling came and passed her attention was claimed in another direction. A slight fair-haired boy forced his way towards her through the press of people that filled the corridor.

"Mrs Chilcote!" he exclaimed. "Can I believe my luck in finding you alone?"

Eve laughed. It seemed that there was relief in her laugh.

"How absurd you are, Bobby!" she said kindly. "But you are wrong. My husband is here—I am waiting for him."

Blessington looked round. "Oh!" he said, "indeed!" Then he relapsed into silence. He was the soul of good-nature, but those who knew him best knew that Chilcote's summary change of secretaries had rankled. Eve, conscious of the little jar, made haste to smooth it away.

"Tell me about yourself!" she said. "What have you been doing?"

Blessington looked at her; then smiled again, his buoyancy restored.

"Doing!" he said. "Oh, calling every other afternoon at Grosvenor Square—only to find that a certain lady is never at home."

At his tone Eve laughed again. The boy with his frank and ingenuous nature had beguiled many a dull hour for her in past days, and she had missed him not a little when his place had been filled by Greening.

"But I mean seriously, Bobby. Has something good turned up?"

Blessington made a wry face.

"Something is on its way—that's why I am on duty to-night. Old Bramfell and the pater are working it between them. So if Lady Bramfell or Lady Astrupp happens to drop a fan or a handkerchief this evening, I've got to be here to pick it up. See?"

"As you picked up my fans and handkerchiefs last year—and the year before?" Eve smiled.

Blessington's face suddenly looked grave. "I wish you hadn't said that," he said. Then he paused abruptly. Out of the hum of talk behind them a man's laugh sounded. It was not loud, but it was a laugh that one seldom hears in a London drawing-room—it expressed interest, amusement, and in an inexplicable way it seemed also to express strength.

Eve and Blessington both turned involuntarily.

"By Jove!" said Blessington.

Eve said nothing.

Loder was parting with Lakeley, and his was the laugh that had attracted them both. The interest excited by his talk was still reflected in his face and bearing as he made his way towards them.

"By Jove!" said Blessington again. "I never realised that Chilcote was so tall."

Again Eve said nothing. But silently and with a more subtle meaning she found herself echoing Blessington's words.

Until he was quite close to her, Loder did not seem to see her. Then he stopped quietly.

"I was speaking to Lakeley," he said. "He wants me to dine with him one night at Cadogan Gardens."

But Eve was silent, waiting for him to address Blessington. She glanced at him quickly, but though their eyes met he did not catch the meaning that lay in hers. It was a difficult moment. She had known him incredibly—almost unpardonably—absent-minded; but it had invariably been when he was suffering from “nerves,” as she phrased it to herself. But to-night he was obviously in the possession of unclouded faculties. She coloured slightly, and glanced under her lashes at Blessington. Had the same idea struck him, she wondered. But he was studiously studying a suit of Chinese armour that stood close by in a niche of the wall.

“Bobby has been keeping me amused while you talked to Mr Lakeley,” she said pointedly.

Directly addressed, Loder turned and looked at Blessington.

“How d’you do?” he said with doubtful cordiality. The name of Bobby conveyed nothing to him.

To his surprise Eve looked annoyed, and Blessington’s fresh-coloured face deepened in tone. With a slow uncomfortable sensation he was aware of having struck a wrong note.

There was a short unpleasant pause. Then, more by intuition than actual sight, Blessington saw Eve’s eyes turn from him to Loder, and with quick tact he saved the situation.

“How d’you do, sir?” he responded with a smile. “I congratulate you on looking so—so uncommon well. I was just telling Mrs Chilcote that I hold

a commission for Lady Astrupp to-night: I’m a sort of scout at present—reporting on the outposts.” He spoke fast and without much meaning, but his boyish voice eased the strain.

Eve thanked him with a smile. “Then we mustn’t interfere with a person on active service,” she said. “Besides, we have our own duties to get through.” She smiled again, and touching Loder’s arm, indicated the reception-rooms.

When they entered the larger of the two rooms, Lady Bramfell was still receiving her guests. She was a tall and angular woman, who, except for a certain beauty of hands and feet and a certain similarity of voice, possessed nothing in common with her sister Lillian. She was speaking to a group of people as Eve and Loder approached, and the first sound of her sweet and rather drawling tones touched Loder with a curious momentary feeling—a vague suggestion of awakened memories. Then the suggestion vanished as she turned and greeted Eve.

“How sweet of you to come!” she murmured; and it seemed to Loder that a more spontaneous smile lighted up her face. Then she extended her hand to him.

“And you too!” she added. “Though I fear we shall bore you horribly.”

Watching her with interest, he saw her change of expression as her eyes turned from Eve to him, and noticed a colder tone in her voice as she addressed him directly. The observation moved him to self-assertion.

"That's a poor compliment to me," he said. "To be bored is surely only a polite way of being inane."

Lady Bramfell smiled. "What!" she exclaimed. "You defending your social reputation!"

Loder laughed a little. "The smaller it is, the more defending it needs," he replied.

Another stream of arrivals swept by them as he spoke. Eve smiled at her hostess and moved across the room, and he perforce followed. As he gained her side the little court about Lady Bramwell was left well in the rear, the great throng at the farther end of the room was not yet reached, and for the moment they were practically alone.

There was a certain uneasiness in that moment of companionship. It seemed to him that Eve wished to speak, but hesitated. Once or twice she opened and closed the fan that she was carrying, then at last, as if by an effort, she turned and looked at him.

"Why were you so cold to Bobby Blessington?" she asked. "Doesn't it seem discourteous to ignore him as you did?"

Her manner was subdued. It was not the annoyed manner that one uses to a man when he has behaved ill; it was more the explanatory tone one might adopt towards an incorrigible child. Loder felt this; but the gist of a remark always came to him first—its mode of expression later. The fact that it was Blessington whom he had encountered—Blessington to whom he had spoken with vague politeness—came to him

with a sense of unpleasantness. He was not to blame in the matter, nevertheless he blamed himself. He was annoyed that he should have made the slip in Eve's presence.

They were moving forward, nearing the press of people in the second room, when Eve spoke, and the fact filled him with an unusual sense of annoyance. People smiled and bowed to her from every side; one woman leant forward as they passed and whispered something in her ear. Again the sensation of futility and vexation filled him; again he realised how palpable was the place she held in the world. Then, as his feelings reached their height, and speech was well-nigh forced upon him, a small man with a round red face, catching a glimpse of Eve, darted from a circle of people gathered in one of the windows, and came quickly towards them. With an unjust touch of irritation he recognised Lord Bramfell.

Again the sense of Eve's aloofness stung him as their host approached. In another moment she would be lost to him amongst this throng of strangers—claimed by them as if by right.

"Eve," he said involuntarily under his breath.

She half paused and turned towards him. "Yes?" she said, and he wondered if it was his imagination that made the word sound slightly eager.

"About that matter of Blessington," he began. Then he stopped. Bramfell had reached them.

The little man came up

smiling, and with an outstretched hand.

"There's no penalty for separating husband and wife, is there, Mrs Chilcote? How are you, Chilcote?" He turned from one to the other with the quick noiseless manner that characterised him.

Loder moved aside to hide his vexation, but Eve greeted him with her usual self-possessed smile.

"You are exempt from all penalties to-night," she said. Then she turned to the members of his party, who had strolled across from the window in his wake.

As she moved, Bramfell looked at Loder.

"Well, Chilcote, have you dipped into the future yet?" he asked with a laugh.

Loder echoed the laugh, but said nothing. In his uncertainty at the question he reverted to his old resource of silence.

Bramfell raised his eyebrows. "What!" he said. "Don't tell me that my sister-in-law hasn't engaged you as a victim." Then he turned again to Eve.

"You've heard of our new departure, Mrs Chilcote?" he said.

Eve looked round from the lively group by which she was surrounded.

"Lillian's crystal-gazing? Why, of course," she said. "She should make a very beautiful seer. We are all quite curious."

Bramfell pursed up his lips.

"She has a very beautiful tent at the end of the conservatory. It took five men as many days to rig it up. We

couldn't hear ourselves talk for hammering. My wife said it made her feel quite philanthropic—it reminded her so much of a charity bazaar."

Everybody laughed; and at the same moment Blessington came quickly across the room and joined the group.

"Hallo!" he said, "anybody seen Witcheston? He's next on my list for the crystal business."

Again the whole party laughed, and Bramfell, stepping forward, touched Blessington's arm in mock seriousness.

"Witcheston is playing bridge like a sensible man," he said. "Leave him in peace, Bobby."

Blessington made a comical grimace.

"But I'm working this on commercial principles," he objected. "I keep the list—names and hours complete, and Lady Astrupp gazes in blissful ignorance as to who her victims are. The whole thing is great—simple and statistical."

"For goodness sake, Bobby, shut up!" Bramfell's round eyes were twinkling with amusement.

"But my system——"

"Systems! Ah, we all had them when we were as young as you are."

"And they all had flaws, Bobby," Eve broke in. "We were always finding gaps that had to be filled up. Never mind about Lord Witcheston. Get a substitute; it won't count—if Lillian doesn't know."

Blessington wavered as she spoke. His eyes wandered round the party, and rested again on Bramfell.

"Not me, Bobby! Remember I've breathed crystals—practically lived on them—for the last week. Now, there's Chilcote——" Again his eyes twinkled.

All eyes were turned on Loder, though one or two strayed surreptitiously to Eve. She, sensitive to the position, laughed quickly.

"A very good idea," she said hastily. "Who wants to see the future if not a politician. Please use your authority, Bobby. And when you've got him safely under canvas come back to me. It's years since we've had a talk." She nodded and smiled, then instantly turned to Bramfell with some trivial remark.

For a second Loder waited, then with a movement of resignation he laid his hand on Blessington's arm.

"Very well!" he said. "But if my fate is black, witness it was my wife who sent me to it!" His faint pause on the word wife, the mention of the word itself in the presence of these people, had a savour of recklessness. The small discomfort of his earlier slip vanished before it; he experienced a strong reaction of confidence in his luck. With a cool head, a steady step, and a friendly pressure of the fingers on Blessington's arm, he allowed himself to be drawn across the reception-rooms, through the long corridors, and down the broad flight of steps that led to the conservatory.

The conservatory was a feature of the Bramfell town house; and to Loder it came

as something wonderful and unlooked-for, with its clustering green branches, its slight unoppressive scents, its temperately pleasant atmosphere. He felt no wish to speak as, still guided by Blessington, he passed down the shadowy paths that in the half-light had the warmth and mystery of a southern garden. Here and there from the darkness came the whispering of a voice or the sound of a laugh, bringing with it the necessary touch of life. Otherwise the place was still.

Absorbed by the air of solitude, contrasting so remarkably with the noise and crowded glitter left behind in the reception-rooms, he had moved half-way down the long green aisle before the business in hand came back to him with a sense of annoyance. It seemed so paltry to mar the quiet of the place with the absurdity of a side-show. He turned to Blessington with a touch of abruptness.

"What am I expected to do?" he asked.

Blessington looked up surprised.

"Why, I thought, sir," he began. Then he instantly altered his tone. "Oh, just enter into the spirit of the thing. Lady Astrupp won't put much strain on your credulity, but she'll make a big call on your solemnity." He laughed.

He had an infectious laugh, and Loder responded to it.

"But what am I to do?" he persisted.

"Oh, nothing, sir. Being

the priestess, she naturally demands acolytes; but she'll let you know that she holds the prior place. The tent is so fixed that she sees nothing beyond your hands: so there's absolutely no delusion." He laughed once more. Then suddenly he lowered his voice and slackened his steps. "Here we are!" he whispered in pretended awe.

At the end of the path the space widened to the full breadth of the conservatory. The light was dimmed, giving an added impression of distance; away to the left Loder heard the sound of splashing water, and on his right hand he caught his first glimpse of the tent which was his goal.

It was an artistic little erection—a pavilion constructed of silky fabric, that showed bronze in the light of an oriental lamp that hung above its entrance. As they drew closer to it a man emerged. He stood for a moment, uncertainly looking about him; then catching sight of them he came forward laughing.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "it's as dark as limbo in there! I didn't see you at first. But I say, Blessington, it's a beastly shame to have that thunder-cloud barrier shutting off the sorceress. If she gazes at the crystal, mayn't we have something to gaze at too?"

Blessington laughed. "You want too much, Galltry," he said. "Lady Astrupp under-

stands the value of the unattainable. Come along, sir!" he added to Loder, drawing him forward with an energetic pressure of the arm.

Loder responded, and as he did so a flicker of curiosity touched his mind for the first time. He wondered for an instant who this woman was who aroused so much comment. And with the speculation came the remembrance of how he had assured Chilcote that on one point at least he was invulnerable. He had spoken then from the height of a past experience—an experience so fully past that he wondered now if it had been as staple a guarantee as he had then believed. Man's capacity for outliving is astonishingly complete. The long ago incident in the Italian mountains had faded, like a crayon study in which the tones have merged and gradually lost character. The past had paled before the present—as golden hair might pale before black. The simile came with apparent irrelevance. Then again Blessington pressed his arm.

"Now, sir!" he said, drawing away and lifting the curtain that hung before the entrance of the tent.

Loder looked at the amused boyish face lighted by the hanging lamp and smiled pleasantly; then with a shrug of the shoulders he entered the pavilion, and the curtain fell behind him.

(*To be continued.*)

SEA-GHOSTS.

O' STORMY nights, be they summer or winter,
Hurricane nights like these
When spar and topsail are rag and splinter
Hurled o'er the sluicing seas,

To the jagged edge where the cliff leans over,
Climb as you best may climb;
Lie there and listen what mysteries hover,
Haunting the tides of Time.

The crumbling surf on the shingle rattles,
The great waves topple and pour,
Full of the fury of ancient battles,
Clamant with cries of war.

The gale has summoned, the night has beckoned,—
Lo, from the east and west,
Stately shadows arise unreckoned
Out of their deeps of rest!

Wild on the wind are voices ringing,
Echoes that throng the air,
Valiant voices, of victory singing,
Or dark with sublime despair.

To the distant drums with their rumbling hollow,
The answering trumpets blow:
War-horn and fife and cymbal follow,
From galleys of long ago.

The crested breaker, on reef and boulder
That swirls in cavernous black,
Carries a challenge from decks that moulder
To ships that never came back.

The gale that swoops and the sea that wrestles
Are one in their wrath and might
With the crash and clashing of armed vessels,
Grinding across the night.

Out of the dark the broadsides thunder,
 Clattering to and fro:
The old sea-fighters, the old world's wonder,
 Are manning their wrecks below.

You shall smell the smoke, you shall hear the crackle,
 Shall mark on the surly blast
Rush and tear of the rending tackle,
 Thud of the falling mast.

With the foam that flies and the spray that spatters,
 Scourging the strand again,
A terrible outcry leaps and shatters,—
 Tumult of drowning men.

The steep grey cliff is alive and trembles—
 Was never such fear as this!
A fleet, a fleet at its foot assembles
 Out of the sea's abyss.

It quails and quivers, its grassy verges
 Vibrant with uttermost dread:
It knows the groan of the laden surges,
 The shout of the deathless Dead.

In a rolling roar of reverberations,
 Marching with wind and tide,
Heroes of unremembered nations
 Vaunt their immortal pride.

Briton, Spaniard, Phœnician, Roman,
 Gallant implacable hosts,—
Locked in fight with a phantom foeman,
 Gather the grim sea-ghosts.

MAY BYRON.

THE WANDERING POPULATION OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

ALMOST from my infancy the wandering population of our country has had a strong fascination for me, and yet at the outset of this account of my knowledge of it, I must disclaim all statistical or what one might call scientific acquaintance with it. What the number of our tinker tribes may be, what are their habits and customs and resources once they pass the boundaries of our own parish, I know not, nor can I claim an intimate and Borrovian acquaintance with them even within these bounds. Yet all my life they have been more or less familiar to me—coming and going—passing and repassing—some crossing our hills but once, and others returning, like the migratory birds, with different seasons of the year. To us—the children of a remote and isolated hollow whose horizon was bounded on one side by the sea and on each of the other airts by the great Bens—they were the first sign and symbol of the vast moving hurrying world outside. They imaged to us restlessness and change—those strange wild people, who spoke to us to-day and were gone to-morrow—who did not care to linger under the shadows of our eternal hills or within sound of our unchanging Atlantic, but must be on and away before we realised who they were or what they had come for. All other faces we saw in childhood were staid, kind, home-like faces, with nothing unknown or mysterious behind them: these were odd and unusual, with a meaning in them we could not read, and a life behind them we did not know—they were the faces of wanderers, coming we knew not whence, and returning we knew not whither. Some were hawkers—men of all nations and languages—Jews, Russians, Frenchmen, bending under the weight of the boxes on their backs; some were tinkers riding in painted carts, with their tins glistening in the sun and their tents piled up beside them; some were tramps, more ragged and forlorn and evil-looking than the others—fearsome people, who might be thieves or murderers for aught we knew; and some of whom, we were told, carried a hint of such a character in their closely cropped heads—it being hardly likely that they had patronised the barber from mere dandyism. They brought us the first dark whisper of crime, and I well remember the thrill of horror with which we heard that one of them had taken up his quarters in a wood not far away, and several times after night-fall had leapt over the stone dyke that divided it from the highroad and, pistol in hand after the most approved manner of the highwayman, had demanded of the solitary wayfarer returning from the village “his money or his life.” He inhabited the wood for a week and then was gone; but

for months afterwards as we passed along that road in the evening, and heard the river sounding through the trees and the owls crying in the gloom, we pressed closer to the grown-up people, thinking the robber might still be lurking there. When at last we were convinced that the wood was free of him, it seemed to us that he had gone to join that continuous procession of wanderers who, never resting, some riding, some walking, tinkers, tramps, hawkers, convicts, were for ever coming and going between the world and us, for ever travelling up and down on what was to us the Great South Road.

As we grew older we began to distinguish among these travellers and to know who were to be feared and who were harmless and even friendly. There was "The Pole," Prince of Wanderers—delight of our childish imaginations, who belonged indeed to the genus tramp, and yet was surely not a tramp in reality, but a very splendid sort of foreign gentleman, who had fallen on evil days. We saw him first on an autumn night of storm and rain, when he came knocking at our kitchen-door, and requesting permission to sleep in a little sheltered hollow in the rock near our garden-gate. One of the servants came to tell of the great big man with the fine grand manners, who was asking this trifling favour; and my father, with a body-guard of children, went and interviewed him. We saw a magnificently built man, with kind blue eyes, a brown beard,

and remarkably grand foreign manners. His clothes, though very worn and shabby, were not ragged, and he spoke in a pleasant manly voice, saying that he had been about to take up his quarters in the hollow for the night, when it occurred to him that if he gave no warning of his presence the servants going out early in the morning might be startled by seeing him there. Our father, after a little talk with him, gave him leave to sleep in an empty outhouse among the hay, and next day he sat all morning in fine bright sunshine on the side of a hill, while we children sat near him in the heather and watched the preparations he made for his breakfast. He did not ask for anything, but was very friendly and pleasant, and showed us the contents of his knapsack, and told us that he was the son of a Polish general who had lost all his property on account of a political offence. His brother, he said, had been assassinated in V—— in the public street, and he himself had either been tried and banished or had been obliged to flee the country—I forget which. He had a convincing quiet way of talking, I remember, and he told us that he wandered about the country all summer, living on a little money sent him by a sister—and as he talked he boiled water over a spirit-lamp and made himself a cup of Liebig for his breakfast. He showed us the great waterproof flannel-lined bag in which he rolled himself at night, a sketch-book, a comb, and a number of other

little things, the last being not least in our eyes, as it seemed to us proof positive of his gentle birth—it was a tooth-brush! “Ah, H——,” he said, addressing my eldest brother by a foreign form of his name, and speaking with a soft unfamiliar accent, “you can go to your father at any time, but I cannot go to my father—I can never go back—till the Emperor dies.” We were very sorry for him, and admired him very much. That evening he came into our dining-room to worship, and was greatly delighted with our hymns; and a few days or perhaps weeks afterwards he came through the place again, and though he did not come to the house, he sat in our field, and sent one of us children to ask if he might have the favour of a little worsted to darn his stockings with—which homely occupation he worked at for the best part of a day, and then departed, and we saw no more of him. For years, however, we looked out for him, half-expecting to see him return in circumstances of impossible grandeur, with a fine carriage and horses and servants, to say that his troubles were over at last, and that his enemy “the Emperor” was dead.

There were few of the tramps, however, who left so distinct an impression on our minds as did “The Pole.” Most were drunken and degraded-looking, even when they had seen better days and were able to talk of their university education; and some were not only

passively and, as one might say, “subjectively” ill-looking, but had countenances whose evil expression seemed to have a positive and malignant character. The tinker tribes were very different. Though not so romantic they were safe. They knew us and we knew them, and they would stop us on the road to inquire for “Ma,” and to make remarks on the weather or on our growth.

There was old Black Peter, who came driving along in his cart once or twice in the year, and who was probably given the prefix to his name because of his long sweeping black beard. He had an enormous fat wife, who suffered from some incurable disease, and was never able to walk, but sat up in the cart enthroned among the rattling tins, and must have been a weary load for the poor scraggy pony to drag up the long braes. Peter, however, seemed proud of her, and pleased to discourse of her sufferings, and she herself was wonderfully cheerful and good-natured, despite her long endurance of them. Some one asked her if she ever thought of another world, since she had found this so full of trouble. “Ah, well, my dear,” she answered cheerfully, “I lies here every night, and I looks up at the sky and I sees the stars.” No further confession of faith could be won from her. She kept returning to the stars, and seemed to find great pleasure in looking at them. This old couple had two daughters, who, however, were both married and away before

my memory begins. One was the wife of a tinker, who came sometimes to the parish, but the other had attracted the notice of a lady well known for her benefactions to the Highlands, and by her she was educated and sent out to service in South Africa. There she married into a higher class than her own, becoming the wife of an engineer; but what became of her afterwards I do not know. These were the days of rapidly acquired fortunes, and she may now be a person of importance in the colony, perhaps entertaining perambulating politicians and other great people, and having views of her own on the fiscal policy. Who can tell? Stranger things happen every day.

Then there was the Bagpipe Tinker—a musical genius, who not only performed with a good deal of spirit on our national musical instrument, but was able to make it first, and make it very skilfully too. Between twenty and thirty years ago the pipes were a good deal tabooed in our quarter of the world, so that it was a rare and fearful joy to hear them. At one time we induced our governess, a young English girl, to come to the tent of the Bagpipe Tinker and beg him to play to us. She was full of curiosity and consented, and the maker and player of pipes was very good-natured, and indeed highly flattered, and all went merrily till in the middle of the music we espied, to our discomfiture, the form of the village policeman making for the tent, and by the sensation caused

among the tinkers by his appearance we saw that something was wrong. The swell of the pipes was suddenly stifled, and we went off with as much haste as accorded with dignity, our governess somewhat ashamed to have been caught listening to such a performer, and we, perhaps, a little doubtful whether we might not be apprehended—if apprehensions were the order of the day—as “accessories after the fact,” whatever that fact might turn out to be. We afterwards learned that it was nothing worse than a fight in the village, in which the Bagpipe Tinker had borne a share.

One of the tinker tribes who came oftenest to the parish in our childhood's days was headed and presided over by an old patriarch, who had more education and intelligence than is usually found among those of his class. He dealt in horses as well as in tins, and generally travelled the country with a small cavalcade of sons and daughters and carts and beasts behind him. He could read, and was a keen admirer of that immortal member of his fraternity—John Bunyan. He was a shrewd and worldly old man; but amid his buying and selling, his bargaining and trafficking with such stores as he had of the wares of this world, he seemed to be haunted fitfully with thoughts of the next. The allegorical images of the ‘Pilgrim's Progress’ were familiar to him—the City of Destruction, the Wrath to Come, the Man with the Burden on his Back—but they had, alas!

no deeper effect on him than to trouble occasionally the surface of his mind. I remember the awe with which we children heard how one cold and stormy night he and his cavalcade halted on the borders of a peat-moor about twenty miles distant from us, and how he was there suddenly taken with his death-sickness, and fell into great distress of mind. The family sent in haste for the minister; but he, poor man, was himself slowly dying of a chest complaint, and not knowing how urgent was the call, and dreading the chill air of such a night, he sent back the messenger to say he would come in the morning. But the morning was too late, for the old tinker died that night, and the manner of his death being dark and gloomy, greatly affected his family. Perhaps it was in part owing to their memory of it that two of his daughters set themselves to learn to read that Book which has been above all else the consolation of the dying, and came diligently for years, each time they returned to the parish, to the old house in the hollow, to spell out words slowly and laboriously in the sacred volume, till at last they succeeded so well that they could read it fluently, and each time they came would take away old books and magazines to read in the tent. They have risen in the world since these days, for an aunt—and a miserable-looking old tinker woman she was—died some years ago and left several hundreds of pounds tied up in a stocking-foot, which quite set

up the whole family, so that they discarded tin-making, and have now much more attractive wares to sell.

Our early memories of the wandering tribes are not all sombre ones, however. Some individuals of them seemed to be always smiling, and I remember how one of the most sordid and sunken-looking families of them was once visited by a cousin who seemed the very embodiment of mirth. She was a gay, sparkling, surprising-looking cousin, and we used often to observe her as she passed, with her brightly coloured clothes, her infectious laughter, and her handsome appearance. Her ragged grimy relatives appeared inordinately proud of her, and in truth she seemed a bird of very fine plumage among them, for she wore a watch and chain, and, if my memory serves me, a brooch and a ring as well. As she went about the parish with one of her girl-cousins selling tins, she announced with broad grins that she had come on her visit with the intention of marrying one of the tribe—the eldest son of the family. As time went on, however, she proved a born coquette. "Barkis" was willing, but the moods of "the cousin" changed with each new day; and as she went about she took the whole neighbourhood into her confidence regarding the fluctuations of her mind, until no one knew what to believe. She was already married, was about to be married, and never had intended to be married, according as the fancy struck her; but whichever it

was, she was quite sure about it, and was in the highest spirits imaginable, laughing heartily and showing her white teeth. Then, just as she had succeeded in interesting the country-people in her love-affairs, she was gone to wherever she had come from, and returned no more, but left the sombre young tinker, whom she had distinguished by her attentions, to console himself as best he might. She seemed to flash into the dim life of the tribe like some bright meteor, and when she went left behind her an impression of irrepressible and hilarious laughter, whose gay peals woke answering smiles over half our parish.

After childhood was left behind the character of our acquaintance with the wanderers changed, and became more distant and artificial. However slight our intercourse with them might be in the old days, it was friendly and natural. No one thought it worth their while to deceive us on the one hand, and on the other no one found the savour of a condescending benevolence in our open-eyed interest; and so it came to pass that any little glimpses of the real human life of the wayfarers who strayed into our kitchen, or spoke to us on the road, were revealed to us in the days when we had no alms to give and no help to administer.

Afterwards, though one side of that life was hid from us, we saw another, more sordid and ugly than we had suspected before. In the light of common day it was and is the life of a dirty, ragged, sunken people,

who continually drain the resources of our poor by their importunate and incorrigible begging; who stray at any hour of the day into the crofters' houses, without the little ceremony of knocking at the doors, and, seating themselves by the fireside, run over almost the whole gamut of the household possessions before they come to the end of their demands, and who, honest as they are in most respects, seem to rob peats wholesale, in the spirit of the Highlandman who, when accused of stealing a cow, replied indignantly that he had done no such thing, but had taken it away in the sight of all men as his own! Yet it is something to have gained the knowledge that there are two sides; and that, after all due allowances are made, these poor beggar-folk are not so very unlike other people as we might think, but have their goodnesses and badnesses, like the best born among us. Only to-day I met a little old tinker man, bending under a burden of straw,—a shiftless, contemptible-looking specimen of one of the poorest tribes; and after he had passed I remembered how, years ago, two frightened little boys on their way home from school after dark were in the habit of going to his tent every night, for a good part of a winter; and how, knowing these small boys were afraid, he would silently escort them for more than a mile of their way, past some badly haunted spots, to where they could see the friendly home lights. "Will ye do now?" he would say on the top of the

brae above the hollow, and then would trudge back to his tent without any question or expectation of reward.

A few of the better-off families among the tinkers go to a town in winter and send their children for a month or two to school; but many roam the country both winter and summer, encamping in the open in wind or rain or snow, as the case may be. We have known a man to lie ill of pleurisy all through the weeks of a big snowstorm in a wretched tent by the roadside, so ill that the doctor gave up all hopes of his recovery. We paid a visit to his camp one clear starry night, when the snow was several inches deep upon the ground. The flaps of the canvas were tightly pegged down, and though opened to admit us, were closed immediately on our entrance. A fire blazed in the middle of the tent, and the smoke, not finding a ready exit anywhere, was so thick that for a minute or two we were almost blinded. When gradually the forms of tinkers became distinguishable in the red glow, the patient's position reminded one irresistibly of certain accounts of Purgatory, for his head was so near the outer rim of the tent as to be almost touching the snow, while his feet were so near the fire as to be almost in the flames. Yet despite his purgatorial sufferings the man recovered—perhaps because of the strength of his constitution and the variation of the “open-air cure” by which he was treated. The wandering life is no doubt a

healthy one in many respects. The tinkers are very hardy, are seldom ill, and one rarely hears of the death of a young person among them. Some are very handsome, and one occasionally sees really beautiful faces among the women of the tribes.

It is sometimes remarked that in comparison with the miserable slum population of our large towns the tinkers are hardly to be compassionated, since they have at least the joys of fresh air and sunshine, of sweet-scented hillsides and open fields. “There’s the sun and the stars, brother,” said the gipsy to George Borrow in ‘*Lavengro*’; “there’s the wind on the heath, brother. If I could feel that, I would gladly live for ever!” These are the heritage of the poor Highland tinker as well as of the English gipsy, and many of our wanderers are well enough contented with their life. The roving instinct is in their blood, and if any scheme for their betterment is ever to be successful, this passion of theirs for change and movement must not be forgotten. These dwellers in tents will not be bound down easily to settled ways. We have known at least one case in point. A rich childless lady, living not far beyond the bounds of our own parish, adopted a tinker baby girl. She grew up beautiful and accomplished, and then one fine summer morning, just after her education had been finished, she ran away,—back to her own people—to the poverty and hardship of the tents—to freedom real or imagined.

Yet, after all this has been taken into account, it is surely time that something were done for the tinkers. Even the slums have their schools, their district visitors, their mission churches, their charitable organisations: the tinker tribes have none of these. In this age of advanced education they have none; they are trained from infancy to detest work, to beg and tell lies; they drink and fight continually; few ever darken the doors of a church; the labours of the Bible Society have reached far and wide, but have not yet touched them. They are the heathen children of a Christian country.

It is true that the remedy is difficult to devise, and the tinker problem might almost be considered hopeless were it not for a certain capacity for improvement which has manifested itself of late years within the tribes themselves. During the last ten or twenty years, just as the houses of the crofters and cottars of the North have become larger and more comfortable, so the tents of the tinkers have undergone a similar change for the better, though the security of tenure which has been the stimulus in the former case can hardly be the explanation of the latter! Not only are the tents improved, but the carts and caravans are more pretentious, the beasts look less starved, and the people themselves better fed and more flourishing than of yore. Some who were tinkers twenty years ago have made a little money, and are now hawkers; and one tribe I know of has emigrated

to America and there acquired considerable wealth.

Now, might it not be possible to stimulate this awakening ambition, or to awaken it where it is still sleeping, by means of special grants of money, perhaps in the form of bursaries, to be given each year in each county to those children of the wandering tribes who could pass a certain simple examination, say in the three R's? The knowledge of such grants or benevolent funds might be spread among the encampments by the ministers of the different parishes frequented by the tinkers; and just as in an instance I have given, two girls learned to read, despite all difficulties, as they travelled about, so the idea of a money prize to be won, or the knowledge that a chance was being offered them, might stimulate at least some proportion of the children to make a similar effort. The educational advantages of Scotland are such that the son of the poorest labourer has the road open for him to better things, if only he has the capacity to take it. It would be something that such a road should be opened for the tinker children, and that they should be taught to feel that they too are sons and daughters of the Empire.

As for the tramps, their case is still more difficult. While the tinkers frequent more or less definite districts, within which public opinion and effort have some chance of affecting them, the tramps are the wreckage of the towns, and drift aimlessly over the whole country,

strangers and outcasts everywhere. And not even the tinker children have so pitiable and hopeless a lot as the children of the tramp.

One day going into our kitchen, I chanced to find there an old grey-headed man seated by the fire. He was miserably clad, and had a bundle of rags on his back; he had gentle blue eyes, and the look of one who has a want, or is, as the country-people say, somewhat of an innocent. He was waiting for a cup of tea, and as he waited I talked to him. "What work did you use to do?" said I. "I never did any work," said the man, in tones of almost child-like mildness,— "I jist goes about." "But," said I, "you must surely have done work sometime in your life. Did you ever learn a trade?" "No," said he, "I never learned a trade. Some folks doesn't. I jist goes about." "Have you

any relations?" I inquired further. "No; I never had no relations," said he. "You must have had relations sometime," I insisted. "No," he answered, in the same gentle tones, "I never had no relations." He looked silently on the floor for a few moments. "You don't know anything about it," he said then, in the tone of one who bears patiently with ignorance. "There's some folks learns a trade and they has relations, and there's other folks that never learns a trade and has no relations, and they jist goes about."

Such philosophy silenced me. I felt my ignorance to be great; but as I looked on the grey hair and the gentle blue eyes of the Man with the Want, I wished that something could be done for these "folks" that "has no trade and no relations," and that "jist goes about."

L. M. M.

THE PRISONER.

It was in Tropical Australia.

Two men were playing chess by lamplight in the central room of a big, white, corrugated-iron house that stood on sloping ground a little back from the road that led through the township of Golindie. The rainy season was supposed to have ended, but showers had fallen during the afternoon and evening, and there was a sound of dripping and trickling water in the warm, still air. From the creek, some two hundred yards away, came the incessant hoarse outcry of bullfrogs.

The room, which had no ceiling but the lofty roof, was furnished with a large oblong table, two benches, three chairs, and an iron barrack-bed covered with a mosquito-net. The fluted walls were of a pinkish buff, and the wooden framework which divided them into large rectangles was painted dark brown. The subdued clicking of a telegraph instrument came through the open door that led into another room.

The house was a combined Police and Telegraph station, and the chess-players were Western of the Police and Ross the telegraph operator. They wore the customary indoor dress of that part of the world—cotton singlets and pyjamas, with bare feet.

"It's your move," said Western, leaning back after a long pause, and relighting his pipe.

Ross had a habit, a disastrous one for a chess-player, of hearkening half absently to the sound of his instrument, through which, hour by hour, ticked every message from Europe to Australia.

"Yes, I know," he replied, with his eyes focussed upon infinity. "Listen," he continued; "somebody coming up from the road."

There was a trampling and splashing on the soft wet soil outside, and presently a "cooeey." Western took up the lamp, and the two men walked out on to the verandah. They stood there, some four feet above the ground of the yard, looking into the darkness, till a horse and rider came into the circle of the lamplight.

"That you, Western?" said a voice.

"By Jove! it's Barton!" cried the policeman. "Hullo! Barton, old man, where do you come from? Glad to see you. Hold on till I get the lantern. Here, Jim!" he shouted, stamping his feet into canvas shoes, and jumping off the verandah. "Here, take 'em nanto longa stable. Give it feed," he added to a bearded blackfellow who emerged from an outhouse.

Barton dismounted smartly enough, but he walked up the steps and across the verandah stiffly and with the air of one who has been too long in the saddle. He was a tall, well-

set-up fellow of twenty-six or thereabout. His flannel shirt and moleskin riding-breeches were stained and sodden, and splashes of mud, of several different colours, marked him from spur to shoulder.

"Thanks, Western, I won't sit down or do anything," said he, after greeting the two men, "till I've got a message off. Line clear, Ross? It's urgent. George Hansen killed out at the Copper Mine; speared by Long Charley."

"Good God! Here, I'm on in this, Ross," said Western, as the telegraphist sat down to his instrument. "Tell me the yarn, old chap, and I'll send it at Government expense. Poor old George! I saw him when I was out there from the Caroline last year. Well, we ought to get Master Charley this time. Any evidence? Were you there?"

"Hold on a bit," said Barton. "Let me tell the story in my own way, and then you send the wire by all means. I'll cut it as short as I can."

"Fire away," said the policeman, getting ready his writing materials. "You look as if a drink would do you good. I'm what they call a teetotaller in these parts, and there's no whisky, but this Victorian claret is pretty decent."

The tumbler shook slightly in Barton's hand as he began to tell his story.

On the eighth day after the evening when he had set out to tell his story at Golindie, Barton stood in the witness-box of the court-house in Port

Daly. The lofty oblong room had something of the air of a chapel, with its rows of varnished benches, its fibre matting, and high windows. A punkah, pulled by a Chinese boy, swung to a stately measure above a long bare table at which the jurymen were sitting: they had just returned from "viewing the body," which lay in a shed at the rear of the court-house.

Barton gave his evidence clearly and without repetition. He had arrived (he said) at the Green River Copper Mine at about 11 A.M. on the 9th, and found the deceased, George Hansen, who had lived there alone as caretaker since the mine had been abandoned, suffering from a spear-wound in the back. He, the witness, had attended to him as well as he could, and had extracted the spear-head (produced) from his body. Hansen had died about six o'clock the next morning. The witness identified a paper which the deceased had written before his arrival. In it, and orally, he had made a statement to the effect that he had been speared by a blackfellow named Long Charley. Just after Hansen's death, Father Celsus, a missionary, had arrived at the mine, also Mr Gellibrand and Mr MacIntyre. The body had been temporarily buried, and the witness had ridden to Golindie and reported the affair to the Police.

The coroner asked Barton one or two questions, and was about to dismiss him, when Scanlan the solicitor stood up.

"Your Honour," said he, "I have just received a telegram from the Protector of Aborigines authorising me to watch this case on his behalf. I ask Your Honour's permission to put a few questions to the witness."

The coroner, who was also the Judge of the district, assented.

"Now, Mr Barton," said Scanlan, "do you know Long Charley?"

"No," replied the witness. "That is, I believe I have seen him."

"You believe? Was he pointed out to you?"

"No. I saw him—I saw a blackfellow on the day before the murder, and from what I heard later I believe he was the man."

"Oh, and where did you see him?"

"Between the mine and the river."

"How far from the mine?"

"About six miles."

"You notice, gentlemen," said Scanlan, "the witness saw a blackfellow—one blackfellow, gentlemen—six miles away, on the day before the affair happened, in a neighbourhood where, as we know, there are thousands. Then he gathered from the words—from the ravings—of a dying man that a certain blackfellow had done the deed, and jumped to the conclusion that the man he had seen was that particular blackfellow."

"I should like to say——" began Barton.

"Never mind what you would like to say, sir," interrupted

the lawyer; "we are not here to listen to what you would like to say. We want facts. Will you swear that you saw Long Charley? Will you swear, from your own personal knowledge, and irrespective of anything you may have been told since, that Long Charley was within five miles of the mine on the 10th instant?"

Barton was obliged to answer "No."

"Now," Scanlan went on, "take this paper. Did you see Hansen write it?"

"No: he told me he had written it."

"Can you identify the handwriting?"

"Yes."

"Have you any writing in your possession which you can swear is his?"

Barton was prepared for this question, and had taken from a pocket-book a paper which he handed to the lawyer. The latter read it in silence.

"Who wrote this?" he asked.

"I wrote the body of it, at Hansen's dictation. The signature is his," replied Barton.

"H'm. It seems to be a leaf from a pocket-book."

"It is a leaf from my pocket-book," said Barton.

Scanlan handed the paper to the coroner. After a pause he went on. "Gentlemen, this document is a will, written by Mr Barton upon a leaf of Mr Barton's pocket-book, and purporting to be signed by the deceased Hansen, in which Hansen bequeaths all his property, including his interest in certain silver claims, to Mr Barton. The will is unwitnessed save by

Mr Barton himself, and His Honour will tell you that it is informal. May I ask, Mr Barton, how long you had known the deceased?"

"A few days."

"And the silver claims—do you know where they are?"

"Yes; they are in the Green River district."

"Does any one else know where they are?"

"No," replied Barton.

"Thank you, that will do," said the lawyer, sitting down. Then, partly from habit and partly because he had observed that the interest of jurors in the examination of a witness was usually in direct ratio to the amount of pain inflicted, he sprang up and added another question—

"One moment, please. During your short acquaintance with this man, Hansen, were you upon good terms with him?"

"We were very friendly," said the witness. He coloured a little as he spoke.

"Oh, you had no quarrel with him at any time?"

It was a chance shot, but it went home; truthful Barton coloured again.

"Well, yes, we had a sort of quarrel; but he was—he'd been drinking."

Scanlan warmed to his work. His questions followed in rapid succession, and the stylographic pen of the white-uniformed Police trooper who acted as clerk flew over the paper. The coroner once or twice showed impatience. Once he said, "Really, Mr Scanlan, is this relevant?"

"Of course I bow to Your Honour's decision," returned the lawyer, suiting his action to the word; "but I'm sure Your Honour will agree . . . most important . . . no hasty conclusion . . . jury . . . state of public feeling with regard to these natives of the country, owing to the memory of the previous most unhappy affair, which, I am sure, is fresh in all our minds . . . unfortunate prejudice against the man whom I may perhaps be permitted to call my client . . ."

Barton had left the box. He sat mopping his brow and feeling uncomfortable. There was no doubt he had had a trying time. . . . What hard work it had been digging that grave. . . . He had ridden—what was it?—a hundred miles in a night and a day; two hundred in three nights and two days. And oh, that voyage in the little launch, with the corpse and the Chinese engineer! Two days, or was it three? And the nights. . . . By Jove! How many nights since he had had any sleep?

" . . . had known each other only a few days, and during that time there had been gambling transactions, gentlemen." (Scanlan was addressing the jury.) "They had had what he was afraid he must call a drinking bout, and this had ended in violence. Shots had been fired, gentlemen. They had the witness's own statement to prove these things; and then, what did they find? Here was Hansen, dead, murdered as it appeared, and here was the will bestowing a mining

property, a secret mine, gentlemen, upon the survivor. He suggested nothing, he made no imputations, but they were bound to consider reasonable probabilities. . . ."

Through the dusty upper panes of the windows the sky looked (Barton was thinking) as it looked in England—a deeper blue. What a patch of colour that was, the rectangle framed by the doorway; the red road, the vivid green of the jungle that fringed the cliff, and the ultramarine sea beyond. . . . What a strong smell of carbolic acid! . . . Why, he must have been dozing! There was Scanlan, still on his legs. Scanlan was very tall; the edge of the punkah-frill lightly brushed his head at every sweep. It was a bald head; a tall lawyer who had much practice in that court was bound to grow bald, Barton thought. . . . What was that Scanlan was saying?

"It was true that they were not trying any man for his life, but nevertheless a grave responsibility rested upon them. A charge had been made against a native. There was nothing in the evidence to support that charge beyond a scrap of paper. As a legal document that scrap was worthless, for it was as informal and as unauthenticated as the will. . . . There was no proof of motive for the crime. . . . The black man, under the wise and just law of the land in which they lived, was entitled to equal justice with the white man. . . . The evidence of Father Celsus, a reverend gentleman

whose experience made his opinions on the character of natives very valuable. The so-called Long Charley had been baptised, and, for a time at least, had led a regular and virtuous life at the mission, where he even tilled a plot of land. . . ."

Father Celsus was recalled, and in answer to the Inspector of Police said that he knew that Paul (alias Long Charley) had worked at the copper-mine about a year ago. The witness believed that he had been ill-treated by a miner named George, surname unknown.

The coroner summed up. He pointed out that there was very little evidence. The post-mortem examination had shown that death had resulted from a spear-wound, and that the deceased had probably been drinking. The evidence of his verbal statement was at second-hand. It was not evidence upon which any person could be convicted, but it was worth their consideration in attempting to get at the truth. The same with regard to the written statement. It was not a formal deposition, but if it was made by the deponent in the knowledge that he was about to die, it was most probably true, and they would be right in giving it weight. It was for them to consider. . . .

"In my opinion," said the coroner, in conclusion, "Mr Barton has given his evidence in a straightforward manner, and though he admitted that there had been a quarrel between him and the deceased over cards, and even violence,

I think that his subsequent conduct, in giving information to the Police, and in assisting them as he has done, was that of an innocent man and a good citizen.

"Gentlemen, consider your verdict."

Barton was standing on the verandah when Murray of the Police came along.

"Here, old man," said he; "come in and have some tiffin. You've been having a pretty rocky time. That swine Scanlan!"

In the airy little messroom the half-dozen troopers sat in their singlets and white trousers. Barton, well-known to most of them, was made welcome. A Chinese servant brought in the prawn curry, and the delicate fresh chutnies compounded by the Singhalese cook. For dessert there was placed before each man a pineapple, cunningly peeled, its juicy, butter-coloured spiral topped by its blue-green leaves. Barton was so weary that talk was a painful effort, and before the meal was over he was glad to stretch himself upon one of the iron beds in the adjacent barrack-room. He was left undisturbed, and when he woke at sunset Murray brought him the verdict, "Wilful murder against Paul, alias Long Charley."

"Tom Reynolds and old Davy Mack were the only bushmen in the crowd," said Murray. "It's their verdict. I was in and out of Logan's office, and heard them talking. Hayes and the other Peddlington storekeepers and town men wanted 'Person or persons unknown,' but those

two stuck out. 'Pairrson unknown be dahmned,' says Davy Mack; 'Ah know the herren-gutted black scoondrel well enough, and he knows me, the child o' hell!'"

"Well, what next?" inquired Barton; "what's going to happen now?"

"The warrant's issued, and I expect Western will start tomorrow. Rather rot sending one man on a chase like that. Perhaps one of us will go from here with him, but I don't know; we're short-handed. One thing, Western knows that country."

"I think I shall go with him," said Barton. "I've got nothing much to do, and I left the horses and my blackboy over there at the mine. You'll take me, won't you, Western?" he asked, as the latter came in and began to strip off the uniform he had worn all day in court.

"Glad to have you, my boy. Between us, we'll collar the *soor*. Don't let the Old Man know."

That evening Barton dined with Payne, the other lawyer of the little town. After dinner they sat in deck-chairs on the verandah, smoking.

"You know, Payne, that nigger has got to hang. You'd understand how I feel about it better, perhaps, if you'd seen that poor devil sitting in his blood and waiting for death in that lonely house, as I did. I promised him I'd see justice done, and—well, it comes to this; I mean to see the thing through. I'm not a blood-thirsty chap; but I should be ashamed not to do that."

Payne, who had listened attentively to the whole story, presently said, "Look here. If that chap's caught I shall most likely prosecute for the Crown, but I'll tell you straight,—you won't repeat it, of course,—there's no case to hang a dog on, let alone a blackfellow. You and I *know* he did it; but as for evidence, my dear fellow; why, in spite of your ride to Golindie and all that, there's as much against you as against him. And, another thing (this is particularly confidential); I don't believe, whatever further evidence might be got, that Government would wish a conviction pressed for. This country is run by the parsons and the press between 'em. No," he added, after a pause; "I'm not a betting man, but I'd lay you four to one in sovereigns that Long Charley *won't* hang. Not for this business, anyhow."

Barton and Western had been travelling almost incessantly for ten days. At the outset, and upon the face of it, their task of finding their man in that wild country seemed to Barton, eager as he was, almost impossible. Actually, the task was no light one: Western was probably almost the only man in the whole country who could have undertaken it with any chance of success. Perhaps partly because he had spent several years in India while still very young, he had a remarkable facility in acquiring languages, and he now had a considerable smattering of four or five among the many dialects spoken by the blacks between the Fanny and the sea.

Along with, and by means of, this knowledge (rare among the white residents of the country), he had learned a good deal about the native customs and intertribal relations. In that region there are tracts a few square miles in area, separated by frontiers, now natural, now imaginary, where the natives are so divided by differences of language and custom, and by their own mysterious laws, that they form practically separate nations.

At most times it was the custom of Long Charley (Ardnamurria, to give him his proper name) to disregard these frontiers and to wander at will, for his fame as a desperado, a slayer of white men, whose cunning had defeated the white men's law, endowed him with something of the immunity enjoyed by the "bad man" of far-western America. Now, however, Western thought it likely that he would avoid the territory of tribes timid but hostile, who might take advantage of his being "wanted" to rid themselves of a dreaded outlander. "Then, again," said Western, "he's bound to keep away from the telegraph-line and the road, indeed from the neighbourhood of all settlements. He's about the best-known blackfellow in the whole country, and there are one or two places along the road where he's chary of showing his ugly mug at the best of times. While the news of this affair is fresh he won't go within miles of the road. Later on, if we miss him now, he'll be sending his lubra to hang round the Chinamen at

Fir Creek or the Two-in-the-Bush to get opium or liquor for him, and I'll be on the look-out for her. For the next month or two, I reckon he'll either lie low in his own country, between the road and the river, or else make down the river, through the Telkina country, to where the coast blacks are. Hewent there after the massacre three years ago for a bit, with his mates Ninka and Wirri-wanni."

Thus deciding which avenues were open to the offender, Western was able to make his plans and work the pursuit systematically. It was a long business, however, at best, and they owed much to a lucky accident. They happened one day upon traces of a camp beside the track, where it led through a gorge in a high range. The remains of the fire were unmistakably those of a black's fire, and "Mahdi," Western's blackboy, who had been a Government tracker in Central Australia, pounced upon specks of flour among the ashes. The party moved slowly after this, following the trail which, over the stony country, was visible only to Mahdi's eye. It was a good piece of tracking: once Barton became incredulous and thought Mahdi was "humbugging," as he said; but at a word from Western the tracker turned up a leaf of a bush and showed a grain or two of flour upon its under side. Once he found an empty tin that had held boiled mutton, half hidden in a tussock of grass. It had been jagged open with a spear-point: part of a sack of flour and some

tinned provisions were known to have been stolen by Hansen's murderer. Now and then, in a more favourable patch of country, Mahdi would cease his minute scrutiny and walk ahead rapidly, reading the track as one skims at a glance the contents of a fairly-written page.

The trail was now far away from the cleared track. It led across a tangle of limestone ridges, thickly covered with casuarinas and thorny scrub. The ground became more and more rocky and tracking more difficult. When it fell dark the party camped in a hollow, that their fire might not be seen. There was no water except what they carried in their canvas bags, and they dared not bell the horses, so these were perforce tethered.

"See here," said Western, "that fire wasn't more than two days old. I'll tell you what's puzzling me. If Charley has been lying up somewhere, and got a move on him because he knew we were about, why on earth did he make that camp so near the track, where almost any one might spot it? If, on the other hand, he has been moving all the time, and doesn't know where we are, how is it he hasn't got farther away than this? He might have got right down to the river-mouth by this time. Niggers are cranky devils, I know; but I can't see our friend waltzing round in this limestone country and wearing the skin off his elegant feet just for fun. What do you make of it?"

Barton pondered, sluicing

the dregs of his tea round and round in his pannikin. "Isn't it possible," he said at last, "that it may not be Charley's own track at all? I know the flour and the bully-tin point his way; but there's his lubra, you know. Poor old George saw her, and she carried off the flour. Perhaps Charley left her behind."

"By George! Barton, you've hit it, I believe!" exclaimed the policeman. "In such country as we've had, it would be difficult to tell a lubra's track from a man's. Damned stupid of me, though, not to have thought of it. Well, it's my belief whoever made these tracks was bound for the river, by way of Mount Henry, and I'm inclined to push on at daylight for the flats at the foot of that range. It'll be hard lines if we can't pick up the tracks in the boggy ground, and if Emma's alone we may find her camped, and perhaps get some information: anyhow, she'll pay for watching. *Dekho, Mahdi*" (sometimes in speaking to blacks Western used Hindustani words). "Why, where's that boy got to?"

As he spoke Mahdi appeared. For reasons of his own, he had slipped away and done a little prospecting ahead.

"Western," said he, "I think it, this feller track belonga lubra. Me bin find 'm 'nother feller fire, find 'm this feller." He held out a small "dilly-bag" made of native string, such as lubras carry. In it was a tin match-box: Western opened this, and found a few matches and about an inch of tobacco.

"Aha!" cried Western, "you see it is the lady, and she isn't far away, either. This is a Kurandi bag; only a lubra would carry it, and Emma's a Kurandi woman. She's scared, or she would never have left her tobacco. On a dark night like this she won't go fifty yards if she can help it. Hulloo! Hark!"

"Coo-oo!" a native cry, came from no great distance ahead, followed by a "Coo-ey," such as white men give.

"By the Lord!" cried the policeman, "that means she's here, and has spotted us, and wants to palaver!" "Yohai! Melbazna! It is peace!" he shouted in the Kurandi dialect, with a long outpouring of liquid polysyllables, chosen less for their precise meaning than to show knowledge of the tribe and friendly intention. In a few minutes the lubra appeared. She was a tall, thin, ill-favoured woman, whose years had passed the twenty-five, or thereabout, which spell middle-age for her sex and race. One eye squinted so much that only a segment of the iris showed, with sinister effect. Naked, save for a kilt of faded red cotton cloth, she crouched trembling in the fire-light. She had some words of English, and with the occasional aid of Barton's boy, Harry, it was not difficult for Western to question her. For half an hour or so the conversation, in Pidgin English and "Native," went on, and then Western turned to Barton.

"Well," said he, "Mrs

Ardnamurria is a pretty shady customer, and we must not build too much on what she says. I should trust her less than I do (and that's not much), only I know she rather liked George Hansen, and went to some trouble to give him the straight tip about L. C. He'd been hammering her then, and she says something about it now—possibly all humbug. The odds are she has been knocking about here lately to keep an eye on our movements and give him *khubar*. But she *may* be turning dog on him, and anyhow, we can't afford to miss a chance." He spoke a few words to Mahdi, and the tracker took Emma a short distance from the white men's fire to where the two blackboys were camped.

"Well, what does she say?" asked Barton.

"The main thing is, that Charley's camped at a place they call Wara Lunana, or Old Man Rocks, about 'two feller sleep' from here. I've heard of the place before, but it so happens I've never been to it. I think it's about twenty-eight miles north-west of Mount Waterton; that's about sixty from where we are now. As I say, Melbazna may be playing false, but it'll do us no harm to go there and see: it's not an unlikely story, either, and anyway, we'll hold on to her for the present. Mahdi and Harry will see that she doesn't bolt, and give her plenty of tucker. My idea is, to go on at daylight to the Big Billabong and give the horses a drink and a spell,

then for you and me and Emma to take the three best horses (she can ride) and push on to the place, leaving the boys to follow when the horses have rested a few hours. If we find His Nibs, we can make Westport in a day from there; if not, we shall be no worse off than we are, and it'll be a good place to camp for a day or two."

"All right," said Barton; "I'm on. Just think; we may have the brute in irons by this time to-morrow!"

They rolled under their mosquito-curtains, and were soon asleep.

The Old Man Rocks stand near the edge of a winding, stony, flat-bottomed gully, divided by a serrated range of rocky hills from the basin of the Green River. They cover an area about half a mile in length by a third of that in width. Their appearance is such that from a little distance the traveller might easily believe that he had happened upon the time-defying ruins of some ancient abandoned city, for many of the rugged fragments are of the bigness of an ordinary house, and here and there a pinnacle shoots up to a height of seventy or eighty feet. The colour of the rock, where it is not hidden by creepers, is that of the masonry of some age-old Norman castle, and some of the crags have the form of rude and massive arches. A thousand years before the first white man set foot on Australian land, this gully was the channel of the

river; the rocks were carved by millions of tons of swirling water ages before they were seen of any human eye.

Where Nature had hollowed a cave in one of the largest masses of grey stone, Ardnamurria had made his refuge. The place was well chosen, for, though distant only a long day's ride from the small settlement of Westport, it was difficult of access and far removed from any beaten track. The chamber in the rock was entered by a narrow opening, and the smoke, when a fire was necessary, escaped through tortuous fissures, overgrown and hidden by a great banyan tree. In the cave were the remnants of the plunder of the house at the copper-mine,—a few tins of food, flour, some matches and tobacco. Four or five spears, with a womera or throwing-stick, lay upon the floor near the almost extinct fire, and a heap of dry sticks for burning occupied a corner. Beside the spears lay George Hansen's revolver.

The Australian aborigine has an almost unlimited capacity for sleep. The tenant of the cave had spent most of the day in slumber; the coolness of the air now warned him that the sun was low, and he arose from his stolen blanket, yawned, and stretched himself. The murderer of George Hansen was well over six feet in height; his shoulders, chest, and arms well formed and muscular. Like all his race, he was "too fine" below the waist; his hips were small and narrow, and his legs, inordinately long above

the knee, were, though serviceable enough, as he had often proved, almost absurdly slender. Still, as he stood there, naked save for a leather belt (his victim's) round his middle, he was no bad specimen of a savage. His head was covered with an artificial mop of hair made by plastering tufts from the heads of dead friends or enemies to his natural locks with the wax of wild bees. The face was not ill-moulded; a scanty coarse moustache drooped to the pointed chin. Rows of long scars, the seams of cuts prevented from healing smooth by the introduction of ashes under the skin, decorated his body, which was smeared, besides, with a reddish, greasy earth. A cut on one foot made him slightly lame.

There was no water-holding vessel in the cave larger than the empty tins that strewed the floor. Picking up one of these and a spear, Ardnamurria prepared to fetch water from the tiny native well about a hundred yards to the north of the cave. After a reconnoitring glance from the opening, he emerged and swung himself down to the ground by means of the roots of the banyan.

The sun was near setting, and the violet shadows of the rocks were lengthening, when Barton, Western, and the lubra dismounted and tethered their horses in a clump of jungle about half a mile from the Old Man Rocks. It was the second day after Melbazna's appearance. The lubra had

spent a year or so of her youth on a cattle-station, and was no novice on horseback.

"Allow me, madam!" said Western, with a mock bow, as he took the rein of the horse Melbazna had ridden. But he spoke almost below his breath, not being sure how near they were to their quarry. Few words were said as the three began cautiously to advance on foot through the scrub that fringed the gully: their tactics had been decided on during the journey, and impressed upon the lubra by frequent repetition. "Your legs are longer than mine," Western had said to Barton; "you keep your eye on her ladyship. Remember, if she once gets out of your sight she'll vanish like a lovely dream, for good and all, so, if she bolts, you leg it after her."

They came within fifty yards of the cave, and Emma pointed to the entrance and the means of reaching it. Western, who had a quick eye, suddenly dragged Barton into a crouching posture and whispered, "I saw him, down there to the left front, bending down. I expect he's getting water. There are rocks on two sides of him; it's a straight run-in. Never mind Emma now. It's an eighty yards' sprint from the edge of the scrub."

The lubra (whose sight was probably defective owing to her squint) had not seen Ardnamurria, and was now scrambling up to the opening of the cave. In the few seconds of the white men's crouching advance through the last of

the low scrub bushes, she entered the cave and came out again. As they started to run toward the well, she leapt to the ground and followed them, running like a deer. Hansen's revolver was in her hand.

The well was at the apex of two converging walls of rock. As Western had said, Ardnamurria had rocks on two sides of him. To reach the water he had had almost to lie down. At the instant of his rising erect he heard a cry from the lubra, and turning swiftly, saw the two white men running at full speed towards him. Flight was impossible. He poised his spear: as he did so a shot rang out, and Western dropped with a bullet through his thigh, the impulse of his speed driving him forward as he fell. Barton checked neither for the shot nor for Western's grunted oath, but ran on. As the spear flew from Ardnamurria's hand within its own length of Barton's face, Emma, behind him, leaped over Western's prone body; Barton ducked his head like a pugilist, and as the lubra opened her mouth in another shriek the spear passed between her lips and severed the main arteries of the neck. She fell, spouting blood, and Barton was at grips with her slayer.

Ardnamurria was now unarmed, and Barton had never unbuttoned the pouch of his revolver. It was man against man. Their wrestling was of the primitive unpremeditated sort that Nature teaches when life and death wait upon the issue; for in the mind of

the savage surrender is mere suicide, and Barton knew that his adversary would kill him if he could. Round and round they whirled, stamping and straining. The only sure grip on the writhing naked body was afforded by the belt, and Barton's left hand never loosed it. The long black arms were whirling, the fingers working like a panther's claws. Barton's shirt was in bloody ribbons. His booted heel trampled the murderer's wounded foot. There was a yell, and the butted head came at his face like a cannon-ball; his teeth jarred; filthy hair ground into his eyes and mouth. . . . He swung his right, and his soul drove the fist hammerwise upon the angle of the black-fellow's jaw. As the blow crashed home he flung his whole weight forward, risking a fall. . . . Ardnamurria was below him. He shifted his grip to the throat, and dropped with his knees upon the black-fellow's body. In a minute more he had turned the prisoner on his face and secured his arms with his belt. Western flung him a pair of handcuffs, and he fastened these upon the ankles.

Western was sitting up nursing the revolver which he had taken from the dying hand of Melbazna. "Played, sir; played indeed!" said he, and fainted.

The moon had risen. Western, with his wound bandaged as well as Barton could do it with strips of clothing and a handkerchief tourniquet, was

reclining with his back against the rock. Barton had made tea in the quart-pots, and they had shared a meal of biscuits from their saddle-bags and one of the tins found in the cave. The intermittent chime of a bell came from where the hobbled horses browsed beyond the belt of scrub. Barton had just returned from giving a drink to the prisoner, who lay with his feet handcuffed to a stout sapling.

"I feel all right now, thanks, old chap," said Western. "No pain lying like this. I must have lost 'whips' of blood, though, as poor old George would have said. You know, one can't blame the old girl much: after all, he was her man. I'd like to know just when she made up her mind to round on us. I don't believe she thought of it till she saw the revolver. She might have sung out before, and His Nibs would have legged it, and with the mokes half a mile away we should have stood a poor show. First time I ever heard of a lubra shooting! Perhaps she didn't know it would shoot more than the once. Well, she's paid for her double treachery, and we'll call it square."

"When d'you expect the boys?" asked Barton. "I don't feel keen on digging a grave at this time of night."

"By Jove! I should think not," replied Western. "Leave that till the morning, at any rate. Oh, they'll turn up somewhere about midday. But if I feel as fit in the morning as I do now, and can climb on

to old Moses's back, I don't think we'll wait for them. The sooner we get this joker off our hands the better I shall be pleased."

"Well, I suppose we can send some one out from Westport to bury Emma."

"As to that, when we've wired to Peddlington most likely the Old Man will decide to have an inquest, and then we shall have to send a waggon out for her. By the bye, I expect they'll try Charley for this job, as well as the other; and there's no doubt about convicting in this. Pity it isn't a hanging business. Because you dodged and the spear hit a person it wasn't meant for, the charge will be only 'attempted murder,' so they can't hang him. 'The law is a hass,' isn't it?"

Barton said nothing in reply, and stood for five minutes meditatively gazing at the fire while he cut up a pipeful of tobacco and loaded his pipe. Then he cleared his throat and said—

"He's got to hang, anyway."

The tone made Western look up. "What do you mean, old man?" he asked. "If you mean he deserves it, I'm with you. The *badmash* ought to have swung years ago." (Long Charley had been sentenced to death and escaped by a legal flaw.) "But that's no business of ours."

In the firelight, as he stood in his ragged shirt, with his moustache matted into a cut on his cheek, Barton looked very big and grave. "It is my business, Western," said

he. "I saw George Hansen die, and I—well, I as good as promised I'd see justice done. Payne told me—I know it's practically certain he'll get off. And now the only eyewitness lies there dead. Let me take him away and hang him now."

Western, looking up into the grave face, seemed to himself to be in a kind of dream. "There's the stolen property," he said musingly; "the revolver, and all that; . . . to be sure, I daresay Scanlan will make out that I planted it. . . ." He raised his voice, "You're not serious, are you?" he asked sharply.

"Indeed I am," replied Barton. "It's got to be done, and I'm going to do it." He spoke altogether without excitement.

Western laughed on a single short note. "Get out! my dear chap, what are you talking about? Hang my prisoner?"

"He's mine," put in Barton, quietly.

"Oh, is that it? Well, he *was* yours—you're right there: you collared him, and devilish well you did it, and I thank you, Barton, and I'll take care you get credit for it. But he's mine now, and don't you touch a hair of him. This isn't Arizona, sonny; it's the good old British Empire, every time! And I'm in charge, Mr Barton."

Barton lay down and put his head on his upturned saddle, with his back toward the policeman. "Look here, old man," he said, kindly, "don't you worry yourself and get excited. Go to sleep."

"Sleep be hanged!" retorted the angry little man. "Never heard such damned nonsense in my life! Hang him, indeed! Barton, I warn you! I'll do my little best to hang *you*, if you try any tricks. Mind that, now!"

Barton was silent.

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Barton—by God! I wouldn't! Did you think that because I—because I'm not in love with this blasted police business, I'd sit by and see murder done? . . . Murder! Cold-blooded, deliberate, common or garden murder! . . . Can't you hear, you blood-thirsty beast? . . ."

Western's objurgations went on for some time, but his voice was growing weak, and in spite of his indignation the exhaustion caused by his wound mastered him at length, and he fell asleep.

The smoke had ceased to ascend from Barton's pipe, but he had never been more wakeful. From time to time he threw an alert glance at the chained black feet on either side of the sapling. The fire had burned low, and the moon was not far from her setting when he rose. Western was peacefully sleeping, and Barton moved cautiously not to awake him.

Western had served as an officer of mounted volunteers in some little frontier war in India, and it was a fad of his to carry a coiled and pipe-clayed picket-rope on his bridle. Barton detached the swivel and put the rope in the breast of his shirt. He walked over

to the sapling and stirred up the sleeping prisoner, making signs for silence. In a minute or two the handcuffs were transferred from ankles to wrists. Ardnamurria made no resistance or attempt to escape. He was sullen, and even in thought he probably asked no question concerning the purposes that moved in the mysterious mind of the white man. He had fed and he had slept.

They moved away, and presently disappeared among the shadows of the rocks.

In the grey light of dawn Barton again approached the fire, alone. He walked slowly, with bent head, and eyes fixed upon the stony ground. For a few minutes he stood looking down at Western's quiet sleeping face. Then he began to rake together the ashes of the fire—the act that signifies, for the bushman, that a new day has begun. He filled the quart-pots and set them on.

It was a little lighter when Western opened his eyes, smiled, frowned, and tried to sit up. As he sank back against the saddle that had formed his pillow, his eyes again rested upon Barton's face: its expression would have told a less imaginative beholder that something had happened. The policeman flung himself round, gave one glance towards the sapling, saw no prisoner, and with a white face again sank back, clicking his teeth on a groan. "What the . . ."

"I've done it," said Barton, hoarsely.

"For God's sake, don't play the fool. Has he got away?"

"He's dead," answered Barton, quietly; "I hanged him."

Western stared at him, the blood coming slowly back into his face, and belief into his mind. He had known Barton for three years; though they had met only at wide intervals, they were friends. They had tastes in common; tacitly each recognised in the other a man of his own caste. And now they had lived and worked together for a space, had shared the little hardships and adventures of the bush, had been dependent upon each other for the intercourse which keeps men civilised. As a climax, they had shared danger. Western shut his eyes and reviewed the situation.

"You are my prisoner, Barton," he said at last.

Barton nodded. There was silence. The prisoner made the tea and cut open another tin of meat. The wounded man drank, but did not touch the food. The sun came up. Presently Barton moved in the direction of the creek.

"Stop!" cried the trooper; "where are you going?"

"Going for a wash," replied the prisoner.

"Not out of my sight," ordered Western. "Go and sit down under the sapling there." He was fingering his revolver.

Barton looked at him for a moment. "All right, Western," he said. "Don't fidget with that pistol—we want no more shooting. If you want an-

other," he added, slipping the holster off his belt and laying it by the other's hand, "there's mine." He walked over to the sapling, and sat down obediently.

This attitude of complete surrender had no mollifying effect upon the man propped against the rock. His helplessness (though he strove to ignore it) and his uncertainty of how he ought to act were conspiring, with the pain and other effects of his wound, and his naturally irritable temper, to work him into a fever. He began to reckon the time at which the blackboys ought to arrive. "With any luck," said he to himself, "they might be here at ten . . ."

He had to admit to himself that if he delayed his departure too long he might be unable to reach Westport at all, but he refused to contemplate the impossibility of mounting his horse unaided. "I'll give them till half past," he muttered. . . .

The bells of the horses were still occasionally audible; they had found a patch of good feed by the creek.

Barton had covered up the corpse of the lubra with some bushes.

At last Western looked at his watch, and found that the hour had come. He made a valiant effort to rise, but it was useless. Sweating with pain, he remained balanced on one knee, the wounded leg stretched out. Barton was beside him in a moment.

"Fetch up the horses," growled Western, unwillingly; "I'm going to start. That'll

do! Let me alone!" he added, as the prisoner, with the gentleness of a nurse, lowered him to an easier position.

In half an hour Barton had the horses saddled and ready. Fortunately Western's horse, Moses, a grey who, like so many good Australian horses, showed evidence of the great Godolphin strain both in form and manners, was quiet and had easy paces. The wounded man was obliged to allow himself to be lifted into the saddle: once mounted, he made a shift to ride, leaning most of the time with his arms on the grey's neck. He insisted upon Barton showing him where the corpse of the murderer swung horribly from the limb of a white-stemmed eucalyptus, the feet a few inches from the ground. At the sight Western's anger broke out anew, and he bitterly reproached the self-appointed executioner.

"You must needs take my picket-rope, too!" said he. "Well, there's no time to cut him down and bury him. Get on ahead! . . . Of all the infernal, cold-blooded— . . . Get on, get on, can't you! . . . Oh, I'm all right; I don't want your help!"

Their course lay something to the east of north. In about a couple of hours they struck an old track, where heavy waggons with machinery had passed two years before on the road to a tin-mine, since abandoned. After this, the way was easy enough to find.

Western grew weaker fast. Once the bleeding broke out afresh, and Barton had to lift

him down and renew the bandaging. He swore horribly at the delay, at the pain, at Barton, at his horse. Barton was soon obliged to hold the trooper's rein. The third horse, accustomed to carrying a pack, followed them without leading. They plodded on through the hot afternoon. Barton was extraordinarily patient and gentle; once only did he utter any remonstrance, and then he appeared to be ashamed of his impatience a moment later. Western was querulously repeating his previous words about "cold-blooded murder." "Look here, Western," the prisoner broke out, "you've got me; that is enough. For God's sake, drop it!"

A minute later he had dismounted and was walking beside Western's horse supporting the almost fainting man in the saddle. And something, whether the words or the renewed contact or some obscure process in the mind of the trooper, seemed from that moment to open the latter's eyes to another view of the situation. He suddenly said, "I wish some one else had this job!" and there was a difference in the look with which he returned Barton's anxious glances. There were no more reproaches.

Western was half delirious at intervals as they drew near the outskirts of the township. Of the half-score of houses, the first they came to was the store. Morris, the proprietor, stepped off his verandah as they came up. It was enough for him that here was a sick

man: he helped Barton to lift the policeman from his horse, and in a few minutes they had him laid upon a comfortable bed. Morris's daughter, a wild barefooted lass, bred in the country, began to busy herself about the invalid. The first words he said were—

"I want to send a telegram. Where's Spencer?"

"You can send a wire," said Morris, laying forms and writing materials upon the table; "but Spencer's away, —looking for Long Charley, I expect."

Spencer was the police-officer of the place. Barton took the pen and wrote—

"To Police, Peddlington. Urgent. Long Charley arrested, now dead. I am here, wounded. Please send medical assistance, also man to take charge of Barton, European, arrested for murder of Charley. Spencer absent."

The prisoner held this up before the policeman's eyes. He nodded, and signed the message with a pencil. "I'll take it," said the prisoner.

It was less than a quarter of a mile to the telegraph-station. Barton had reached the gate with the fateful paper in his hand before the thought struck him that he was carrying what might be his own death-warrant.

He stood still for a moment, then saying to himself, "I told Western I would," he walked into the office and paid for the despatch of the message. The operator was a stranger to him, and probably thought he was in the police.

Night had now fallen. Barton returned to the store and purchased a blanket, a mosquito-net, three or four tins of meat, and some biscuits. Under the curious eye of Morris, he bestowed these things in his saddle-bags and on his saddle. Western, it appeared, was now comfortably asleep. In the yard behind the store, Barton put his saddle on the spare horse (which was his), and taking the rein of the other in his hand he mounted and rode away into the dark.

ERNEST DAWSON.

SCOLOPAXIANA.

HABITS AND HABITAT—*continued.*

It will be noticed that in the preceding description of some of the typical haunts of snipe how very much the birds are inclined to resort in numbers to the same spot, to the neglect by even solitary individuals of less favoured marshes and moors. This might seem to imply that the snipe is a gregarious bird, delighting to feed and sleep in company with its kind. This, in my opinion, it certainly is not. Except on migration or when pairing in the spring, I do not believe that the presence of its kind in a certain place is the least attraction to a passing snipe. It is essentially a solitary creature, as is proved by the constant discovery of single birds day after day in an isolated patch of rushes or grass, perhaps a mile away from the nearest *Gallinago*. A gregarious bird would never bring itself to dwell in loneliness like this, unless indeed it were wounded, for then company-loving fowl of all sorts are wont to thrust the sufferer out from their midst, to exist miserably alone until it either perishes or recovers sufficiently to come up to the standard of activity required by its fellows. Another sure proof to my mind of the natural solitude of the snipe is the complete absence of unanimity observable when a number of birds are on the

wing together. There is no formation, no discipline so to speak; they are a mere mob fleeing together from a common danger. This is not surprising if one considers what I believe to be the purely fortuitous nature of these gatherings, which when in the air are called wisps. In my opinion there is no such thing as a wisp *on the ground* (an Irishism that may be forgiven in connection with such a staunch little Hibernian as the snipe)—that is, using the word wisp in the sense of a voluntary collection for companionship's sake. If a few square yards of ground hold fifty birds, it is, to quote a remark of John Bickerdyke's upon the pike, "the surroundings and not the society that have brought them together," and it may be added that cause them to take for a time the same line of escape.

How different is the case with birds naturally gregarious—wild ducks or geese, for instance. Nothing in nature is more astonishing than the beautiful regularity of a large flight of these splendid wildfowl. From the absolute orderliness with which they change places, wheel, or swoop, or soar together, there seems to be a sort of telegraphic communication between the leaders of the vast flock and their following, the tail of which may be many yards in rear.

This drill is even more admirable in those countless myriads of birds so apparently unintellectual as starlings, which sometimes darken the sky with their manœuvring battalions. Such a gift is obviously the provision of Nature for the preservation of order and cohesion in creatures she has designed to move about in mighty gatherings at great speed. Who has ever seen an unwounded mallard suddenly leave his place in the team, and drop selfishly into a sheltered nook he has espied below? But it is to this absence of sociability that the snipe-shooter owes a great part of his sport. Many a couple of snipe may be picked up if a previous acquaintance with locality has taught us the odd corners favoured by single birds. They nearly always lie well in such spots, and if missed will return in a very short time. I have fired at birds thus, and before I have moved from the spot have known them swoop head-foremost down again within a yard or two of their original position. More often than not, however, they do not actually alight if you are still in possession, but will check their flight when within an inch of the ground, and with a rapid head and tail movement shoot upwards again as if propelled by a spring. However, they give you a second shot, and you can ask no more. If such a spot is a harbour for three or four birds, and you kill a couple, you are very likely to have another chance at the others. On some days they

appear dazed at the loss of their comrades, and will pitch again at no great distance, lying well at your next approach.

I remember once shooting, without moving a foot, every member of a little colony of six snipe which inhabited a wet corner of a field. I never knew birds lie better, or rise in a more artistic manner for the accomplishment of that desirable feat, a "right and left," than the first four. Two rose simultaneously first, one behind the other, and both fell dead; then—just giving me time to reload—up got the next couple, with the same result. The fifth was a cunning bird, and sprang just as I had inserted one of the two cartridges I held in my fingers. He too fell, and the sixth bird, who I verily believe had gauged the situation with his little round eyes, sprang exultingly before my empty gun. Something—perhaps the disappearance of his companions—seemed to throw him out altogether, and, to my astonishment, after an undecided sort of flutter, he pitched like a very jack a few yards farther on, only to fall in a moment to my sixth barrel. All these birds were in splendid condition, and were *feeding*, as a long red worm protruding from the bill of one of them, the last but one, proved. The same thing in a less marked manner has often happened to me before. In a frost a greater portion of the day's walk described in an earlier chapter would be so much waste of time. It will then be useless to seek sport on

the wet levels; they will be frozen as hard as iron, and as impervious to the delicate bills of the birds. Even a temporary thaw would not make matters much better, for it would have to be of some duration to bring the worms, which have retired to the depths again, to the surface. The spots to make for now are the sides of unfrozen streams, and, above all, the small places which springs keep moist and warm throughout the severest weather. Even these may fail you in the daytime, unless the frost is severe, for, unless there is good cover handy, snipe will not remain by them in daylight, but may lie up in all sorts of odd places, and flight at night to their feeding-ground.

But there are no occasions when local experience is more valuable to the snipe-shooter than during the various phases of a frost. Snipe are kittle cattle at the best of times, but at the advent of hard weather their uncertainty baffles even the already little-known laws that govern their movements and their commissariat. The general rule is the perfectly logical one stated above—*i.e.*, that snipe will avoid frozen ground and resort of necessity to spots kept soft by running water or perennial springs. But though there can be no exception to this natural law if snipe are to remain alive, it does not at all follow that a district abounding in both snipe and streams will afford sport in a frost. I know of such places,

perfect networks of rivulets and warm quaggy springs, that the first touch of the cold breath of winter is sufficient to denude entirely of the stock of birds that may have rendered the locality a snipe-shooter's paradise as long as the weather remained open. Especially is this the case along the little-known tracts of snipe-ground that fringe the seaboard of Wales and the west of England,—tracts which in early winter do not yield in prolificness, mile for mile, to the endless bogs of the Emerald Isle itself. The most arctic winters within the memory of man have not been able to bind these springs and watercourses in the grip of ice. Were this the case, the sudden evacuation of the snipe might be considered as the result of instinct warning the birds to flee from even the possibility of starvation. But I am unwilling to believe that any wild birds can be affected by the premonition of such a groundless danger. The fact remains, however, that in places such as I describe the sportsman may, during hard weather, wander all day along the soft margins of rivers and springs, protected by what was in happier times excellent cover, and yet never spring a snipe to gladden his eyes, though he may see duck and teal in quite unaccustomed profusion and tameness. It is almost beyond doubt that, on our western coast at any rate, the clue to the whereabouts (though not to the *cause* of the departure) of the birds is to be found in

the proximity of Ireland. The slight advantage in geniality the climate of that country possesses over that prevalent on the shores of England washed by the St George's Channel may be sufficient to induce the snipe to put themselves on the safe side.

Whether this is the case or not, a frost in England is invariably followed by a sudden disappearance of snipe from many parts of the country and a corresponding increase of sport in the Sister Isle. So well known is this that many writers on snipe-shooting have been led into the error of laying down as a universal rule one which is only partially applicable even to Ireland. Thus Colonel Hawker in his short account of the sport, perhaps the least satisfactory portion of his classic book, has the following sentence: "After a frost has brought the snipe into the country, you are pretty sure of good sport on the first open windy day that follows it." So you would be if frosts did invariably bring birds into the country; but the truth is that they just as often drive every snipe out of it, using the word *country*—as it is presumed Colonel Hawker uses it—in the sense of locality. The young sportsman who is looking out for winter snipe-shooting quarters will do well therefore to make careful inquiries from sportsmen, *not* from countrymen or hotel-keepers, of the effect of frost on the snipe population of the district he is considering. I have

known and experienced many cases of grievous disappointment from neglect of this preliminary, entailing that most unsatisfactory of all retrospects, a long-looked-for and wasted shooting holiday. The reason why I do not advise taking counsel with the people excepted is that the lower orders are rarely observant enough to be able to give a trustworthy report of the abundance or the reverse of any particular species in their locality. They are besides almost to a man imbued with the idea to start with that hard weather means hosts of game. How often after a bad day's snipe-shooting have I heard the man carrying my cartridge-bag administer the stereotyped consolation, "Ah, sir, you should be here in hard weather!" when I knew full well that in that place during a frost twice the amount of walking would not have produced even half the scanty day's bag. On the bucolic mind unwonted abundance of many sorts of wildfowl produces the impression of abundance of all, and the presence of snipe is taken for granted amongst the companies of duck and plover which the winter weather has forced to congregate on favourable spots from their usual widely scattered haunts. Even in places to which snipe do resort in a frost, they are uneasy and fearful, and only a small percentage of those seen will be bagged.

The lot of all birds that seek their sustenance by boring is a hard one in an "old-fashioned

winter," though many make shift to eke out a living by other methods. But the snipe, even when face to face with starvation, seems unable to adapt himself to the cruel conditions he has flown so far to avoid. No wonder, then, that he has as holy a horror as a fox-hunter of hard ground. To the man fuming over his half-dozen fattening hunters it means only cessation of sport, but to the silent sporting little bird the horrible prospect of absolute stoppage of supplies. So that the vast majority of our snipe take very good care to be off before the door of their larder is locked upon them, performing a second and most unwilling migration southward to more genial climes. Some indeed linger until the strength necessary for a long flight has left them, no doubt hoping against hope for the appearance of the welcome thaw. In a frost of any duration these unfortunates perish in hundreds. A letter from that good novelist and sportsman Mr Rider Haggard in 'The Globe' details his experiences in one of the islands of the Hebrides during the terrible winter of 1890-91,—a black year indeed in the memory of all birds. He

writes: "The keeper there told me that he picked up many of them dead or dying by the side of the frozen watercourses; indeed the snipe on that island, where they used to swarm,¹ are only now beginning to recover in numbers from the effects of that year of desolation." But in my experience only the most sudden of visitations can catch the snipe napping in such numbers as this. Indeed they are if anything quicker than other boring birds to accept notice to quit, certainly more so than the woodcock, which often struggles on through the hardest frosts for a time, picking up a precarious and unaccustomed living from the frozen surface of the earth—a thing a snipe has never been known to do. This is all the more strange by reason of the fact that the woodcock is more susceptible to the temperature of the air itself, apart from the condition of the ground, than its smaller relative. Thus I have occasionally picked up woodcock, fairly numbed and immovable from the intense cold, on the very margin of a warm open spring, from which one or two snipe have darted away with their usual activity, apparently revelling in the keen still air

¹ I presume Mr Haggard means swarm during the nesting season. It is unlikely that severe weather in these islands would seriously reduce the yearly supply of migratory snipe, though it might, as he relates, depopulate an island dependent almost entirely on its own stock of breeding birds. In a previous part of the letter quoted he says, "One such frost, as I believe, kills out more snipe and woodcock than are disposed of by shooting in ten years." This is only very partially true, for, as I have stated, only a small minority of belated birds remain as victims to the rigour of the weather, the wiser majority having departed early far from the reach of frost.

so long as their larder was not closed to them. Another cause which will occasionally greatly reduce the number of snipe in a district is the occurrence of floods, but this not to anything like the extent that a frost will do. As a rule, rather than forsake a favourite marsh, the birds will crowd together on the scattered tufts and tussocks which even in the worst floods usually stick up high and dry above the surface of the water.

It is seldom, however, that good sport is to be looked for when Mr Snipe is reduced to huddling uncomfortably with his kind on a resting-place whose dimensions must be measured in inches. Everything is against the sportsman. In the first place, the mere fact of their being together in numbers in a small space is enough to render the inhabitants of each little island unapproachable, even if the attack did not involve much splashing and floundering through the surrounding water. Secondly, I have always noticed that the sound of a shot echoing over the surface of water has a magical effect on all the snipe within earshot. I found this out shooting around the margin of a large shallow mere. Though fully three-quarters of a mile broad, a few shots fired on one side on a calm day were usually sufficient to put up the majority of the birds hidden amongst the rushes on the other, and it rarely repaid me to shoot my way round to the opposite shore. Curiously enough, the duck and teal which always lurked around

the pool did not seem half so intolerant of the crack of Schultze, for whenever I took the trouble to make the complete circuit, it was seldom that one or two were not added to the bag from the very ground which nervous little *Gallinago* had thought it best to evacuate long before. I know several places where the wet rushy meadows that form most of the shooting-ground are nearly always turned into these snipe-haunted archipelagos late in the season; and precious irritating localities they are, for the more snipe they hold the wilder will the birds be, and the more necessary will it be to flush them, if you do not wish to leave half the stock on your beat unshot at. From what I have written the flushing business may seem an easy thing enough, if a single shot be sufficient to put up every bird. But the worst of it is, that you never know when every bird is up. Many a time will you find that the best sport of the day will be had in bogs and wet fields, from which, at your first entry into them, a preliminary and most disheartening exodus of snipe took place. If—and this is always an “if” worth testing—a fair number have remained behind, you may have a chance at almost every one. So it is with flooded, tuft-studded ground. There are days on which a single bird, or perhaps two birds, will elect to remain on each little islet instead of joining their companions in the scurry and rush that will most surely wel-

come your approach. These individuals will nearly always lie fairly well, sometimes like stones, and, in the latter case, great should be the execution, for except snow, no background—to be Irish again—makes snipe look bigger and blacker and easier to hit than water. You must wade for them, there is no help for it, and cold work it will sometimes be, though no ill effects need be feared unless you loiter about afterwards, or are naturally prone to cold and rheumatism, in which case you will do well to avoid snipe-shooting altogether. It is impossible to keep dry all day if you really mean to pursue the sport as a sport, and not merely to take a piece of bog or marsh incidentally when after other game.

I shall not enter too fully into this question; but a word of caution on this head is especially applicable when floods are under consideration. Let me then earnestly impress on the reader, and especially the young reader, the absolute necessity of continual and rapid movement when once the feet and legs have become wet. It is simple suicide for a man to paddle all day from one bog to another, or perhaps to cross and recross brooks and wet ditches, and then, as so many do, sit down for a pipe, or twenty minutes' rest and chat, very likely on the sodden ground, or at best a log of wet timber. If you are tired, go home; if you must smoke (and I confess that even the most glorious day's snipe-shooting would be but an uneasy

affair to me without the weed), puff away as you march, and don't forget to carry your pipe in the left corner of your mouth, or many snipe will you miss, and perhaps not a few teeth will you loosen as you bring your gun up with a jump against the tightly held briar. Of course you must call a halt for the midday snack; but even then it is far wiser not to allow yourself the luxury of a seat. Even if you have escaped getting wet, snipe weather is usually sharp weather, and after all it is almost as pleasant to munch a Spartan lunch between foot-warming stamps on the ground, as to sit shivering on a cold stone, a cordial invitation to all the germs, aches, and pains that seem to hang most about poor fallen man when he is bent on having a good time. Snipe-shooting is *not* a comfortable sport. Unless you are naturally drawn towards it, you will find it an intensely uncomfortable one. Unless, again, you are physically equal to the demands it will make upon your strength, and careful to observe the precautions that alone can resist the insidious attacks of damp and cold on your health, it will be actually dangerous. But if, on the other hand, you are keen, careful, and in sound health, you may enjoy its delights up to the very end of a long life, of which perhaps it will, on looking back, have formed no small part of the pleasure.

But I digress. The reader will perhaps pardon the crime when he reflects that he has

not only to think of the snipe in times of frost or flood, but that their human pursuer is also greatly concerned in the effects of these chilly phenomena on himself. There is no sadder spectacle in the world than that of a man whose love for any particular sport has outlasted his health and strength. Nor will it lighten the sorrow of such a one to think that he might still be treading the moors and marshes, or still perhaps be swinging twenty foot of green-heart over his favourite pools in the far north, or doing anything else that it almost breaks his heart not to be able to do now, if he had only been a little more careful of himself in his walking and wading and taking his ease. And now *revenons à nos —bécassines.*

In many places where good feeding-ground is at a distance from good resting-places there is a regular flight of snipe at nightfall in any weather. In some parts of Ireland it is a common poaching trick to sit up round small springs visited in this manner, and to wait until sufficient birds have collected to make a shot in the dark tolerably certain of success. Even in their nightly flight to the same small patch of wet ground, snipe sustain their solitary nature by arriving not in a body, but in ones and twos. The suddenness with which they will drop from the gloom above to the chosen place is positively startling to the waiting human being. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey says that he has always heard their

cry in the air before actually seeing them descend; but my experience is that this usually means they have detected your presence, and in that case do not descend at all. Anyhow, once on the ground, they are as silent as the grave, and even in the brightest moonlight it is nearly hopeless to attempt to make them out as they feed. Apparently it is not long before the attractions of the place are exhausted, for soon they will flit off one by one, invariably "ptchaking" as they spring on the wing, and very often continuing their song until it dies away in the distance. A snipe-frequented marsh is a perfect chorus of their cries at night. It has been supposed that the squeak, so familiar to the sportsman, is a note of alarm; but it is the one emitted by the bird at all times, and a very striking sound it is when heard ringing through the dead silence of a lonely moor at midnight. Since the two other notes that constitute his *répertoire* are only used in the breeding season, the sportsman may shoot snipe year after year without ever hearing them.

Mention has been casually made above of odd places in which snipe may occasionally be found. These are so various that it is scarcely too much to say that there is no spot from which a snipe *may* not be flushed, provided only that it is either moist itself or somewhere near wet ground. Indeed, considering that humidity is absolutely necessary to the bird's existence, it is somewhat a misnomer to call any such spot an "odd place" at all.

So that from beginning to end of a day's walk after snipe, the shooter will not do wrong to be always ready.

If, on arriving at an un-snipey-looking tract, it is your custom to shoulder your gun, and perhaps continue in a loud voice an argument that commenced at breakfast-time, you will be surprised on reflecting afterwards on your day's sport at the number of single snipe which occur to you as having gone off unshot at from "odd places." However, snipe have been seen in situations which really do merit the appellation "odd" from their unexpectedness. It is no uncommon thing, for instance, for them to resort to the tideway during hard weather, there to feed in company with species to which they are evidently closely allied, such as knots and dunlin, always, however, returning to dry land to rest after their meal, when they may frequently be flushed from the dry bent grass so often flourishing just above high-water-mark. The late Mr Thompson records a nightly visitation of snipe to some excavations in progress right in the centre of the town of Belfast. Still more strange is a haunt reported by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, the as yet dry bed of the Manchester Ship Canal, where he witnessed snipe feeding, as he says, "within a few yards of machinery and navvies." I myself have seen both a full snipe and a jack at dinner together in the gutter of the High Street of a country town, the jack refusing to quit long after his bigger but more

timorous relative had been frightened away by my near approach. Even a flying visit to London is not unknown to the incorrigible little vagrant, though surely the mighty city never harboured a more incongruous addition to her census amongst all the mixed horde of wanderers who claim her hospitality for a night. Snipe have often been flushed in quiet parts of the suburbs, the last occasion recorded being at Hurlingham on November 24, 1898, when the bird rose from the edge of a path traversing a market-garden. Observant persons being in a minority, no doubt many instances have never been reported,—indeed it is probable that the proportion of Londoners who would know a snipe if they saw one anywhere except on the dinner-table is small enough.

To judge by the frequency of their visits, migrant birds do not appear to have any particular dread of large towns, though their stay is naturally of the shortest. The files of 'The Field' relate innumerable instances of such confidence, or, as it most probably is, ignorance as to the nature of the extraordinary scenery which the very much country cousin sees around him. It is not unlikely that the glare of a city seen from the heights above by the travelling birds may actually attract them to a nearer inspection. Beyond a doubt the Scolopacidae are particularly moth-like in the irresistible influence exercised on them by brilliant light: no

small portion of the victims found by lighthouse-keepers dashed to death against the blazing lenses of their lanterns belong to this family. To woodcock especially a strong glare is a powerful magnet, though science does not seem to have any explanation to offer as to why this and other night-loving birds should be drawn to blind their beautiful limpid eyes with the light of which they are naturally so intolerant. I once watched for a long time a fine woodcock flitting silently about the lamp-lit entrance of the busy Great Western station at Exeter, only a few yards above the noisy cabs and carriages and bustling human-kind which rendered the place, one would think, a horrible pandemonium to the lonely creature. The bird

seemed to know perfectly well what it was about, and though making occasional excursions off into the gloom, it always returned to its apparently absorbing contemplation of the steady glow of the gas-lamps. On another occasion a woodcock blundered against the window of a hotel I was staying in in a small Welsh town, evidently attracted by the lamplight streaming through the unblinded window. I could have secured the bird as it fell all of a heap; but after observing it a few moments, it recovered and stole away into the darkness, no doubt wondering, as many more learned beings have wondered, at the vast number of things there are in the world "which no feller can understand."

SCOLOPAX.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

WHIG AND TORY—THE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE PARTIES—
WATCHWORDS *VERSUS* POLICY — LORD ACTON — A EULOGY OF MR
GLADSTONE—THE DANGERS OF READING—A GREAT HISTORIAN—THE
ART AND SCIENCE OF TRANSLATION.

SINCE the titles Whig and Tory were first invented they have stood for differing principles and contradictory policies. The Whig, for instance, having long been the sturdy champion of war, has dwindled at last to the soft-hearted upholder of peace at any price. The Tory, who in the popular imagination is a bloodthirsty ogre, waiting to eat up the people, has nevertheless carried reform in the teeth of his opponents; and though he has always been charged with a base love of privilege, he has again and again been called upon to protect the working man from the greedy encroachment of middle-class employers. But while the changing circumstances of history have affected the shifting opinions of parties upon this measure or upon that, Whig and Tory have still preserved their essential differences, and they may be appropriately used to-day to denote the two opposing parties in the State. Boswell once told Johnson that Eld, a Staffordshire Whig, had said to him, "A Tory was a creature generated between a non-juring parson and one's grandmother." To which Johnson replied, "And I have always said that the first Whig was the Devil." We are not disposed to quarrel with either

definition. Your grandmother is always by so many years better than yourself; and as Boswell properly observed, "the Devil was the first who resisted power:

'Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.'

But this conversation between Boswell and Dr Johnson gives a clue to one permanent difference between Whig and Tory. The one has a profound respect for tradition; the other is confident that he can devise in ten minutes a better system than that which the collected wisdom of years has laboriously framed. The Tory looks upon existing institutions with a loyal reverence; he believes that the Crown and the Church fulfil the purpose for which they are designed; and he thinks it no shame to bend a willing knee before the throne of authority. If he admit the necessity of change, it is for the sake of reaction, that the mischief done by the other side may be the more easily repaired. But he is conscientiously opposed to revolution, and would rather "bear the ills he has than fly to others that he knows not of." The Whig, on the other hand, knows neither doubt nor timidity. He ignores history,

and flouts the past. A sturdy optimism convinces him that every change is for the better. He is as violent an iconoclast as a "restoring" architect. He would batter the defences of an ancient constitution with the same gaiety of heart wherewith our eminent architects have been wont to explode an unsafe edifice. Now and again dynamite has been found necessary to complete the work of eating time, and, as the architect does not scruple to destroy what he is asked to restore, so the Whig, if he could, would save the State by the blood of revolution. Contemptuous of the past, and indifferent to the future, he forgets that by a single act of destruction he may undo that which many generations have achieved; and while he laughs to scorn the ancient maxim that the king can do no wrong, he is passionately convinced that the "enlightened" politician is always in the right. Yet history will find no excuse for his opposition to reverence and tradition. It will coldly expose the truth that he did not foresee the results of his own action, and will provide an efficient warning for his descendants. If only the modern Whig, or Radical, if he prefers the name, would remember the words of Burke, before he determined to tinker the constitution, how much better it would be for us all! "Men little think," said

the greatest of Whigs, "how immorally they act in rashly meddling with what they do not understand. Their delusive good intention is no sort of excuse for their presumption. These who truly mean well must be fearful of acting ill." If Burke had always written to this admirable purpose, he would better have deserved the title of Tory than any of his contemporaries.

But the real difference between the two parties is admirably expressed in a letter of Lord Acton's¹ to Miss Gladstone. "'Perissent les colonies plutôt que les principes,' expresses the sort of thing Liberalism means and Toryism rejects." Thus wrote Lord Acton, who understood as clearly as any one the aspirations of his party, and we are content to take him at his word. The Whig, indeed, must have his watchword; he must be governed by a motto. Good government is not enough for him; the prosperity of his country is not enough for him; he is disappointed if at every turn of policy he do not illustrate a trite maxim, or believe himself a fitting subject for a moral oleograph. But in consequence of this patient adherence to watchwords, the Whig is driven into a negation of facts. Were he born and bred in a vacuum, he would do no harm. He cannot bear the stress of the political arena, where his opponents use other

¹ Letters of Lord Acton to Mary, daughter of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Herbert Paul. London: Allen.

weapons than principles, other maxims than those which are inscribed upon the walls of Tabernacles. The Tory strives to reach a different goal. It is his nature—again we quote Lord Acton—“to be entangled in interests, traditions, necessities, difficulties, expedients, to manage as best one may, without creating artificial obstacles in the shape of dogma, or superfluous barriers of general principle.” This pronouncement, which Lord Acton did not mean for a compliment, appears to us a lofty panegyric. For it says, in effect, that to the Tory Government is an art, not a sentiment: that the Tory, recognising the forces which are opposed to him, is determined not to flatter his own sensibility, but to do the best for his country. Were Europe disarmed, and all the Foreign Ministers of the Continent sworn to do their best for neighbouring States, then the Whigs would have every right, like sentimentalists in love or life, to pursue emotion for its own sake. But with a world in arms, traditions, necessities, difficulties, must take precedence of watchwords: it is idle to attempt to control a country in accordance with a personal code. Four centuries ago Machiavelli “released government from the restraint of law”; and the greatest danger of the Whigs is that they forget this elementary truth. Government is a game played with rules and counters of its own; and he is the honestest Minister who, never confusing life and politics, remembers that he

is pitted against no mean adversaries, and that his country, not himself, is at stake.

It is a watchword, then, that the Whigs (or Liberals, or Radicals) of the day most eagerly desire, and, having found the watchword, they will distort facts until the two are in harmony. In other words, their method is deductive, not inductive, so that their science is as unsound as their patriotism. Yet no taint is as easily acquired as the taint of Whiggism. The controversy which now divides the country has turned the tone of more than one newspaper, and has driven a small band of Tories into the enemies' camp. Of this we make no complaint. Every man has a right to his own opinion upon the question of Fiscal Policy, especially if he holds it on a better ground than that some one has murmured the blessed word “Cobden” in his ear, or assured him that there is a sanctity in the words “Free Trade.” But it is noteworthy that all those who have changed their side on this one question have gone suddenly over upon all. It is as though the greed of watchwords grows by what it feeds on. A Whig in one, a Whig in all—that appears inevitable. The stout Tories who disapprove of Retaliation or Preference disapprove on similar grounds of the employment of Chinese Labour in Africa. Had they considered the question a year ago, before the lust of the maxim had got hold of them, they would have dis-

cussed it upon its merits. They would have sought out the necessities, the difficulties, the possible expedients of the case; though they would have recognised that Chinese labour need be no more than a temporary shift, they would have approved its employment on the ground that the situation imposed it; and they would have remembered that Lord Milner, who is entitled at least to a respectful hearing, had pronounced eloquently in its favour. But they did none of these things. They merely murmured the word "Slavery," and believed themselves superior to the rest of the world. In brief, they behaved less like statesmen than like philanthropists, "those steel machines of the devil's own make," as Hawthorn called them. It might have been proved that Chinese Labour would not pay, or that it deprived the honest Kaffir of his legitimate toil, or that it interfered with the prosperity of the white man. But the new-made Whigs did not attempt to oppose the ordinance on its merits: even they knew that the Chinese could not be both bad and good, that the same Kaffir could not at one and the same time be underground in the mines and tilling the fields of the Boers. However, they had got their watchword—Slavery—and with a fine contempt for facts, they joined the men, whom last year they distrusted, in obscuring the issue. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and it is astonishing how pleasant a companion Sir Henry

Campbell-Bannerman appears to those who, a brief year ago, honestly and properly deplored his monstrous denunciation of "methods of barbarism." Yet he is the same man to-day as yesterday. He has merely got a brand-new maxim.

But ever since Fox gloated over the defeat of the British arms the Whig has professed an indecent joy at any slight put upon his countrymen, while at the same time he is the eager champion of every one else. When before the South African War the English in the Transvaal demanded the franchise, the Liberals at home were indignant at their presumption, and applauded the obstinate refusal of Mr Kruger. Now, when the Chinese are destined to work in the mines, an eminent Whig, Sir Henry Johnston, insists that "the yellow man, if he goes, must go with the same rights of citizenship as the white man." In other words, the privileges which it was presumptuous of one white man—the Englishman—to ask of another—the Boer—are the obvious and indisputable birthright of the yellow man. Human folly, it would seem, can scarce go further; yet all things are possible to the earnest soul, which, fed upon watchwords, hungers not after truth, but after its own glorification.

It is pleasant to turn from the follies of Liberalism to so wise an exponent of its principles as Lord Acton, whose Letters to Miss Gladstone, already quoted, give us a better

measure of the most elusive of men than hitherto has been vouchsafed. Now, Lord Acton was a Liberal who perfectly understood the limits of his creed. Liberty was the passion of his life, and had he ever written a great work he would have been Liberty's historian. But in all matters of policy he was guided by faith rather than by sight. "Politics come nearer religion with me," he wrote; "a party is more like a church, error more like heresy, prejudice more like sin, than I find it to be with better men." He would decide all things by principle, like the true Whig. He would surrender nothing to opportunity. Had he been logical, he would have cheerfully witnessed the downfall of England, if only his political creed survived the shock. And his political creed was Mr Gladstone. For the others he had but a small esteem. Mr Morley, a "bald Cobdenite," was little to his mind, and there was scarce one of the party whom he did not mistrust or despise. But he was ready to follow wherever Mr Gladstone would lead him, although he sometimes deplored the moderation of his leader. If at first he was disposed to support Sir Bartle Frere, on the ground that "it was not merely a question of Empire but of lives," he soon renounced him; and, had he been able, he would cheerfully have left Egypt to her fate. Indeed, he would gladly have surrendered the whole Empire for a principle, forgetting that, if the Empire were enslaved, there would be no chance to indulge those dreams

of Liberty—"the absence of accountability to any *temporal* authority"—which always engrossed him.

The truth is, Lord Acton was more at home in the study than in the forum. He was always a student rather than a politician. There is scarcely a page in this volume of letters which does not make his predilection clear. Above all, he was dominated by a love of knowledge for its own sake. Of the vast stores which he accumulated in his brain he made no practical use. He surveyed vast periods as other men contemplate years; yet his wide outlook, his liberal view of history, did not profit the world. The treatise upon Liberty, which he sketched in his youth, and which Miss Gladstone called "the Madonna of the Future," justified the title which she gave it. In this age, wherein the most of men do and say more than they need, we would not reproach even so learned a scholar as Lord Acton, because he built no worthy monument to himself. But it is not uninteresting to consider why so well-cultivated a tree produced so little fruit.

In the first place, Lord Acton's reputation was always so far ahead of him that it must have seemed a hopeless task to overtake it. From the very first he was great not for what he had done, but for what he was going to do; and he must have felt that he could achieve nothing great enough to satisfy his admirers. The many hostages which he had given to fortune were, in Bacon's phrase, "impediments

to great enterprises, whether of virtue or mischief"; and, though he was made a peer at thirty-five, though he received all the honour which ornamental degrees could confer upon him, though he died a professor at the university which had closed its doors against him in his youth, he left nothing behind him but a vast library and a packet of magazine articles. But it was not merely his reputation which checked his production. It is probable that, like most polyglots, he wrote with difficulty. He, to whom three languages have an equal value, may perhaps be excused if he make no use of any of them. None, save the vainest optimist, ever set his thoughts upon paper without difficulty, and the difficulty is immeasurably increased when three or four idioms conflict in the brain. Moreover, vast learning is the foe of expression. A scholar who is determined to exhaust human knowledge before he begins to write, is likely to die without a word written. The best books are but a compromise between knowledge and ignorance, and the mind which either cannot or will not divine as well as discover, too often remains inactive. Thus it was with Lord Acton. He packed the treasure-house of his brain with the wealth of all the ages, and then lost the only key which might have unlocked it.

He was a scientific historian, who believed it puerile to depend upon printed authorities. He had a cordial hatred of "the picturesque scenery of the historians of sense." Froude

and Carlyle were as nothing in his eyes, and no writer satisfied him who did not rigidly suppress himself. "The business of historians," said he, "is to get out of the way, and, like the man who plays Punch, to concentrate attention on their personages." He acknowledges that Seeley escaped the sin of picturesqueness; but, on the other hand, he complains that the author of the 'Expansion of England' made too much of the actors in the drama. For Seeley, in Lord Acton's opinion, "discerned no Whiggism, but only Whigs." And then, as if to prove that consistency is not, Lord Acton identifies modern history with Mr Gladstone, and makes no attempt to get behind his hero to the ideas which he represents. The single figure whom he always discerns on the horizon is Mr Gladstone; it is Mr Gladstone who for him dominates both religion and politics, who is at once both flag and faith; and the extravagant estimate here made of the Liberal statesman is a strange comment upon the theory and practice of Lord Acton. We have been told again and again that the true value of scientific history lies in the light which it throws upon the affairs of to-day. And here we have a scientific historian giving us his views upon Mr Gladstone. The accumulated knowledge of all ages and many countries inspired Lord Acton to a panegyric which not even Mr John Morley, that "bald Cobdenite," could echo. As you read it, you begin to wonder whether Lord Acton was a man of

science after all, or whether the scientific method of research has any power to steady the human judgment. On one occasion Lord Acton warns Miss Gladstone of the disappointment in store for her, if she turns from the speeches delivered by Mr Gladstone in 1868 to the Bristol addresses of Burke. "They [the speeches of Burke] will seem poor to you in comparison," he remarks simply; but in the end he admits with Charles Sumner that "Burke legislated from those hustings," and he allows the denunciator of the French Revolution a humble place at Gladstone's side. They are, in fact, "the only two men of that stature in our political history." This comparison, extravagant though it be, might pass, since to Burke, as to Gladstone, words were above deeds. But presently Lord Acton lets himself go, and composes such a eulogy of his revered leader as is at open defiance to all his cherished theories.

"Hereafter," says he magniloquently, "when our descendants shall stand before the slab that is not yet laid among the monuments of famous Englishmen, they will say that Chatham knew how to inspire a nation with his energy, but was poorly furnished with knowledge and ideas; that the capacity of Fox was never proved in office, though he was the first of debaters; that Pitt, the strongest of ministers, was among the weakest of legislators; that no Foreign Secretary has equalled Canning, but that he showed no other administrative ability; that Peel, who excelled as an administrator, a debater, and a tactician, fell everywhere short of genius; and that the highest merits of the five without their drawbacks were united in Mr Gladstone."

After this amusing piece of flattery you cannot but exclaim, Alas for Scientific History! Was it to pass such a tirade as this that Lord Acton pierced through men to grasp ideas, and held firmly to the chain which is said to link the history of to-day with the history of the past? Nor is the worst told. Lord Acton presently confesses that "Bonaparte must have possessed the same mastery of infinite detail" as Gladstone, in whom "there is all the resource and policy of the heroes of Carlyle's worship." Finally, neither Hamilton nor Cavour, neither Turgot nor Roon, neither Clay nor Thiers, neither Berryer nor Webster, neither Guizot nor Rodowitz reached his level "in the three elements of greatness combined, the man, the power, and the result—character, genius, and success." In these words, said Lord Acton, "you shall hear the roll of the ages." Without being scientific historians we may hazard a guess that the ages shall roll to quite another tune.

But on one point there is no doubt. Lord Acton was an omnivorous reader. One of his friends tells us that he consumed an octavo volume a-day, as often as not in German. This faculty of absorption is rare indeed, and it is most noteworthy in Lord Acton, because it shaped and limited his genius. Though he was never a pedant, though his mind was always fresh and alert, though it was a necessity of his being to mix in the world, he tottered under the vast weight of his reading. It was this habit, no

doubt, which hampered his power of expression, and which defined the direction of his energy. In other words, if he knew too much to write himself, no one could have been more helpful, both by temperament and talent, in inspiring others to write. And this was the function which he most admirably discharged from the professorial chair. But though he read so much, or perhaps because he read so much, his judgment upon literature was rarely sound. The place which George Eliot held in English literature is by this time assured, and only a disservice is done to her memory by indiscreet praise such as Lord Acton's. "If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture," he wrote, "if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, George Eliot might have had a rival." This unmeasured eulogy is but a scant kindness, and it reminds us of the outrage done, after Macaulay, by many criticasters to the memory of the exquisite Miss Austen, who are wont to claim for her a place by Shakespeare's side.

Lord Acton, however, was saved from the worst perils of reading, because he was not merely a scholar but a man of the world. And, though we may deplore that he withheld from us the results of his research, we can only conclude that he was the happier for the knowledge which he possessed, and for the help which he could give to the less richly endowed. But for the most of men reading has its dangers as well as its pleasures. There is

no more essential virtue in consuming an octavo volume than in eating a mutton-chop. Bacon says that reading makes a full man, but sometimes from a full mug (or man) no drop runs over, and the contents are useless. The essence of reading is sincerity. Each man must discover for himself what it is necessary that he should read, since he who turns over another's best hundred books loses at once his time and his honesty. After all, nothing belongs to you that does not correspond to your temperament; and the scholar who surrounds himself with books which he can never make his own, incurs the reproach that he is "not cultivated but only manured." The wisest readers, perhaps, have been desultory. No one, for instance, ever made a better use of books than Montaigne; yet he never put himself to read a book in his life, and he was the bitterest foe that ever pedants had. He loved Liberty as ardently as Lord Acton himself; but he loved Idleness still better, and he would not surrender this happiness even for the wisdom of Plutarch. But when the whim came upon him, and he found the book he wanted, he suffered no distraction, and the result is that his 'Essays' are the book of a bookish man. He would doubtless have resented the epithet, but he cannot escape the consequences of his temperament; and, bitterly as he hated those who were fed upon literature, he would not have understood himself half so well as he did had he not seen his own character-

istics mirrored in the work of the ancients. Seneca and Plutarch were, in fact, indispensable to Montaigne's understanding; and it is precisely for this reason that he read them with so fine a profit to himself. But to the omnivorous and industrious reader all books are equal. He finds a kind of holiness in print, and from sheer vacancy of mind will pore over match-boxes, paper bags, or halfpenny journals, if perchance he have not at hand the last product of the circulating library. He would be better employed at almost any game than in spoiling his eyesight over a printed page. For he is as little able to comprehend what he reads as to make a wise choice of books. The truth is, that reading is a rare and delicate art. "Some books," said Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." But the careless reader digests nothing, and obstinately swallows whole the very volumes which the wise will taste most fastidiously. Hence it follows that Lord Acton's example is not one to follow. He, being a reader of genius, was a law unto himself. The average man, who boasts as much learning as is imposed by Act of Parliament, will always be able to employ himself more profitably than upon books. After all, hypocrisy is a worse sin than ignorance, and pedantry is the very vice of learning.

Montaigne, as we have said, was not easily held captive by a book. In his childhood he gave up all other diversions to read Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' but it was so rare an event that he solemnly records it. And again he writes, towards the end of his life, "I have lately been reading the history of Tacitus quite through, without interrupting it with anything else, which but seldom happens with me, it being twenty years since I have kept to any one book an hour together." A higher compliment Montaigne could not pay, nor has paid, to any author, and Tacitus deserves even this exclusive praise. Secure of his position among the great historians of the world, Tacitus still dictates philosophy to the politician, and shows, in spite of the scientific historian, that truth and epigram are not incompatible. But there is one adventurer whom Tacitus more than any other writer has obstinately defied, and that is the translator. His very difficulty has tempted hundreds; yet he is still unconquered, since it cannot be said that Professor Ramsay,¹ expert and erudite as he is, has come off victorious. At the same time, Professor Ramsay's work has many merits: it is the fruit of patient and sincere learning; in sense it keeps as close as possible to the original; but it must be confessed that it misses the marvellous style, the miraculous concision, the

¹ The Annals of Tacitus: Books I.-VI. An English Translation, with Introduction, Notes, and Maps, by George Gilbert Ramsay. London: John Murray.

rapid epigram, which distinguish the masterpiece of Tacitus. To allow so much, however, is to say no more than that it is a translation, and if, like all the others, it still baffles the general reader, it should prove of great value to the scholar.

What, then, is the supreme difficulty of translation? Dryden, far better in theory than in practice, has defined it accurately enough. The translator, says he in effect, must be master not only of the language from which he translates, but of his own. Yet "there are many," he adds, "who understand Greek and Latin and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue." This explains why, for the most part, scholars translate the classics so ill. They know the last secrets of Latin and Greek; they are quick to distinguish one particle from another; they are sensitive to the slenderest *nuance* of tense or mood; but they have a poor perception of what Dryden calls "the proprieties and delicacies of the English." And as for these, again we quote Dryden, "'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habits and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning." Few scholars are able to wear off

this rust, and thus it is that our scholarly translations are sometimes difficult to read. But there is another reason why the scholar is not always the best translator. He sees so much in his author's text that he cannot put it all into English; he is so familiar with the foreign construction that he cannot shake off its trammels, and accordingly he makes the words of his own tongue dance to another tune. They do not remember the wise caution of Horace—

"Nec verbum verbo curatis reddere,
fidus
Interpres."

On the other hand, when a man of letters essays to English a Greek or Latin classic, he is too apt to forget his text, and to compose an original work upon the given theme.

We have said that Dryden was wiser in theory than in precept, and in prose at any rate his age produced no memorable translation. The persons of quality whom he enrolled to help his enterprises failed in knowledge both of the dead languages and of their own tongue. Indeed, there is but one period of our history in which the art of translation flourished. The Elizabethans attacked strange tongues with the same recklessness of courage wherewith they discovered new worlds. They made the masterpieces of Greece and Rome their own, as their brother adventurers annexed our distant colonies. Now, at first sight, it might seem that they were singularly ill-equipped for their task. The most of them

knew no more Latin and Greek than William Shakespeare. But they were not abashed at their ignorance. If North knew no Greek, he knew French well enough, and with Amyot's help he made the best version of Plutarch that we have. Again, why is it that to him, who is no scholar, the version of Thucydides made out of French by Thomas Nicholls in 1550 has a rhythm and nobility which is denied to the classic work of Hobbes? Even Tacitus did not terrify these intrepid translators. Professor Ramsay in his introduction does ample justice to the 'Annals,' as Englished by Richard Greenway, and we have no doubt that when he considers the 'Histories' he will pay an equal tribute to the excellences of Sir Henry Savile.

However, the proof of a translator is in the translation, and, if we fear that Professor Ramsay's version will not be accepted by the general reader, it is because his scholarship is over-conscientious. He cannot forget what he owes to the author whom he so loyally reveres. He sees in every defection from the words of Tacitus a kind of perfidy; and sometimes, when a paraphrase might make the meaning clearer and the style more appropriate, he sacrifices his version to his allegiance. For our own part, we believe that the best method of translating Tacitus into English would be to retreat as far as possible from his manner, to forget his brevity, and to find only some liberal equivalent which would suggest, and not present, the original. To

produce such a version as Tacitus might have produced had he been an Englishman—that is surely an ideal worth realising. In Latin he was brief, but would he have been so economical of his words had he written a modern, uninflected language? We think not, and we believe that the perfect version, if it ever come, will transform not only the words but the style of the original.

To show Professor Ramsay at his best we will quote the famous character of Tiberius, which concludes the sixth book of the 'Annals':—

"His character passed through like changes to his fortune. Admirable in conduct, and in high esteem, while in a private station, or filling commands under Augustus; dark and artful in affecting virtue so long as Drusus and Germanicus lived, he presented the same mixture of good and evil until his mother died. Then came a period of fiendish cruelty, but masked libertinism, during the days when he loved or feared Sejanus: until at last freed from all fears, lost to all shame, he broke out in wickedness and wantonness alike, and showed himself in no character but his own."

As a paraphrase of Tacitus' words, these lines are admirable, though they are lacking in colour, though we miss in them the thread that holds the Latin so tightly together. But compare with the version of Richard Greenway, the Elizabethan, which, if not quite at the level of his style, has still merits of its own:—

"He changeth his manners diversely according to the times. Whilst he was a private man, he was of good life and credit, and had commendations under Augustus. He was close and crafty in counterfeit-

ing virtues whilst Germanicus and Drusus lived : and whilst his mother lived he kept a meane sometimes good and sometimes bad. For cruelty he was infamous ; but lascivious lusts, so long as he loved and feared Sejanus, secret. In the end he burst in to all wickednesse, dishonesty, and reproach ; after that having cast away shame and feare, he governed himselfe wholly according unto his owne disposition and nature."

Here we have the prose that is characteristic of the time, and, strangely enough, at least a hint of the Tacitean parsimony. Now, contrast with these two versions the translation of Messire Achilles de Harlay, Conseiller du Roy (1644):—

"Sa conduite et ses mœurs furent différentes : car sa vie et sa réputation furent excellentes, tandis qu'il ne fut que particulier ou qu'il fut employé dans les charges sous le commandement d'Auguste. Il demeura couvert et seut accortement se faire passer pour vertueux, tant que Germanicus et Drusus demeurèrent en vie. Du vivant de sa mère sa conduite fut mêlée de bien et de mal. Sa cruauté fut detestable mais ses paillardises couvertes tant qu'il ayma on craignait Sejan. Et finalement il se laissa desbordément emporter et sans aucune retenue aux crimes et à la saleté tout ensemble, depuis qu'ayant banny et la honte et la crainte, il ne suivit plus que ses propres inclinations."

The French, it is true, is half a century later than the English of Greenwey, but it is neither noble of itself nor does it even readily echo the Latin of Tacitus. And so we take leave of an insoluble problem, with gratitude to Professor Ramsay for having made one more desperate attempt at its solution.

Professor Ramsay's introduc-

tion may be recommended without reserve. Not only does he pronounce a wise eulogy upon Tacitus, but he analyses with much acuteness the experiments of his predecessors, while his *obiter dicta* are worthy the attention both of the writer and scholar. He has much to say of English style, and he sounds a timely warning (with an awful example) "of what English may become when science has banished literature from our schools." Moreover, he traces the adventures of Tacitus in modern times. Quoted by Camille Desmoulins, the words of Tacitus were burned in the Jacobin clubs, sixteen centuries after his death. Napoleon, enraged at the historian's hatred of tyrants, asked M. Suard, the Secretary of the Institute, to correct his errors ; and to his eternal glory M. Suard replied that "the fame of Tacitus stood too high for any one to think of pulling it down." Nor is M. Suard the only Frenchman who has defended the historian's memory. It is Montaigne who has chanted the loftiest panegyric. "'Tis rather a judgment than a narration of history ; there are in it more precepts than stories ; it is not a book to read, 'tis a book to study and learn ; . . . 'tis a nursery of ethic and politic discourses, for the use and ornament of those who have any place in the government of the world." Finally, says he, "vous diriez souvent qu'il nous peint, et qu'il nous pince." Which phrase, untranslatable as Tacitus' own prose, is a perfect commentary.

SIR JOHN MOORE.¹

BY CHARLES CORBALLIS.

UNTIL that great conflict has come and gone which will be the arbiter of this Empire's fate, a conflict as certain and as little provided for as death itself, the Peninsula War will ever be *the* war to Britons. By that war England, serving the whole civilised world, delivered it from service, and became herself its master, the director of, instead of, as hitherto, the unskilful meddler in, its affairs. By that war British statesmen rid themselves in some measure of that expeditionary cacoëthes which, breaking out first at Cadiz (1625) and Rhé (1627), tormented them and their country for over a century, until its contemptible penult on the Helder (1799), and climax at Walcheren (1809). The timid lips, which had never tasted anything but froth, then first touched the strong liquor of solid campaigning, and recognised the only drink for men desirous of doing men's work. Great Britain did not learn the art of war in those six years, because it is not in Great Britain to learn that lesson, she being the most unteachable of earthly soldiers, bound as to the very legs which have bestridden the world with the "hay-band" and "straw-band" of military ineptitude. But

she learned to go to war, a harder national lesson than how to make it; she learned to risk all when risking a little would have lost all; to grasp the glowing iron the more tightly the hotter it grows. She learned that failure of a sustained British effort is impossible, though British Ministers attempt in turn, and sometimes all together, every known method of achieving failure; that however much her destiny may be the sport of fools, it is fool-proof. The Peninsula War thus made us as unconquerable as a nation as we are incurable as blunderers, for it freed us from subjection to the only real vanquisher of nations, despair at their own mistakes. In brief, by standing for those six years against a hurricane, Britons got used to the rude wind of war, and learned to keep their hats on and their hair unruffled, blow from what airt it may. 1855 and 1899 attest that we shall never learn how to provide for a campaign in the field or despair of it at home.

Finally, the Peninsula War left its most ineradicable marks upon the men who made it. The British army which strode over the Pyrenees a triumphant full-grown man had crept into

¹ The Diary of Sir John Moore. Edited by Sir J. F. Maurice, K.C.B. 2 vols. London: Edward Arnold. 1904.

Lisbon a child—a somewhat cowed child—with Blenheim and Malplaquet forgotten in Fontenoy, in Toulon, in Walcheren, in the Helder, in Yorktown, Dunkirk, Ostend, and Buenos Ayres; and even the brilliant flash of the first Egypt (1801) drowned in the drizzle of the second (1807), and that of Maida in the capitulation of Gaeta. The army was “the object of ridicule to every other service”;¹ Hood, and even Nelson, had jeered at its clumsiness and slowness, and boasted that they had beaten it at its own game. It had been, in fact, in all but valour wellnigh the worst army in Europe, and was fast becoming the worst in history. Its soldiers, from being largely scraped together by the muck-rakes of the crimpers, often equalled the Continental conscripts in unwillingness, and were always inferior to them in military preparedness. They depended for their equipment on swindling contractors, for their training on ignorant colonels, for their discipline on drunken captains; they were as perpetually unfit for war as from their crimes unendurable in peace. But the fiery furnace of the Peninsula War burned most of these impurities away. The British Army shuffled into it what we have seen; it marched out of it what we see to-day, an army clumsy still in war, because its military clumsiness is temperamental; ignorant still of war, because no human power will ever make

it study war until it is at war, but so habituated to victory that it would regard a hundred defeats as only so many steps to its eventual, inevitable triumph. Hero-worship is the religion of armies, and that army is nearest salvation which has most altars. The gods of our military mythology gaze down in dozens, in shako, stock, and coatee from the temple-walls of barrack-room and canteen, and the soldier who looks at them daily knows that their Asgard is the arid plains of Spain.

Of these tutelars none has had more candles burnt in his honour than Sir John Moore. In the first place, mystery, the most irresistible attribute of an *eidolon*, has always hung about his shrine. Not one man in a million has known much more of him than was to be learned from the noble quatrains of the Irish divinity student, themselves of such mysterious origin in Wolfe's own day as to have been ascribed to Byron and Campbell in turn. The name of Moore has been indissolubly connected with Retreat; indeed his battle and death at Corunna are vaguely felt to have canonised that operation of war. From what he retreated, however, and why, have been as little known as the life-story of Moore himself, and most people have thought their duty done by him when they have murmured in his honour the silly and false epigram, “Had there been no Moore, there would have been no Wellington.”

¹ Sir Herbert Taylor, writing in 1828.

To-day, nearly a century after his apotheosis, there is an avatar of this unknown god of British war. In two noble-looking volumes Sir Frederick Maurice, already Moore's spokesman,¹ allows him to speak for himself—nay, forces him to do so—and when he pauses, speaks again not softly for him. Let it be said at the outset that Moore bulks no larger in our eyes because of the abrupt clearness with which he is presented. There is much in the diary itself which might have been omitted without falsifying either History or the character of the diarist. Moore was a great man, but he had his little-nesses. Sometimes they showed in his actual life; but mostly he kept them under lock and key, kept them in fact for his diary, which he seems to have considered as a private place in which a man who seldom acted hastily might be hasty, in which a man who was usually noble might occasionally be ignoble. Metal so glowing as his must give off recement: Moore preferred that his should spume in his diary rather than his life, and could never have intended that that should be presented as his public habit which was but his private relief. But Sir Frederick Maurice will abate him nothing. His powerful incantation brings up the old man, indeed, but, more ruthless than that of the Witch of Endor, will not allow him to remain "covered with a mantle." The figure he con-

jures flings off the martial cloak in which it has lain motionless and honoured for nearly a century, and, forced to break silence, may well speak, as the dreadful shade of Samuel spoke to Saul, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?"

If—as Sir F. Maurice himself says—there can be no blacker crime than to filch from the credit of a national hero, then Sir F. Maurice has himself gone more perilously near to commission of the same than any of the numerous gentlemen whom he so passionately charges with it. Were we to gather, as he entreats—nay, commands—us to gather, our truest impressions of the hero from these pages, Sir John Moore would suffer derogation more seriously by his own words than by the words of Mr Oman, for instance, whom Sir F. Maurice absurdly charges with inheriting personal spite against a soldier who died a hundred years ago.² The reader who from ignorance of history cannot differentiate between the man and his private reflections, will lay down Moore's diary, rendered suspicious by the very eagerness of the interpolations of his apologist. Sir F. Maurice doth protest too much; his furious disclaimer of the need of defence may well institute a prosecution where there was none dreamed of, for such a passion of defence surely suggests something in need of defence. And indeed there was something; there were spots upon the sun,

¹ The Life of Sir John Moore. 1897.

² Vol. ii. p. 301.

though we knew nothing of them until Sir F. Maurice showed them to us. Moore was not, in fact, quite so perfect either as a soldier or a man as we had conceived him; and whilst considering what new virtues in him have been disclosed by these volumes, we shall be forced to remark—briefly, because it is distasteful—upon certain blemishes which have startled us because of their very novelty.

Sir F. Maurice makes no attempt to restrain his anger when he hears his hero called “despondent,” yet there were not many measures with which Moore became connected of which, until they had taken shape, he did not fear the worst. In such an era of muddle as that in which he worked, this is small blame, and requires no tempestuous apology. Most of the military expeditions of the close of the eighteenth century were contrived with a view to failure. Their policy was commonly as wild as their preparation was inadequate; often they lacked both—lacked, indeed, everything certain except the certainty of disaster. That despair did not always sail with them from Portsmouth or Plymouth was due to the fact that they included few soldiers educated enough to perceive their futility. The optimism of ignorance, as it has done with many British ventures since, alone sustained *moral*, strong enough sometimes to pluck victory from the very bosom of defeat, sometimes to vanish,

taking *moral* with it, when facts had proved too strong for fancies. Moore was, to his torment, an educated soldier; not a flaw escaped his eye; to him the possibilities, as they truly did, pointed ever towards failure. What he knew should, by the rules of his art, only be attempted by 10,000 men with a month's supplies, his Government was in the habit of attempting with 5000 men and rations for a week; nay, worse, they constantly nagged at him and others to attempt with a weak force what he knew should not be attempted at all. It was for these reasons, no doubt, that Moore's native virtue of caution grew to take upon itself a cast of foreboding. His Parthian shot at Castlereagh through the half-opened door, which gave the Minister his last glimpse on earth of Moore's tall figure, was typical,—“Remember, my lord, I protest against the expedition, and foretell its failure.”¹ Fourteen years before he had despaired of Bastia, and though Bastia fell truly enough to the weary blockade which Moore had declared could alone reduce it, we protest against being hissed down as “spiteful,” or “servile,” or “shameless,” because we think that Bastia, defended by a half-hearted Frenchman, who “wished to do his duty, and no more; his property was in England,”² might have fallen in a tenth of the time to the assault of which Moore was afraid; and further, that in view of Lord Hood's represent-

¹ Vol. ii. p. 247.² Vol. i. p. 99.

ations of the general situation in the Mediterranean,¹ the assault ought to have been attempted.

Moore's whole career in Corsica, in truth, from his landing to his expulsion from the island, can give him little more credit than that of being a gallant fighting man. As he despaired of measures, so he despaired of men. Lord Hood, who, whatever were his faults, was a fine old sailor, who had done work for his country nearly as fine as Moore was to do, is branded with "infamy and meanness," "stupidity and villainy," and a dozen other epithets as unworthy of their object as their framer. Moore, afterwards so ardent and enlightened a propagandist of co-operation between the sea and land powers, if he did not actually foment the disastrous bickerings of admiral and general in Corsica, let slip not an opportunity of aggravating them, took not an opportunity of quieting them. Of Sir Gilbert Elliot, a man by no means despicable either in character or ability, though Moore traduces both, there are pages of abuse over which the reader will hurry in contempt, which will not be all for the Viceroy. If Elliot was a failure in Corsica, Moore did nothing to prevent it, and a little to produce it. One indictment, that charging Sir Gilbert with sequestering the house of a poverty-stricken emigrant and occupying it himself,² is too "tough" even for Sir F.

Maurice to swallow; and he is forced to surmise, what Moore does not in the least intend to hint, that Elliot knew nothing of the misery of his victim. There is indeed an illiberality in many of Moore's innuendos against his *bête noire* which must discount them all. What faith can be placed in any aspersions made by a man who could descend to the use of a weapon so unworthy as a sneer at his enemy's thrift in entertaining: "Wherever state and consequence is attended with no expense, the Viceroy seems fond of them; . . . lemonade is handed about, and there are cards"?³ Moore, after an exhibition of unrelieved tactlessness both of speech and action, one example of which even Sir F. Maurice, again, does not attempt to defend, was eventually given by his exasperated superior forty-eight hours in which to quit the island, and if in so doing Moore was well rid of Elliot, no reader amazed by this pitiful passage of ancient history but will conclude that Elliot was equally well rid of Moore, and possibly that both would be well rid of Sir Frederick Maurice.

Moore is next seen in the West Indies, gallant as before in combat, but as before dismal and querulous in policy, selecting once again for his displeasure the chief actor at the scene of action. He learned quickly to see the folly of his estimate of Sir Ralph Abercromby—"a worthy but weak

¹ Vol. i. p. 85.

² Vol. i. p. 147.

³ Vol. i. p. 139.

man," with whom he was "extremely dissatisfied"¹—but he might well have learned better than to have formed it. Sir Ralph's worthiness needs no exposition; and the only weakness of which he appears to have been guilty was that, after answering impatiently a grumbling letter from his subordinate, he softened and wrote again kindly a few days later. Thereafter that splendid soldier never ceased to heap the coals of fire of extreme kindness on Moore, who owed much of his subsequent employment and success to the man he had teased with complaints in the West Indies. Even before the expedition to Egypt, with the triumph of which he had so much to do, Moore's constitutional pessimism must have a word. "I cannot but think," he says, "the enterprise in which we are about to engage extremely hazardous and doubtful in its event,"²—a forecast with which his low opinion of Lord Keith may have had something to do. The captor of Capetown had already paid the penalty due from prominence to contact with Moore by being labelled timid because he objected to risk his fleet on a lee shore, and a babbler of "incoherent nonsense,"³ because Moore could not comprehend a sailor's objection to changing an anchorage at the request of a soldier! One of Moore's most disconcerting characteristics, indeed, was this same

hasty intolerance of men we have been taught to reverence. It may be, as Sir F. Maurice will have it, but "blunt veracity" to say of Sidney Smith, as Moore said in Sicily, that "nothing is too absurd for his folly, nothing too mean or too wicked where his vanity or his interest are concerned";⁴ it may be again but "unflinching truth" that in almost his only mention of Nelson in all his diary he fastens upon that Samson in his hour of weakness at Naples, "like the Prince of an opera . . . cutting a pitiful figure";⁵ but even if it be, we cannot help being as angry with Moore's severity as Sir F. Maurice is with any man who is severe with Moore. If Moore compels us to mitigate our hero-worship of himself, he shall not also lessen our faith in every other hero we have worshipped from boyhood. Truth, moreover, was a science as inexact in Moore's day as in that of jesting Pilate. All men are liars; only their deeds speak truth; we may keep our faith in Moore himself. Our serenity thus restored, we may note it rather as an interesting sidelight on Moore's idiosyncratic suspicion of his fellow-man than as another self-iconoclasm, that poor blundering Melville's acquittal drew from him immediately an insinuation of Melville's guilt by an unco' guid wonder as to "how the House of Peers reconcile this to their honour";⁶ that, again, the sincerity of

¹ Vol. i. p. 233.² Vol. i. p. 398.³ Vol. i. p. 378.⁴ Vol. ii. p. 138.⁵ Vol. i. p. 367.⁶ Vol. ii. p. 120.

Wellington himself in an act of the purest kindness is qualified with an "if" and a "should he be otherwise." ¹

This great man is, after all, not to be abused but pitied more than Naaman, for his affliction is incurable: there is no Jordan to minister to a mind so diseased. And so enough of his failings. Would that we could have remained, as we have lived since childhood, in ignorance of them, and in undiluted admiration of their possessor. But Sir F. Maurice has rendered that impossible. Passionately addicted to the truth, he has told us the truth, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. We can have no quarrel with him for that, though his truth is an expensive article, and has cost us the feet at least of an idol. But where we do quarrel with Sir F. Maurice is where he quarrels with men whose only crime is that of having told the truth of Moore before Moore told it of himself. Something of Moore's own aggressive virtue, of his hastiness of judgment and intemperance of speech in declaring it, something of his *noli me tangere* prickliness, of his perpetual imagination of grievance, something even of his cynical distrust of all men and their motives,—something of all this seems to have escaped from the "old trunk that had travelled to Corunna, brass-lettered 'J. Moore,'" ² and entered into the soul of Sir F. Maurice as he raised the lid. Only Epimetheus himself has had worse fortune with a box. We are as little

acquainted with Mr Oman and Sir Herbert Maxwell as with Sir F. Maurice; we must ask the last, therefore, not to attribute any remarks which may have pained him by seeming to support them either to the bias of partizanship with those gentlemen or enmity to himself. We have neither. For them we have that deference due to historians who, in being sometimes right (though Sir F. Maurice may scarcely credit it), have done nearly all that human historians may do. For him, besides that deference, we have, firstly, the envy of a man who sees another still in possession of something he himself has lost, and secondly, a shade of bitterness in the thought that in the envied one we behold the robber!

It is commonly the fate, or the blessing, of all great human planets who have stuck only to their own orbits that the world knows only their professional azimuth, and nothing of their ascension. Who except scholars knows anything more of Harvey or Kepler than their discoveries? The vogue of great men is largely dependent on the little things of their lives, the subsidiary events—scandals for choice—which prove them human, to the great consolation of humanity. Moore was a pure professional; he had no brilliant quarrelsome wife like Marlborough to keep his private life bubbling in history, no impeachment like Hastings, no divorce like Napoleon, no mistress like Nelson. With woman,

¹ Vol. ii. p. 266.

² Preface, p. xiii.

the advertising medium of heroes, he had as little to do as any man who lives to forty-seven can possibly have. An "attachment" to Lady Hester Stanhope, and a "passion" for Miss Caroline Fox, so formally suppressed, and that in English so correct that it could never have threatened to wreck his happiness, are his only recorded skirmishes with the enemy. His art, as said Sir Gilbert Elliot,¹ giving undeserved sneer for sneer, was his mistress, and to her he remained faithful to the death. Moore was a superb soldier, both in the field and in the office. Whatever his failings whilst operations were being hatched, they vanished as soon as the operations began. The complainant of men became at once the fearless leader of men, striking more fiercely with his good sword than ever he had with his pen and tongue, forcing the very success of which he had often despaired by his own matchless courage and energy. His baptism of fire on the Penobscot enrolled him at once among those of whom heroes are made. A boy who standing alone calls upon his runaways to "come back and behave like men" will never go astray for want of heart, wherever his head may lead him. The Mozzello Fort, Morne Chabot, the Helder tower, Alexandria, and a dozen other occasions confirmed him as one of the boldest fighting men of all time. His arrival

in the firing-line at any doubtful moment of a battle meant more than a reinforcement, it meant victory. No troops so exhausted, or unwilling, but took fire at once at the magic of his voice in their midst. Though no man more than he dreaded inexperience in the field, none dared to do more with it; recruits under his hand, as at Morne Chabot, became veterans. The fierce night action at Alexandria owed its successful issue to him alone; never was there such a one man battle. It was his command which emptied almost every saddle of the victorious French cavalry, and at his command that the 42nd and 28th performed the almost miraculous feat of surrounding and annihilating the battalions by which they themselves were completely surrounded.² He who seemed to have not much faith in any man, had yet such complete faith in *his* men that with them he could remove mountains.

But Moore had a talent more rare than that of leading armies—that of making them. If not the first (both Howe and Dundas had done something) he was the most energetic of army reformers, and both his aims and his methods were original. A hundred years in advance of his age, he first heard the personal note in the great instrument which he loved, and perceived that it was the dominant. Masses of

¹ Vol. i. p. 78.

² Why does not the 42nd share with the 28th the fine distinction, won in this action, of a badge worn behind in addition to that in front of the helmet?

men, the fetish of his generation, impressed him little; the man himself was his study, and what could be made of him if his captain worked hard under the major, the major under the lieutenant-colonel, and the latter under the brigadier. He in fact first invented *work* as an item of the soldier's daily programme, and would have banished loafing from a profession whose chief allurements it was—did banish it from his own model brigade upon the heights of Shorncliffe. Even in our day, as Sir F. Maurice says, a generous father sending the present of a horse to his subaltern son, would be somewhat dumbfounded at receiving a letter from the general advising him to send also some one to ride it, because "his son would have no time"!¹ In Moore's day it was as incomprehensible as the efficiency of that busy subaltern himself. Moore too, greatly daring, invented promotion by selection—nay, worse, dismissal by selection. Bad officers learned to their amazement that they were not required; good officers, languishing, as they thought, unrewarded in other units, Moore drew towards him as unerringly as the croupier rakes the gold pieces from the wide table before him. And these men found themselves translated, not into a despotism, as they may have anticipated, but into a republic. Freedom became theirs such as blessed no regimental officers in all the British

army; colonels actually managed their own battalions and captains their companies; both received their commands as potters receive their clay from the foreman to take to their own bench to work upon. But Moore, in inventing the emancipation of regimental officers, invented also their responsibility. The clay had quickly to become a pot, or woe to the potter. The result was a brigade of line regiments each and together so excellent that it was in 1807 the proud boast of the Guards themselves to have been pronounced by Moore as only *second* to one of them in manœuvring.²

In all this, Moore, again, was immeasurably in advance of his era. Generations passed without witnessing a replica of the Shorncliffe Brigade. Army reform lay buried for many a year on the ramparts of Corunna, and how unhappily must it have stirred in its grave when the British army lay rotting from mismanagement in the trenches of Sevastopol. The doubt whether it has risen from the dead at all can only be allayed by the man who can point to-day to a single brigade—nay, regiment—trained to implicit compliance with one strong sound system understood by all because clearly defined, uncriticised because good sense, the only imprimatur of efficiency to a soldier, is stamped alongside the royal arms on its text-book; a unit in which *esprit de bataillon* is

¹ Vol. ii. p. 78.

² Hamilton's History of the Grenadier Guards, vol. ii. p. 371.

not foolishly and dangerously fostered to the detriment of *esprit d'armée*, rendering the soldiers surly and the officers cantankerous with orders or decisions emanating from a source other than their own barrack-room. Moore incidentally invented also Light Infantry,—in the sense of infantry which ventured to move without each man's shoulder rubbing that of the next man, a chain instead of an iron bar,—and Field Batteries, in contradistinction to the single guns which in that day accompanied battalions, much as they did the Boer commandos of 1899. He invented, in fact, a hundred things; but no details of machinery devised by him are comparable in interest to the conception of the machine itself,—of which he was only able to materialise a miniature,—a professional army to which war coming at any moment would seem an incident of business instead of a disorganising surprise. When the Shorncliffe Brigade joined the Peninsular Army, its soldiers, “though new to war, were looked up to from the day of junction as the veterans of the army!”¹

We have space only for the briefest *résumé* of Moore's early professional career, much of which has already been indicated. Receiving his first commission in 1776 at the age of fifteen in the 51st, he was promoted into the 82nd two years later, and accompanied that

regiment to Nova Scotia, where, as described above, he bore himself gallantly in the face of the first volley of a lifetime, much of which was to be spent under fire. Five years later behold him, still a beardless youth, sitting in the House of Commons at the feet of the almost beardless Pitt, who was just ascending the throne from which for twenty brilliant years he was to rule the destinies of Europe. Promoted major in the 60th in 1787, he rejoined the 51st the next year, and, having purchased the lieutenant-colonelcy from its retiring commander, who “thanked God that his regiment never had been a good one,” was at Gibraltar when the war with France and his own diary alike commenced in 1793. Thence to the Toulon fizzle, where the 51st did not land. Here on the *Victory* he first met Hood, who put his back up a little, and Sir F. Maurice's a lot, by sniffing at the weakness of his regiment and its tardy arrival, whereupon Sir F. Maurice, perceiving in these commonplaces of a harassed commander a “dramatic point” and a grievance equally non-existent, labours a paragraphic defence of the ill-used lieutenant-colonel. Next to Corsica, where San Fiorenzo and Calvi showed his strength, and all the rest of Corsica until his expulsion from it in 1795, his weakness. To the civilian, no doubt, the most interesting occurrence on the island will be the smashing of Paoli's bust,² and the con-

¹ Vol. ii. p. 86.

² Vol. i. chap. vi.

sequent furore and friction between the Viceroy and his subjects. Sir F. Maurice, though again he labours, does little either to clear Moore from his obstinate clumsiness or the facts from obscurity; it is a case, in fact, of—

“ Mr Parker made the case darker
Which was dark enough without.”

No man in his senses—what-ever a woman may have done—ever believed that Moore, in selecting the height of the storm as an appropriate time to visit Paoli, was guilty of anything more terrible than tactlessness almost to fanaticism; but such tactlessness is the greatest crime of prominent men in delicate positions. To be a “Frondeur”¹ requires imagination and a touch of romance; Moore possessed neither, and may be acquitted without leaving the box, though Sir F. Maurice remains for hours empannelled in his defence.

In 1796 Moore sailed in command of a brigade of Sir Ralph Abercromby’s expedition to the West Indies. In this capacity he performed some of the most dangerous work of his career, and after capturing St Lucia by a bold stroke which showed once more how unerring was his tactical eye in action, he was appointed governor of the island. But Moore, whose smile was radiant in battle, fell ever into the dismal at the approach of peace, inactivity, and—dare we whisper it—of solitary responsibility. His governorship was a period of bewail-

ing, which scarcely ceased at the sharp reproof of the Commander-in-Chief. In truth there was cause enough. The island was like a half-smoked wasp’s nest: the insurgents, though sluggish, still swarmed angry and ready to sting; the troops, careless and insubordinate, died in platoons in their pestilential camps; the Navy was idle and failed to intercept the enemy’s supplies. From all this Moore, barely escaping with his life from two assaults of yellow fever, fled in June 1797, and returned to England, where in October he toured the eastern counties with a view to a scheme of defence against French invasion. But the invasion came not from the east, but from the west, and that not in battalions, but in single spies of the most futile type. In December Moore was in Ireland, once more a brigadier under Abercromby, and on the departure of that unwilling commander was soon in the thick of the Irish Rebellion under Lake, a man shortly to win greater triumphs in the far distant jewel of the Indian Ocean than he did in the emerald of the Irish Sea. The French invasion of Ireland caused even Moore to smile, and having added to his reputation by his unremitting work, he left the island in June 1799, full of the pleasurable excitement of a “secret expedition” to Weissnichtwo. This proved to be the Helder, and thither on the 14th August 1799 Moore set sail, one of four brigadiers once

¹ Vol. i, p. 183.

more under Abercromby, in command of three thousand one hundred and thirty-five soldiers, "in general but poor, few of them formed or disciplined."¹ They were, however, good enough for the work in hand. The dismal failure which followed, under the superintendence of the Duke of York and his Council of War, was not the fault of the men. No soldiers ever fought better than those who, alternately starved and rendered crazy with thirst when the salt beef came, charged their way southward to Ackersloot and crawled back to the Zuype with a loss of 10,000 men in six weeks. Of their generals only Moore, three times wounded, won honour from dishonour, and by the extraordinary brilliance of his leading climbed at once by the very steps of defeat to the summit of his profession.

Once more, in 1800, under the erstwhile "weak but worthy" Sir Ralph, by this time *quantum mutatus*, first to Minorca, then to Leghorn, where news came of the avalanche of Frenchmen pouring down the Alps behind Napoleon, and so to Ferrol and Cadiz, where two more disembarkation fizzles, following the free fight on the Helder beaches, taught Moore finally the folly of allowing fleets to vomit up armies Jonah-wise pell-mell on to dry land. Then hey for Egypt, to turn out the French. What times for a soldier! What times for Moore, and what a man for the times!

In Marmaras Bay, a half-way house, he works out the landing arrangements intrusted to his management, and—daring innovation!—practises the future disembarkation until the men are sick of it, and, more to the point, are thoroughly acquainted with it. It succeeds perfectly under his supervision, though the French have had a week to prepare and oppose it in line of battle. Everything succeeds in this wonderful campaign, and nearly everything is due to Moore. In four months the French army is on the march to the sea, 8000 strong, every man-jack of them on the sick-list with—*home-sickness*, bound for British ships, with a British army as escort, and the cold eye of Moore counting them as they file rejoicing by! In the presence of such astounding verities "fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful."² On September 20, 1801, Moore takes ship for England again, with another wound and a blaze of glory as cargo. But Abercromby's dead body has sailed before him for Malta, and Moore may well have turned back to certain pages of his diary and sighed as he tore them out.

From 1802 to 1804 Moore was at home, in many stations, but with one employment—organising, organising, organising; the "omniscient Jackson" of the military world, to whom everybody ran with their conundrums; assisting at the accouchement of that "*que*

¹ Vol. i. p. 339.

² Burke's Speeches.

grand tu as !"¹ infant the Volunteer force; abolishing this, creating that; notably amongst the latter, firstly, a scheme to bar the door to invading Boney, and secondly, that wonderful Brigade previously referred to to act as "chucker-out" should the sea-sick Frenchmen ever stagger ashore out of the thousands of flat-bottomed boats of all shapes and sizes under the Martello or Mortella (Sir F. Maurice is interminably concerned which) towers. Earnestly Napoleon, with everything ready but the escorting fleet, looked out to sea from Brest. Why tarry the wheels of Villeneuve's chariot? They were doing worse than tarry, wobbling down to Cadiz, and Napoleon, swallowing his discontent, rushed open-mouthed across Europe and swallowed thirty thousand Austrians as an antidote.² Meanwhile Moore had thrown cold water on proposed descents upon Ferrol and Boulogne, which, had they been attempted against his advice, would assuredly have turned out but two more "Catamaran expeditions."³ He had, nevertheless, never ceased to be sanguine of his complete success against any attempt at invasion of our own shores.

In 1806 Moore was selected by Fox to go as mentor and second in command to his

brother, the general, to Sicily, where he landed soon after Gaeta had blown out the flame of Maida. We cannot dwell on the three long chapters of the Diary which cover the fourteen months of Moore's career on the island,—months all full of interest for the reader; of work and, with the exception of certain small ill-liberalities noted previously, of honour for Moore. Sicily indeed gave scope for three of Moore's strongest qualities—his talent for propping weaker men, his power of seeing round the corners of crooked people, and his Cassandra gift of foretelling disaster. He was a tower of strength to Fox, he never once was deceived by the Palermo Court (though in truth he did melt a trifle at the solvent of royal tears), he foretold the failure of Duckworth's senseless mission to the Dardanelles and Fraser's attempt to overrun Egypt with 5000 men. In July 1807 Fox was recalled, largely, as Moore himself confesses,⁴ owing to his (Moore's) impatient letters to the Home authorities to be either given the command himself or withdrawn from his subordinate position.⁵ Such an application to supplant a superior would to-day be considered only as surprising as its success, and the Pepys-like

¹ The exclamation of Grangousier on first beholding his gigantic offspring; hence *Gargantua* (Rabelais).

² Ulm, October 19, 1805.

³ It is difficult to be certain whether this famous fiasco is that referred to by Sir F. Maurice on p. 109, vol. ii. If so, he has dated it wrongly by ten months, as the "Catamaran Expedition" against the Boulogne flotilla took place in October 1804, not August 1805. If not, he has not referred to it at all.

⁴ Vol. ii. p. 132.

⁵ Vol. ii. p. 152.

naïveté of its registration in a diary. Fox at any rate left, much against his will, and Moore, stepping into his shoes, remained in command until October 26, when, in compliance with secret orders, he took ship with 7000 odd men for Gibraltar, and thence to England. There, whilst awaiting further instructions, he presided over the court-martial which condemned the unhappy "General Whitefeather."¹ Next came, in April 1808, the bizarre expedition to Sweden, in which Moore, leading 10,000 men to the support of the king, after not being allowed to land his army at all, woke up one morning to find a gentleman bending over his bed with a warrant for his arrest signed by his crazy ally! Let Fiction hide her diminished head once more, and Mr Gilbert look to his laurels! Moore only saved himself from his friend by flight, and had he any sense of humour, of which there is no evidence, must surely have rocked his tall frame with Homeric laughter as he stole thankfully up the *Victory's* side. Back therefore to England again in July, where uneasy soft-sawder from Castlereagh and red-faced embarrassment of the simpler Duke of York boded trouble. A peck of trouble indeed! Nothing less than a big expedition to Spain on the *tapis*, and Moore not to command, not even to

second-in-command, not even to keep his white-gloved Swedish command; nothing more splendid, in short, for this soldier of forty-six than a mere lieutenant-generalship. Result, an explosion of anger from the offended Moore, if somewhat uncalled for, yet an intelligible and a dignified sound, and much reverberatory popping from Sir F. Maurice, neither intelligible nor dignified. "Remember, my lord," thundered Moore as he left Castlereagh's presence—"remember, my lord, I protest against the expedition, and foretell its failure." A knell indeed from a soldier whose *flair* for disaster had seldom been at fault. But why? Not, as formerly, because of lack of preparation or the impossibility of the task, not from scarcity of troops or from insufficient information, for no military or patriotic reason whatever, it seems, but because Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir H. Burrard (and inferentially *not* Sir John Moore) had been appointed to command! "It" (Moore's thunderclap) "expressed no opinion on the success which was likely to attend a campaign carried out either by Sir Arthur Wellesley or himself."² So says Sir F. Maurice, and did we not remember Sicily and Fox, we would angrily disagree with him. As it is, we can only marvel at his notions of the *rôle* of counsel. If this be defence, let great men save

¹ Whitelocke; so dubbed by the mob after his defeat at Buenos Ayres, May 1807.

² Vol. ii. p. 244.

their fees at the bar of posterity. But possibly we have misunderstood Sir F. Maurice; we plead guilty to having found him incomprehensible before.

Moore nevertheless leaves for Spain, and he and Castlereagh had looked their last upon each other in anger. A little poisoned arrow of a letter from the ruffled Minister reaches him at Portsmouth before he sails, which he flings as neatly back, and he is off to his death and his glory. Sir F. Maurice, on his own evidence, is not "given to weeping,"¹ but he does weep once, over the turpitude of Mr Oman. He may well have kept the solitary tear which blots his page to drop instead upon the picture of one of the greatest soldiers who ever left the Hard glowering with angry eye upon the old harbour and the Needles he was never to rest that eye upon again. The sun went down upon his wrath, and never rose. Poor, gallant Moore! We would give much to know that you had left "England, your England," with a smile on that summer's day ninety-six years ago.

Moore's command, after an excellently managed disembarkation at Mondego Bay, countermanded when half completed, landed finally at Maceira, half-drowned by the Atlantic surf, on August 25. Vimeiro had just been won, and Junot was in negotiation for the safe conduct of his crestfallen battalions back to France, negotia-

tions which Napoleon declared would have brought him before a French court of inquiry, had they not first brought the British generals before a British one!² But "honours easy" even left Napoleon uneasy. He was as dissatisfied with the safety of his 25,000 men as the British Government at this bloodless purging of them out of Portugal. Junot crawled to his master's feet for his whipping, Wellesley sought sanctuary once more with St Stephen.³ Dalrymple and Burrard were pulled home by the ears to make the best *apologia* they could for having done the best they could, leaving Moore, the despised and rejected of Ministers, in command of the army in Spain. Thereby, we believe, hangs a tale which Sir F. Maurice duly relates, without, apparently, perceiving its significance. On the 18th of September Moore and Wellesley, who had previously corresponded with civility, met at the earnest solicitation of the latter. The great war-maker came to make peace. Moore's anger with the Ministers was a public calamity. He must have misunderstood them, for Wellesley was certain that it "was not their intention to behave unkindly. . . . Lord Castlereagh was cold and cautious," and Moore must have mistaken these attributes for offence. "*He*" (Wellesley) "*wished I*" (Moore) "*would empower him to say to Ministers, that if nothing had been intended*

¹ Vol. ii. p. 301.

² Napier, vol. i. book ii. chap. vi.

³ He was Irish Secretary.

by them to displease me I was sorry that I had been deceived and that I had expressed myself as I did,"¹ &c., in other words, an apology, even if the most qualified—anything, in short, to enable them to give Moore command and save their faces at the same time. Moore, saying he will ne'er consent, consents; if he does not meet the Ministers half-way, he comes a long way for him. He will make no submission to gain employment, but he has no ill-will to Castlereagh; what had passed had left no unpleasant feeling on his mind; and he would be obliged to Wellesley or any one else who would be kind enough to remove any impression which should prevent him from being employed. The honourable position of a man of honour. "No intrigue, no cringing for me!" shouts Sir F. Maurice discordantly at the top of the page.² Peace! That voice would have done Moore as little good in his lifetime as over his honoured grave, had he indeed deigned to listen to it for advice. Wellesley arrived in London on the 6th October, and Moore's appointment to command was dated September 25: this actual conversation, therefore, as Sir F. Maurice points out, can have had no influence on Moore's appointment. But can it be doubted that Wellesley's advances to Moore were made, nevertheless, at the instigation of Castlereagh in his anxiety to see Moore in command and

in better relations to himself, or even from a lower standpoint, to make the inevitable as little disagreeable as possible by having patched a peace before it came? Long before Dalrymple and Burrard actually left Portugal Castlereagh knew Moore must command. We shall always believe that it was he who prompted Wellesley's visit, and that only the public demand, and the fact that there was no one else, caused the despatch of Moore's appointment before the result of that visit was conveyed to his ear. Moore, then, on the 6th October 1808 goes to the head of 40,000 men, of whom 10,000 under Baird are still at sea: "no such command since Marlborough," he writes in the pride of his heart. By the mail of that date come orders and a civil letter from Castlereagh, whom, *pace* Sir F. Maurice, we cannot help regarding as a man of high honour. The force was to operate in the north of Spain, that portion of the Peninsula being the most impracticable in winter, in co-operation with the strong and valiant Spanish armies, which, said the Tapleys of Downing Street, lay along the Ebro defying all the Frenchmen in the world. Behind this eager host—the Ministers were not sure of its numbers—Moore might safely concentrate, conferring the while with the skilful Spanish generals—they were not sure of their names—he would find—they were not sure where—burning to clasp him by the hand.

¹ Vol. ii. p. 266.

² Vol. ii. p. 265 *et seq.*

Moore found the "no such command since Marlborough" far less magnificent in the flesh than it had looked in despatches; indeed the only portion of the equipment of an army it possessed was the soldiers themselves. There was no transport, no ammunition, no rations, no money, and no trained staff. Nevertheless, by incredible exertions it was clear of Lisbon by the 26th, moving on Salamanca, with Hope and the artillery wide on the right on the Talavera road, and Baird, who, like Moore in Sweden, had been refused a landing for fifteen days by the zany he had come to succour, coming down to Astorga from Corunna.

The concentration march, therefore, was being conducted in three widely separated divisions, a military solecism for which Moore has been most absurdly criticised—firstly, because it was by no wit of man avoidable; secondly, because no general can provide against the incredible, and only the incredible made it a solecism at all. Nevertheless Moore, though he imagined his point of concentration to be comfortably ensconced behind the impenetrable wall of Spaniards "on the Ebro," rode on to Salamanca with no easy mind. Every courier brought news of French reinforcements; French

columns seemed to be leaking through the passes of the Pyrenees like water through a colander. He would have liked that impenetrable wall to have been a little better constructed; there seemed to be strange gaps in it, and they led straight into Spain. At Salamanca, the Oxford of Spain,¹ where dwelt at least two just Spaniards² (and one of these a Briton!) to save the Spanish Sodom, he learned the truth he had half anticipated. The wall had fallen down at three taps of the Corsican Martel, and became like the Irishman's stocking, *all hole*. Belvidere had been thrashed at Gamonal, Romana at Espinosa, Castanos at Tudela, and on November 30 Napoleon blew the last Spanish army, 12,000 strong with sixteen guns, like spindrift off a mountain-top with a few squadrons of Polish cavalry.³ Moore's front was bare to 300,000 French; as early as the 18th the enemy had come forward to Valladolid. Baird and Hope seemed lost, and messengers galloped to them to order an instant retreat. Spain herself seemed lost; for Moore, saying that "Portugal must be evacuated if the French get Spain,"⁴ had not that audacity of genius which made Wellington say exactly the reverse.⁵

But news came that Madrid

¹ Ford's Spain.

² Dr Curtis and Don Alejo Guillen, who rendered much good service to Wellington.

³ Somosierra; the most extraordinary feat in the annals of war. See Napier, vol. i. book iv. chap. ii., and Sir Evelyn Wood's 'Achievements of Cavalry.'

⁴ Vol. ii. p. 283.

⁵ "If I hold Portugal, France cannot and will not hold Spain."

meant fighting. Spanish soldiers might fly as they would, Spanish cities would snatch up the abandoned sword: down with the portcullis! up with the barricades! better death than surrender! All this on December 1. On the 2nd Moore received letters praying him to assist the heroic defenders, and on the 3rd the city—capitulated! But Moore, chivalrously determining to stand by Madrid at all costs, had already countermanded the retreat, and when he read of the surrender on the 9th he set his teeth. The game was all but over, but there was still one more throw of the dice. An intercepted letter from Berthier to Soult contained information that the main French army was moving on Badajoz. Soult at Saldanha, therefore, the buckler of the French lines of communication with Bayonne, was somewhat isolated; a blow on that buckler, if it did not fell Soult himself, would ring to the remotest French bivouac, and possibly even in the dull ears of the Spaniards. There was, at any rate, nothing else left to do except retreat, and Moore, who, as second-in-command, would, we wager, have insisted on retreat at once, as commander postponed it *sine die*. Achilles had but one soft heel; he would aim a shaft at it. On December 11 he pushed out northward from Salamanca, and on the 21st was at Sahagun, cheek-by-jowl with Soult, who until the 16th had imagined him tumbling backwards in

haste over the Portuguese frontier. Startled, he concentrated southward at Carrion, and Moore was in the act of leaving camp on Christmas Eve to attack him when a letter from Romana informed him that the whole French army was on the move northward from Madrid. A later report was to the effect that troops from the head of the columns had already reinforced Soult in the course of the day; so that Moore from Salamanca and Napoleon from Madrid must actually have marched side by side for nearly a hundred miles!

Napoleon flew northward in a fever of mingled anger and eagerness. Moore's advance had belied his own prognostications,—a formidable offence in itself. Soult, though strong enough to hold the British army, was scarcely strong enough to beat him: an unbeaten force in the Asturias would ruin the prestige he had so carefully nurtured in the north, and might at any moment ignite again the gunpowder of Spanish patriotism, on which he had thrown so much water at Burgos and Tudela. For these reasons Moore must be crushed, and at once, though to do so Napoleon had to pluck the fruit of southern Spain from between his very lips. But it is absurd to suppose that so consummate a soldier was ever seriously alarmed for his communications by the presence of a British force at Sahagun. Sir F. Maurice's "lockjaw"¹ quotation applies to another

¹ Vol. ii. p. 293.

occasion, and is unfair, if *ben trovato*. Moore was already too far eastward for safety; a step farther and he would have been ruined even had Napoleon moved with but half the force and at half the speed from Madrid. Would he have dared to follow even the shortest of retreats by Soult across the Carrion? Napoleon knew he was a soldier and not a madman, and that he would not have dared: there were French troops at Burgos and along and behind the Ebro, Santander was covered, Bilbao was covered. Burgos itself, could he have captured it, would have been the utmost gift of fortune, and Burgos itself would not sever the French communications, nor could Moore have held it three days.

No, it was more Hope than Fear which spurred Napoleon so furiously across the Guadarrama, which made him leap from his horse and plunge afoot through the snow-drifts to animate his exhausted soldiers, shouting, "Shall a molehill in Spain check the conquerors of St Bernard?"¹ His eye was fixed rather on Moore's communications than his own. Men could not perform military miracles in his presence with impunity. What lucky star had put the first army of the detested British which he had ever encountered in person under a commander so daring as to keep his little force hovering like a lark in the air whilst the eagle swooped above it? The longer

it hovered, the more certain was its fate. On the 26th he wrote to Soult from Tordesillas, "*If the English pass to-day in their positions, they are lost; if they attack you with all their force, retire one day's march; the further they proceed the better for us. If they retreat, pursue them closely.*"² The only nervousness apparent in this seems to be lest he should miss his prey. Almost dead with fatigue, he staggered to Benevente, and felt hungrily at the Esla. Too late! Not a British soldier to be seen: Moore had vanished—not, as Napoleon had vowed to see him vanish, like the snow before the sun, but like the lean wolf out-gallop the weary hounds.

Moore's Diary ends at Sahagun on December 24, the day on which he issued orders for the retirement. We have no space to follow him through the terrible scenes which preceded the fall of the curtain at Corunna. No man can read the story of that retreat without being moved in turn by every emotion that can stir the human mind, for every crime and every virtue, every glory and every disgrace, marched with those gaunt columns backward to the sea. Shall we look at the cellars and gutters of Bembibre or Calcabellos choked with drunken soldiers who lay huddled in the kennel, their senses fevered with wine, whilst their bodies froze in the snow or were slashed by the sabres of the pursuing French cavalry?

¹ Ford's Spain.

² Napier, vol. i. book iv. chap. iv.

Or shall we turn to the heights of Lugo, where the same men lay once more in the snow, this time in line of battle, looking eagerly for the French, who "will not fight this army"?¹ Strange soldiers who find the best tonic for shattered nerves, the best food for exhausted bodies, the best antidote to anarchy, in the sight of their enemy and the chance of combat! Corunna taught British generals something which has lightened many a dark moment since, that a British army cannot destroy itself.

What, then, of this last performance of Moore's? It was, in truth, the first brilliant flash which rent the strategical darkness of that era of British generalship, an era soon to be flooded with the rays of Wellington; but it is nothing less than idolatry to call it, as Sir F. Maurice calls it, "the boldest, the most successful, the most brilliant stroke of war of all time."² If Sir F. Maurice challenges us to produce a finer, we adduce that very stroke of Napoleon which countered Moore's, which, checking the momentum of five armies, gave the vast weight a fresh bias, and rolled 60,000 men over snowy mountain-ranges a distance of 200 miles in ten days. To strike at an enemy's communications was even in Moore's day a rudiment of the art of war, and Moore did no more, though no one has ever done it more audaciously. As a matter of military in-

terest, he would seem to have been about to commit his only mistake on his very last night at Sahagun, a mistake prevented by Napoleon himself. An attack on Soult at Carrion must have sealed his fate, whether it succeeded or failed: the exhaustion of either victory or defeat would have rendered impossible to his army the retreat which it barely accomplished without a battle. Equally pretentious and fallacious is the previously mentioned epigram, upheld by Sir F. Maurice,³ that "had there been no Moore there would have been no Wellington." Reverse it and you have the truth. But for Wellington Moore must have gone down to posterity as a bold but beaten general, though, militarily speaking, his success had been amazing. War is an art, but it is not to be judged by its artistic triumphs, but by its actual products. There is only an academic joy in Moore's gamble with "time and space" at Sahagun, though it was true science, and a lesson for every generation of soldiers yet unborn. The British public only knew that their biggest expedition had been kicked down to the sea; the Spaniards that their trusted prop had vanished.

Had his march to his ships been the last effort of British arms in Spain, his campaign had appeared in history but another and a larger Helder, of which no gallantry of leader-

¹ Moore's general order to the troops at Lugo, 9th January 1809.

² Vol. ii. p. 290.

³ Vol. ii. p. 295.

ship or heroism of endurance could have obliterated the net result—failure. We do not say that success was possible. Considering the circumstances, the cowardice of the Spaniards, the folly of the Juntas, both Spanish and British, the lies of the Romanas and the insanities of the Freres, the enormous preponderance of the French, and, last of all, the presence of Napoleon, no man could have done more than Moore with the means at command—no man except Wellington. Nor can we see that Moore's operation, save by training the troops, gave any tangible aid to those by which Wellington subsequently swept the Peninsula clean of Frenchmen from end to end. It is sheer un-historical nonsense to say, as Sir F. Maurice says,¹ "Everywhere the provinces thus released took up arms. The Spanish armies were re-established." What provinces and what armies? Those which

were to flee before six months had passed like cattle at Ucles, Molino del Rey, Valls, and Alcanitz? If they were Moore's legacy, Moore died poor indeed. Moore had done a greater work than re-establish mobs of cowards: he had saved the south of Spain for a time, until a greater than he arose to save it for ever. He had, as Monbodo said of Cromwell, "gart a king ken he had a lith in his neck." Napoleon's self-confidence and the confidence of his men in him must have been irretrievably shaken when he turned back baffled from Astorga. It is a facer for Mars to measure himself against a mortal and come off second-best. Austrian complications or not (and Sir F. Maurice would do History a service by finally settling that question), Napoleon had made his vengeance on Moore a personal matter in the sight of all his army, and he had to leave that army unrevenged.

¹ Vol. ii, p. 292.

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TO ABERDEEN.

(APRIL 1904.)

At the great dance and upleap of the year
I came. For me, the northwind's cold accost
Was all day long in thy warm welcome lost.
How should I fail henceforth to hold thee dear?
Hoary thy countenance and thy mien severe,
And built of the bones of Mother Earth thou wast,
But on thy heart hath fall'n no touch of frost,
O City of the pallid brow austere.
Grey, wintry-featured, sea-throned Aberdeen!
The stranger thou hast honoured shall not cease,
In whatsoever ways he rest or roam,
To wish thee noble fortune, fame serene:
Thee and thy towers of learning and of peace,
That brood benignant on the northern foam.

WILLIAM WATSON.

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A TRIP UP THE UGANDA RAILWAY AND ACROSS
LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA.

THE train for Port Florence, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, left at noon on Saturday. There were very few white passengers, only some railway officials, and some sportsmen, with express rifles, going up after big game. But there was no lack of third-class passengers. There were tent-boys, gun-bearers, and porters in new khaki suits; there were others dressed all in white, their black grinning faces sandwiched between white caps and white overalls; there were women in bright cotton draperies, with earrings, and gilt pins in one nostril; and there were greasy Indian coolies. They all crowded into the carriages, piling themselves up on the seats, on the floor, on each other, till the carriage was just a jumble of heads and limbs. Up and down on the platform stalked tall, black-bearded Sikh police, contemptuously superior to the rabble, but cuffing vigorously any individual who seemed disposed to give trouble.

A short run through groves of mango, banana, and palm trees brought us to the bridge joining Mombasa island to the mainland, and the train panted slowly up the winding track into hills covered with dry grass and low bush. Below us lay the inlet of the sea, with gleaming spikes of water piercing into the valleys here and there. Climbing steadily upwards, we left behind thick

woods of swaying palms and bright green patches of maize and banana plantations, and wound up through heavy waves of bush-country, with streams in the valleys, and solitary palms on the sky-line.

Before long we entered the Taru desert—dry soil, wizened grass, and thick scrub. Every bush like the next, colourless, fibreless, and prickly; not dense enough to give any shade, but all growing so closely together that one could only see a few yards ahead, and could only shove through them with much rending of clothes and flesh. The Taru was formerly a formidable obstacle to caravans—no water to be got, and nothing in the monotony of the scrub to guide any one straying from the path. The train was running through this desolate waste most of the afternoon. As the seats in the carriages run lengthways, one can lie up on the seat, pull up the smoked-glass windows to keep out glare and dust, and doze through this part of the run. Every now and then the train stopped under a large red water-tank to water up. The tank, an iron office-shed, and some rows of stacked firewood made up the stations. At one place on the outskirts of the Taru there was a water-famine,—not surprising when you saw the land,—and a crowd of Wadaruma women in short quilted skirts rushed out to fill their gourds

from the tank-truck behind the engine. Most of the women had babies tied on to their waists, and as they all tried to draw water together, the babies did not have a very happy time.

As night fell we could see the dark outlines of hills ahead of us, against the red glow of sunset, and knew we were out of the desert. Dinner was served at the *dâk-bungalow* at Voi. These *dâk-bungalows*, of which there are four or five along the line, supply excellent meals, and there are one or two rooms for any one wishing to stay for the night. They have only one drawback—they are not allowed to sell spirituous liquors; so if you forget to take a flask with you, you have to be content with soda-water or tepid lemonade.

Our boys made up our beds on the seats of the carriages, which are wide and long, and make very comfortable beds. When we woke we were in a country of long dry grass, low bush, and sudden hills, and on both sides of the line we could see antelope, zebra, and ostrich in large numbers. All this country is splendid shooting country, and an hour's tramp out from any station will take you into the midst of game. Lion and rhinoceros have been seen lately near the line about here, and it was at Simba, a station you pass about half-past five in the morning, that a lion took a man out of a railway-carriage on a siding. The irony of the incident lies in the fact that the man had been sitting up to shoot this lion—

a famous man-eater—and had fallen asleep.

All the morning the train climbed steadily round sharp curves, over the shoulders of hills, toiling up slowly and painfully, then spurting along a straight stretch till another steep curve was reached. The natives about here are *Wakamba*, and there were a few at every station, cowering under red blankets—for we were over 4000 feet up now, and the air was sharp. The *Wakamba* live in little mud-and-bush huts, set in a circle of thorns; they keep flocks, and grow maize and sugar-cane, and amuse themselves at times shooting poisoned arrows at the native soldiers who go out to collect the hut-tax. Then the district officer has to sally out with a little party and chastise them.

The station-masters are all Indians. The railway was built by Indian labour, and now most of the subordinate posts on the line are held by Indians. In many quarters they are not liked. They are said to occupy many posts that could be held by Englishmen; they have brought disease among the natives, and have done much to deteriorate them physically and morally. However, the Indians work for very low wages, are very submissive, do not drink, and are well educated in book-learning. Many a foreman of a gang is a B.A. of an Indian university. They delight in using the longest possible words and sentences, and will do nothing except by rule and regulation. If you wish a slight alteration in a

ticket or way-bill, you will never get the station-master to make it; he will write to headquarters, and an answer may come in a fortnight or so. When you say you must go by next train, he says he is very sorry, shrugs his shoulders, and suggests you should buy a new ticket. Every one knows the story of the station-master who wired to headquarters, "Lion dancing on platform; please wire instructions."

About ten o'clock in the morning we reached the vast grassy plains, generally called Athi plains, famous for the herds of game on them. The ground, covered with dry grass, sometimes low, sometimes breast-high, stretched away in gentle dimples on both sides of the line to a blue rim of hills on the horizon. Everywhere the plain was speckled with herds of antelope, zebra, and ostrich. Not a bush anywhere except on the banks of a few stony watercourses. Stalking on these plains is no easy task. Sometimes an old ant-heap or fold of the ground will give you a little cover; but, as a rule, there is just naked ground between you and the herd. They see you at least as soon as you see them. They watch you come nearer with placid indifference, gaze at you with contempt as you get down on hands and knees, and then, as you begin to get within a few hundred yards, one of them gives a click in his throat, and off the whole lot go, leaving you full of prickles, and with a mind very full of strong words.

About eleven o'clock we

passed a long, harsh, rocky hill and crossed the Stony Athi and Athi, rivers which run round near its west face. The ground about here has been the scene of as many lion-hunts as perhaps any other place in Africa. Shortly before I came up a sportsman had shot three lions, one after the other, and got badly mauled by a fourth one.

It was nearly noon when we reached Nairobi, lying on the edge of the plain, where the land begins to rise in steep dark waves into the Kikuyu uplands. The seat of the Sub-Commissioner of the Wakamba province, headquarters of the railway management and construction staff, Nairobi is the centre from which settlers are radiating over the rich land of the Kikuyu country. Owing to the fertility of the soil, the cool climate, the cheapness of labour, and the proximity of the railway, the land is being rapidly settled, and on the success of these colonists the future of the Protectorate will largely depend. If they prosper, settlers from all countries will flock to East Africa, and unless the rich promise of the land is falsified, sufficiency of capital and labour is all that is required to turn the Protectorate into a thriving self-supporting colony.

Nairobi consists of the railway-sheds, rows of uniform iron bungalows for railway employees, a street of wooden offices and stores, the bungalows of the Government and railway officials, and the native and Indian quarters. In the

roads you will pass Kikuyu, scantily clad, with ears bored and twisted; Masai warriors with spears and swords; Indian coolies with flowing turbans; fat Indian traders with round velvet caps and collarless shirts; subalterns of the African Rifles with fox-terriers at their heels, master and dog spruce and neat; ladies in sun-helmets; sportsmen just in from the plains, dusty and tattered, with a beard of several days' growth, and followed by a troop of porters carrying tents, chop-boxes, and gun-cases. Nairobi has its club, its cricket-ground, its race-course; but lions can be heard roaring just outside it, and natives have to be ordered to come in with, at least, a loin-cloth.

It is an interesting place to stay in for a few days. You meet men who have helped to make the railway, men who have been engaged in little wars no one at home has ever heard of, men who have broken in the wild savage in distant out-stations, men who have stopped many a lion's charge, men who have been tossed by a rhino or dodged the wild stampede of a herd of elephants. You will find these men worth talking to, though they are often hard to draw. But quietly and unostentatiously they are doing the spade-work of the Empire, and showing, when called upon, the old English qualities of contempt for danger and hardship, and perseverance in face of loneliness, deprivation, and discouragement.

From Nairobi the line runs

up the rich slopes of the Kikuyu country, where patches of cultivation are beginning to invade the waste of wild luxuriant bush. The line rises over 1400 feet in twelve miles, so the speed is not excessive. At Kikuyu station a number of Kikuyu came out to stare at us, and we stared in return at their heads covered with red greasy plaster, and their ears pierced and blocked by large lumps of wood, it being the height of fashion to have the lobe of the ear a hanging loop of flesh.

The train soon wound in through rich forest vegetation. Slim white trunks rose out of a matted tumble of creeper and bush, and up the trunks crept tendrils and creepers, lacing one tree to the next, or bunching up and tumbling down in cascades of swaying streamers. Sometimes the sunlight filtered through a crack in the roof of foliage, and lit up the recesses of a leafy grotto; sometimes a narrow alley ran between soft green walls; but, as a rule, the forest rose up dense and dark on each side of the line.

At length the train reached the brink of the escarpment, and, with all brakes on, began to swing down a zigzag descent on the face of a wooded mountain-side. Running down one turn of the zigzag, we could see the next turn sheer below us; we looked up into rich forest, and down over a rippling tumble of foliage, reaching to the valley beneath. Beyond the valley rose another range of hills, blurred by bluish haze. It was nearly dark when we

reached the valley, and the sharp wind blowing drove us to seek out overcoats, for though close to the equator, we were about 6000 feet above the sea. Naivasha, with its beautiful lake and zebra-farm, we passed in the dark, and Nakuro I should also have missed had I not got out there to shoot.

In itself uninteresting, merely a bundle of iron bungalows and Indian huts on a grassy hill-side, Nakuro overlooks a lake about ten miles long and three or four miles wide. In the early morning, when the white mists glide off the water, the lake takes a soft pearl-like tint, tinged with pink, from the morning sun stealing over the eastern hills. On the bright green swamp opposite Nakuro there is a shimmer of gleaming white and pink from the flocks of flamingoes, and beyond the swamps rise dark tiers of hills, half veiled in blue haze.

The train leaves Nakuro at 3 A.M. The line runs up grassy slopes till it reaches the forests of the Mau Escarpment. These are more massive, and quite as beautiful as those of the Kikuyu range, and the line winds upwards between walls of clinging forest, every now and then crossing a deep ravine with a stream cascading under an arch of soft foliage. The line rises to 8300 feet on the Mau Escarpment; the morning air was bitterly cold, and on the open stretches that broke the expanse of forest the grass-blades sparkled with frost.

In the descent we ran through pleasant undulating wood and

grass plains, then wound sharply down the side of wooded valleys, seeing the line curving away beneath us, and looking over waves of forest-clad hills, rolling away to distant ridges, dimmed by the blue haze that seems to lie on all the hills in East Africa.

This part of the line is not quite finished off yet, and every here and there you pass "diversions," made to ease a steep gradient or sharp curve, and near the line a little settlement of tents and tin shanties, where the engineers and coolies live, and a little village of bush huts, thrown up by the Kikuyu who have been brought up the line to work. The readiness of the Kikuyu to work, even away from home, is solving the difficulty, hitherto felt, of obtaining unskilled labour, which led to the importation of so many Indian coolies. But now that the Kikuyu have shown themselves ready to work, the coolies are being shipped back to India.

By midday we were out of the forest country, and running, in great horse-shoe curves, down grassy valleys lightly sprinkled with scrub. The train gathered way down every straight stretch, then as it approached a curve there was a jarring of brakes, and it groaned slowly round the turn, then spurted again, only to slow down at the next curve. About three in the afternoon we got to the end of the descent, and ran out into a flat plain covered with a stubble of bush. Hills towered behind us,

and a steep bluish range ran along on our right hand, while out on the left hand, and in front, the plain ran into a curtain of mist. We passed numbers of little villages set in thorn-zaribas, with natives in full undress standing staring at us. The bush was very monotonous, huge cactus-trees were the only feature of interest, and I was feeling very sleepy, when suddenly I caught a steel-like glint, and we swung round a turn, and ran along a stretch of greyish dirty water lapping a low reed-fringed shore, and drew up in a large railway enclosure. The sidings were lined with trucks and spare carriages, and the platform was a buzz of people: had it not been for the dark skins of the majority you might have fancied yourself anywhere but in Equatorial Africa. "All for the boat keep your seats, please!" and the train moved on, and ran on to a little stone pier, as if it had been a boat-train at home. Alongside the pier was a miniature twin-screw liner; a gangway led to the deck; stewards showed us to our cabins; tea was ready in the saloon, which was lit by electric light and cooled by electric fans. A companion led up to the promenade-deck, which was fitted out with deck-seats, life-buoys marked s.s. *Winifred*, brass binnacle, all complete—and this on a lake in Central Africa!

Port Florence lies at the head of Kavirondo Bay, a large shut-in gulf on the north-east shore of the lake. The place

consists of the station, a few wooden Indian stores, and a few bungalows on the hill above the station. On the shore, on the slips, lay the sister-ship of the *Winifred*, just being completed for launching. The shores of the bay were hidden in mist that evening; the sun had left a dull red glow on the horizon in the west, and a few lights twinkled across the grey water from the native town of Kisumu opposite. Next morning the sunlight showed low bare shores, a few dhows and canoes moored near the beach, and a dirty yellow-grey expanse of water,—none of the rich tropical vegetation or vivid colours I had pictured. Had it not been Port Florence on Lake Victoria Nyanza, I should have thought it a dull uninteresting place. The only striking feature is the native market. A large circle of women squatted together, chattering, screaming, smoking long wood and clay pipes, and selling bananas and sweet-potatoes. Inside the circle a jostle of men carrying knobkerries, swaggering about, some with heads shaved, others with feathers stuck in matted hair, ears tricked out with beads or sticks through the lobe, and feathers in the ends of the sticks. Mingled with the natives were coast-boys in white clothes and red fezzes, and Indians in gaudy shirts. From all sides a babel of chatter, laughter, taunts, and abuse. We had to wait a day at Port Florence for the second portion of our train, which had got derailed at one

place and blocked at another: such incidents are not uncommon as yet.

We sailed early next morning, and after a run past high hog-backed hills on one side and low bush-clad slopes on the other, left Kavirondo Bay behind about noon. The water was smooth and clear, sparkling in the sun, and stretching away unbroken to the horizon on the left. On the right lay a broken string of low white rock islands, with others showing up hazily beyond. In the evening we swung into a little bay between two low islands and anchored for the night, for as yet the lake is not supplied with light-houses, and the course to Entebbe lies through a tangle of islands. The scenery was quite English, meadow-land alternating with woods growing down to the water's edge; but in spite of their pleasant appearance, these islands are suffering terribly from sleeping-sickness, which is rapidly decimating the population.

We were off at daybreak next morning, and when I woke the steamer was running past a low strip of land, with rich woods clustering down to the shore, and reflected in a dark, faintly quivering fringe in the clear water of the lake. Every now and then a gap in the land gave a glimpse of a small silvery shield of water framed in a dark rim of small islands, and out on the other side low wooded specks broke the gleaming surface of the lake, some of the land being so low that the tufts of green seemed to rise

out of the heat-haze on the horizon. About ten o'clock we swung into a little bay shut in by low hills, dark with rich vegetation, with a few red streaks of roads and clearings and a few thatched bungalows showing through the quilt of green foliage on the hillside. On an open space stood the Commissioner's residence, topped by a flagstaff, and down by the water was a rough jetty from which a launch puffed out to meet us, followed by a fleet of canoes, each paddled by twenty or thirty natives, their dark muscles rippling in the sunlight as they swung the spade-shaped paddles. These canoes are not dug-outs, but sewn together with fibre; and all have a spike of wood running out from the keel in front, sometimes straight and pointed, as if it were meant for ramming, sometimes curved upwards like the end of a skate.

Entebbe is a delightful little place. Well-made roads, shaded by trees, run between bamboo fences enclosing bright well-kept gardens, and little bungalows with verandahs supported by clustered pillars of bamboo. You look down on the blue sparkling waters of the lake, on the islands dotted over its surface, on the rich green of the woods standing out against the intense blue of the sky. If you climb the little hill at the back of the town you get a view of a rolling country of wooded hills, and valleys choked with high grass. It is hard to believe you are in the Africa of Speke and Grant,

when you see the neat roads, the creaking ox-carts, the Englishmen and ladies in dog-carts and 'rickshas, the telephone and telegraph wires, the tennis-courts and cricket-ground, Indians riding bicycles, a row of busy Goanese shops, even a hotel, and below in the bay a little steamer lying at anchor. Even the natives look almost civilised. Here and there you will see a man in a belt of grass, or women dressed in bark-cloth; but, as a rule, all are well and neatly dressed in white, khaki, or bright cottons. A great contrast to the dress—or lack of it—of the East African tribes! But the Uganda natives are far ahead of the Kikuyu or Masai in intelligence and aptitude for progress. Excellent roads have been built by the natives from Entebbe to Kampala, and from Kampala over the interior.

Entebbe has one great attraction, if it has no other. On a slope of the hill a botanical garden has been started. The beds on the terraces at the top, glowing with bright flowers and rich with every tropical plant, are full of attractions for the horticulturist and planter; but the ordinary sightseer will pass these by and plunge into the glorious wealth of vegetation at the bottom. You look up at rich vaults of foliage, carpeted by a soft depth of undergrowth, and supported by stately trunks nearly hidden by clinging creepers. You creep through dark leafy tunnels with an open glade of

feathery palm-trees, whence the sunlight steals into a thicket of tangled bush and tendril, sending soft search-lights into the dark nooks, and lighting up the delicate lines of the leaves and the rich tints of green. The air is soft and steamy, and you can sit and smoke on a fern-grown trunk, and look lazily at a blue patch of the lake framed in a narrow lane of foliage.

Now that the steamer runs regularly, the volume of Uganda trade is increasing. The native products are being bought up and sent to the coast by steamer and rail. The new steamer is to tap the wealth of the southern shores of the lake, and the railway traffic is bound to swell tremendously in the next few months, as the trading possibilities are developed. The climate in Uganda is not very good for white settlers; but the richness of the soil is sure to lead to the growth of large plantations worked by native labour, as soon as the question of cheap and easy transport is settled by the reduction of freights on steamer and railway: at present they are too high to allow of experiments in planting. The Uganda natives are eager to learn from the missionaries; the country is thickly populated, so a large supply of intelligent labour is available, from which the planter could draw, not only his hand-labourers, but also his overseers and subordinate managers, who would be proof

against the climatic diseases that would strike down Europeans.

From Entebbe the little steamer took us through a maze of islands to Kampala Port, which consists of a few thatch huts on the reed-girt shore of a little bay. Kampala itself is about nine miles inland, and is the old capital of Uganda, and the centre of the missionary societies and traders. I landed at Kampala and went up a path through thick banana-groves to a little hill, which gives one a view over a network of islands and narrow glittering channels stretching away to the horizon.

Among the many canoes that came off at Kampala Port there was one monster, paddled by forty young men and boys, which brought off the Prime Minister of Uganda, several of the Royal Family, and some leading members of the Court. The men were dressed in trousers, collarless shirts, and straw hats, all ragged and dirty, and the ladies in pink print dresses. One of the party acted as a kind of Cook's courier, and took them over the ship, explaining with much dramatic gesture the use of the various appliances on the ship. I met the party later starting back for Kampala—the old Premier and the princesses in a governess-cart drawn by some of the courtiers, while the rest trotted alongside.

From Kampala Port a run of a few hours through winding wooded waterways took us to Jinja, where, in a small bay of low slopes, a mud wall rings

in a Government station of a few rough bungalow huts. There is apparently nothing striking in the bay, no rich scenery, nothing to catch the eye in the smooth and, as far as one can see, unbroken stretch of shore. But if you will follow a path up past the *boma*, you will find it dip steeply into an unsuspected valley, which must curve out of some hidden corner of the bay. Go down the valley and you will come on a river 200 or 300 yards wide, flowing in swift eddies out of a little gulf in Jinja Bay, and then rushing over a 20-foot drop. In places the water curves smoothly over, and drops in an unbroken shoot into the pool beneath, dissolving there into clouds of spray; in other places the water is torn in its descent by a jutting rock, and leaps up and out over the drop in a tumble of foam. This is the source of the Victoria Nile, and if the Ripon Falls are not impressive in themselves compared to other well-known falls, yet they are interesting as the first swoop of the mighty river towards the north. Out of the lather of foam at the bottom of the Falls the Nile flows eddying and frothing between steep bush-lined banks, away into gently heaving country. From Jinja the *Winifred* ran back to Port Florence, stopping one night at Bagara Island, just long enough to allow several million flies to visit us, and occupy the greater portion of the ship. Not till we started again did we dare to dine. At Port Florence a train connected

with the steamer, and fifty-one hours after losing sight of the lake we were in Mombasa again.

The trip up the railway and across the lake is sure to be greatly patronised by travellers before long. In a few days you see lands that have been explored only in recent times. Speke discovered Victoria Nyanza in 1858, and visited it with Grant in 1861-62, but it was only the southern portion. It was not till the early 'Eighties that Thomson's fine efforts laid bare the mysteries of the country between the coast and the lake. And now you can see this country, lounging on leather cushions and sipping cool drinks, and cross the lake in a steamboat lit by electric light! But you will appreciate the country far more if you break the journey at

some point and strike away from the railway with a caravan. You will feel the joy inspired by the sight of the vast waves of country, untouched by fence or made road; you will delight in the herds of game roaming on the plains; you will meet natives knowing as yet nothing of the virtues or vices of civilisation—not caring about clothing, but looking you frankly in the face as one man should another. You will observe the possibilities of the vast extent of untouched land, of rich soil lying under a warm sun; and realising that what you see is a fraction of what lies untouched here and in other parts of the Empire, you will return with a clearer and deeper conception of the vast heritage that has fallen to our race, and of the vast extent of the task that lies before it.

"SOFT-SOAP."

BY MRS JOHN LANE.

IT takes a great deal of heroism to tell an unpleasant truth, but it takes a great deal more of heroism to hear it. The privilege of telling an unpleasant truth is strictly confined to one's familiar friends, one's family, or one's enemies, which is probably the reason that no one is a hero to any of these, and that he sometimes likes his familiar friends and his family quite as much as he does his enemies. It is, after all, an exceptional person who has a great opinion of himself; even the most conceited has, I feel sure, his quarter hours when he sits in sackcloth and ashes and contemplates his failures. No one rises superior to a compliment, and without such and other little amenities of life how the world's machinery would creak! I admire all those Spartan souls who declare that they love the truth. In all humiliation, I must confess that I don't love the truth unless it is a pleasant one. Everybody is, I do believe, his own best critic, and there is hardly anything unpleasant your family can tell you about yourself that you have not known long before; but it is an added humiliation to see yourself betrayed to the world. For example, I believe it to be the exception for the creator of any work which is in reality poor,

but which the voice of the people acclaims (and the people are about the poorest critics going), who does not realise, down in his doubting heart, that his stuff is poor stuff. It is that which keeps the human balance, or some of our greatest ones, or rather our noisiest ones, would be inflated to the danger-point. There is a right standard in every heart, even if warped by circumstances, and the excuse, "He knew no better," hardly holds good out of a lunatic asylum.

It is always our humorists who have tackled truth, and who have shown with a laugh that touches perilously near a sob (a little way of humorists!) that a standard of pure unvarnished truth has never been popular in this erring world, at least not since some of our forefathers scalped their brother forefathers, and the ladies and gentlemen who dwelt in caves took their afternoon tea in the shape of a cosy nibble at the bones of their foes. It is not the bones of our foes we nibble in these enlightened days!

It was an immortal humorist who, having discovered that truth is not what we want,—unless like a pill in sugar,—provided the world with a substitute—soft-soap. It is really soft-soap which makes social intercourse so delightfully easy,

and we therefore owe our humorous benefactor a heavy debt of gratitude.

Nothing is, however, perfect, and if this blessed discovery has one little defect, it is that, like patent medicine, the more you swallow the more you want; and so it occasionally happens that the great ones of this world have finally to have it administered in buckets where once they were grateful for only a sip.

The philosophic mind will discover that society can be quite simply divided into two classes,—one soft-soaps and the other permits itself to be soft-soaped. The humorist who invented the precious substitute for truth hardly, I fear, realised the value of what he did; for had he taken out a patent he would have rivalled in wealth the great Rockefeller himself, who has been so divinely blessed in that other oily article—petroleum.

When soft-soap was invented it was constructed out of the best materials of insincerity, surface enthusiasm, a touch sometimes of covert satire (or it would spoil), and just enough truth to mix the ingredients and make them digest. This is administered in all grades of society with the greatest success, and of it can be said, in the pathetic words of an American advertisement of a preparation of medicine not usually popular with childhood, castor-oil, "Even children cry for it."

Of the two classes, those who administer and those who swallow this pleasant mixture, it is needless to say that in the

lower class are those who administer soft-soap; if in course of time the soft-soaper proves that he is possessed of transcendent abilities he graduates after hard, hard struggles, resigns his bucket, and proceeds to enjoy the superior privilege of being soft-soaped in turn; and the curious fact is that, after having administered it so long, when he comes to taste it himself he does not recognise the familiar article at all. Of course there are some soft-soapers who never advance and never aspire.

As one strolls observingly through society, one discovers it is some people's mission in life to draw other people out. It is rare to find two persons talking together who give and take with equal facility, who contribute equally to the charm and brightness of the occasion. One of the two is sure to lead the other into those conversational oases where he loves to gambol—and very hard work it sometimes is!

Alas! the pioneers who soft-soap are usually women. You dear and uncomplaining sex, how hard you have to work to be called charming by that other sex that so greedily laps up the invention of the great humorist. From artisans of soft-soap you have indeed become artists. To you we owe those delightful multitudes of spoilt men who sulk or sniff or shoulder their pretentious way through society. Yes, your product! If society consisted only of men it would be quite sincere, even if rather brutal, and as for soft-soap, it wouldn't

exist. It would be interesting to know the sex of that historical serpent in the Garden of Eden! A man, if he ever soft-soaps another man, does it for a definite object and hardly realises his own insincerity, but a woman—well, it is a woman's religion to make a man think her charming, and I am afraid—desperately afraid—that she does this most successfully when she makes him talk about himself. Women, poor things, are like the heathen: first they create an idol, sometimes out of very common clay it is to be feared, and then they proceed to worship it.

How often does a man turn over in his mind what subject of conversation the woman will talk about best with whom accident has thrown him together, especially if she be plain and shy? Now, what about women, on the other hand? Why, a man must be a great idiot indeed if he does not find some woman to coo little nothings at him; to lead him tenderly out of narrow, monosyllabic paths into the glowing buttercup and dandelion fields of conversation where he can gambol joyfully. "I came out strong, by Jove!" he congratulates himself proudly as they separate, and the goose never realises, as he supports himself against his usual wall and stares vacantly at the crowd, that the beguiling young thing, who smiled up at him like a rising sun, laboured with him with an energy which would have appalled a coal-heaver. Now, would a man fatigue himself as much to

chatter with an empty-headed unattractive girl? Hand on heart, gentlemen, confess!

I think it was Thackeray who said that any woman not disfigured with a hump might marry any man. It is presumption to contradict the immortal master, but I don't believe it. Rather do I believe the words of wisdom of our old family cook. She finished a dissertation on matrimony with the following profound reflections:—

"Women ain't so particular as men. There ain't a man but'll find some woman to have him! If every woman could get a man, there wouldn't be so many old maids. Down to our village there was a man who hadn't any arms or legs, but, goodness me! even he got a wife. She came to call with him one day, and she'd fixed up a soap-box on wheels and was drawing him along as comfy as you please, and she never made a cent out of him, for he wa'ant a freak. Now I'd just like to see a man up and do that for a woman, I guess! No, women ain't so particular."

Surely it holds good in society. If we don't drag around a gentleman without the usual complement of arms and legs, we more often than not support a gentleman without brains or manners, and we make him more insufferable than he naturally is by giving him a false valuation, in which he proceeds at once to believe, because, if there is one thing the stupidest man can do, it is, he can get conceited. Indeed the weaker sex has much to

answer for, for she has created the twentieth century man, who would, I do believe, be a dear if only the women would leave him alone.

However, it is not only men women soft-soap—they soft-soap each other as well. The motives are twofold. Sometimes the wielder of the bucket has an axe to grind, or she likes to be popular at a cheap price. She always says something agreeable, and it is indeed a steel-clad heart that can resist. How feel anything but friendly when a dear feminine gusher declares that you have the loveliest clothes, the most wonderful brains, the brightest eyes, the most agreeable husband, and the best cook in the world. The chances are that you hated her as she swam up and favoured your unyielding hand with cordial pumping; but she thought—no, she didn't think, the process is automatic, she merely dropped a penny in the slot of your evident antagonism on the chance of its possibly resulting in a cool invitation to call, a crush tea or a lunch: nothing is to be despised, for you never can tell!

When a woman decides to say something real nice she stops at nothing. She even sacrifices her dearest and nearest.

"How is that handsome brilliant boy of yours?" a devoted mother asked me the other day. "How I wish my Jack were like him! But he's only just a dear, good, ordinary boy who'll never set the Thames on fire; well, we can't all be

the mother of a genius!" Now, could I do anything else than invite that truly discriminating woman to lunch?

As I said before, it is some people's mission to draw others out. Some take everything hard, among other things, society. They hate to be among their kind, but they hate just as much the dignity of solitude, so they compromise matters by going about as dull and dreary as graven images surrounded by a private atmosphere of frost. Then there are the adaptable ones who talk and laugh, while down in their souls they are bored to death. But never mind about being bored, the crime is to look bored. Adaptability is distinctly not an English national trait, rather is it American, the race made up of all races, and for this reason American society is, even if only on the surface,—and who in society ever gets below the surface?—more amusing than English society.

Oh, the heavenly rest and comfort when you pause exhausted after having pumped at a perfectly empty human being to find the process applied to yourself, and after all you *do* respond.

I was struck by it the other day when, in a roomful of English people who had been talked to and trotted out and made to show their best paces each in his own little field, there came to the charming, but exhausted, hostess a Frenchman who proceeded to draw her out. The sweet restfulness of it! She had not to originate a single

idea, and I am perfectly sure that every other man in the room was holding forth on some subject originated by the woman he was talking to: he was likely to talk till he had run down, and then she would have to wind him up with a new subject. If she didn't he'd go away and leave her mortified and alone, and a woman can stand being bored, but she can't stand looking deserted. I remember a lovely woman telling me all about it once.

"The reason I am so popular," she said frankly, "is because I flatter the men to the top of their bent. Vanity and love make the world go round,—vanity first and love a long way after. Nothing else.

"Tell a woman she is perfect and she doubts you—sometimes. But tell a man that (one can in all sorts of ways), why, he only thinks it is his due—possibly he will think you are clever. Most men are stupid—I don't mean their working brains, their bread-and-butter brains, but their society brains. They swallow anything you tell them. They originate everything in this blessed world but—conversation.

"If a man converses he discourses and he improves your mind. Now you don't always want to have your mind improved. I don't say he doesn't know how to make love; but that doesn't count, for, after all, making love is, often as not, silence *à deux*. So if he isn't improving your mind or making love he is stranded, and that is where we women come

in. I don't want my mind improved at an afternoon tea, nor do I wish to be made love to over an uninspiring biscuit, and I should feel eternally disgraced if either of us looked bored; so I give him leading questions like sugar-plums, and while he nibbles away at each in turn till he has sucked it up, I have learnt to look at him with all my eyes—a kind of subdued rapture which I adjust according to the man, and then I detach my mind and consider what the clever stupid can talk about next. It isn't necessary to do anything but to smile, especially if you have nice teeth, as he does all the talking; but he'll think you are the cleverest woman going. Possibly you are, only he doesn't really know how clever you are! There are some women you have to treat in the same way, and they are either very distinguished and spoilt or they are very influential, or they have missions; but it's always a bore, and unless you are 'on the make'—a very ill-bred expression, I think—it's tiresome and doesn't pay. I don't mind being bored for the sake of a man, but I really won't be bored for the sake of a woman. But, my dear, it is very fatiguing at best, and no wonder the women crowd into retreats and nervine asylums. It isn't the pace that kills, but the unearthly dulness. After I have talked to half a dozen men for whom I make conversation I go home to bed, and the vitality I have left wouldn't be enough for an able-bodied worm.

"Do I ever find a man who is interested in me if he is not in love with me? Never. Yes, if he is in love with me! That's another story. Then everything about me interests him, but, perhaps, even then only because I am his temporary ideal. I daresay it's only another form of selfishness, bless him! The stupidity of men! That's the reason they are so fatuous; they don't understand! Find me the man who isn't under the impression that some woman is hopelessly in love with him, and only because she has taken such pains to smile and coo at him, which she generally does to keep her hand in: any man is to her an instrument on which she, as an artist, finds it serviceable to play a few scales. To call men the ruling sex,"—and my friend laughed till I saw every one of her beautiful teeth,—"they are the ruled sex, and they get married by the women who want them most."

She evidently agreed with Thackeray: I don't, as I explained before.

"My dear, how many an innocent young thing has said 'Yes' when 'he' has had no earthly intention of asking for anything—certainly not for her dear little hand.

"May I?" was possibly all he said, but he looked three thrilling volumes. 'Yes,' she whispered innocently, 'but do first ask papa.' How can he explain to her that the question trembling on his lips was whether he should bring her a lemon-squash or a strawberry-ice. He asked papa and

they lived happily ever after, and it answered just as well. Now what I wonder," she concluded, "is, which is the stupider—he or she?"

One hasn't time to soft-soap one's relatives. For its successful use there is required a certain exhilaration of spirits which familiarity does not encourage. It is more easy to be charming to one's acquaintances or intimate enemies than to the bosom of one's family. One can be kinder to one's own, but more charming to the outside world, alas! A woman doesn't go on for ever coquetting with her husband—it is a pity, but it's true. Perhaps if it were less true there would be fewer divorces. When, in the happy past, your husband was your lover and he looked at you with adoring eyes, why, then you could be charming,—at least for a few hours, because to be charming longer gets on one's nerves. Later, when you are married and he won't get up in the morning, and you say to him severely, "Samuel, are you never going to get up? It's nine o'clock, and cook says she'll give notice, for she can't and she won't live in such a late family," and your Samuel grunts, turns over, and hurriedly takes forty more winks, how can you possibly just then be charming? Nor can you murmur to your Samuel that he is the most interesting man you ever met, and that his brain is superior to all other brains. He doesn't care a rap what you think about his brains, and he'd much rather you wouldn't

bother him but go downstairs ; and so you do go downstairs in that very unbecoming frock of your pre-married days in which you wouldn't have had him see you for worlds. But now it has come again to the fore, ever since the time Samuel said pleasantly — he certainly has no talent for soft-soap — that after people have been married a year neither knows how the other looks. This from your Samuel, for whose sake you ran up an awful dressmaker's bill in other days. So you unearth your hideous frock with a desperate sigh.

But you always know how your Samuel looks, and when he wears an unbecoming necktie you grieve and nag and give him no peace. Perhaps it were well, after all, if a bit of soft-soap could be bottled up during courting-time and labelled "To be used after marriage."

When men soft-soap men it is in devious ways. One of the most subtle, if you are a little man and you wish to flatter a great man, is to disagree with him. He is much impressed by your independence, and he is sorry for you too, because you own up to your awful presumption, and by inference you can soft-soap him up and down just as they whitewash a wooden fence ; and he says he likes your independence, and he shakes hands with you and knows you the next time you meet, and calls you "My independent young friend," and invites you to luncheon. Now, had you agreed with every word he said you would have been only one

of the usual job-lot of admirers, and he wouldn't have remembered you from Adam.

Of course you have to administer disagreement with great caution, because when a man reaches the highest eminence there is nothing that makes him so mad as contradiction. I believe the first sign of real greatness shows itself when you decline to be contradicted. If, as it is stated, Lord Beaconsfield never contradicted his Queen, then did he well deserve her most loyal friendship. The bliss of never being contradicted ! for that alone it is worth being a queen : but of course that is essentially a royal prerogative. I am told that there are people who by the exercise of this great negative gift have worked their way up from being quite modest members of society until they are now shining social lights.

Tell a man how great he is and will he come to tea, for there are crowds dying to meet him ; why, of course he will come. I have never yet met a really celebrated recluse. I've known heaps of recluses who professed to like solitude, but only in a crowd, but I've never known one, however famous, who chose to exile himself in a desert island without the morning paper.

It is said of a famous poet, whose footsteps were much dogged by the enterprising tourist, that he complained bitterly and wrathfully of his inability to have even his own privacy, but that his bitterness and wrath were as nothing to what he felt when the blame-

less tripper was discovered to be paying no attention to him whatever. I wonder if this innocent form of soft-soap is out of fashion, or are the poets less great? I have heard how pious pilgrims wandered to the old Colonial house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Longfellow lived, and looked with awe at his front windows. Did not pilgrims by the car-load go to Concord to catch a glimpse of the great Emerson, while they leaned reverently across the philosopher's white picket-fence? The poets of the past were accustomed to this innocent worship; what about the poets of to-day? Do they also walk along the streets haughtily (like the illustrious Mr and Mrs Crummies) whilst admiring passers-by stop and say with bated breath, "This is the great Smith!" or is that involuntary form of flattery out of fashion, or haven't the new poets grown up yet? Perhaps an ardent admirer might suggest Miss Marie Corelli as one to whom the twentieth-century pilgrim makes pilgrimages; but that isn't fair, for how can any one distinguish her pilgrims from Shakespeare's pilgrims? Pilgrims are not labelled like trunks. I hardly venture to say so, but it seems to me that in this Miss Corelli has taken an unfair advantage of Shakespeare and the other poets.

There is nothing so democratic as true greatness, and this is a democratic age, and everybody exhibits to the public. We are either a great orator or we loop the loop, or

we are a transcendent poet, or we walk from Cheapside to the Marble Arch on a wager. But do we do all these great things alone, unseen or unheard of by the world? No, we don't! Not a bit of it. It is not praise we want—we want more. We clamour for soft-soap, we demand it at the point of the bayonet.

It is an age of coarse effects, an age of advertisement. A poet could not conscientiously sing now about a rose left to bloom unseen, for excursion trains would be sure to be arranged there at reduced rates. It is a confidential age, and we demand a confidant as much as a matter of course as the heroine of the old-fashioned Italian opera,—in fact we demand the undivided attention of the whole world. We sing our songs and listen greedily for the applause of the gallery; we meet with domestic misfortune and we weep on the bosom of the divorce court, and the daily papers weep with us. We do not do good by stealth, but rather in such a way that we get a baronetcy or a decoration; so when you see a man all tinkley with little stars and things, you will know that he is always a very great and charitable man indeed, and charity is not only alms bestowed on the poor. It is the beauty of charity that it is not bigoted.

We put our breaking hearts under a microscope and make copy out of them and money and notoriety,—and notoriety.

in these days pays much better than mere celebrity, and what therefore so fitting a tribute to notoriety as soft-soap? Ah me! it is enough to make the cat laugh! I really have never understood this curious fact in natural history, though I know how hard it is to make a cat laugh: this whole morning I spent trying to make Mr Boxer laugh (Mr Boxer being the purry commander-in-chief of our mouse-holes), and did not succeed.

Our modern world is a hip-podrome, and we demand hip-podrome effect and thunders of applause, because ordinary applause cannot be heard. Watch the next painted face you see, and observe how familiarity with the process has coarsened it. I have no objection to paint if it is well done. It is a woman's duty to look her best; and if paint makes her more beautiful, let her put it on—but, I implore, not with the trowel.

The other night I was at a great unbecoming function, but then all great functions are unbecoming by reason of the presence of woman's arch-enemy—electricity. I am quite sure that the first electrician was not only deplorably ignorant of the social virtues of soft-soap, but he was, besides, a jilted and misanthropic old bachelor who avenged his wrongs by harnessing electricity to a lamp, and cynically rejoiced when, for the first time, he turned its cruel light on the wrinkles, the hair-dye, and the dull jaded eyes of

Society, and changed the pink of art into an unconvincing blue.

It was on that same occasion that I became deeply impressed by the tiara of Great Britain, which, I am told, is a National Institution, worn by the Aged instead of caps, only caps are much more comfortable. I also discovered that it need have nothing in common with the rest of the toilet; at any rate one worthy lady so adorned had a little breakfast-shawl about her shoulders.

If it is true that the ladies of the United States have recently plucked up enough courage to adopt the tiara of Great Britain, and should any one perhaps insinuate that this is inconsistent with austere republican principles, a sufficient and crushing reply is that in America every woman is a "lady," and every "lady" is a queen.

To return to her of the tiara and the breakfast-shawl. I did wonder what illusion she laboured under when she fastened that diamond structure to the thin bandeaux of her faded hair, where it swayed insecurely. Did some one send the poor soul away from home and tell her she looked lovely, and as she trundled off in her brougham did fifty years slide temporarily from her old shoulders? After all, soft-soap has its virtues; it is just the thing for the aged!

What are illusions but soft-soap self-administered, and what would life be without illusions? Show me the heroic soul who can look into a mirror and who sees what she really

sees! O self-administered soft-soap, what does she really see?

Upon my word, I have come to the conclusion that a certain measure of soft-soap is not only a social necessity, it is more, it is a social duty; only I would like to offer a plea, just a little plea, for a fair division of labour! It is so hard always to say delightful things, especially if you don't mean them: it is being a thirsty Ganymede at the feast of the gods!

O, great humorist of soft-soap, you made two mistakes when you invented your wonderful lubricator of social intercourse: not only, like patent medicine, does the dose require to be constantly increased, but

you forgot to insist on what is most vital—a periodic change of parts.

My plea is that the soft-soaped one should occasionally be obliged to step down from his pedestal and turn his own insincere admiration, his surface enthusiasm, and the countless and well-meant lies with which he helps to make the existence of the soft-soaped so pleasant, upon that unwearied and energetic prevaricator, whose mission it is to praise, no matter how untruthfully.

Yes, even "little tin gods on wheels" should be made to step down from high Olympus and, in turn, serve their thirsting and patient Ganymede.

THE STORY OF CAWNPORE.

BY THE WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE.

IN February 1901 the writer and his daughter, led by a feeling of "natural piety," made a pilgrimage to Cawnpore. It is a place full of glorious yet painful associations to every British subject; but to us of the deepest and most melancholy interest, for there were lost the writer's two elder brothers, young soldiers who did their duty in that fiery trial of courage and endurance. He has in his possession letters written by them, among the last that left Cawnpore, in May 1857, when mutiny was in the air, had broken out at Meerut, and was daily expected at Cawnpore by those at least whose eyes were not closed in that disastrous confidence in Sepoy loyalty which is the most tragic of all the tragic aspects of the Indian Mutiny. He has conversed with one of the survivors—two only now remain—General Mowbray Thomson, and has heard from him some, not many, details other than those recorded in his book. It is bold to write about Cawnpore after Sir George Trevelyan; still bolder to write after Mowbray Thomson, whose plain soldierlike narrative is even more impressive and pathetic than that of Macaulay's brilliant nephew. But I am not attempting more than to tell very briefly the story of Cawnpore, and record the impressions of one day spent there forty-four years

after the date of the great siege. It may be called that, for greatness depends not on size or numbers, or even on military importance. The defence of Cawnpore was the least fortunate, but not the least heroic, episode of the Mutiny: the defenders were hopelessly outnumbered, deceived rather than conquered, and in the end, all but four of them, destroyed. They failed; but it is the habit of their countrymen to take more account of patience and heroism than of success, a habit which they have not lost. Tennyson, with a poet's instinct, chose Lucknow, and not Cawnpore, as the subject of his poem on the Mutiny, for there are things too pitiful and sacred to be described in beautiful verses, at least to Englishmen, who do not "wear their hearts on their sleeves."

Any one can read in Trevelyan's or in Mowbray Thomson's narrative how Dhoondoo Punth, whom we know as Nana Sahib, the adopted son of Bajee Rao, Peishwa of Poonah, and the last of the Mahratta kings, claimed, when his father died in 1851, the continuance of the pension granted to him by the East India Company: how the claim was disallowed, to the bitter indignation of the Nana and many others, for thereby the adoption was vitiated, and the soul of Bajee Rao was, "accord-

ing to the belief of his countrymen, consigned to eternal damnation." How difficult it is for East and West to understand each other. To Nana Sahib the refusal seemed to be a breach of faith and a cruel insult: to the authorities in Calcutta it seemed to be dictated by the plainest common-sense and justice. But to govern Orientals, at least the Indian Orientals of fifty years ago, with rigid common-sense and abstract justice of the British type, was like putting Lycurgus in charge of a nursery, or using a steam-roller on a garden lawn. Nana Sahib appealed to Leadenhall Street, and sent to London as his agent Azimoolah Khan, his *âme damnée*, to quote Trevelyan's epithet. The descriptions given of this scoundrel seem to the writer, on *a priori* grounds, almost fabulous, and need more confirmation than they had received. He is said to have "begun life as a *kitmutgar*, or footman, in an Anglo-Indian family, to have acquired a thorough acquaintance with the English and French languages, and subsequently to have become a teacher in the Government school at Cawnpore, where he attracted the notice of the Nana." "He arrived in London during the height of the season of 1854, and was welcomed with open arms by that portion of society which makes no inquiries into the antecedents of an aspirant to its favour, provided he be not a fellow-countryman, or Christian." "The ladies voted him charming, and he seemed to

them as fine a gentleman as the Prime Minister of Nepal, or the Maharaja of the Punjab." Among his possessions, when he had fled from Bithoor, "our soldiers discovered letters from more than one titled lady couched in terms of the most courteous friendship." Strange things happen in London society, and in some sections of it all things are possible. But Colonel Newcome detected Rummun Lol, and Azimoolah must have met more than one Colonel Newcome in that London season. Let those who choose believe legends which might easily gather round the most able, ruthless, and plausible of the villains in the Nana's company. Whatever may have been the social triumphs of the ex-*kitmutgar* in London drawing-rooms, he failed to touch the hearts of directors in Leadenhall Street. He returned to India, taking Constantinople on his way, in the last month of 1854, the darkest period of the Crimean war, and brought to his master news of his failure, and apparent confirmation of the rumours already current in India that England was decaying and losing her high place among the Powers of Europe. During the two and a half years between the return of Azimoolah and the beginning of the Mutiny these rumours had taken definite shapes, grotesque enough. It was believed in the bazaars that Russia had conquered England and annexed it; that Queen Victoria had fled, and taken refuge in the palace of the Governor-General.

There have been many speculations about the cause of the great Mutiny. It is well to remember that cause means the sum of the conditions which produce a phenomenon. The portentous phenomena of the French Revolution and the Indian Mutiny were the results of many causes or conditions working together. Each writer offers an explanation of his own, true, more or less, but inadequate. The Mutiny was "bound to come" by the inexorable law which links together causes and effects. The fewness of British troops; the absence from the native regiments of their British officers, employed in doing civilian's work, and the consequent laxity of discipline; the intrusting of the guns to native artillerymen; the annexation of Oude, Sattarah, Nagpore, and Jahnsi on the principle of "right of lapse" to the British Government in default of legitimate male heirs, the exercise of which right made every independent prince or noble or large landowner feel himself to be possibly only a life-tenant of his possessions; the belief in the decadence of England; the welcome prophecy of the end of the British *raj* on the centenary of Plassey; the issue of the greased cartridges, which was more than a mere pretext for mutiny, for it meant to the Hindoo loss of caste, and to Hindoo and Mohammedan alike wholesale conversion to Christianity,—these were the causes, or some of the causes, of the Indian Mutiny. It was well called by the natives a "sheep's" mutiny; and well for us that

it was a movement of terror and confusion and perplexity. The mutineers were sheep without a shepherd, for they had no leader of the genius and commanding character necessary to drive the British out of India; no Cromwell; no Mirabeau, though they had plenty of Couthons and Barrères.

The Nana dissembled his resentment and waited events. Meanwhile he entertained the officers of the Cawnpore garrison and the leading civilians with lavish hospitality in his palace at Bithoor. For the men he provided shooting in abundance, and other sports which Englishmen love; for their wives and daughters he provided picnics and dances, in the last of which he did not share, for to dance would not have become a Maharaja. He seems to have possessed much *bonhomie*, and to have had real liking for some of the young men,—

"One may smile, and smile, and be a villain"

—or only half a villain; for the Nana lacked the ruthless ferocity and malice of Azimoolah Khan. One wonders whether, in the March or April before the Mutiny began, coming events cast their shadow on his mind, and he thought dimly of another battue, not of birds or beasts, but of men, to which he would invite his guests; or of ladies in quite other than ball costume marched before him to the Beebeegur—the "House of the Ladies," not for festive purposes. His guests had no such thoughts; among the younger of them he was

thought, as I remember a letter told us, "a good fellow and awfully hospitable"—awfully, indeed; the hospitality of the Macbeths to Duncan; the welcome of Clytemnestra to Agamemnon.

On May 10 mutiny declared itself at Meerut, and on May 14 intelligence of the outbreak reached Cawnpore. The officer in command there was Sir Hugh Wheeler, a veteran of seventy-five years of age: he is described by Mowbray Thomson as "determined, self-possessed, and fearless of danger." "He worshipped his sepoys," and trusted them with infatuated confidence, a confidence shared by few of those under his command. Letters written from Cawnpore in the last fortnight of May show that the youngest subalterns judged better than their general: they slept in the lines, and probably saw and heard what he did not, but made light of their danger in order to comfort friends at home. The letters of Colonel Ewart and his wife, quoted by Mowbray Thomson and Trevelyan, are good to read,—the brave, tender, unselfish words of a noble man and a noble woman, sustained by a strength not all their own, in the near prospect of "battle, murder, and sudden death."

On June 6 combatants were hurried into the intrenchments in which the women and children had been placed some days before, and the siege began: it ended on June 26, the massacre took place on June 27. Three weeks of cruel suspense—three weeks of suffering and stubborn

defence—almost another three weeks of imprisonment and humiliation endured by those who were spared on June 27, and butchered on the 16th of July; for the least fortunate a two months' agony—that is the story of Cawnpore.

On a splendid morning—like a sunny morning in June at home—we drove to the intrenchments, which lie about a mile and a half south-east of the city of Cawnpore. The guide whom we took with us was a Lucknow veteran, an Irishman, genial and imaginative. He had heard, or thought he had heard, what he told us, from one of the survivors, Private Murphy, of 53rd B.N.I., and added details of his own, gathered from many sources, not all of them trustworthy. We hardly listened to him when he began his oft-repeated story, but let him run on, interposing here and there a question as to the position of the treasury and magazine, the barracks and the intrenchments, which seemed to show more than tourists' ordinary knowledge. We were indeed in no mood for conversation. He had an Irishman's quick wit, and when he heard that one of his auditors was a niece and the other a brother of two "who had been in it," as he said, his manner changed, and he became quiet and self-restrained; for he had, like almost every Irishman, the instincts of a gentleman. We drew up on the edge of a large brown plain, and leaving the road, walked northward a few hundred yards to a well—the well in which they buried their

dead at night during the siege, —now railed in, and marked by a memorial, like the other well where the women and children were buried, in a way, but not by their own countrymen, nor with any words taken from our order for the burial of the dead.

From where we stood we could discern the dim outlines of the intrenchment about 200 yards distant. It was in the form of a square of 200 by 200 yards, outlined by a low hedge of shrubs like privet, and here and there by the crumbling remains of the mud wall four feet high; now, like the shallow trench behind it, overgrown with brown withered grass. Sir Hugh Wheeler had enclosed within it the Dragoon Hospital, consisting of two single-storied buildings of thin brickwork, one thatched, the other roofed with masonry, neither of them strong enough to resist for more than a few days the heavy cannonading to which they were exposed. They were the only shelter for the wounded and the women and children, and were soon destroyed.

The writer has no knowledge of fortification or military science; but it needed only common-sense to see that the position would not have been tenable for a day had the sepoys been brave enough to rush it. The Dragoon Hospital stood nearly in the centre of a large and open plain, "flat with the flatness of Bengal": guns could be planted conveniently on all sides of it, and at any distance from it, and, as it turned out when the magazine, full of

ammunition and heavy artillery, fell into the hands of the mutineers, in any numbers. Had the enemy made the most of their artillery there would have been little need for "rushing." To the south-west of the intrenchments lay the key of the position: there stood a range of half-completed barracks, seven in number, about 50 yards apart from each other, and each 200 feet in length. Three of them, marked 2, 3, 4 in Mowbray Thomson's plan, were specially important to take or keep: if the enemy could enter and hold them, the destruction of the English would be sure and swift. No. 4 was held by sixteen civil engineers, under the command of Captain Jenkins, who fought with unflinching courage and great skill, for engineers know how to judge distance, and Anglo-Indians how to shoot. They shot so well that in a few days they were left almost unmolested. No. 3 was unoccupied; close to it was the well in which the dead were buried. It was on No. 2 that the sepoys concentrated their attention: it is well called by Trevelyan "the Hougmont of Cawnpore," for the loss of it would have been the loss of everything, standing as it did but 200 yards from the south-west angle of the intrenchment. It was held by Captain Mowbray Thomson, who had with him Ensign Henderson (one of the writer's brothers) and fifteen men, "five or six of the Madras Fusiliers, two platelayers from the railway works, and some men of the 84th (Queen's) Regiment."

This first instalment was soon disabled, and the little garrison needed constant reinforcement, for death and heat and want of sleep made frequent changes necessary. But its patience and cheerful courage remained unchanged. "How furious was the strife may be gathered from the fact that, though only seventeen in number, they had a surgeon to themselves, who never lacked full employment." Mowbray Thomson writes: "The orders given to us were not to surrender with our lives, and we did our best to obey them, though it was only by an amount of fatigue which in the retrospect now seems scarcely possible to have been a fact, and by the perpetration of wholesale carnage which nothing could have justified in us but the instinct of self-preservation, and, I trust, the equally strong determination to shelter the women and children to the latest moment." This gallant, modest, and humane soldier, and Captain Moore of the 32nd Queen's and Lieutenant Delafosse, were perhaps the heroes of the siege, in which all were heroes save one—the only one for whom Mowbray Thomson has a word of condemnation: for all the rest, except himself, he has no words but of ungrudging praise.

The life of the defenders of the barrack was varied in many ways. When the sepoys, with incredible stupidity, suspended their attack, and slept at mid-day or plundered and revelled in Cawnpore, it was possible for two or three of the detachment to cross over into the in-

trenchment and do their best to cheer the women and children by talking of the relief which was sure to come soon from Allahabad or Lucknow: to play with the children while their mothers slept, and to make themselves "generally useful," in ways unfamiliar to English gentlemen or English soldiers, by performing tasks requiring the tenderness and delicacy of a woman. The writer has heard from Mowbray Thomson how his comrades with a happy, perhaps forced, frivolity, as some would call it, fought against depression and anxiety; how a betting-book was kept, in which strange bets were recorded, stranger, though less varied, than the most grim of those entered by Fox or Selwyn in the betting-book at Brooks's. Supplies of ammunition for the barrack were obtained from the intrenchment by volunteers, who had to run the gantlet under the fire of sepoys stationed in barrack No. 1; bets were made on the chances of being killed or wounded, settlement being deferred to a time which never came. Heroism, like other deep and serious feelings, often wears disguises. But there was sterner work to do than betting, or soothing a frightened child. Sometimes the sepoys pressed the defenders hard, and to their delight came to close quarters; or had to be cleared out of the adjacent barracks when they threatened to storm the position. But hand-to-hand encounters were not frequent, for the mutineers

wisely judged it needless to cross bayonets with the exasperated sahibs; heat and thirst and sleepless nights would do what had to be done. They were not cowards, these Pandies; they could fight stubbornly and bravely under the command of the Feringhees, but fighting against them was a different thing. The instinct of military discipline, the ingrained habit of submission, and in some cases strong personal affection for their officers, made the sepoys slack or unwilling to hasten the end which was sure to come.

To speak of "strong personal affection for their officers" is not exaggeration. The sepoys, when they came to themselves, "attributed the Mutiny to the *hawa*, an invisible influence exercised over them by the devil"; and associating, as Hindoos do, almost all calamities with the wind, called the Mutiny "the devil's wind." They must have meant that it was due to madness, to some strong delusion under which they were instruments of Satan, and forgot honour, loyalty, and affection. If they had read Carlyle, they would have borrowed some of the phrases by which he describes the revolution which produced the September massacres and the *noyades*; atrocities worse than the Cawnpore massacre, for "breakings out of Tophet" and "mad Sahara waltzes" and "swallowings of formulas" are not unknown in Christian countries. We in Europe live in glass houses.

In the Indian Mutiny, what-

ever else the sepoys forgot, some of them did not forget their affection for officers who had treated them well. Many instances are known of kindness, loyalty, and self-devotion shown by sepoys, villagers, and, most of all, by ayahs, which equalled, if not surpassed, the fidelity to a lost cause of the Highlanders in the Forty-five. With the marvellous inconsistency of Orientals, on the morning of the massacre some of the sepoys, officers' servants especially, lent respectful and kindly help to the master and mem-sahib, and played with the Babas, whom they must have known they were to murder an hour later. Yet probably they felt compunctions, for a sepoy is a child himself.

The subaltern in the barrack of whom I spoke, some weeks before the outbreak at Meerut, commanded an escort of treasure from Banda to Cawnpore. Mutiny was already in the air, though that was not known at Cawnpore, and strong boxes full of money were particularly desirable: only a boy's life stood between his men and the possession of wealth beyond the dreams of sepoy avarice. I have before me a letter in which he tells how he had fallen ill on the march, and had been nursed with great gentleness and care. Perhaps they liked the cheery young sahib whose bad Hindustani and boyish jokes had beguiled a weary journey. Yet twelve weeks later they killed him ruthlessly. He may well have been "the sahib shot" in the

arm—"the impatient sahib" of whom mention is made in the narrative of the fate of those "sixty sahibs, twenty-five mem-sahibs, and four children" who were brought back to Cawnpore in the boat captured at Nuzzufgur,—a narrative which, as Trevelyan says, "an Englishman would willingly tell in phrases not his own."

We saw, or thought we saw, for the remains are difficult to identify, barrack No. 2. It was quiet and empty now; to us hallowed by painful, yet not altogether painful, thoughts. Leaving it, we walked—a safe walk now—to the intrenchment. In it had been gathered on June 6, nearly half a century ago, 1000 persons of all sorts and conditions—200 British private soldiers, some of them invalided; 80 or 100 loyal sepoy, who rendered service during the first week of the siege, but, when provisions fell short, were sent away, and succeeded, some of them, in reaching their native villages, while others perished on the way; the officers of the sepoy regiments with their wives and children and native servants; civilians of all kinds; civil servants of the East India Company, merchants, railway officials, and shopkeepers with their families, and 300 half-caste children belonging to the Cawnpore school. For fighting purpose there were effective about 300—the non-combatants numbered about 700. In the siege 250, mostly soldiers, were killed, or died of disease—how many were wounded is not known; but for the massacre

must have been reserved between 600 and 700 men, women, and children. These numbers are most of them approximate; for as regards this point, as well as other points, there is naturally some confusion and obscurity. Against this hapless company were arrayed, at the beginning of the siege, about 3000 sepoy, consisting of the 1st, 53rd, and 56th B.N.I.; the 2nd Cavalry, the most boastful and cowardly of all the mutineers; and, more formidable enemies, a company of native artillerymen. Revolters flocked in from Delhi, Jahnsi, and Lucknow; and at last the assailants reached the number of 8000. We had ten guns, which were distributed over the east, south, and west sides of the intrenchment; the north side being defended by the Redan, an earthwork held by Major Vibart and his men. But the batteries were none of them "masked or fortified in any way," and the fifty-nine artillerymen who served them were killed before the siege was ended.

On the morning of the 6th of June, when a large party of ladies and children were outside the barracks in the intrenchment, the first shot fired by the mutineers came from a 9-pounder planted on the north-west: it struck the crest of the mud-wall, and glided over into the purkah-roofed barrack. The shrieks of the women and children all through the first weary day were heartrending, but after that terrible initiation they learnt silence.

I quote, with some omissions, from Mr Kaye's 'History of

the Sepoy War in India' a passage in which the sufferings and horrors of the siege are described with admirable sobriety and reticence:—

"Then commenced a siege, the miseries of which to the besieged have never been exceeded in the history of the world. All the wonted terrors of a multitudinous enemy without; of a feeble garrison and scant shelter within; of the burden of women and children and sick people, with little to appease their wants or to allay their sufferings, were aggravated by the burning heat of the climate. The June sky was little less than a great canopy of fire; the summer breeze was as the blast of a furnace. To touch the barrel of a gun was to recoil as from red-hot iron. It was the season when European strength and energy are ever at their lowest point of depression; when military duty in its mildest form taxes the powers of Englishmen to the utmost, and English women can do little more than sustain life in a state of languid repose, in shaded apartments, with all appliances at hand to moderate the temperature and to mitigate the suffering. But now, even under the fierce meridian sun, this little band of English fighting men were ever straining to sustain the strenuous activity of constant battle against fearful odds; while delicate women and fragile children were suddenly called to endure discomforts and privations, with all the superadded miseries peculiar to the country and the climate, which it would have been hard to battle with in strong health under their native skies. The constant ministrations of assiduous servants in the smallest things, which are the necessities of English life in India, were now suddenly lost to these helpless ones, and, to intensify the wretchedness, the privacy and seclusion so dear to them became only remembrances of the past."

Add to these miseries, thirst, sleeplessness, wounds for which, after the destruction of the building in which the medical

instruments were kept, there was only the roughest tendance; add loss of child or husband, brother or sister, by shell or bullet, or by less merciful disease, and we may make a picture on which it is best not to let our imagination dwell, lest it wake the primeval savage who lurks in every one of us.

It is better to think of the heroism and devotion shown no less by the women than by the men. The verses quoted so often that they have become hackneyed, were realised in their full meaning by the wounded, when "pain and sickness wrung the brow." Nor did the women only nurse: they handed round the ammunition, and encouraged their defenders, though they needed little encouragement. Necessity has no laws, and when the guns were damaged, and the canisters could not be driven home, the women gave their stockings to be charged with shot,—“a species of cartridge probably never heard of before.” One heroine, the wife of a private in the 32nd Queen's, a woman of great courage and rare physical strength, volunteered, when no man could be spared for the purpose, to keep guard over eleven sepoy prisoners. They were secured only by a rope fastening them wrist to wrist, but sat submissive before Mrs Widdowson, who was armed with a drawn sword, which she would have used if necessary. Subjects for painters are not exhausted; and a striking picture might be made of this Amazon, or possible Judith, standing by the crouching sepoys. When she was relieved,

and the prisoners were placed under masculine custody, they escaped, to the amusement of the garrison, and to its relief; for prisoners were not wanted, and after a few days prisoners were not taken, or, if taken, were not kept.

About a week after the siege began a dreadful calamity occurred: the barrack with a thatched roof was set on fire by a shell. Part of the building had been used as a hospital, and was filled with sick and wounded: they were rescued under volleys of musketry and heavy cannonading—rescued all but two artillerymen. “Not one of the surgical instruments was saved, and from that time the agonies of the wounded became most intense, and casualties were increased in their fatality.” The sepoy took advantage of their chance and delivered an assault, advancing to storm Ashe’s battery: he was ready for them, that cool and intrepid young soldier, and allowed them to come within sixty or eighty yards of his 9-pounders charged with grape, and of scores of muskets ready loaded for use, six or seven for each man, for there were no Lee-Metfords then: the attack failed, and “in half an hour the sepoys left a hundred corpses in the open.”

On the 23rd of June, the centenary of Plassey, the last assault was made and failed, and Nana Sahib changed his methods of dealing with the indomitable Feringhees: negotiations were opened, and the capitulation was made on the 26th of June.

The low mud wall can still be discerned in part; all other material traces of the tragedy have disappeared, save the well and the foundations of the Dragoon Hospital. From the last we took away (was it theft?) a few small fragments, and had them mounted by a native silversmith in Calcutta, whose look was strange, yet not difficult to understand, when he read the inscription to be affixed, “Cawnpore 1857.”

About the well in the intrenchment many stories are told. On it, so our guide informed us, were trained, with the range measured, the guns of a sepoy battery, which stood idle in the daytime, for scarcely ever was water drawn when the attempt meant certain death and useless sacrifice. But in the night, at hours varied to perplex the enemy, some volunteer crawled stealthily to the well, and came back with water enough at least to give a mouthful to the children and the wounded. But “if the cursed rope creaked loudly, or the bucket clanked, he was done for,” as the impulsive Irishman phrased it, adding, “with the lady’s pardon,” expletives which will surely not be harshly judged. M’Killop of the Civil Service—“no fighting man,” as he called himself—“undertook this dangerous duty and performed it for a week; and after marvellous escapes, he was wounded mortally, and died with words like those of Sir Philip Sidney on his lips. He was like another hero, the station chaplain, Mr Moncrieff, who was indefatigable in the

performance of his ministry of mercy to the wounded and the dying, and went from post to post reading prayers while the men stood to arms." It is not difficult to guess what prayers he chose.

It was a relief to quit the intrenchment and be taken to the Memorial Church, which stands not far from the intrenchment. It is pleasant to sit alone in the quiet and coolness of a church, away from noise and glare and heat,—a pleasure generally denied to Protestants, except in a cathedral town. To sit or wander in this Memorial Church recalled to our minds Johnson's words about Iona, and other words also, some of which were inscribed on the walls, familiar texts with a new meaning. Difficulties about the cosmogony in Genesis, or the Thirty-nine Articles, dwindle or vanish when you are confronted with the mysteries of suffering and death. The names of all or nearly all the victims were written in black letters on a long row of white marble tablets in the chancel of the church. We read the names of those we knew, and the names of others indirectly known, to me at least, their friends and comrades in the sports and amusements of a great Indian station, and in the trial which must have tested and cemented friendship, and separated the chaff from the grain. The record was like that which many of us have seen in the church at Waterloo—that is, the record of a great success which saved Europe: this which

we were reading is the record of a disaster which preserved nothing save the honour of the British name: but a soldier would be content that his name should appear in either record.

Then we were taken to the river. Turning to the left, we followed our guide along a road which brought us to the head of a little valley, or nullah, the bed of a torrent in the rainy season. Down it ran a broken path, almost a road; the banks on either side were high. It looked not much unlike a neglected Devonshire lane, for the banks were clothed with shrubs and plants, unfamiliar to us, but green and luxuriant enough to imitate or recall to memory the wild roses and brambles of Devonshire in the "leafy month of June." The birds were silent—if there were birds there—in the noonday heat, and the stillness was "eerie" and depressing. It was, we knew, the valley of the shadow of death. Little imagination was needed to see in the mind's eye the procession of men, women, and children which passed down it to the river on the morning of the 27th of June—"an emaciated and ghostly party," half-clad, for much of their clothing had "gone for bandages to the wounded,"—the women and children on elephants or in bullock-carts, the able-bodied men walking behind them, or in front of them, "musket on shoulder or revolver in belt," arms which only a few of them had an opportunity of using: the women either careless or doubtful of the issue; the men

suspicious, for the demeanour of the sepoy, after the surrender was made, had been insolent and menacing; the children probably delighted to escape from their hateful imprisonment in the hot and dirty trenches. We knew that we were near the river when a breath of air began to stir the trees, which grew thicker near the water. Our guide halted at the foot of a slope, on the summit of which stood a little temple, sacred to the deity of fishermen, who has had no worshippers, there at least, since that morning; his shrine has been abandoned to snakes and scorpions and the ghosts of the Feringhees. We entered it, after our guide had assured himself that the snakes and scorpions were asleep—that, as he expressed it, “it was fit for a lady to go into.” We gazed curiously round the bare and mouldy walls, and niches in which had stood the grotesque and hideous images, survivals of the primitive Hindoo or Aryan religion. It was a place singularly appropriate for the meeting of the bolder spirits with Azimoolah Khan, the evil genius of Nana Sahib, whom he had persuaded to burn his ships. It was there—so we are told—that a small “committee of public safety” met, an hour or so before business began, to prepare for it and direct it to a happy conclusion. We left this place of worship gladly, and were half minded to go back to Cawnpore, but we had come drawn thither by a strange fascination, and thought it best to see all.

The Suttee Chowra Ghaut,

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so called from a ruined village near it, known to us as the Massacre Ghaut, is a large stone platform from which a flight of steps descends into the river; it was used—though now used little, if at all—both as a landing-place and as a bathing-place in the sacred river. The Ganges here is a dark brown stream, of varying breadth and depth according to the season of the year. It is in February about 400 or 500 yards in breadth opposite the Ghaut, where the bank on the southern side rises to a height of 30 or 40 feet. In June the river is less wide and deep than in February. The place was well chosen; a fringe of trees lined the southern bank for several hundred yards below the Ghaut and concealed the sepoy, selected, it may be presumed, for accurate shooting. It had been stipulated in the terms of the surrender that the English were to have free exit under arms, with sixty rounds of ammunition per man, and that boats, furnished with provisions, were to be ready at the Ghaut to convey them down the Ganges to Allahabad. Arms and ammunition must have been allowed partly to disarm suspicion, partly because that was made by the English representatives an indispensable condition of surrender. The boats were ready—large barges—“the ordinary eight-oared budgerows of the country, ungainly structures with thatched roofs, looking at a distance like floating haystacks”: they were thirty feet long and twelve feet across the

thwarts, offering sufficient room for all the 600 or 700 passengers, but grounded on the sandbanks in two feet of water. The women and children and wounded were helped or carried into the boats by our men, the Hindoo boatmen offering no assistance. When all were embarked a bugle sounded: the rowers, who had hidden burning charcoal in the thatches of most of the barges, jumped out and waded to the shore. Those of the Englishmen who were not disabled by wounds jumped out also, and, under heavy fire from the muskets of the sepoys and four 9-pounders concealed in the trees and bushes on the southern bank, did their best to push the boats afloat. The thatches of the boats took fire. What followed is better imagined than described. Two of the boats drifted across to the Oude bank of the river, where mutineers were waiting for them. A third boat, Major Vibart's, being of lighter draught than some, drifted down the stream, its thatched roof unburnt: the rest stuck fast. Mowbray Thomson describes the massacre in plain and simple words; so does Trevelyan, who adds many details inexpressibly pathetic. One incident, mentioned by both writers, I may be permitted to recount. The two brothers, of whom I spoke before, along with a few others, perceiving that all was lost, and they could render no more help, made for Vibart's boat. They were both good swimmers, and had learnt the art as schoolboys in long summer days at Glenalmond,

where many good soldiers have been trained. The elder of them was weakened by the strain and fatigue of service in the intrenchment; he struggled on, and, to use Mowbray Thomson's words, "although we encouraged him to the utmost, he went down in our sight, though not within our reach. Presently the younger brother was struck on the hand by a grape-shot: he put the disabled arm over my shoulder, and with one arm each we swam to the boat, which had stranded on a bank close to the Oude side of the river." The captain helped the subaltern who had helped him to hold barrack No. 2. Only these two reached the boat. The story of the voyage of Vibart's boat down the Ganges is worth reading—a story of dangers and escapes and fighting, which the imagination of Stevenson could not have surpassed. It was ultimately captured, and those who remained in it were taken back to Cawnpore.

Last of all we saw the well into which were thrown the bodies of women and children—prisoners slain hurriedly, and surely unwisely, when they might have been used as hostages, perhaps as peace-offerings, to assuage the wrath of the avengers. For things were not looking well for the mutineers in Cawnpore. News travels with mysterious swiftness, like a Greek *φῆμη*, through the bazaars of India. It was known that Lucknow had not fallen, and that British troops were marching from the south to its relief, and would

take Cawnpore on their way. It was known also that the rising had not been simultaneous nor universal throughout India. It was time to leave Cawnpore, or think of leaving it, unless it should appear more advisable to fight there than to make for Delhi, as the sepoy would have done weeks before but for the opposition of Azimoolah Khan. We may well believe that there were divided counsels among the mutineers as to the disposal of the prisoners, and that Nana Sahib was perplexed; but he was in the hands of men stronger and bolder than himself, and probably with oriental fatalism let things take their way. He was not the first revolutionist who has found it easier to raise the whirlwind than to control it or direct it. Who gave the order to slay the prisoners is uncertain. They numbered about 200, only five of them being men. The women and children were crowded into the Beebeegur or "House of the Ladies"; they were most of them women and children of gentle birth, accustomed to more than comfort. Of the sufferings and humiliations to which they were subjected there is no need to speak; it is clear that they were spared at least the worst of all humiliations. Trevelyan has written about the last act of the tragedy with even more than the tenderness and reverence which he shows elsewhere. I should not much envy the man, still less the woman, who could read his narrative without

emotion. The diary, in nine lines, of Miss Lindsay, kept from May 21 till July 12; the church service which "opened of itself where, within a crumpled and crimson-sprinkled margin, might be read the concise and beautiful supplications of our Litany, and which concluded, that mutilated copy, with the 47th Psalm," bring a lump into one's throat.

The prisoners, those who had not died of cholera or sheer exhaustion, were killed by men butchers by trade, helped by clumsy amateurs. Over the well has been placed a "graceful shrine," now standing in the middle of a quiet and peaceful garden. We were told that into the garden no natives are admitted: surely the prohibition is unnecessary—no native would wish to come. The keeper of the gardens, a soldier, told us the pitiful story with much simplicity and reserve; but we soon changed the conversation, and talked to him about home. It was impossible not to sympathise with a feeling too common among our soldiers, expressed by him when, speaking of General Neill's treatment of the mutineers, he said, "Some of them at home are hard enough on us soldiers." His utterance, made to me confidentially, and I have softened it, suggested many reflections.

We were glad to return to our hotel and forget, not all, but some of our experiences. Agra and Delhi were more pleasant to visit than Cawn-

pore, but they did not, as Cawnpore did, make one feel the meaning of that most pathetic of Virgil's lines,—

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

The story of Cawnpore is in some points obscure, and every version of it presents difficulties. Why did Sir Hugh Wheeler not occupy the magazine, which was admirably adapted for defence? It was "an immense walled enclosure, containing an inexhaustible store of guns and ammunition, and protected in the rear by the Ganges,"—a position which he might have held till Havelock reached Cawnpore. As a native said, with apparent truth, "The sahibs put a sword into the enemy's hand, and thrust their own heads forward." The explanation offered by Mr Kaye (vol. ii. pp. 294, 295) is that "the first step towards the occupation of the magazine would have been the withdrawal of the sepoy guard, and to have attempted this would certainly have given the signal for an immediate rising"; that Wheeler and his followers did not believe that they would "be called upon to face more than the passing danger of a rising of the *budmashes* of the city and of the bazaars"; that he thought that, if the regiments should mutiny, they would march off at once to Delhi; that he expected speedy aid from Calcutta, and therefore trusted that "only a place of refuge for a little space was necessary." The question is very difficult, and would

have perplexed many who find it easy to judge after the event. That the sepoys, if a mutiny broke out, would make for Delhi was a reasonable anticipation, and nearly justified by facts; but his other reasons, if they were the general's reasons, for his choice, seem to be less sound: daring, prompt, decisive energy was required to secure the magazine—no easy task, for it was a considerable distance from the lines. But Sir Hugh Wheeler was an old man, very old, for seventy-five is a great age in India. He trusted his sepoys,—“his children,”—and till the 6th of June could not be brought to believe that at the worst they would do more than desert him. He paid the utmost penalty for an error half excusable in one who found himself in a cruel dilemma.

Why did he capitulate? He himself, as well as some of his advisers, was strongly opposed to the capitulation, and their opposition is commended by some critics. Again he found himself in a dilemma: two courses were before him when Nana Sahib's offer came. He might accept it; but the Nana had already shown himself to be a traitor, and if he was now, for some purpose of his own, sincere, it was doubtful whether he could restrain the sepoys, to whose mercy the acceptance of the offer would deliver the enfeebled and encumbered garrison. Or he might fight on; but the rains were coming soon, in a week perhaps or less, and the defences would be turned into mud. Nor was this all: provisions were failing; he had

rations, on the scantiest scale, only for four days beyond the 26th of June, the date of the capitulation. It was hardly worth while to discuss a third alternative: he might fight his way out before the rains began; but first the non-combatants must be disposed of, and there was no way—or only one way—of doing that. Had there been in the intrenchment only fighting men, there would have been no discussion; his duty would have been plain—to fight to the last, and detain at Cawnpore mutineers whom surrender would have released to plunder and butcher, or fight elsewhere. Of the alternatives worth considering before him he chose, or rather consented to, the best. Surrender meant at least the possibility of saving those committed to his charge. Nana Sahib might have the common-sense to see that the fulfilment of his promise—if he could fulfil it—would be an excellent investment of magnanimity if and when a final reckoning with the English should have to be made. It is remarkable, if it be true, that the women were averse to the surrender. Matters of supreme importance—of life and death—are often best decided by feeling and intuition, or vague presentiment, rather than by logic and the weighing of nicely-balanced arguments. Perhaps women can judge the Indian character better than can men, not necessarily more severely, but more accurately. They know whom it is not safe to trust.

Lastly, the length of the

siege, which a determined enemy would have brought to an end in a few days, is at first sight inexplicable. But any study of the Indian Mutiny shows that the conduct of the sepoys throughout the struggle, and not at Cawnpore only, was vigorous, intelligent, foolish, half-hearted, in strange alternations. The art of revolution seems to be the peculiar gift of Englishmen, or English colonists; and Celtic, Latin, Oriental races must learn it from them. Enthusiasm, bravery, ferocity, can overthrow, but cannot build.

The Indian Mutiny seems to us now nearly as far away as seemed the "Forty-five" to Walter Scott when he wrote 'Waverley; or, 'tis Sixty Years Since.' Had he been living half a century later than he did, he would perhaps have written a story about the Mutiny. 'The Surgeon's Daughter' shows that the romance of India had a strong hold on his mind, as it has always had on the minds of Scotsmen, who have done much to build up our Indian Empire. Cawnpore might well have been an episode in such a story, which the Great Wizard would have made as stirring and pathetic as 'The Legend of Montrose' or 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' For India is a country of romance, powerful though indefinable. Those who have read Kipling's story, 'Kim,' will understand the mysterious charm of Indian scenery—of the great spaces of the plains, unbounded except by an ever-receding and un-

attainable horizon, which make the idea of infinity almost comprehensible, and suggest the origin of the religions of the East. Nor are the inhabitants less amazing than their country. The infinite variety of races, languages, and religions can be realised better after even a few weeks' sojourn in Calcutta than by the perusal of many books. The "globe-trotter" is unpopular in India, and often with good reason, for he is apt to generalise and criticise with exasperating freedom. But, with all deference to experienced persons, it may be said that custom often dulls the mind, and that the hasty traveller sometimes sees and understands what is hidden from the eyes of men and women who have spent half their lives in India. Wonder and interest are strong in him: he finds himself in a new world, unlike the Western world in almost everything, where fields and trees and flowers are different, and garments and their wearers are of a different colour: the movements and gestures, as well as language, of the latter new and strange, and strangest of all their ideas and views of life. The restfulness of Indian life awakens in the minds of most bustling Britons only a feeling of contempt; in the minds of others admiration and envy. It is in ideas, moral and religious, that the gulf between us and our Indian subjects is unfathomable, impassable. Their estimate of virtues and vices is ours almost inverted, and in some respects improved—a fact

not infrequently forgotten both in the civil and domestic government of India. The writer can remember the *durwan*, or lodge-keeper, of his daughter's home in Calcutta, a kindly and venerable man, who but for his clothes and colour might have been, or seemed to be, an English clergyman. The illusion was dispelled when he heaped execrations on the head of an English nurse because she had plucked some blossoms from a peepul-tree which overhung a little shrine in which he daily worshipped. When the girl, for whom he had a paternal fondness, asked him what she had done to offend him, he answered, "Wretched one, you have hurt my god." This strange confusion of the material and the spiritual—strange enough in an uneducated *durwan*—seems stranger still in the native judge, a man of ability and culture, who, as Sir Alfred Lyall tells us in one of his striking essays on Indian life and thought, carried in his pocket five small pebbles, which he arranged in mysterious ways and worshipped with a devotion which none but a fool would ridicule. Can we imagine an English judge worshipping five pebbles in his robing-room, however subtly he might distinguish the symbol from its meaning in, say, the Purchase case? Caste also is to us a mystery: we may explain it historically, and tell a high-caste Brahmin many surprising things, which he does not believe; but do we any the more understand it—or him?

In this strange world the

British traveller finds himself one of a dominant race. One hundred thousand Englishmen, soldiers, or civil-servants, or business men, govern, or help to govern, three hundred millions of subjects alien to their rulers in race and thought; and that for their good, and, on the whole, to their contentment. The fact is so familiar to us that it has ceased to excite our wonder and legitimate pride. Some of us, misled by party feeling, and repeating the cant of party, speak of India as a burden, a scandal, a tyranny, the product of fraud and violence: for them a visit to India would be a political education. No Englishman can see what work has been done, and is being done, by his countrymen in India, and what the needs of India are, without feeling some uneasiness as to the truth and wisdom of some things he has heard or said at home. In the presence of realities, when he is far away from constituents, and platforms, and party newspapers, he awakens to a sense of England's responsibilities to a country which Providence, or

destiny, or rapacity—let him choose what word he pleases—has given into her charge, and which she cannot abandon now, nor perhaps for centuries to come. He will feel that the most precious constituents of the greatness which “exalteth a nation” are great ideas—ideas which move the conscience and the imagination. The scenes of the Indian Mutiny—Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi—appeal to both of these: to conscience, because it is our duty to erase by considerate and beneficent government the bitter memories of that great struggle; to imagination, because among the mixed motives which actuated the combatants there were some which need no excuse. They were fighting for freedom, and, as they thought, for the maintenance of their religion; we for life and honour and the preservation of an empire administered not exclusively, nor even mainly, for our own benefit. The issues were great, and the heroism shown was not inadequate to the issues.

P. A. WRIGHT HENDERSON.

THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER.

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON.

THE party from the big German mail-boat had nearly completed its inspection of Mozambique. They had walked up and down the main street, admired the palms, lunched at the costly table of Lazarus, and purchased "curios" — Indian silks, Javanese knives, Birmingham metal-work, and what not — as mementoes of their explorations. In particular, Miss Paterson had invested in a heavy bronze image — apparently Japanese — concerning which she entertained the thrilling delusion that it was an object of local worship. It was a grotesque thing, massive and shaped generously, weighing not much less than 10 or 12 lb. Hence it was confided to the careful portorage of Dawson, an assiduous and favoured courtier of Miss Paterson; and he, having lunched, was fated to leave it behind at Lazarus' Hotel.

Miss Paterson shook her fluffy curls at him. They were drawing towards dinner, and the afternoon was wearing stale.

"I did so want that idol," she said plaintively. She had the childish quality of voice, the insipidity of intonation, which is best appreciated in steamboat saloons. "Oh, Mr Dawson, don't you think you could get it back for me?"

"I'm frightfully sorry," said the contrite Dawson. "I'll go

back at once. You don't know when the ship goes, do you?"

Another of Miss Paterson's cavaliers assured him that he had some hours yet. "The steward told me so," he added authoritatively.

"Then I'll go at once," said Dawson, hating him.

"Mind don't lose the boat," Miss Paterson called after him.

He went swiftly back up the wide main street in which they had spent the day. Lamps were beginning to shine everywhere, and the dull peace of the place was broken by a new life. Those that dwell in darkness were going abroad now, and the great saloons were filling. Dawson noted casually that evening was evidently the lively time of Mozambique. He passed men of a type he had missed during the day, men of all nationalities, by their faces, and every shade of colour. They were lounging on the side-walk in knots of two or three, sitting at the little tables outside the saloons, or lurking at the entrances of narrow alleys that ran aside from the main street every few paces. All were clad in thin white suits, and some wore knives in full sight, while there was that about most of them that would lead even the most innocent and conventional second-class passenger to guess at a weapon concealed somewhere. Some of them

looked keenly at Dawson as he passed along; and although he met their eyes impassively, he—even he—was conscious of an implied estimate in their glance, as though they classified him with a look. Once he stepped aside to let a woman pass. She was large, flamboyantly southern, and calm. She lounged along, a cloak over her left arm, her head thrown back, a cigarette between her wide red lips. She, too, looked at Dawson—looked down at him with a superb lazy nonchalance, laughed a little, and walked on. The loungers on the side-walk laughed too, but rather with her than at Dawson.

"I seem rather out of it here," he told himself patiently, and was glad to enter the wide portals of Lazarus' Hotel. A grand swarthy Greek, magnificent in a scarlet jacket and gold braid, pulled open the door for him, and heard his mission smilingly.

"A brass-a image," he repeated. "Sir, you wait-a in the bar, an' I tell-a the boy go look."

"You must be quick, then," said Dawson, "'cause I'm in a hurry to get back."

"Yais," smiled the Greek. "Bimeby he rain-a bad."

"Rain?" queried Dawson incredulously. The air was like balm.

"You see," the Greek nodded. "This-a way, sir. I go look-a quick."

Dawson waited in the bar, where a dark sallow barman stared him out of countenance for twenty minutes. At the

end of that time the image was forthcoming. The ugly thing had burst the paper in which it was wrapped, and its grinning bullet-head projected handily. The paper was wisped about its middle like a petticoat. Dawson took it thankfully from the Greek, and made suitable remuneration in small silver.

"Bimeby rain," repeated the Greek, as he opened a door for him again.

"Well, I'm not made of sugar," replied Dawson, and set off.

It was night now, for in Mozambique evening is but a brief hiatus between darkness and day. It lasts only while the sun is dipping; once the upper limb is under the horizon it is night, full and absolute. As Dawson retraced his steps the sky over him was velvet-black, barely punctured by faint stars, and a breeze rustled faintly from the sea. He had not gone two hundred yards when a large warm drop of rain splashed on his neck. Another pattered on his hat, and it was raining, leisurely, ominously.

Dawson pulled up and took thought. At the end of the main street he would have to turn to the left to the sea-front, and then to the left again to reach the landing-stage. If, now, there were any nearer turning to the left—if any of the dark alleys that opened continually beside him were passable—he might get aboard the steamer to his dinner in the second-class saloon with a less emphatic drenching than if he went round by the way he had come. Mozambique, he

reflected, could not have only one street—it was too big for that. From the steamer, as it came to anchor, he had seen acre upon acre of flat roofs, and one of the gloomy alleys beside him must surely debouch upon the sea-front. He elected to try one anyhow, and accordingly turned aside into the next.

With ten paces he entered such a darkness as he had never known. The alley was barely ten feet wide: it lay like a crevasse between high windowless walls of houses. The warm leisurely rain dropped perpendicularly upon him from an invisible sky, and presently, hugging the wall, he butted against a corner, and found, or guessed, that his way was no longer straight. Underfoot there was mud and garbage that once gulfed him to the knee, and nowhere in all those terrible silent walls on each side of him was there a light or a door, nor any sight of life near at hand. He might have been in a catacomb, companioned by the dead. The stillness and the loneliness scared and disturbed him. He turned on a sudden impulse to make his way back to the lights of the street.

But this was to reckon without the map of Mozambique—which does not exist. Ten minutes sufficed to overwhelm him in an intricacy of blind ways. He groped by a wall to a turning, fared cautiously to pass it, found a blank wall opposite him, and was lost. His sense of direction left him, and he had no longer any idea

of where the street lay and where the sea. He floundered in gross darkness, inept and persistent. It took some time, many turnings, and a tumble in the mud to convince him that he was lost. And then the rain came down in earnest.

It roared, it pelted, it stamped on him. It was not rain, as he knew it: it was a cascade, a vehement and malignant assault by all the wetness in heaven. It whipped, it stung, it thrashed; he was drenched in a moment as though by a trick. He could see nothing, but groped blind and frightened under it, feeling along the wall with one hand, still carrying the bronze image by the head with the other. Once he dropped it, and would have left it, but with an impulse like an effort of self-respect, he searched for it, groping elbow-deep in the slush and water, found it, and stumbled on. Another corner presented itself; he came round it, and almost at once a light showed itself.

It was a slit of brightness below a door, and without a question the drenched and bewildered Dawson lifted the image and hammered on the door with it. A hum of voices within abated as he knocked, and there was silence. He hammered again, and he heard bolts being withdrawn inside. The door opened slowly, and a man looked out.

"I've lost my way," flustered Dawson pitifully. "I'm wet through, and I don't know where I am." Even as he spoke the rain was cutting through his clothes like blades.

"Please let me in," he concluded. "Please let me in."

The man was backed by the light, and Dawson could see nothing of him save that he was tall and stoutly made. But he laughed, and opened the door a foot farther to let him pass in.

"Come in," he bade him. His voice was foreign and high. "Come in. All may come in to-night."

Dawson entered, leading a trail of water over a floor of bare boards. His face was running wet, and he was newly dazzled with the light. But when he had wiped his eyes, he drew a deep breath of relief and looked about him. The room was unfurnished save for a littered table and some chairs, and a gaudy picture of the Virgin that hung on the wall. On each side of it was a sconce, in which a slovenly candle guttered. A woman was perched on a corner of the table, a heavy shawl over her head. Under it the dark face, propped in the fork of her hand, glowed sullenly, and her bare white arm was like a menacing thing. Dawson bowed to her with an instinct of politeness. In a chair near her a grossly fat man was huddled, scowling heavily under thick fair brows, while the other man, he who had opened the door, stood smiling.

The woman laughed softly as Dawson ducked to her, scanning him with an amusement that he felt as ignominy. But she pointed to the image dangling in his hand.

"What is that?" she asked.

Dawson laid it on the floor carefully. "It's a curio," he explained. "I was fetching it for a lady. An idol, you know."

The fat man burst into a hoarse laugh, and the other man spoke to Dawson.

"An' you?" he queried. "What you doing 'ere, so late an' so wet?"

"I was trying to take a short cut to the landing-stage," Dawson replied. "Like a silly fool, I thought I could find my way through here. But I got lost somehow."

The fat man laughed again.

"You come off the German steamer?" suggested the woman.

Dawson nodded. "I came ashore with some friends," he answered, "from the second class. But I left them to go back and fetch this idol, and here I am."

The tall man who had opened the door turned to the woman.

"So we mus' wait a leetle longer for your frien's," he said. She tossed her head sharply.

"Friends!" she exclaimed. "Mother of God! Would you walk abroad with your knives for ever? When every day other men are taken, can you ask to go free? Am I the wife of the Intendente?"

"No, nod the vife!" barked the stout man violently. "But if you gan't tell us noding better than to stop for der police to dake us, vot's der good of you?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders, and the shawl slipped, and showed them bare and white above her bodice.

"I have done all that one could do," she answered sullenly, with defiant eyes. "Seven months you have done as you would, untouched. That was through me. Now, fools, you must take your turn—one month, three months, six months—who knows?—in prison. One carries a knife—one goes to prison! What would you have?"

"Gif der yong man a chair, Tonio," said the fat man, and his companion reached Dawson a seat. He sat on it in the middle of the floor, while they wrangled around him. He gathered that the two men anticipated a visit from the police very shortly, and that they blamed it on the woman, who might have averted it. Both the men accused her of their misfortune, and she faced them dauntlessly. She tried to bring them, it seemed, to accept it as inevitable, as a thing properly attendant on them; to show that she, after all, could not change the conditions of existence.

"You stabbed the Greek," she argued once, turning sharply on the tall man.

"Well," he began, and she flourished her hand as an *ergo*.

"Life is not spending money," she even philosophised. "One pays for living, my friend, with work, with pain, with jail. Here you have to pay. I have paid for you, seven months nearly, with smiles and love. But the price is risen. It is your turn now."

Dawson gazed at her fascinated. She spoke and gesticu-

lated with a captivating spirit. Life brimmed in her. As she spoke her motions were arguments in themselves. She put a case and demolished it with a smile; presented the alternative, left a final word unspoken, and the thing was irresistible. Dawson, perched lonely on his chair, experienced a desire to enter the conversation.

But the two men were beyond conviction. "Why didn't you"—do this or that? the tall man kept asking, and his fat comrade exploded, "Yes, vy?" They seemed to demand of her that she should accept blame without question, and to her answers, clear and ready, the fat man retorted with a gross oath.

"Excuse me, sir," began Dawson, shocked. He was aching to be on the woman's side.

"Vot?" demanded the fat man.

"That's hardly the way to speak to a lady," said Dawson gravely.

The tall man burst into a clear laugh, and the fat man glared at Dawson. He flinched somewhat, but caught the woman's eye and found comfort and reinforcement there. She, too, was smiling, but gratefully, and she gave him a courteous little nod of thanks.

"I don't like to hear such language used to a lady," he said, speaking manfully enough, and giving the fat man eyes as steady as his own. "No gentleman would do it, I'm sure."

"Vot der hell you got to do mit it?" demanded the other

ferociously, while his companion laughed.

The woman held up a hand. "Do not quarrel," she said. "There is trouble enough already. Besides, *they* may be here any moment. Is there anything to get ready?"

"But vot der hell," cried the fat man again. She turned on him.

"Fool! fool! Will you shout and brawl all night, till the chains are on you?"

"Your chains: you put them on us," the tall man interrupted.

She turned swiftly on him, poising her small head over her bare breasts with a superb scorn.

"Why do you lie?" she demanded hotly. "Why do you lie? Must you hide even from your own blame behind my skirts? Mother of God!"—an outstretched hand called the tawdry Virgin on the wall to witness—"you are neither man nor good beast—just——"

The tall man interrupted. "Don' go on!" he said quietly. "Don' go on!" His eyes were shining, and he carried one hand beneath his coat. "Don' dare to go on!"

"Dare!" The woman lifted her face insolently, brought up her bare arm with a slow sweep, and puffed once at an imaginary cigarette. There was so much of defiance in the action that Dawson, watching her breathless, started to his feet with something hard and heavy in his hand. It was the idol.

"Thief!" said the woman slowly, gazing under languorous eyelids at the white ven-

omous face of the tall man. "Thief and——" she leaned forward and said the word, the ultimate and supreme insult of the coast.

It was barely said when there flashed something in the man's hand. He was poised on his toes, leaning forward a little, his arm swinging beside him. The woman flung both arms before her face and cried out; then leaned rapidly aside as a pointed knife whizzed past her head and stuck twanging in the wall behind her. The man sprang forward, and the next instant the room was chaos, for Dawson, tingling to his extremities, stepped in and spread him out with a crashing blow on the head. The "idol" was his weapon.

The stout German thundered an oath and heaved to his feet, fumbling at his hip and babbling broken profanity.

Dawson swung the image and stepped towards him.

"Keep still," he cried, "or I'll brain you!"

"Der hell!" vociferated the German, and fired swiftly at him. The room filled with smoke, and Dawson, staggering unhurt, but with his face stung with powder, did not see the man fall. As the German drew the revolver clear, the woman knifed him in the neck, and he collapsed on his face, belching blood upon the boards of the floor. The woman stood over him, the knife still in her hand, looking at Dawson with a smile.

"My God!" he said as he glanced about him. The tall man was lying at his feet,

huddled hideously on the floor. The room stank of violence and passion. "My God!" And he stooped to the body.

The woman touched him on the shoulder. "Come," she said. "It's no good. It was a grand blow, a king's blow. You cannot help him."

"But—but——" he flustered as he rose. The emergency was beyond him. He had only half a strong man's equipment—the mere brawn. "Two men killed. I must get back to the ship."

He saw the woman smiling, and caught at his calmness. There was comprehension in her eyes, and to be understood is so often to be despised. "You must come too," he added, on an impulse, and stopped, appalled by the idea.

"To the ship?" she cried, and laughed. "Oh, la la! But no! Still, we must go from here. The police will be here any minute, and if they find you——" She left it unsaid, and the gap was ominous.

The police! To mention them was to touch all that was conventional, suburban, and second-class in Dawson. He itched to be gone. A picture of Vine Street police-court and a curtly aloof magistrate flashed across his mind, and a reminiscence of evening-paper headlines, and his mind fermented hysterically.

The woman put back her knife in some secret recess of her clothes, and opened the door cautiously. "Now!" she said, but paused, and came back. She went to the picture of the Virgin and turned its

face to the wall. "One should not forget respect," she observed, apologetically. "These things are remembered. Now come."

No sooner were they in the gloomy alley outside than the neighbourhood of others was known to them. There was a sound of many feet ploughing in the mud, and a suppressed voice gave a short order. The woman stopped and caught Dawson's arm.

"Hush!" she whispered. "It is the police. They have come for the men. They will be on both sides of us. Wait and listen."

Dawson stood rigid, his heart thumping. The darkness seemed to surge around him with menaces and dangers. The splashing feet were nearer, coming up on their right, and once some metal gear clinked as its wearer scraped against the wall. He could *smell* men, as he remembered afterwards. The woman beside him retained her hold on his arm, and remained motionless till it seemed that the advancing men must run into them.

"Come quietly," she whispered at length, putting warm lips to his ear. Her hand dropped along his arm till she grasped his fingers. She led him swiftly away from the place, having waited till the police should be so near that the noise of their advance would drown their own retreat.

On they went, then, as before, swishing through the foulness underfoot, and without speaking. Only at times the woman's hold on his hand would tighten,

and, meeting with no response, would slacken again, and she would draw him on ever more quickly.

"Where are we going?" he ventured to ask.

"We are escaping," she answered, with a brief tinkle of laughter. "If you knew what we are escaping from, you would not care where. But hurry, always!"

Soon, however, she paused, still holding his hand. Again they heard footsteps, and this time the woman turned to him desperately.

"There is a door near by," she breathed. "We must find it, or——" again the unspoken word. "Feel always along the wall there. Farther, go farther. It should be here."

They sprang on, with hands to the rough plaster on the wall, till Dawson encountered the door, set level with the wall, for which they sought.

"Push," panted the woman, heaving at it with futile hands. Even in the darkness he could see the gleam of her naked arms and shoulders. "Push it in."

Dawson laid his shoulder to it, his arms folded, and shoved desperately till his head buzzed. As he eased up he heard the near feet of the menacing police again.

"You must push it in!" cried the woman. "It is the only way. If not——"

"Here, catch hold of this," said Dawson, and she found the bronze image in her hands. "Let me come," he said, and standing back a little, he flung his twelve stone of bone and

muscle heavily on the door. It creaked, and some fastening within broke and fell to the ground.

Once again he assaulted it, and it was open. They passed rapidly within, and closed it behind them, and with the woman's hand guiding, Dawson stumbled up a long, narrow, sloppy stair, that gave on to the flat roof of the building. Above them was sky again. The rain had passed, and the frosty stars of Mozambique shone faintly. He took a deep breath as he received the image from the hands of the woman.

"You hear them?" she said, and he listened with a shudder to the passing of the men below.

"But we must go on," she said. "We are not safe yet. Over the wall to the next roof. Come!"

They clambered over a low parapet, and dropped six feet to another level. Dawson helped the woman up the opposite wall, and she sat reconnoitring on the top.

"Come quietly," she warned him, and he clambered up beside her and looked down at the roof before them. In a kind of tent persons appeared to be sleeping: their breath was plainly to be heard.

"You must walk like a rat," she whispered, smiling, and lowered herself. He followed. She was crouching in the shadow of the wall, and drew him down beside her. Somebody had ceased to sleep in the tent, and was gabbling drowsily, in a monotonous sing-song.

"If they see us," she whispered to him, "they will think you have come here after the women."

"But we could say——" he began.

"There will be nothing to say," she interrupted. "Hush! There he comes."

Out of the tent crawled a man, lean and black and bearded, with a sheet wrapped around him. He stood up and looked around, yawning. The woman nestled closer to Dawson, who gripped instinctively on the bronze image. The man walked to the parapet on their left and looked over, and then walked back to the tent and stood irresolutely, muttering to himself. Squatted under the wall, Dawson found room amid the race of his disordered thoughts to wonder that he did not instantly see them.

He was coming towards them, and Dawson felt the bare shoulder that pressed against his arm shrug slightly. The man was ten paces away, walking right on to them, and looking to the sky, when, with throbbing temples and tense lips, Dawson rose, ran at him, and gripped him. He had the throat in the crutch of his right hand, and strangled the man's yell as it was conceived. They went down together, writhing and clutching, Dawson uppermost, the man under him scratching and slapping at him with open hands. He drew up a knee and found a lean chest under it, drove it in, and choked his man to silence and unconsciousness.

"Take this, take this," urged

the woman, bending beside him. She pressed her slender-bladed knife on him. "Just a prick, and he is still for ever."

Dawson rose. "No," he said. "He's still enough now. No need to kill him." He looked at the body and from it to the woman. "Didn't I get him to rights?" he asked exultantly.

She raised her face to his.

"It was splendid," she said. "With only the bare hands to take an armed man——"

"Armed!" repeated Dawson.

"Surely," she answered. "That, at least, is always sure. See," she pulled the man's sheet wide. Girt into a loin-cloth below was an ugly broad blade. "Yes, it was magnificent. You are a man, my friend."

"And you," he said, thrilled by her adulation and the proximity of her bare gleaming bosom, "are a woman."

"Then," she began spiritedly; but in a heat of cordial impulse he took her to him and kissed her hotly on the lips.

"I was wondering when it would be," she said slowly, as he released her. "When you spoke to the German about the bad word, I began to wonder. I knew it would come. Kiss me again, my friend, and we will go on."

"Are we getting towards the landing-stage?" he asked her, as the next roof was crossed. "I mustn't miss my boat, you know."

"Oh, that!" she answered. "You want to go back?"

"Well, of course," he replied, in some surprise. "That's what I was trying to do

when I knocked at your door. I've missed my dinner as it is."

"Missed your dinner!" she repeated, with a bubble of mirth. "Ye-es; you have lost that, but,"—she came to him and laid a hand on his shoulder, speaking softly,—“but you have seen *me*. Is it nothing, friend, to have saved me?"

He had stopped, and she was looking up to him, half-smiling, half-entreating, wholly alluring. He looked down into her dark face with a sudden quickening about the heart.

"And all this fighting," she continued, as though he were to be convinced of something. "You conquer men as though you were bred on the roofs of Mozambique. You fight like—like a hero. It is a rush, a blow, a tumble, and you have them huddled at your feet. And when you remember all this, will you not be glad, friend—will you not be glad that it was for me?"

He nodded, clearing his throat huskily. Her hand on his shoulder was a thing to charm him to fire.

"I'd fight—I'd fight for you," he replied uneasily, "as long as—as long as there was any one to fight."

He was feeling his way in speech, as best he could, past conventionalities. There had dawned on him, duskily and half-seen, the unfitness of little proprieties and verbose frills while he went to war across the roofs with this woman of passion.

"You would," she said fervently, with half-closed eyes. "I know you would."

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She dropped her hand, and stood beside him in silence. There was a long pause. He guessed she was waiting for the next move from him, and he nerved himself to be adequate to her unspoken demand.

"You lead on," he said at last unsteadily.

"Where?" she asked breathlessly.

He did not speak, but waved an open hand that gave her the freedom of choice. It was his surrender to the wild spirit of the Coast, and he grasped the head of the brass image the tighter when he had done it. She and Fate must guide now: it rested with him only to break opposite heads.

She smiled and shivered. "Come on, then," she said, and started before him.

They traversed perhaps a score of roofs enclosed with high parapets, on to each of which he lifted her, hands in her armpits, swinging her cleanly to the level of his face and planting her easily and squarely on the coping. He welcomed each opportunity to take hold of her and put out the strength of his muscles, and she sat where he placed her, smiling and silent, while he clambered up and dropped down on the other side.

At length a creaking wooden stair that hung precariously on the sheer side of a house brought them again to the ground level. It was another gloomy alley into which they descended, and the darkness about him and the mud underfoot struck Dawson with a sense of being again in familiar surroundings.

The woman's hand slid into his as he stood, and they started along again together.

The alley seemed to be better frequented than that of which he already had experience. More than once dark, sheeted figures passed them by, noiseless save for the underfoot swish in the mud, and presently the alley widened into a little square, at one side of which there was a fresh rustle of green things. At the side of it a dim light showed through a big open door, from which came a musical murmur of voices, and Dawson recognised a church.

"The Little Garden of St Sebastien," murmured the woman, and led him on to cross the square. A figure that had been hidden in the shadow now lounged forth, and revealed itself to them as a man in uniform. He stood across their way, and accosted the woman briefly in Portuguese.

Dawson stood fidgeting while she spoke with him. He seemed to be repeating a brief phrase over and over again, harshly and irritably; but she was cajoling, remonstrating, arguing, as he had seen her argue in that ill-fated room an hour back.

"What's the matter with him?" demanded Dawson impatiently.

"He says he won't let me go," answered the woman, with a tone of despair in her voice.

"The devil he won't! What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, these little policemen, they always arrest me when

they can," she replied, with a smile.

"Here, you!" cried Dawson, addressing himself to the man in uniform,—"you go away. Voetsaak, see! You mind your own business, and get out."

The officer drawled something in his own tongue, which was of course unintelligible to Dawson, but it had the effect of annoying him strangely.

"You little beast!" he said, and knocked the man down with his fist.

"Run," hissed the woman at his elbow,—“run before he can get up. No, not that way. To the church, and out by another way!”

She caught his hand, and together they raced across the square and in through the big door.

There were a few people within, most sleeping on the benches and along the floor by the walls. In the chancel there were others, masked by the lights, busy with some office. A wave of sudden song issued from among them as Dawson and the woman entered, and gave way again to the high emaculate gibbering of a man that stood before the altar. All along the sides of the church was shadow, and the woman speedily found a little arched door.

"Come through the middle of it," she whispered urgently to Dawson, as she packed her loose skirts together in her hand,—“cleanly through the middle; do not rub the wall as you come.”

He obeyed and followed her,

and they were once more in the darkness of an alley.

"It was the door of the lepers," she explained, as she let her skirts swish down again. "See, there is the light by the sea!"

The wind came cleanly up the alley, and soon they were at its mouth, where a lamp flickered in the breeze. Dawson drew a deep breath, and tucked the image under his arm. His palm was sore with the roughness of its head.

"Some one is passing," said the woman in a low tone. "Wait here till they are by."

Footsteps were approaching along the front, and very soon Dawson heard words and started.

"What is it?" whispered the woman, her breath on his neck.

"Listen!" he answered curtly.

The others came within the circle of the lamp—a girl and two men.

"I do hope he's found my idol," the girl was saying.

Dawson stepped into the light, and they turned and saw him.

"Why, here he is," exclaimed Miss Paterson shrilly.

He raised his hat to the woman, who stood at the entrance to the alley—raised it as he would have raised it to a waitress in a bun-shop, and went over to the people from the second-class saloon.

"I found it," he said, lifting the image forward, and brushing with his hand at the foulness of blood and hair upon it. "But I was almost thinking I should miss the boat."

A PIONEER IN MILITARY EDUCATION.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN GASPARD LE MARCHANT, who a century ago laboured strenuously for the educational improvement of British officers, and whose unceasing efforts were crowned with success in the creation of the school at High Wycombe for the especial instruction of staff officers, and ultimately in the establishment of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, is best remembered, perhaps, as an intrepid cavalry leader, who lost his life charging at the head of his heavy cavalry brigade at the battle of Salamanca in 1812. Le Marchant was a scion of the well-known Guernsey family of that name, many of whom have risen to eminence in the service of the State. Through his mother he had French blood in his veins, and his father had been a military officer. On reaching adult age he had entered the army, choosing the infantry at first; but finding advancement slow in that arm, he passed into the cavalry, where, through his undoubted merits, he found friends and high fortune. Chance, when in garrison at Weymouth, then a royal residence, brought him under the personal observation of George III., and the king, recognising his ability, graciously helped him on in the service. He made the campaign of Flanders in 1793 under the Duke of York, and had the advantage of gaining sound practical knowledge as a

staff officer where very large forces were engaged. In 1795 he was again quartered at Weymouth, and once more basked in royal favour, so that two years later he became lieutenant-colonel of the 29th Dragoons, from which he was speedily transferred to the 7th Dragoons. From that time forward progress upward was assured, and no doubt he would have gained the highest rank but for his premature death in the field.

Very early in his career, and while still of modest rank, Le Marchant realised that systematic instruction and professional improvement were sadly needed by the officers of our army, and he was consumed with an eager desire to win the authorities over to his views. But before he tackled the great issue he devoted himself to the betterment of his especial arm in one lesser, but still essential, branch of its duties. It had been brought home to him in the somewhat inglorious campaign of Flanders that the British cavalry was lamentably, indeed ludicrously, unskilled in the use of the *arme blanche*, the principal weapon they carried. He had seen for himself many notable instances in which our dragoons had come off second-best in personal conflict with the enemy: they were awkward, inefficient swordsmen, easily discomfited in hand-to-hand combat, and often doing themselves more mischief than their

antagonists. Clear evidence was afforded by regimental surgeons that many of the wounds exhibited by our cavalymen were self-inflicted. One officer of dragoons gashed his own foot in a *mêlée*, and the chargers often suffered seriously, being constantly cut about the head and neck by their riders. Le Marchant was so roused to the paramount necessity of applying some remedy, that he set himself to learn what he could from the more skilled members of the foreign cavalry with whom we were associated, and he put himself under the tuition of an Austrian sergeant who was an expert swordsman. At the same time, he sought every occasion of conferring with such of his foreign comrades as were most noted for their skill in wielding the sword. He desired to form a new code of instruction, embodying the best points observed in the Continental practice; but there were so many differences existing that he preferred to create his own system of sword-exercise, combining attack and defence under improved methods. The first step was to become thoroughly expert himself, after which he selected two active and intelligent troopers of his regiment, at that time the 16th Dragoons (now Lancers), and with this nucleus gradually initiated others into the new exercise. Like all new brooms, he met with considerable opposition from the ingrained prejudices of older officers. He invited those of other regiments to co-operate with him, but met with so many rebuffs that he appealed to higher authority,

and submitted his scheme to the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief, for training the whole British cavalry in the use of the sword. It met with almost immediate approval by a committee of general officers who were directed to report upon it, and it was presently adopted as one of the permanent regulations for the training of cavalry. Steps were taken, too, to diffuse the new knowledge rapidly and effectively by the collection of detachments for instruction from every regiment of regular and fencible (Yeomanry) cavalry in the country. An officer and twenty men from each attended at four different stations for a six months' course of instruction, under the personal supervision of Major Le Marchant. The instruction received was passed on in due course to their units by the individuals first trained; and so strong was the desire to attain proficiency in all ranks, that within the year it had extended to the whole British cavalry and to all ranks of the arm. Men took very keenly to swordsmanship, and were very eager to acquire personal dexterity, which necessarily included better horsemanship, without which the best swordsman must ever be at a disadvantage. Le Marchant was amply rewarded by the experience of the Peninsular war ten years later, when our troops proved themselves as much superior to the French as they had been inferior in the Low Countries. It is interesting to note that the Le Marchant system of sword-exercise has held the ground until these

latter days, when the reforming spirit, moving perhaps too fast and not too wisely, threatens to entirely deprive our horsemen of their traditional and time-honoured weapon. Le Marchant also devoted much attention to the perfecting of the regulation sword, of which many patterns were in use. The weapon he devised, after much patient experiment and many visits to the principal sword manufacturers, held the ground for long years afterwards, and his services were acknowledged by the presentation of a sword of honour from the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Colonel Le Marchant's unbounded energy was not limited to improving cavalry swords and their manipulation. He was now lieutenant-colonel of the regiment serving in the West Indies, but he was especially retained at home as a man much too valuable to be sent so far out of the way. He took up his quarters, therefore, in London, and applied himself to the elucidation of matters likely to benefit the service and his own particular arm. A suggested plan of his for preventing peculation in providing forage for cavalry was carried out, and none too soon, for the horses were often scandalously underfed and in lamentable condition through the frauds perpetrated between the quartermasters and contractors. Again, he embodied what he had observed in the Prussian cavalry, when in Flanders, into a handbook on outpost duty for the use of our officers. This treatise was pronounced excellent by

old Sir David Dundas, the author of the famous 'Six Manœuvres,' the first drill-book ever used in the British army. About this time Le Marchant was transferred to the 7th Light Dragoons as second lieutenant-colonel, and in the absence of Lord Paget, his senior, assumed the command of the regiment temporarily. He proved himself a very "tight hand," as the soldiers say, and laboured assiduously to develop efficiency. After lecturing at length upon field movements, he continually turned out the regiment to practise what he had preached; and expecting from every one the same strenuous attention as his iron frame, backed by an ardent energetic spirit, enabled him to give to the work, he gave his people little peace. Not strangely, his popularity suffered, and the discontent that was rife was exhibited in a reprehensible and insubordinate manner when Lord Paget returned to the regiment. On the senior colonel's first reappearance upon parade he was greeted with loud cheers from the ranks. Lord Paget was very properly incensed, and reprimanded the regiment sternly, declaring that he fully approved of all that Colonel Le Marchant had done, and that the need for the strict discipline he had enforced was more than justified by the misconduct shown on this occasion. We have a good picture of Le Marchant, drawn by his son and biographer, that brings him forcibly before us. "His keen and searching eye, his expansive forehead, his

commanding deportment, his tall, manly, and muscular form, denoted to even superficial observers talent, spirit, and strength equal to no ordinary undertakings."

There was one now to his hand that called for the highest qualities of sagacity and earnestness for the improvement of his professional comrades, and fixed tenacity of purpose in securing it. He had become fully persuaded that if our army was to be reformed it must be done through the officers, and that a first indispensable step, as has been said, was to introduce systematic instruction. At first he recommended the formation of regimental schools for officers throughout the service, but he abandoned this project because he could not hope to find competent instructors in the various regiments. Although senior officers could impart the rudiments of military learning, they must fall short (at that period certainly) "in the more complicated and difficult science of actual war." How he might best advance the end in view was constantly in his thoughts; he devised many plans and projects, none of which satisfied him until he arrived at the conclusion that some national educational establishment on a large and comprehensive scale could alone meet the occasion. The idea came to him when he was on the road travelling through the country to inspect the various classes collected to learn his new sword-exercise. Directly he alighted at his inn he committed his ideas to paper, and he often said afterwards

that as he wrote he felt the most perfect confidence that this last scheme would succeed. The memorandum he now prepared was long and exhaustive, and it says much for his foresight and acumen that he never deviated much from the principles that he first laid down for his own guidance.

This was in December 1798, and he employed every moment of leisure in the elaboration of his "plan," which he submitted in the following month to the Duke of York.

The steps he took to prepare and put forward his "plan" are fully recorded in his private correspondence, which we have before us as we write. In September 1798 he tells us that he has shown it to Sir David Dundas, who "not only approves it, but encourages me to proceed in the completion of it." On November 22 of the same year Le Marchant writes to his wife: "I am getting on very fast with my Plan, which, if I succeed in carrying through, will be the greatest thing ever done for the army. It comprehends the instruction of the present and the education of all officers, infantry as well as cavalry, who may hereafter enter the army. . . . I am indefatigable in completing it. I have limited myself to four glasses of wine; I get up at seven in the morning, and whether it succeeds or not I am persevering and sanguine in my expectations." A week later he was on his way to town to show it to the Duke of York. "The more I think of the subject, the higher are

my hopes of success." On the 21st December he tells his wife: "I have just seen the Duke, with whom I have been speaking for above an hour. . . . He is very much pleased with me, and his manners become more and more familiar towards me, which is certainly the result of favourable impression." At the same time it is evident that the Duke was not too encouraging at first. His Royal Highness knew that enormous prejudices existed against the scheme, and were not to be removed easily. They prevailed both within and without. Many senior officers resented the implied reproofs that the army was not what it should be, and were opposed to the reforms advocated: on the other hand, the general public regarded the proposal with extreme jealousy, "as a step towards withdrawing the officer from civil society and making him a creature of the Crown," a far-fetched and perfectly untenable notion. Moreover, the Duke of Richmond, when Master-General of the Ordnance, had already strongly recommended a measure of the same nature to the Cabinet of which he was a member, but it had been dropped upon a close examination of details.

Undeterred by this lukewarm support, Le Marchant proceeded to revise and amplify his proposal, using fresh arguments, and backing them with carefully prepared financial estimates. It will be well to give a brief outline at this point of the scheme he now

submitted. The immediate object of the institution, to use his own words, would be "to instruct the masses of the service in the degree of science requisite to subordinate station, and to afford the means of a perfect education to those who, aspiring to rank and responsibility, apply early to the study of their profession." He suggested that there should be three departments,—one for young gentlemen who were candidates for commissions; a second for army cadets and soldiers' sons, the last named to be formed into a "Legion," from which the army would be recruited; and the third a "senior department for the improvement of the staff." The first branch was to be a practically self-supporting public school, open to all who paid proper fees and lodged the purchase-money for a commission, the education to be both general and special. Before the commission was granted every student must pass through a period of instruction as a cadet, and qualify in the duties of a subaltern officer. A so-called "Legion" was to be constituted and included in this branch, composed of soldiers' sons, who were to be trained for and passed into the service, well equipped for the ranks and fit to become non-commissioned officers—a military school, in fact, on the lines of the present Duke of York's and Royal Hibernian Schools. The third, the "senior" or "staff" department, was a much-needed institution. At that period the

absence of officers competent to perform the duties of quartermaster-general was greatly felt in our army, and it was a frequent practice when campaigning to borrow officers for the purpose from our allies in the field. The necessary instruction was now to be imparted to a number of regimental officers especially attached to the new institutions, and the course was to include the whole of the principles and practice to be observed in the conduct of war. How useful this department became within a few years of its inauguration will be seen presently when we deal with the results achieved.

Le Marchant had the sympathetic support of both the quartermaster-general to the forces and the adjutant-general, Sir David Dundas and Colonel Calvert, and when the Commander-in-Chief, partially won over by the new pleadings of Colonel Le Marchant, called for their opinion, they reported most favourably upon the whole scheme. The Duke now indorsed it strongly, passed it on to Mr Dundas, the Minister for the Colonies and War, who in turn submitted it to Mr Pitt. The Premier saw at once "the national advantages that may be expected from the execution of the plan," and was willing to ask Parliament for the necessary funds for the building and endowment of the new institution. Mr Pitt further suggested that the whole matter should be referred to a committee of general staff and other officers, and

this was accordingly appointed in the autumn of 1800, under the presidency of the Duke of York, with Colonel Le Marchant as a member of the Board. It should be noted, however, that the Government had not waited for the definite recommendations, mainly as to detail, of this committee, and had already given preliminary sanction to Le Marchant's plan by approving a temporary establishment for military instruction on a limited scale. This was placed at High Wycombe, and was opened in anticipation of the erection of the necessary buildings on the 4th May 1799.

It so happened that at this particular juncture Le Marchant was fortunate enough to find an effective coadjutor in the person of a distinguished French officer, General Jarry, an *émigré* who had sought shelter in England during the Revolutionary troubles in France. Jarry seems to have put forward some scheme akin to Le Marchant's, and it had been suggested by certain influential people, and among them by the Duke of York, that the two should co-operate. Le Marchant consented, and speaks of the circumstances, in a letter dated 9th March 1799, as follows:—

"By joining General Jarry I strengthen my own interest. We are acting to the same point, and the Duke having accepted his plan (so confined) before I had mentioned mine, it left a degree of suspicion in Jarry's [*sic*] friends that I wanted to throw him out, and as he is strong at headquarters it is a politic measure

to join with him. He is a man of great merit and science, so we shall be useful to each other."

Again he writes in the same connection:—

"I find the situation I am to hold at Wycombe more pleasing even than I had imagined. General Jarré is to give the military lectures, but the entire command rests with me, so that when the establishment extends into the several branches of my plan, I shall still be the head. . . . I am pleased with the old man; he certainly is well informed but getting old, incapable of arrangement, and therefore not to be feared, but just the man I could wish to have. He and I shall certainly agree very well, and he must be sensible that without me his plans must have fallen to the ground."

The relative positions held by the two officers of the new establishment are indicated by Colonel Le Marchant, and it was worked on these lines from the beginning. When the Royal warrant was finally promulgated for the constitution and government of the college, the exact status of Colonel Le Marchant and General Jarry were specially mentioned in 'The London Gazette,' under date July 25, 1801. The first is appointed lieutenant-governor and superintendent-general, and the latter appears as commandant of the senior department. Jarry was also made director-general of instruction. The governor of the whole establishment was Lieutenant-

General the Honourable William Harcourt.

A word as to General Jarry (the proper spelling) may be inserted here. Of French origin, he entered the Prussian service at an early age, and was on the personal staff of Frederick the Great in most of his great campaigns. His military qualities were of a high order; he was a man of great quickness and decision of character, and had a consummate knowledge of military art and practice, having been trained with twelve others in the duties of the quartermaster-general's department by the great Frederick himself. At the close of the Seven Years' War he was appointed governor of the military school at Berlin. Later, at the death of the king, he returned to France on the invitation of General Dumouriez, and served under that officer at the battle of Jemappes, where he held a high command. He came on to England, because he was in sympathy with the disgraced Dumouriez; but he is also accused by the French historians of unnecessary cruelty in burning the suburbs of Antwerp, to which charge he could plead that he only obeyed the orders received. Dumouriez held him in high esteem, and always declared that he thought General Jarry "one of the cleverest officers in any service."¹

¹ He was ever on the most friendly footing with Frederick as well as with Prince Henry, the king's brother, and the two when campaigning, being both great pretenders to culinary skill, would cook dishes in competition by the bivouac-fire. Jarry was a simple unpretending person, quite free from the

The college, once started, Board of Control; his original grew apace under the masterful impulse of its energetic projector. He suffered much from the proverbial procrastination of the authorities; he was saddled with a supreme scheme was altered and cut down; one recommendation, that of the "Legion," was disapproved of; the issue of the Royal Warrant, which was to give official existence

arrogance and stiffness of the Prussian officer of high rank, refined and gentlemanlike in manners, but in old age rather neglectful in his dress and external appearance. An amusing answer given by him to an application from an officer at the college who sought guidance as to costume is preserved. "I have received your letter propounding certain profound questions about boots, garters, and pantaloons, but which I am not sufficiently scientific to settle." He ends pleasantly, wishing his correspondent "*Bon jour et les pieds chauds.*"

General Jarry at High Wycombe had some reason to complain of the treatment he received at the hands of certain ill-mannered and inconsiderate pupils. The reprehensible practice now called "ragging" appears to have flourished even then. A Frenchman, speaking no English, of foreign habits and eccentric demeanour, he was a target for ridicule, and many mischievous and unworthy practical jokes were played upon him. The college had gradually filled up with students, many of them "hard bargains," many of the class now known as "outfitters" and "scrimshankers," who sought to escape more irksome service by a pretence of studying their profession, and who were merely idlers making no use of their opportunities. These were the men who made game of General Jarry, and on one occasion in a very wanton and disgraceful fashion. The amiable and learned veteran, in his desire to illustrate his lectures on field fortification, constructed a number of models with his own hands. These were always on view in the hall of study, and one night they were destroyed by some of the students. General Jarry was wounded to the quick by this wanton outrage, and although he said little he made no attempt to manufacture new models. Colonel Le Marchant acted with great judgment when the offence became known to him and he learnt the names of the actual offenders. He forbore to make any public *exposé*, but he quietly conveyed a warning to them at the end of the session that they would not be received again at the college.

The escapades of the students extended beyond the college; country neighbours were subjected to annoyance repeatedly. One story is told of a well-to-do farmer who, when fishing in the Wye, was hailed by a couple of officers from High Wycombe with a request that he would row them across the river. He civilly complied, and in mid-stream they seized him and threw him into the water, leaving him to get ashore as best he could. A complaint was lodged at the college next day by the aggrieved farmer, and Colonel Le Marchant promised that the culprits should be punished. This the complainant would not allow, on the grounds that he was a Quaker and thought it wrong to be vindictive. "Then why on earth have you come to me?" asked the astonished colonel. "Only that you should desire them never to treat me in the same way again."

General Jarry was a man of simple tastes and homely pursuits. Cooking, as has been said, was a favourite recreation of his; so was gardening. It was considered an especial treat to dine with him; the fare was excellent, and the best dishes were always prepared by his own hands. A salad of his own growing and dressing was very highly esteemed. He watched over his vegetables with assiduous care from the time of planting the seeds to that of gathering in the first-fruits. He waged war against the sparrows incessantly, and kept a loaded gun handy to shoot them. The bag when good afforded him the liveliest satisfaction; he would lay the birds out in a row and say complacently, "*J'ai tué bien de mes ennemis aujourd'hui.*" His connection with the college lasted eight years, and was terminated in 1807 by death after a painful illness at the age of seventy-five.

to the college, was delayed; above all, unfavourable criticism was very rife in Parliament and the army, the older officers still resenting the lack of military knowledge imputed to them. Through it all Le Marchant, although often disheartened, steadfastly pursued his way. He sought out professors to assist General Jarry, —one, the eminent mathematician, Isaac Dalby, F.R.S., a self-taught scientist, who from the humblest origin rose to the highest esteem; another, Howard Douglas, the well-known authority on military bridges, whose work has been the guide and text-book to many generations of soldiers. Le Marchant received, however, the most august encouragement. The king (George III.) told him one evening on the terrace at Windsor, "I consider the Military College an object of the deepest national importance. . . . You are raising a race of officers who will make our army the finest in Europe. The country is greatly indebted to you." Other royal personages were most friendly; the Prince of Wales, when on a visit to Stowe, close by, commanded his presence as a guest of the Duke of Buckingham's; the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, Cambridge, and Gloucester came constantly to High Wycombe, and with one, the Duke of Kent, also a soldier and devoted to his profession, Colonel Le Marchant kept up a confidential correspondence for many years. They were, as his biographer puts it,

"the letters of a friend to a friend."

Ere long the affluence of students, youthful and adult, overflowed the narrow limits of the house in High Wycombe (of which, by the way, there are but few traces left), and it became necessary to give the junior department a separate location, which was formed at Great Marlow, some five miles distant, in the beautiful old red-brick building now called Remnants—a name it received, we believe, from that of an occupier some years back. Tradition connects the mansion with Henry VIII., who presented it as a dower-house to one of his wives, Catherine Parr. It is known that Henry was fond of Marlow, and that he found another wife there, Jane Seymour, one of the Seymours of Seymour Court, an old house on the road to Wycombe, since disappeared, although the name has been preserved. "Court Garden" is the name of a third house still standing on the banks of the Thames, just above the bridge, and recalling royal associations.

The junior department was under the immediate charge of its own commandant, but the supreme control was vested in Colonel Le Marchant as lieutenant-governor, who visited the place twice a-week, inspected the cadets on parade and in the halls of study, always keenly watching over their progress. He was a stern uncompromising chief; while always glad to help on the industrious and well-be-

haved, he suffered no idleness, and rooted out all vice. "Few persons," says his son, "possessed the art of reproof with such effect. The severe expression of his features, combined with the dignity of his manner and the deep tones of his voice, struck his youthful audience with an awe which some of them did not forget even amidst the stirring scenes of military life. It is right to add that his kindness was at last equally appreciated, and produced in after-times the most honourable tributes to his memory."

A very practical test was soon applied to the value of the education imparted in the senior department, which was more especially under his control. He turned out during his tenure of office—aided by General Jarry—some 200 students, most of whom joined and did very meritorious service on the staff. The first to be tried were those who accompanied Sir Ralph Abercromby's expedition to Egypt. They are spoken of in the highest terms by Sir Robert Wilson, who was chief of the staff. Dupin, in his 'Military Force of Great Britain,' records it as a new departure in the British army that officers were now found in it who could direct the march of large bodies, survey ground, arrange routes, and report on the best positions to be taken up; and he expressly tells us that the permanent status given to the college in 1801 was due to the success achieved on the staff by its first pupils. Colonel

Anstruther, Abercromby's quartermaster-general, wrote to Le Marchant, saying, "The officers sent me from Jarry's are of infinite use, and the details of the several actions fought by this army are accompanied by plans in drawing, executed by Major Birch and the officers from Wycombe in a style of perfection that does them credit." The credit gained so early by the college did not wane in after-years. It was worthily maintained in the great war that followed, and some of the most distinguished soldiers under Wellington in the Peninsula were High Wycombe men. A few names may be selected from the long list, including those of Sir George Murray, the able quartermaster-general; Field - Marshal Sir William Gomme; Sir Benjamin Durban; Marshal Beresford, who rose to the command of the Portuguese army; and his chief staff officer, Sir Arthur (afterwards Lord) Hardinge, Governor-General of India, and some time Commander-in-Chief.

The crowning tribute to the success of the Le Marchant plan was paid when a great edifice was erected to suitably house the establishment. The number of students who had entered the army from the Junior Department at Marlow had reached a total of 1500; the number of candidates for the school was constantly increasing, and with it the demands for increased space. About 1810 the Government, on the recommendation of

Colonel Le Marchant, acquired a wide estate on the heath between Sandhurst and the Portsmouth Road, and prepared to build on a very extensive scale. The lands were cleared and planted and the foundations laid, and all progressed favourably, when wayward fortune, which seldom comes with both hands full, fell heavily upon the man who was about to reap his reward. It is told how Le Marchant had visited the works and surveyed them complacently, feeling that at last his school had won through all its struggles and difficulties, and was assured of a future of great usefulness under his auspices. All at once his high hopes were dashed to the ground. Promotion had but just raised him to the rank of major-general, and now he was informed by superior authority that he could not be permitted

to hold his post as a general officer. His removal, apart from the painful severance from his pet undertaking, weighed upon him harshly and entailed serious pecuniary loss, for he had spent more than his salary in keeping up his position, and he was denied the chance of recouping himself. He was not the first, nor will he be the last, officer to suffer by the hard-and-fast rules of the service, red-tape regulations as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Certainly such amends as were possible were made to him, and he was appointed without delay to a command in the field, that of a brigade of heavy cavalry, placed under orders for Portugal, in July 1811. The pioneer had done his work, and went elsewhere to a brief career of activity and a glorious death at Salamanca.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER XV.

ON entering the pavilion Loder's first feeling was one of annoyed awkwardness at finding himself in almost total darkness. Then as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom the feeling vanished, and the absurdity of the position came to his mind.

The tent was small, heavily draped with silk, and smelling of musk. It was divided into two sections by an immovable curtain that hung from the roof to within a few feet of the floor. The only furniture on Loder's side was one low chair and the only light a faint radiance that, coming from the invisible half of the pavilion, spread across the floor in a pale band. For a short space he stood uncertain, then his hesitation was brought to an end.

"Please sit down," said a low soft voice.

For a further moment he stood undecided. The voice sounded so unexpectedly near. In the quiet and darkness of the place it seemed to possess a disproportionate weight—almost the weight of a familiar thing. Then with a sudden, unanalysed touch of relief he located the impression. It was the similarity to Lady Bramfell's sweet slow tones that had stirred his mind. With a sense of satisfaction he drew

the chair forward and sat down.

Then for the first time he saw that on the other side of the partition, and below it by a few inches, was a small table of polished wood, on which stood an open book, a crystal ball, and a gold dish filled with ink. These were arranged on the side of the table nearest to him, the farther side being out of his range of vision. An amused interest touched him as he made his position more comfortable. Whoever this woman was, she had an eye for stage management,—she knew how to marshal her effects. He found himself waiting with some curiosity for the next injunction from behind the curtain.

"The art of crystal-gazing," began the voice after a pause, "is one of the oldest known arts." Loder sat forward. The thought of Lady Bramfell mingled disconcertingly with some other thought more distant and less easy to secure.

"To obtain the best results, the subject lays his uncovered hands outspread upon a smooth surface." It was evident that the invisible priestess was reading from the open book, for when the word "surface" was reached there was a slight stir that indicated the changing of position; and when the voice

came again it was in a different tone—

"Please lay your hands palms downwards upon the table."

Loder smiled to himself in the darkness. He pictured Chilcote with his nerves and his impatience going through this ordeal; then in good-humoured silence he leant forward and obeyed the command. His hands rested on the smooth surface of the table in the bar of light from the unseen lamp.

There was a second in which the seer was silent; then he fancied that she raised her head.

"You must take off your rings," she said smoothly. "Any metal interferes with the sympathetic current."

At any other time Loder would have laughed; but the request so casually and graciously made sent all possibility of irony far into the background. The thought of Chilcote and of the one flaw in their otherwise flawless scheme rose to his mind. Instinctively he half withdrew his hands.

"Where is the sympathetic current?" he asked quietly. His thoughts were busy with the question of whether he would or would not be justified in beating an undignified retreat.

"Between you and me, of course," said the voice softly. It sounded languid but very rational. The idea of retreat seemed suddenly theatrical. In this world of low voices and shaded lights people never adopted extreme measures—no occasion made a scene practicable, or even allowable. He

leant back slowly, while he summed up the situation. If by any unlucky chance this woman knew Chilcote to have adopted jewellery, and had seen the design of his rings, the sight of his own scarred finger might suggest question and comment; if, on the other hand, he left the pavilion without excuse, or without apparent reason refused to remove the rings, he opened up a new difficulty—a fresh road to curiosity. It came upon him with unusual quickness—the obstacles to, and the need for, a speedy decision. He glanced round the tent, then unconsciously straightened his shoulders. After all, he had stepped into a tight corner; but there was no need to cry out in squeezing his way back. Then he realised that the soft ingratiating tones were sounding once more—

"It's the passing of my hands over yours while I look into the crystal that sets up sympathy"—a slender hand moved swiftly into the light and picked up the ball—"and makes my eyes see the pictures in your mind. Now, will you please take off your rings?"

The very naturalness of the request disarmed him. It was a risk. But, as Chilcote had said, risk was the salt of life!

"I'm afraid you think me very troublesome." The voice came again, delicately low and conciliatory.

For a brief second Loder wondered uncertainly how long or how well Chilcote knew Lady Astrupp; then he dismissed the question. Chilcote

had never mentioned her until to-night, and then casually as Lady Bramfell's sister. What a coward he was becoming in throwing the dice with Fate! Without further delay he drew off the rings, slipped them into his pocket, and replaced his hands on the smooth table-top.

Then, at the moment that he replaced them, a peculiar thing occurred.

From the farther side of the dark partition came the quick rustling stir of a skirt, and the slight scrape of a chair pushed either backward or forward. Then there was silence.

Now silence can suggest anything from profound thought to imbecility; but in this case its suggestion was nil. That something had happened, that some change had taken place, was as patent to Loder as the darkness of the ceiling or the band of light that crossed the floor; but what had occasioned it, or what it stood for, he made no attempt to decide. He sat bitingly conscious of his hands spread open on the table under the scrutiny of eyes that were invisible to him—vividly aware of the awkwardness of his position. He felt with instinctive certainty that a new chord had been struck; but a man seldom acts on instinctive certainties. If the exposure of his hands had struck this fresh note, then any added action would but heighten the dilemma. He sat silent and motionless.

Whether his impassivity had any bearing on the moment he had no means of knowing; but no further movement came from behind the partition. Whatever

the emotions that had caused the sharp swish of skirts and the sharp scrape of the chair, they had evidently subsided, or been dominated by other feelings.

The next indication of life that came to him was the laying down of the crystal ball. It was laid back upon the table with a slight jerk that indicated a decision come to; and almost simultaneously the seer's voice came to him again. Her tone was lower now than it had been before, and its extreme ease seemed slightly shaken—whether by excitement, surprise, or curiosity it was impossible to say.

"You will think it strange," she began. "You will think ——" Then she stopped.

There was a pause, as though she waited for some help, but Loder remained mute. In difficulty a silent tongue and a cool head are usually man's best weapons.

His silence was disconcerting. He heard her stir again.

"You will think it strange," she began once more. Then quite suddenly she checked and controlled her voice. "You must forgive me," she began in a completely different tone, "but crystal-gazing is a most illusive thing. Directly you put your hands upon the table I felt that there would be no result; but I wouldn't admit the defeat. Women are such keen anglers they can never acknowledge that any fish, however big, has evaded the hook." She laughed very softly.

At the sound of the laugh Loder shifted his position for the first time. He could not

have told why, but it struck him with a slight sense of confusion. A precipitate wish to rise and pass through the doorway into the wider spaces of the conservatory came to him, though he made no attempt to act upon it. He knew that for some inexplicable reason this woman behind the screen had lied to him—in the control of her speech, in her change of voice. There had been one moment in which an impulse, an emotion, had almost found voice; then training, instinct, or it might have been diplomacy, had conquered, and the moment had passed. There was a riddle in the very atmosphere of the place—and he abominated riddles.

But Lady Astrupp was absorbed in her own concerns. Again she changed her position; and to Loder, listening attentively, it seemed that she leant forward and examined his hands afresh. The sensation was so acute that he withdrew them involuntarily.

Again there was a confused rustle; the crystal ball rolled from the table and the seer laughed quickly. Obeying a strenuous impulse, Loder rose.

He had no definite notion of what he expected or what he must avoid. He was only conscious that the pavilion, with its silk draperies, its scent of musk, and its intolerable secrecy, was no longer endurable. He felt cramped and confused in mind and muscle. He stood for a second to straighten his limbs; then he turned, and moving directly forward, passed under the *portière*.

After the dimness of the pavilion the conservatory seemed comparatively bright, but without waiting to grow accustomed to the altered light he moved onward with deliberate haste. The long green alley was speedily traversed; in his eyes it no longer possessed greenness, no longer suggested freshness or repose. It was simply a means to the end upon which his mind was set.

As he passed up the flight of steps he drew his rings from his pocket and slipped them on. Then he stepped into the glare of the thronged corridor.

Some one hailed him as he passed through the crowd, but with Chilcote's most absorbed manner he hurried on. Through the door of the supper-room he caught sight of Blessington and Eve, and then only his expression changed. He walked directly towards them.

"Eve," he said, "will you excuse me? I have a word to say to Blessington."

She glanced at him in momentary surprise; then she smiled in her quiet self-possessed way.

"Of course!" she said. "I've been wanting a chat with Milliecent Gower, but Bobby has required so much entertaining——" She smiled again, this time at Blessington, and moved away towards a tall pale girl in green who was standing alone.

Instantly she had turned, Loder took Blessington's arm.

"I know you're tremendously busy," he began, in an excellent imitation of Chilcote's hasty manner—"I know you're tre-

mendously busy, but I'm in a fix." One glance at Blessington's healthy ingenuous face told him that plain speaking was the method to adopt.

"Indeed, sir?" In a moment Blessington was on the alert.

"Yes. And I—I want your help."

The boy reddened. That Chilcote should appeal to him stirred him to a feeling of pride and uncertainty.

Loder saw his advantage and pressed it home. "It's come about through this crystal-gazing business. I'm afraid I didn't play my part—rather made an ass of myself; I wouldn't swallow the thing, and—and Lady Astrupp—" He paused, measuring Blessington with a glance. "Well, my dear boy, you—you know what women are!"

Blessington was only twenty-three. He reddened again, and assumed an air of profundity.

"I know, sir," he said, with a shake of the head.

Loder's sense of humour was keen, but he kept a grave face.

"I knew you'd catch my meaning, but I want you to do something more. If Lady Astrupp should ask you who was in her tent this past ten minutes, I want you—" again he stopped, looking at his companion's face.

"Yes, sir?"

"I want you to tell an immaterial lie for me."

Blessington returned his glance; then he laughed a little uncomfortably.

"But surely, sir——?"

"She recognised me, you mean——?" Loder's eyes were keen as steel.

"Yes."

"Then you're wrong. She didn't."

Blessington's eyebrows went up.

There was a silence. Loder glanced across the room. Eve had parted from the girl in green, and was moving towards them, exchanging smiles and greetings as she came.

"My wife is coming back," he said. "Will you do this for me, Blessington? It—it will smooth things——" He spoke quickly, continuing to watch Eve.

As he had hoped, Blessington's eyes turned in the same direction. "'Twill smooth matters," he repeated, "smooth them in—in a domestic way that I can't explain."

The shot told. Blessington looked round.

"Right, sir!" he said. "You may leave it to me." And before Loder could speak again, he had turned and disappeared into the crowd.

CHAPTER XVI.

His business with Blessington over, Loder breathed more freely. If Lady Astrupp had recognised Chilcote by the rings, and had been roused to

curiosity, the incident would demand settlement sooner or later—settlement in what proportion he could hazard no guess; if, on the other hand,

her obvious change of manner had arisen from any other source,—he had a hazy idea that a woman's behaviour could never be gauged by accepted theories,—then he had safeguarded Chilcote's interests and his own by his security of Blessington's promise. Blessington, he knew, would be reliable and discreet. With a renewal of confidence—a pleasant feeling that his uneasiness had been groundless—he moved forward to greet Eve.

Her face, with its rich clear colouring, seemed to his gaze to stand out from the crowd of other faces as from a frame, and a sense of pride touched him. In every eye but his own her beauty belonged to him.

His face looked alive and masterful as she reached his side.

"May I monopolise you?" he said, with the quickness of speech borrowed from Chilcote. "We—we see so little of each other."

Almost as if compelled, her lashes lifted and her eyes met his. Her glance was puzzled, uncertain, slightly confused. There was a deeper colour than usual in her cheeks. Loder felt something within his own consciousness stir in response.

"You know you are yielding," he said suddenly.

Again she blushed.

He saw the blush, and knew that it was he—his words, his personality—that had called it forth. In Chilcote's actual semblance he had proved his superiority over Chilcote. For the first time he had been given a tacit, personal acknowledg-

ment of his power. Involuntarily he drew nearer to her.

"Let's get out of this crush."

She made no answer except to bend her head; and it came to him that, for all her pride, she liked and unconsciously yielded to domination. With a satisfied gesture he turned to make a passage towards the door.

But the passage was more easily desired than made. In the few moments since he had entered the supper-room the press of people had considerably thickened, until a block had formed about the doorway. Drawing Eve with him, he moved forward for a dozen paces, then paused, unable to make further headway.

As they stood there he looked back at her. "What a study in democracy a crowd always is," he said.

She responded with a bright appreciative glance, as if surprised into naturalness. He wondered sharply what she would be like if her enthusiasms were really aroused. Then a stir in the corridor outside caused a movement inside the room; and with a certain display of persistence he was enabled to make the desired passage to the door.

But there again they were compelled to halt. Though tightly wedged into his new position, and guarding Eve with one arm, he was free to survey the brilliantly thronged corridor over the head of a man a few inches shorter than himself, who stood directly in front of him.

"What are we waiting for?"

he asked good-humouredly, addressing the back of the stranger's head.

The man turned, displaying a genial face, a red moustache, and an eye-glass.

"Hallo, Chilcote!" he said. "Hope it's not on your feet I'm standing!"

Loder laughed. "No," he said. "And don't change the position. If you were an inch higher I should be blind as well as crippled."

The other laughed. It was a pleasant surprise to find Chilcote amiable under discomfort. He looked round again in slight curiosity.

Loder felt the scrutiny. To create a diversion he looked out along the corridor. "I believe we are waiting for something!" he exclaimed. "What's this?" Then quite abruptly he ceased to speak.

"Anything interesting?" Eve touched his arm.

He said nothing; he made no effort to look round. His thoughts as well as his speech were suspended.

The man in front of him let his eye-glass fall from his eye, then screwed it in again.

"Jove!" he exclaimed. "Here comes our sorceress. It's like the progress of a fairy princess. I believe this is the meaning of our getting penned in here." He chuckled delightedly.

Loder said nothing. He stared straight on over the other's head.

Along the corridor, agreeably conscious of the hum of admiration she aroused, came Lillian Astrupp, surrounded by a little court. Her delicate

face was lit up, her eyes shone under the faint gleam of her hair, her gown of gold embroidery swept round her gracefully. She was radiant and triumphant, but she was also excited. The excitement was evident in her laugh, in her gestures, in her eyes, as they turned quickly in one direction and then another.

Loder, gazing in stupefaction over the other man's head, saw it—felt and understood it, with a mind that leaped back over a space of years. As in a shifting panorama he saw a night of disturbance and confusion in a far-off Italian valley—a confusion from which one face shone out with something of the pale alluring radiance that filtered over the hillside from the crescent moon. It passed across his consciousness slowly, but with a slow completeness; and in its light the incidents of the past half-hour stood out in a new aspect. The echo of recollection stirred by Lady Bramfell's voice—the re-echo of it in her sister's tones, his own blindness, his own egregious assurance, all struck across his mind.

Meanwhile the party about Lillian drew nearer. He felt with instinctive certainty that the supper-room was its destination, but he remained motionless, held by a species of fatalism. He watched her draw near with an unmoved face, but in the brief space that passed while she traversed the corridor he gauged to the full the hold that the new atmosphere, the new existence, had gained over his mind. With an unlooked-

for rush of feeling he realised how dearly he would part with it.

As Lillian came closer the meaning of her manner became clearer to him. She talked incessantly, laughing now and then, but her eyes were never quiet. These skimmed the length of the corridor, then glanced over the heads crowded in the doorway.

"I'll have something quite sweet, Geoffrey," she was saying to the man beside her, as she came within hearing. "You know what I like—a sort of snowflake wrapped up in sugar." As she said the words her glance wandered. Loder saw it rest uninterestedly on a boy a yard or two in front of him, then move to the man over whose head he gazed, then lift itself inevitably to his face.

The glance was quick and direct. He saw the look of recognition spring across it, he saw her move forward suddenly as the crowd in the corridor parted to let her pass. Then he saw what seemed to him a miracle.

Her whole expression altered, her lips parted, and she coloured with annoyance. She looked like a spoilt child who, seeing a bon-bon box, opens it—to find it empty.

As the press about the doorway suddenly melted to give her passage, the red-haired man in front of him was the first to take advantage of the space. "Jove! Lillian," he said, moving forward, "you look as if you expected Chilcote to be somebody else, and are disappointed to find he's only himself!" He

laughed delightedly at his own joke.

The words were exactly the stimulus Lillian needed. She smiled her usual sweet smile as she turned her eyes upon him.

"My dear Leonard, you're using your eye-glass; when that happens you're never responsible for what you see." Her words came more slowly and with a touch of languid amusement. Her composure was suddenly restored.

Then for the first time Loder changed his position. Moved by an impulse he made no effort to dissect, he stepped closer to Eve's side and slipped his arm through hers—successfully concealing his left hand.

The warmth of her skin through her long glove thrilled him unexpectedly. His impulse had been one of self-defence, but the result was of a different character. At the quick contact the wish to fight for—to hold and defend—the position that had grown so dear, woke in renewed force. With a sudden determination he turned again towards Lillian.

"I caught the same impression—without an eye-glass," he said. "Why did you look like that?" He asked the question steadily and with apparent carelessness, though through it all his reason stood aghast—his common-sense cried aloud that it was impossible for the eyes that had seen his face in admiration, in love, in contempt to fail now in recognition. The air seemed breathless

while he spoke and waited. His impression of Lillian was a shimmering of gold dress and gold hair; all that he was physically conscious of was the pressure of his hand on Eve's arm and the warmth of her skin through the soft glove. Then abruptly the mist lifted. He saw Lillian's eyes—indifferent, amused, slightly contemptuous; and a second later he heard her voice.

"My dear Jack," she said sweetly, "how absurd of you! It was simply the contrast of your eyes peering over Leonard's hair. It was like a gorgeous sunset with a black cloud overhead." She laughed. "Do you see what I mean, Eve?"

Eve had been looking calmly ahead. She turned now and smiled serenely. Loder felt no vibration of the arm he held, yet by an instant intuition he knew that the two women were antagonistic. He experienced it with the divination that follows upon a moment of acute suspense. He understood it, as he had understood Lillian's look of recognition when his forehead, eyes, and nose had shown

him to be himself, her blank incredulity when his close-shaven lips and chin had proclaimed him Chilcote.

He felt like a man who has looked into an abyss and stepped back from the edge, outwardly calm but mentally shaken. The commonplaces of life seemed for the moment to hold deeper meanings. He did not hear Eve's answer; he paid no heed to Lillian's next remark. He saw her smile and turn again to the red-haired man; finally saw her move on into the supper-room, followed by her little court. Then he pressed the arm he was still holding. He felt an urgent need of companionship—of a human expression to the crisis he had passed.

"Shall we get out of this?" he asked again.

Eve looked up.

"Out of the room?" she said.

He looked at her as he had looked before—compelling her gaze.

"Out of the room—and the house," he answered. "Let us go—home."

CHAPTER XVII.

The necessary formalities of departure were speedily got through. The passage of the corridors, the gaining of the carriage seemed to Loder to be marvellously simple proceedings. Then, as he sat by Eve's side and again felt the forward movement of the horses, he had leisure for the first time to wonder whether the time that

had passed since last he occupied that position had actually been lived through.

Only that night he had unconsciously compared one incident in his life to a sketch in which the lights and shadows have been obliterated and lost. Now that picture rose before him, startlingly and incredibly intact. He saw the sunlit

houses of Santasalare, backgrounded by the sunlit hills, saw them as plainly as when he himself had sketched them on his memory. Every detail of the scene remained the same, even to the central figure—only the eye and the hand of the artist had changed.

At this point Eve broke in upon his thoughts. Her first words were curiously coincidental.

"What did you think of Lillian Astrupp to-night?" she asked. "Wasn't her gown perfect?"

Loder lifted his head with almost a start of guilt. Then he answered straight from his thoughts.

"I—I didn't notice it," he said. "But her eyes reminded me of a cat's eyes—and she walks like a cat. I never seemed to see it until to-night."

Eve changed her position.

"She was very artistic," she said tentatively. "Don't you think the gold gown was beautiful with her hair?"

Loder felt surprised. He was convinced that Eve disliked the other, and he was not sufficiently versed in women to understand her praise.

"I thought," he began. Then he wisely stopped. "I didn't see the gown," he substituted.

Eve looked out at the window. "How unappreciative men are!" she said. But her tone was strangely free from censure.

After this there was silence until Grosvenor Square was reached. Having left the carriage and passed into the house, Eve paused for a moment at the foot of the

stairs to give an order to Crapham, who was still in attendance in the hall, and again Loder had an opportunity of studying her. As he looked a sharp comparison rose to his mind.

"A fairy princess!" some one had said as Lillian Astrupp came into view along the Bramfells' corridor, and at the moment the simile had seemed particularly apt. With her grace, her delicacy, her subtle attraction, she might well be the outcome of imagination. But with Eve it was different. She also was graceful and attractive—but it was grace and attraction of a different order. One was beautiful with the beauty of the white rose that springs from the hothouse and withers at the first touch of harsh air; the other was beautiful with the beauty of the wild rose on the cliffs above the sea, that keeps its petals fine and transparent in face of salt spray and wet mist. Eve too had her realm, but it was the realm of real things. A great confidence, a feeling that here one might rely, even if all other faiths were shaken, touched him suddenly. For a moment he stood irresolute, watching her mount the stairs with her easy assured step. Then decision came to him. Fate favoured him to-night; he was in luck to-night! He would put his fortune to one more test. He swung across the hall and ran up the stairs.

His face was keen with interest as he reached her side. The hard outline of his features and the hard greyiness of his eyes

were softened as when he had paused that night to talk with Lakeley. Action was the breath of his nostrils and his face changed under it as another man's might change under the influence of stirring music or good wine.

Eve saw the look, and again the uneasy expression of surprise crossed her eyes. She paused, her hand resting on the bannister.

Loder looked at her directly. "Will you come into the study, as you came that other night? There's something I want to say." He spoke quietly. He felt master of himself and of her.

She hesitated, glanced at him, then glanced away.

"Will you come?" he said again. And as he said it his eyes rested on the sweep of her thick eyelashes, the curve of the black hair.

At last her lashes lifted, and the perplexity and doubt in her blue eyes stirred him. Without waiting for her answer he leant forward.

"Say Yes!" he urged. "I don't often ask for favours."

Still she hesitated; then her decision was made for her. With a new boldness he touched her arm, drawing her forward gently but decisively towards Chilcote's rooms.

In the study a fire burned brightly, the desk was laden with papers, the lights were nicely adjusted; even the chairs were in their accustomed places. Loder's senses responded to each suggestion. It seemed but a day since he had seen it last. It was precisely as he

had left it—the niche needing but the man.

To hide his emotion he crossed the floor quickly and drew a chair forward. In less than six hours he had run up and down the scale of emotions. He had looked despair in the face till the sudden sight of Chilcote had lifted him to the skies; since then surprise had assailed him in its strongest form, and he had known the full meaning of the word risk. From every contingency he had come out conqueror. He bent over the chair as he pulled it forward to hide the expression in his eyes.

"Sit down!" he said gently.

Eve moved towards him. She moved slowly, as if half afraid. Many emotions stirred her—distrust, uncertainty, and a curious half-dominant, half-suppressed questioning that it was difficult to define. Loder remembered her shrinking coldness, her reluctant tolerance on the night of his first coming, and his individuality, his certainty of power kindled afresh. Never had he been so vehemently himself; never had Chilcote seemed so complete a shadow.

As Eve seated herself, he moved forward and leant over the back of her chair. The impulse that had filled him in his interview with Renwick—that had goaded him as he drove to the reception—was dominant again.

"I tried to say something as we drove to the Bramfells' tonight," he began. Like many men who possess eloquence for an impersonal cause, he was

brusque, even blunt in the stating of his own case. "May I hark back and go on from where I broke off?"

Eve half turned. Her face was still puzzled and questioning.

"Of course." She sat forward again, clasping her hands.

He looked thoughtfully at the back of her head, at the slim outline of her shoulders, the glitter of the diamonds about her neck.

"Do you remember the day three weeks ago that we talked together in this room? The day a great many things seemed possible?"

This time she did not look round. She kept her gaze upon the fire.

"Do you remember?" he persisted quietly. In his college days men who heard that tone of quiet persistence had been wont to lose heart. Eve heard it now for the first time, and unconsciously answered to it.

"Yes, I remember," she said.

"On that day you believed in me——" In his earnestness he no longer simulated Chilcote, he spoke with his own steady reliance. He saw Eve stir, he saw her unclasp and clasp her hands, but he went steadily on.

"On that day you saw me in a new light—you *acknowledged* me." He emphasised the slightly peculiar word. "But since that day your feelings have changed—your faith in me has fallen away." He watched her closely, but she made no sign, save to lean still nearer to the fire.

He crossed his arms over the back of her chair.

"You were justified," he said suddenly. "I've not been *myself* since that day." As he said the words his coolness forsook him slightly. He loathed the necessary lie, yet his egotism clamoured for vindication. "All men have their misfortunes," he went on; "there are times—there are days and weeks when I—when my——" The word "nerves" touched his tongue, hung upon it, then died away unspoken.

Very quietly, almost without a sound, Eve had risen and was looking at him. She was standing very straight, her face a little pale, the hand that rested on the arm of her chair trembling slightly.

"John," she said quickly, "don't say that word—don't say that hideous word 'nerves.' I don't feel that I can bear it to-night—not just to-night. Can you understand?"

Loder stepped back. Without comprehending, he felt suddenly and strangely at a loss. Something in her face struck him silent and perplexed. It seemed that without preparation he had stepped upon dangerous ground. With an undefined apprehension he waited, looking at her.

"I can't explain it," she went on with nervous haste. "I can't give any reasons; but quite suddenly the—the farce has grown unbearable. I used not to think—used not even to care—but suddenly things have changed, or I have changed." She paused, confused and distressed. "Why

should it be? Why should things change?" She asked the question sharply, as if in appeal against her own incredulity.

Loder turned aside. He was afraid of the triumph—volcanic and irrepressible—that her admission roused.

"Why?—why?" she said again.

He turned back slowly. "You forget that I'm not a magician," he said gently. "I hardly know what you are speaking of."

For a moment she was silent, but in that moment her eyes spoke. Pain, distress, pride—all strove for expression, then at last her lips parted.

"Do you say that in seriousness?" she asked.

It was no moment for fencing, and Loder knew it. "In seriousness," he replied shortly.

"Then I shall speak seriously too." Her voice shook slightly and the colour came back into her face, but the hand on the arm of the chair ceased to tremble.

"For more than four years I have known that you take drugs—for more than four years I have acquiesced in your deceptions, in your meanesses——" In the intensity of her feelings her voice suddenly broke off.

There was an instant's silence. Then Loder stepped forward.

"You knew—for four years?" he said very slowly. For the first time that night he remembered Chilcote and forgot himself.

Eve lifted her head with a

quick gesture, as if, in flinging off discretion and silence, she breathed in the new relief of speech.

"Yes, I knew. Perhaps I should have spoken when I first surprised the secret; but it's all so past that it's useless to speculate now. It was Fate, I suppose. I was very young, you were very unapproachable, and—and we had no love to make the way easy." For a second her glance faltered, and she looked away. "A woman's—a girl's disillusionment is a very sad comedy: it should never have an audience." She laughed a little bitterly as she looked back again. "I saw all the deceits, all the subterfuges, all the—lies." She said the word deliberately, meeting his eyes.

Again he thought of Chilcote, but his face paled.

"I saw it all," she went on. "I lived with it all till I grew hard and indifferent—till I acquiesced in your 'nerves' as readily as all the rest of the world who hadn't suspected and didn't know." Again she laughed nervously. "I thought the indifference would last for ever. If one lives in a groove for years one gets frozen up. I never felt more petrified than on the night Mr Fraide spoke to me of you—asked me to use my influence. Then on that night——"

"Yes. On that night?" Loder's voice was tense.

But her excitement had suddenly fallen. Whether his glance had quelled it or whether the force of her feel-

ing had worked itself out it was hard to say; but her eyes had lost their resolution. She stood hesitating for a moment, then she turned and moved to the mantelpiece.

"That night you found me changed?" Loder was insistent.

"Changed and yet not changed." She spoke reluctantly, with averted head.

"And what did you think?"

Again she was silent; then again a faint excitement tinged her cheeks.

"I thought," she began. "It seemed——" Once more she paused—hampered by her own uncertainty, her own sense of puzzling incongruity.

"I don't know why I speak like this," she went on at last, as if in justification of herself—"why I want to speak. But a feeling—an extraordinary, incomprehensible feeling seems to urge me on. The same feeling that came to me on the day we had tea together; the feeling that made me—that almost made me believe——"

"Believe what?" The words escaped Loder without volition.

At sound of his voice she turned. "Believe that a miracle had happened; that you had found strength—had freed yourself."

"From drugs?"

"From drugs."

In the silence that followed Loder lived through a century of suggestion and indecision. His first feeling was for himself, but his first clear thought was for Chilcote and their compact. He stood, metaphori-

cally, on a stone in the middle of a stream—balancing on one foot, then on the other; looking to the right bank, then to the left. Then, as it always did, inspiration came to him slowly. By one plunge he might save both Chilcote and himself!

He crossed quickly to the fireplace and stood by Eve.

"You were right in your belief," he said. "For all that time—from the night you spoke to me of Fraide to the day you had tea in this room, I never touched a drug."

She moved suddenly, and he saw her face. "John," she said unsteadily. "You—I—I have known you to lie to me about other things."

With a hasty movement he averted his head. The doubt, the appeal in her words shocked him. The whole isolation of her life seemed summed up in the one short sentence. For the instant he forgot Chilcote. With a reaction of feeling he turned to her again.

"Look at me!" he said brusquely.

She raised her eyes.

"Do you believe now that I'm speaking the truth?"

She searched his eyes intently—the doubt and hesitancy still struggling in her face.

"But the last three weeks?" she said reluctantly. "How can you ask me to believe?"

Loder had expected this and he met it steadily; nevertheless his courage faltered. To deceive this woman, even to justify himself, had in the last half-hour become something sacrilegious.

"The last three weeks must

be buried," he said hurriedly. "No man could free himself suddenly from—from a vice." He broke off abruptly. He hated Chilcote; he hated himself. Then Eve's face, raised in distressed appeal, overshadowed all scruples.

"You have been silent and patient for years," he said suddenly. "Can you be patient and silent a little longer?" He spoke without consideration. He was aware of no selfishness beneath his words. In the first exercise of conscious strength the primitive desire to reduce all elements to his own sovereignty submerged every other emotion.

"I can't enter into the thing," he said; "like you, I give no explanations. I can only tell you that on the day we talked together in this room I was myself—in the full possession of my reason, the full knowledge of my own capacities. The man you have known in the last three weeks, the man you have imagined in the last four years is a shadow, an unreality—a weakness in human form. There is a new Chilcote—if you will only see him."

Eve was trembling as he ceased, her face was flushed, there was a strange brightness in her eyes. She was moved beyond herself.

"But the other you—the old you?"

"You must be patient." He looked down into the fire. "Times like the last three weeks will come again—must come again; they are inevitable. When they do come,

you must shut your eyes—you must blind yourself. You must ignore them—and me. Is it a compact?" He still avoided her eyes.

She turned to him. "Yes—if you wish it," she said below her breath.

He was conscious of her glance, but he dared not meet it. He felt sick at the part he was playing, yet he held to it tenaciously.

"I wonder if you could do what few men and fewer women are capable of?" he asked at last. "I wonder if you could learn to live in the present?" He lifted his head slowly and met her eyes.

"This is an—an experiment," he went on; "and, like all experiments, it has good phases and bad. When the bad phases come round I—I want you to tell yourself that you are not altogether alone in your unhappiness; that I am suffering too—in another way."

There was silence when he had spoken, and for a space it seemed that Eve would make no response. Then the last surprise in a day of surprises came to him. With a slight stir, a slight quick rustle of skirts, she stepped forward and laid her hand in his.

The gesture was simple and very sweet; her eyes were soft and full of light as she raised her face to his—her lips parted in unconscious appeal.

There is no surrender so seductive as the surrender of a proud woman. Loder's blood stirred; the undeniable suggestion of the moment thrilled and disconcerted him in a tumult of

thought. Honour, duty, principle rose in a triple barrier; but honour, duty, and principle are but words to a headstrong man. The full significance of his position came to him as it had never come before. His hand closed on hers, he bent towards her, his pulses beating unevenly.

"Eve!" he said. Then at

sound of his voice he suddenly hesitated. It was the voice of a man who has forgotten everything but his own instinct.

For a second he stayed motionless; then very quietly he drew away from her, releasing her hand.

"No," he said; "no—I haven't got the right."

CHAPTER XVIII.

That night, for almost the first time since he had adopted his dual rôle, Loder slept ill. He was not a man over whom imagination held any powerful sway—his doubts and misgivings seldom ran to speculation upon future possibilities; nevertheless the fact that, consciously or unconsciously, he had adopted a new attitude towards Eve came home to him with unpleasant force during the hours of darkness; and long before the first hint of daylight had slipped through the heavy window-curtains he had arranged a plan of action—a plan wherein, by the simple method of altogether avoiding Eve, he might soothe his own conscience and safeguard Chilcote's domestic interests.

It was a satisfactory if a somewhat negative arrangement, and he rose next morning with a feeling that things would inevitably shape themselves. But chance sometimes has a disconcerting knack of forestalling our best-planned schemes. He dressed slowly and descended to his solitary breakfast with the soothing

sensation of having put last night out of consideration by the turning over of a new leaf; but scarcely had he opened Chilcote's letters, scarcely had he taken a cursory glance at the morning's newspaper, than it was borne in upon him that not only a new leaf but a whole sheaf of new leaves had been turned in his prospects—by a hand infinitely more powerful and arbitrary than his own. He realised within the space of a few moments that the leisure Eve might have claimed, the leisure he might have been tempted to devote to her, was no longer his to dispose of—being already demanded of him from a quarter that allowed of no refusal.

For the first rumbling of the political earthquake that was to shake the country made itself audible beyond denial on that morning of March the 27th, when the news spread through England that, in view of the disorganised state of the Persian army and the Shah's inability to suppress the open insurrection of the border tribes in the north-eastern districts of

Meshed, Russia, with a great show of magnanimity, had come to the rescue by despatching a large armed force from her military station at Merv across the Persian frontier to the seat of the disturbance.

To many hundreds of Englishmen who read their papers on that morning this announcement conveyed but little. That there is such a country as Persia we all know; that English interests predominate in the south and Russian interests in the north we have all superficially understood from childhood; but in this knowledge, coupled with the fact that Persia is comfortably far away, we are apt to rest content. It is only to the eyes that see through long-distance glasses, the minds that regard the present as nothing more nor less than an inevitable link joining the future to the past, that this distant debateable land stands out in its true political significance.

To the average reader of news the statement of Russia's move seemed scarcely more important than had the first report of the border risings in January, but to the men who had watched the growth of the disturbance it came charged with meaning. Through the entire ranks of the Opposition, from Fraide himself downwards, it caused a thrill of expectation—that peculiar prophetic sensation that every politician has experienced at some moment of his career.

And in no member of his party did this feeling strike deeper root than in Loder. Im-

bued with a lifelong interest in the Eastern question, specially equipped by personal knowledge to hold and proclaim an opinion upon Persian affairs, he read the portents with clear insight. Seated at Chilcote's table, surrounded by Chilcote's letters and papers, he forgot the breakfast that was slowly growing cold—forgot the interests and dangers, personal or pleasurable, of the night before, while his mental eyes persistently conjured up the map of Persia—travelling with steady deliberation from Merv to Meshed, from Meshed to Herat, from Herat to the Empire of India! For it was not the fact that the Hazaras had risen against the Shah that occupied the thinking mind, nor was it the fact that Russian and not Persian troops were destined to subdue them, but the deeply important consideration that an armed Russian force had crossed the frontier and was encamped within twenty miles of Meshed—Meshed, upon which covetous Russian eyes have rested since the days of Peter the Great.

So Loder's thoughts ran as he read and re-read the news from the varying political standpoints, and so they continued to run when some hours later an urgent telephone message from 'The St George's Gazette' asked him to call at Lakeley's office.

The message was interesting as well as imperative, and he made an instant response. The thought of Lakeley's keen eyes and shrewd enthusiasms

always possessed a strong attraction for his own slower temperament; but even had this impetus been lacking, the knowledge that at 'The St George's' offices, if anywhere, the true feelings of the party were invariably voiced would have drawn him without hesitation.

It was scarcely twelve o'clock when he turned the corner of the tall building, but already the keen spirit that Lakeley everywhere diffused was making itself felt. Loder smiled to himself as his eyes fell on the day's placards with their uncompromising headings, and passed onward from the string of gaily painted carts drawn up to receive their first consignment of the paper to the troop of eager newsboys passing in and out of the big swing-doors with their piled-up bundles of the early edition; and with a renewed thrill of anticipation and energy, he passed through the doorway and ran upstairs.

Passing unchallenged through the long corridor that led to Lakeley's office, he caught a fresh impression of action and vitality from the click of the tape-machines in the sub-editors' room and a glimpse through the open door of the sub-editors themselves, each employed upon some special task; then, without time for further observation, he found himself at Lakeley's door. Without waiting to knock, as he had felt compelled to do on the one or two previous occasions that business had brought him there, he immediately

turned the handle and entered the room.

Editors' offices differ but little in general effect. Lakeley's surroundings were rather more elaborate than is usual, as became the dignity of the oldest Tory evening paper, but the atmosphere was unmistakable. As Loder entered, he glanced up from the desk at which he was sitting, but instantly returned to his task of looking through and marking the pile of early evening editions that were spread around him. His coat was off and hung on the chair behind him, and he pulled vigorously on a long cigar.

"Hullo! That's right!" he said laconically. "Make yourself comfortable half a second, while I skim 'The St Stephen's.'"

His salutation pleased Loder. With a nod of acquiescence he crossed the office to the brisk fire that burned in the grate.

For a minute or two Lakeley worked steadily, occasionally breaking the quiet by an unintelligible remark or a vigorous stroke of his pencil. At last he dropped the paper with a gesture of satisfaction and leant back in his chair.

"Well," he said, "what d'you think of this? How's this for a complication?"

Loder turned round. "I think," he said quietly, "that we can't overestimate it."

Lakeley laughed and took a long pull at his cigar. "And we mustn't be afraid to let the Seftborough crowd know it, eh?" He waved his hand to the poster of the first edition that hung before his desk.

Loder, following his glance, smiled.

Lakeley laughed again. "They might have seen it all along, if they'd cared to deduce," he said. "Did they really believe that Russia was going to sit calmly looking across the Heri Rud while the Shah played at mobilising. But what became of you last night? We had a regular prophesying of the whole business at Bram-fell's; Fraide looked in for five minutes. I went on with him to the club afterwards and was there when the news came in. 'Twas a great night!"

Loder's face lighted up. "I can imagine it," he said with an unusual touch of warmth.

Lakeley watched him intently for a moment. Then with a quick action he leant forward and rested his elbows on the desk.

"It's going to be something more than imagination for you, Chilcote," he said impressively. "It's going to be solid reality!" He spoke rapidly, and with rather more than his usual shrewd decisiveness; then he paused to see the effect of his announcement.

Loder was still studying the flaring poster. At the other's words he turned sharply. Something in Lakeley's voice, something in his manner, arrested him. A tinge of colour crossed his face.

"Reality?" he said. "What do you mean?"

For a further space his companion watched him; then with a rapid movement he tilted back his chair.

"Yes," he said. "Yes: old Fraide's instincts are never far out. He's quite right. You're the man!"

Still quietly, but with a strange under-glow of excitement, Loder left the fire, and, coming forward, took a chair at Lakeley's desk.

"Do you mind telling me what you're driving at?" he asked in his old laconic voice.

Lakeley still scrutinised him with an air of brisk satisfaction; then with a gesture of finality he tossed his cigar away.

"My dear chap," he said, "there's going to be a breach somewhere, and Fraide says you're the man to step in and fill it! Five years ago, when things looked lively on the Gulf, and the Bundar Abbas business came to light, you did some promising work, and a reputation like that sticks to a man, even when he turns slacker! I won't deny that you've slacked abominably," he added as Loder made an uneasy movement, "but slacking has different effects. Some men run to seed, others mature. I had almost put you down on the black-list, but I've altered my mind in the last couple of months."

Again Loder stirred in his seat. A host of emotions were stirring in his mind. Every word wrung from Lakeley was another stimulus to pride—another subtle tribute to the curious force of personality.

"Well?" he said. "Well?"

Lakeley smiled. "We all know that Seftborough's Ministry is—well, top-heavy," he said. "Seftborough is building

his card-house just a story too high. It's a toss-up what'll upset the balance. It might be the Army, of course—or it might be Education. But it might quite as well be a matter of foreign policy!"

. They looked at each other in comprehensive silence.

"You know as well as I do that it's not the question of whether Russia comes into Persia—but the question of whether Russia goes out of Persia, when these Hazaras are subdued. I'll lay you what you like, Chilcote, that within one week we hear that the risings are suppressed, but that Russia, instead of retiring, has *advanced* those tempting twenty miles and comfortably ensconced herself at Meshed—much as she dropped down upon Ashurada sixty years ago."

Lakeley's nervous energetic figure was braced, his light-blue eyes brightened by the intensity of his interest.

"If this news comes before the Easter recess," he went on, "the first nail can be hammered in on the motion for adjournment. And if the right man does it in the right way, I'll lay my life 'twill be a nail in Sefborough's coffin."

Loder sat very still. Overwhelming possibilities had suddenly opened before him. In a

moment the unreality of the past months had become real; a tangible justification of himself and his imposture was suddenly made possible. In the stress of understanding, he too leant forward, and, resting his elbows on the desk, took his face between his hands.

For a space Lakeley made no remark. To him man and man's moods came second in interest to his paper and his party politics. That Chilcote should be conscious of the glories he had opened up seemed only natural—that he should show that consciousness in a becoming gravity only right. For some seconds he made no attempt to disturb him; but at last his own irrepressible activity made a longer silence unendurable. He caught up his pencil and tapped on the desk.

"Chilcote," he said quickly, and with a gleam of sudden anxiety, "you're not by any chance doubtful of yourself?"

At sound of his voice Loder lifted his face; it was quite pale again, but the energy and the resolution that had come into it when Lakeley first spoke were still to be seen.

"No, Lakeley," he said very slowly, "it's not the sort of moment in which a man doubts himself."

CHAPTER XIX.

And so it came about that Loder was freed from one responsibility to undertake another. From the morning of March the 27th, when Lake-

ley had expounded his political programme in the offices of 'The St George's Gazette,' to the afternoon of April the 1st he found himself a central

figure in the whirlpool of activity that formed itself in Conservative circles.

With the acumen for which he was noted, Lakeley had touched the keystone of the situation on that morning; and succeeding events—each fraught with its own importance—had but established the precision of his forecast.

Minutely watchful of Russia's attitude, Fraide quietly organised his forces and strengthened his position with a statesman-like grasp of opportunity; and to Loder the attributes displayed by his leader during those trying days formed an endless and absorbing study. Setting the thought of Chilcote aside, ignoring his own position and the risks he daily ran, he fully yielded to the glamour of the moment; and in the first freedom of a loose rein gave unreservedly all that he possessed of activity, capacity, and determination to the cause that claimed him.

Singularly privileged in a constant personal contact with Fraide, he learned many valuable lessons of control and organisation in those five vital days during which the tactics of a whole party hung upon one item of news from a country thousands of miles away. For should Russia subdue the insurgent Hazaras and, laden with the honours of the peacemaker, retire across the frontier, then the political arena would remain undisturbed; but should the all-important movement predicted by Lakeley become an accepted fact before Parliament rose for

the Easter recess, then the first blow in the fight that would rage during the succeeding session must inevitably be struck. In the meantime it was Fraide's difficult position to wait and watch and yet preserve his dignity.

It was early in the afternoon of March the 31st that Loder, in response to a long-standing invitation, lunched quietly with the Fraides. Being delayed by some communications from Wark, he was a few minutes late in keeping his appointment; and, on being shown into the drawing-room, found the little group of three that was to make up the party already assembled—Fraide, Lady Sarah, and Eve. As he entered the room they ceased to speak, and all three turned in his direction.

In the first moment he had a vague impression of responding suitably to Lady Sarah's cordial greeting; but he knew that immediately and unconsciously his eyes turned to Eve, that a quick sense of surprise and satisfaction passed through him at sight of her. For an instant he wondered how she would mark his avoidance of her since their last eventful interview, then instantly he blamed himself for the passing doubt. For before all things he knew her to be a woman of the world.

He took Fraide's outstretched hand; then again he looked towards Eve, waiting for her to speak.

She met his glance, but said nothing. Instead of speaking she smiled at him—a smile that

was far more reassuring than any words, a smile that in a single second conveyed forgiveness, approbation, and a warm, almost tender, sense of sympathy and comprehension. The remembrance of that smile stayed with him long after they were seated at table; and far into the future the remembrance of the lunch itself, with its pleasant private sense of satisfaction, was destined to return to him in retrospective moments. The delightful atmosphere of the Fraides' home-life had always been a wonder and an enigma to him; but on this day he seemed to grasp its meaning by a new light, as he watched Eve soften under its influence and felt himself drawn imperceptibly from the position of a speculative outsider to that of an intimate. It was a fresh side to the complex fascinating life of which Fraide was the master spirit.

These reflections had grown agreeably familiar to his mind; the talk, momentarily diverted into social channels, was quietly drifting back to the inevitable question of the "situation" that, in private moments, was never far from their lips when the event that was to mark and separate that day from those that had preceded it was unceremoniously thrust upon them.

Without announcement or apology the door was suddenly flung open and Lakeley entered the room.

His face was brimming with excitement and his eyes flashed. In the first haste of the entry he failed to see that there were

ladies in the room, and crossing instantly to Fraide, laid an open telegram before him. "This is official, sir," he said. Then he glanced round the table.

"Lady Sarah!" he exclaimed. "Can you forgive me? But I'd have given a hundred pounds to be the first with this!" He looked back at Fraide.

Lady Sarah rose and held out her hands. "Mr Lakeley," she said, "I more than understand!" There was a thrill in her warm cordial voice, and her eyes also turned towards her husband.

Of the whole party Fraide alone was perfectly calm. He sat very still, his small thin figure erect and dignified, as his eyes scanned the message that meant so much.

Eve, who had sprung from her seat and passed round the table at sound of Lakeley's news, was leaning over his shoulder, reading the telegram with him. At the last word she lifted her head, her face flushed with excitement.

"How splendid it must be to be a man!" she exclaimed. And without premeditation her eyes and Loder's met.

In this manner came the news from Persia, and with it Loder's definite call. In the momentary stress of action it was impossible that any thought of Chilcote could obtrude itself. Events had followed each other too rapidly, decisive action had been too much thrust upon him to allow of hesitation; and it was in this spirit, under this

vigorous pressure, that he made his attack upon the Government on the day that followed Fraide's luncheon-party.

That indefinable attentiveness, that alert sensation of impending storm that is so strong an index of the parliamentary atmosphere, was very keen on that memorable 1st of April. It was obvious in the crowded benches on both sides of the House—in the oneness of purpose that insensibly made itself felt through the ranks of the Opposition and found definite expression in Fraide's stiff figure and tightly shut lips—in the unmistakable uneasiness that lay upon the Ministerial benches.

But notwithstanding these indications of battle, the early portion of the proceedings was unmarked by excitement, being tinged with the purposeless lack of vitality that had of late marked all the affairs of the Seftborough Ministry; and it was not until the adjournment of the House for the Easter recess had at last been moved that the spirit of activity hovering in the air descended, and galvanised the assembly into life. It was then, amid a stir of interest, that Loder slowly rose.

Many curious incidents have marked the speech-making annals of the House of Commons, but it is doubtful whether it has ever been the lot of a member to hear his own voice raised for the first time on a subject of vital interest to his party—having been denied all initial assistance of minor questions asked

or unimportant amendments proposed. Of all those gathered together in the great building on that day only one man appreciated the difficulty of Loder's position—and that man was Loder himself.

He rose slowly and stood silent for a couple of seconds—his body braced, his fingers touching the sheaf of notes that lay in front of him. To the waiting House the silence was effective. It might mean over-assurance or it might mean a failure of nerve at a critical moment. Either possibility had a tinge of piquancy. Moved by the same impulse, fifty pairs of eyes turned upon him with new interest; but up in the Ladies' Gallery Eve clasped her hands in sudden apprehension; and Fraide, sitting stiffly in his seat, turned and shot one swift glance at the man on whom, against prudence and precedent, he had pinned his faith. The glance was swift but very searching, and, with a characteristic movement of his wiry shoulders, he resumed his position and with it his usual grave attentive attitude. At the same moment Loder lifted his head and began to speak.

Here at the outset his inexperience met him. His voice, pitched too low, only reached those directly near him. It was a moment of great strain. Eve, listening intently, drew a long breath of suspense and let her fingers drop apart. The sceptical watchful eyes that faced him line upon line seemed to flash and brighten

with critical interest. Only Fraide made no change of expression: he sat placid, serious, attentive—with the shadow of a smile behind his eyes.

Again Loder paused, but this time the pause was shorter. The ordeal he had dreaded and waited for was past, and he saw his way clearly. With the old movement of the shoulders, he straightened himself and once more began to speak. This time his voice rang quietly true and commanding across the floor of the House.

No first step can be really great,—it must of necessity possess more of prophecy than of achievement; nevertheless it is by the first step that a man marks the value, not only of his cause, but of himself. Following broadly on the lines that tradition has laid down for the Conservative orator, Loder disguised rather than displayed the vein of strong persuasive eloquence that was his natural gift. The occasion that might possibly justify such a display of individuality might lie with the future, but it had no application to the present. For the moment his duty was to voice his party sentiments with as much lucidity, as much logic, and as much calm conviction as lay within his capacity.

Standing quietly in Chilcote's place, he was conscious with a deep sense of gravity of the peculiarity of his position; and perhaps it was this unconscious and unstudied seriousness that lent him the tone of weight and judgment so essential to

the cause he had in hand. It has always been difficult to arouse the interest of the House on matters of British policy in Persia. Once aroused, it may, it is true, reach fever-heat with remarkable rapidity; but the initial stages offer that worst danger to the man who would introduce the subject—the dread of an apathetic audience. But from this consideration Loder, by his sharp consciousness of personal difficulties, was given immunity.

Pitching his voice in that calmly masterful tone that beyond all others compels attention, he took up his subject, treating it with dispassionate force. With great skill he touched on the steady southward advance of Russia into Persian territory from the early days when, by a curious irony of fate, Russian and British enterprise combined to make entry into the country under the sanction of the Grand Duke of Moscow, up to the present hour when this great power of Russia—long since alienated by interests and desires from her former co-operator—had taken a step which in the eyes of every thinking man must possess a deep significance. With quiet persistence he pointed out the peculiar position of Meshed, in the distant province of Khorasan,—its vast distance from the Persian Gulf, round which British power and influence centre, and the consequently alarming position of hundreds of traders who, in the security of British sovereignty, are fighting their way upward from India, from Af-

ghanistan, even from England herself.

Following up his point, he dilated on those subjects of the British Crown who, cut off from adequate assistance, can only turn in personal or commercial peril to the protective power of the nearest consulate. Then, quietly demanding the attention of his hearers, he marshalled fact after fact to demonstrate the isolation and inadequacy of a consulate so situated, the all but arbitrary power of Russia, who in her new occupation of Meshed had only two considerations to withhold her from open aggression—the knowledge of England as a very considerable but a very distant power; the knowledge of Persia as an imminent but wholly impotent factor in the case!

Having stated his opinions, he reverted to the motive of his speech—his desire to put forward a strong protest against the adjournment of the House without an assurance from the Government that immediate measures would be taken to safeguard British interest in Meshed and throughout the province of Khorasan.

The immediate outcome of Loder's speech was all that his party had desired. The effect on the House had been marked; and when—no satisfactory response coming to his demand—he had in still more resolute and insistent terms called for a division on the motion for adjournment, the result had been an appreciable fall in the Government majority.

To Loder himself the realisation that he had at last vindicated and justified himself by individual action had a peculiar effect. His position had been altered in one remarkable particular. Before this day he alone had known himself to be strong; now the knowledge was shared by others, and he was human enough to be susceptible to the change.

The first poignant appreciation of it came immediately after the excitement of the division, when Fraide, singling him out, took his arm and pressed it affectionately.

"My dear Chilcote," he said, "we are all proud of you!" Then, looking up into his face, he added in a graver tone, "But always keep your mind upon the future; never be blinded by the present—however bright it seems."

At the touch of his hand, at the spontaneous approval of his first words, Loder's pride thrilled, and in a vehement rush of ambition his senses answered to the praise. Then, as Fraide in all unconsciousness added his second sentence, the hot glow of feeling suddenly chilled. In a sweep of intuitive reaction the meaning and the danger of his falsely real position extinguished his excitement and turned his triumph cold. With an involuntary gesture he withdrew his arm.

"You're very good, sir!" he said. "And you're very right. We never should forget that there is—a future."

The old man glanced up, surprised by the tone.

"Quite so, Chilcote!" he said

kindly. "But we only advise those in whom we really believe to look towards it. Shall we find my wife? I know she will want to bear you home with us."

But Loder's joy in himself and his achievement had dropped from him. He shrank suddenly from Lady Sarah's congratulations, from Eve's warm silent approbation.

"Thanks, sir!" he said, "but I don't feel fit for society. A touch of my—nerves, I suppose." He laughed shortly. "But do you mind saying to Eve that I hope I have—satisfied her?" He added this as if in half-reluctant after-thought. Then with a short pressure of Fraide's hand he turned, evading the many groups that waited to claim him, and passed out of the House alone.

Hailing a cab, he drove to Grosvenor Square. All the exaltation of an hour ago had turned to ashes. His excitement had found its culmination in a sense of futility and premonition.

He met no one in the hall or on the stairs of Chilcote's

house, and on entering the study he found that also deserted. Greening had been amongst the most absorbed of those who had listened to his speech. Passing at once into the room, he crossed as if by instinct to the desk and there halted. On the top of some unopened letters lay the significant yellow envelope of a telegram—the telegram that in an unformed subconscious way had sprung to his expectation on the moment of Fraide's congratulation.

Very quietly he picked it up, opened, read it, and with the automatic caution that had become habitual to him, carried it across the room and dropped it into the fire. This done, he returned to the desk, glanced through the letters that awaited Chilcote, and scribbling the necessary notes upon their margins, left them in readiness for Greening. Then, moving with the same quiet suppression, he passed from the room, down the stairs, and out into the street by the way he had come.

(To be continued.)

LOVE AND DEATH.

BY GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.

"Sombre amant de la mort, pauvre Leopardi!"

—ALFRED DE MUSSET.

LOVE and his sister Death
Fate at a birth
Begot, so legend saith;
And here below on earth,
Nor in the stars, is aught
So beautiful. The one
Brings all that elevates, and all that's fair;
The joys he brings are of all joys the chief
That on life's ocean-waste befall.
The other brings a balm for every grief,
And quiets every ill, how great soe'er;
A maiden exquisitely fair is she;
Pleasant she is to look upon withal,
Not such as craven souls imagine her to be.
Oft-time the youthful Love
Delights with her in company to go.
Together then they hover high in air
Above the spots where men wear life away;—
Chief comfort they
Of every heart that gentle is and wise.
And never is the heart more wise than when
Stricken by Love, or bolder to despise
Life's misadventures and its pain,
Nor yet, at any other lord's behest,
More strong to face all dangers undismayed:
For when thou, Love, dost lend thine aid,
Courage is fired, and wakes to life again;
In action, then, and deeds of high emprise,
And not in thought that spends itself in vain,
Do mortal men grow wise.

When first unto its depths by Love
The heart is thrill'd, there comes
With it a yearning languorous and sad,
To fade away and die.
I wist not how or why,
But ever such of love the first effect,
Of the true love that the whole soul enthrals;
And this perchance may be,
Because the eyes
Are scared, as they
The wilderness foresee,
That dark before them lies,
Of day succeeding day
By the felicity unblest,
So novel, so unique, so infinite,
As the entrancèd spirit pictures it.
Or it may be, that in the haunting fear
Of the heart's agonies and conflicts dire,
The lover longs for rest,
Would fain a haven find
From the wild storms of passionate desire,
That even now in gloom are gathering round his head.

And when that power so dread
Doth the whole being sway,
And racks the heart with pangs,
Which nothing can allay,
How often, Death, art thou
Implored, with prayer and vow,
By the distracted lover for relief
From his relentless pain!
How oft at eve, how oft when until dawn
Writhing with weary body on his bed,
Would he esteem him blest, if ne'er again
He from his pillow raised his head,
And turn'd to look upon the cruel light!
How often at the toll of funeral bell,
Or chant that hymns the dead
To blank oblivion and eternal night,
With burning sighs heart-wrung,
He envies him, who with the voiceless crowd
Of those that are no more has gone to dwell!

Yea, even of humankind the common rout,¹
The rustic boor, belike, who nothing knows
Of all the strength of mind, that out
Of gathered wisdom grows,—
The shy and timorous girl,
Who erewhile at the name
Of Death would feel her hair
Rise up on end,
With dauntless constancy her gaze will bend
Upon the funeral cerecloths and the tomb,
Ponder hour after hour upon the doom
Of steel or poison-bowl,
And her untutor'd soul
All the sweet charm of death will feel and comprehend.

So strongly does Love's discipline
Men unto Death incline, and many a time
So fiercely burns the raging fire within,
That mortal strength
Is broken down, and then the body, frail,
And by the struggle terrible outworn,
Succumbs at length;
In such wise then doth Death
By her twin brother's influence prevail,
Or else by Love the heart so deep is stung,
That of their own accord the ignorant boor,
The maiden, sweet and young,
With violent hand
Down to the dust their youthful limbs will strike,—
Their fate a mark for the world's smiles and jeers!
To whom, and all such like,
May heaven send dull content and a long span of years!

To spirits touch'd with fire,
To minds that loftily aspire, may one
Or other of you twain vouchsafe
Peace when their race is run,

¹ "Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That, wandering loose about,
Grow up and perish as the summer fly,
Heads without name, no more remembered."

—MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*.

Ye gentle lords, friends of the humankind,
Like to whose power is none,
And none so great,
In the wide universe, save only Fate!
And thou, oh lovely Death, whom I
Have held in honour since my life begun,
And with my prayers invoked,
Thou, who alone hast pity for the world
Of earthly sorrows, if by me
At any time thy praises have been sung,
If e'er to thy ascendancy divine
I have essay'd to make
Atonement for the taunts insulting flung
Upon thee by the thankless multitude,
No longer tarry, but thine ear incline
To prayers, whereby thou art but rarely woo'd;
And evermore, thou of my fate the Queen,
Close these sad eyes of mine
Unto the light of day!
Thou'lt find me calm and resolute of mood:
Come the hour when it may,
Thou dost thy pinions to my prayers expand,
Thou'lt find my spirit mann'd
To meet its destiny, my brow serene,
With neither prayer nor blessing for the hand
That's with my innocent blood imbrued,
Its scourge has drawn! I will not do,
As coward hearts have through the ages done!
All the fantastic hopes, wherein mankind
A foolish comfort find,
Away from me I cast!
While here I linger, saving thee alone,
Unto the last
I hope for nothing, can with tranquil mind
Look forward to the day, and deem it blest,
When sinking into dreamless sleep, I lay
My wearied head upon thy virgin breast.

REMINISCENCES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.¹

THE late Mr G. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General of the Forces, enjoyed for many years the friendship of the Duke of Wellington. Having fought in the Peninsula, he gave up his commission to take orders, and, being half soldier, half priest, he devoted much of his leisure to the pursuit of literature. It was his book, 'The Subaltern,'—a romance which has survived the many shocks of changing taste,—that first won him the Duke's acquaintance. The Duke owned 'The Subaltern' "true enough," and said to Croker of its author, "He is a clever, observing man, and I shall inquire about him." And inquire he did, with the result that he accepted the dedication of a second edition, and that henceforth Gleig was received at Walmer, Strathfieldsaye, and Apsley House with intimacy and confidence.

But more than opportunity was given to Gleig. He cherished for his hero a deep and lasting sympathy, which afforded him an insight into the Duke's character denied to many of his intimates. Moreover, he approached his friend and patron with the same air of humility which Boswell always preserved in the presence of Doctor Johnson. He continually refers to him as "this

great man," and though his candour detected some spots upon the sun of his adoration, he was less inclined to exaggerate them than to explain them away. His 'Personal Reminiscences' of the Duke, therefore, bear the stamp of authenticity, and, though many others since Gleig have printed their confidences, there is much that is fresh, and nothing that is false, in this posthumous work.

Not long after Gleig's first meeting with the Duke, the loud cry for the reform of the House of Commons was heard in the land, and throughout the political crisis which preceded the famous Bill of 1832 Gleig was a staunch supporter of the Tory party. In these years of stress and storm he aided the Duke both with counsel and with pen, and his account of the Duke's opinions and policy is of the greatest value. No statesman opposed the encroaching democracy with greater vigour and a higher sense of duty than Wellington. The Duke had a sincere and well-grounded distrust of the people. In his eyes it was not reform that was contemplated—it was revolution. "It was a revolution in itself," he said to Gleig, "which ought to have been

¹ Personal Reminiscences of the First Duke of Wellington; with Sketches of some of his Guests and Contemporaries. By the late Rev. G. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General; author of 'The Subaltern,' &c. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1904.

crushed in the bud, and I suggested to Peel the propriety of moving that leave be refused to introduce the Bill. But Peel always had his own views about what was due to the House of Commons, and my advice was not acted upon. And now you see what a mess we are in!" He saw ruin in the present, and no hope for the future. England, the sole peaceful corner of Europe, would, he was convinced, become an anarchical bear-garden. "The Bill once passed," said Croker, "good-night to the Monarchy, and the Lords, and the Church," and the Duke shared Croker's despondency. Moreover, although (perhaps because) he had given way on the Catholic Relief Bill, Wellington was determined not to yield an inch on the question of Reform; and he only withdrew his opposition at the last, in order to save the House of Lords from what he believed an indignity. He was perfectly satisfied with things as they were, and saw nothing but good in rotten boroughs and unenfranchised towns. "I do not mean to assert that I would form such a legislature as you now possess," he had said, replying to Lord Grey in 1830, "for the nature of man is incapable of reaching such excellence at once; but my great endeavour would be to form some description of legislature which would produce the same results." However, in this crisis he found no more zealous supporter than Gleig, who did his utmost to acquire newspapers and to influence the press, and who was

rewarded by a frank exposition of his leader's views. The most of men, even of Tories, at that time were content either to excuse the existing anomaly or to plead the inviolability of the constitution. But Wellington was eloquent in applauding the weakest points of our electoral system. "I confess," he wrote to Gleig in April 1831, "that I see in thirty members for Rotten Boroughs thirty men, I don't care of which party, who would preserve the state of property as it is, who would maintain by their votes the Church of England, its possessions, its churches and universities, all our great institutions and corporations, the Union with Scotland and Ireland, the union of the country with its foreign colonies and possessions, the national honour abroad, and its good faith with all the King's subjects at home."

The Duke's stern consistency aroused England to a storm of fury at a hapless moment. To the desolation of cholera was added the disgrace of a general riot, and upon none did the mob wreak its anger so fiercely as upon the victor of Waterloo, the hero who had saved Europe. Wherever he went, the Duke was received with hisses and brick-bats. Returning on one occasion from the City, he might have lost his life had not the gates of Lincoln's Inn been closed behind him. An assault was made upon Apsley House, and the rioters were only stayed in their work of destruction by being told that the Duchess lay

dead within. Through all the disturbances the Duke remained cold and unmoved; he went about his business as though he had not lost a jot of his popularity; and he announces to Gleig his departure for Walmer with a pleasant defiance. "I suspect that those who will attack me on the road," said he, "will come rather the worst out of the contest, if there should be one." But Gleig was not easy in his mind, and at the mere suspicion of danger all his martial ardour revived. He, therefore, "communicated with a few gentlemen on whom he could rely," and provided the Duke with a body-guard on his progress from Sandwich to Walmer. They were six in number, armed with pistols and hunting-whips. Gleig rode forward to meet the Duke, leaving his companions in Sandwich, and "found him in his open calèche, provided with a brace of double-barrelled pistols, and having his servant likewise armed seated on the box." But happily no mob appeared, and for that day at any rate the Duke arrived safely within his castle walls without danger or insult.

However, the Bill was passed, and the results anticipated by the Tories did not follow. After seventy years of Reform, the Monarchy, the Church, and the House of Lords, which the Duke believed threatened, are still with us. But this episode, which Mr Gleig sets forth at length, need not involve the Duke in a charge of reckless prophesying. The truth is that the Bill of 1832 disappointed

both parties,—the Whigs to their hurt, the Tories to their profit. The Whigs, who fondly believed that they would be governors of England for life, soon saw themselves displaced; while the Tories found to their surprise that the free electors did not make a much worse choice than the patrons of the Rotten Boroughs. At a moment of political crisis, even the wisest statesman is apt to believe that the country is in danger. But it is the habit of England to cheat reform of its logical conclusion, and though we live under the form of a democracy, our government is still oligarchic in essence and temper. After all, the people clamoured loudest for what it has not got, and having in the winter of 1831-32 burnt towns and sacked houses, it chose to be represented by many of the same men against whom its fury had been so savagely expressed. Unfortunately, the Duke of Wellington did not live to see the full irony of Whiggism. It has been reserved for our own time, and for one of our own colonies, to demonstrate the futility of Universal Suffrage. There is to-day no Australian so poor but he may enjoy the privilege of a vote; yet, taking no pride in the rights of citizenship, for which his fathers fought and bled, the Australian obstinately declines to vote, and to complete the circle of absurdity, the Victorian Cabinet has resolved to make voting compulsory. It hopes to attain this end by disfranchisement. In other words, he who will not vote to-day, may not vote to-morrow, even if he

would. Here we have the materials of a real comedy, and if Wellington is permitted in the *Shades* to hear what happens on the Earth, he must smile at the revenge which Time has taken upon the aspirations of democracy.

While Gleig was perpetual curate of Ash, he was a constant visitor at Walmer Castle, and he describes the many guests whom the Duke entertained with a shrewd appreciation of their aspect and character. It is difficult to say anything fresh of Talleyrand, yet we know no better portrait than Gleig's:—

"A flat head, covered with a mass of perfectly white hair, which, combed down over the forehead, gave to it the appearance of being preternaturally low, contradicted the received theories which make a lofty brow, an oval crown, the outward and visible signs of genius. His eyes, small, black, and sunken in their sockets, were surmounted with bushy eyebrows perfectly black and straight. A nose short and retroussé, a complexion ashy pale rather than sallow, and a chin strongly marked, made up a countenance which, when in repose, was wellnigh repulsive."

However, his face lit up when he made a jest or epigram, but this was seldom, if we may believe Gleig, who says that Talleyrand was taciturn in company, and was particularly disinclined to conversation at dinner, in his eyes the most important function of the day. The Duke apparently thought little of his abilities, regarding him as a "common-place politician, who owed his advancement to the anxiety of the French Government to obtain the services of as many

aristocrats as were willing to make common cause with it." But Talleyrand was only one of many foreigners who broke their journey at Walmer. Thither came General Alava, who for many years was intimate with the Duke, but who was so devoted to intrigue that he could not forbear to communicate with Lord Grey even while he was living in the Duke's house; and Count Nugent, who in the Peninsula offered Wellington the command of the united armies of Austria and Prussia, if only an alliance could be made between those Powers and England.

The task which Gleig sets himself of judging the Duke's colleagues in Parliament is not so easy, but he acquits himself with a fair show of justice. He is somewhat too hard upon Lyndhurst, it is true; but he was evidently led away by the gossip of the time to believe the great Chancellor a venal and unstable politician. For this, however, there is little warrant. Though, like many another, Lyndhurst may have been a Jacobin in his youth, he showed himself an able and consistent Tory for nearly half a century, and there is not the slightest ground for doubting his sincerity. Nor will we believe, except on far stronger evidence than Gleig was able to adduce, that he made his patronage profitable. But from the first Lyndhurst was exposed to misunderstanding and slander. Greville declares that he was an American, and he was no more an American than Greville himself. The other Whigs de-

nounced the violence, of which they stood in awe, and did their best to belittle an overmastering talent by charges of speculation. But Lyndhurst was wise enough to suffer no hurt from their attacks. His great gifts of knowledge, eloquence, and statecraft raised him above the intrigues wherewith he was assailed, while his handsome person and affable manners shamed many of his opponents into admiration. To win a tribute from men so different as Disraeli and Brougham is no mean achievement, yet, while Disraeli always regarded Lyndhurst as the statesman who first helped and protected him in public life, Brougham, a lifelong adversary, sang his praises with a frank enthusiasm. He admits that Lyndhurst held all men very cheap, but says, "He was so immeasurably superior to his contemporaries, and indeed to almost all who had gone before him, that he might well be pardoned for looking down rather than praising." At the same time Brougham admits that, despite his superiority, Lyndhurst was always kind and genial. "His good nature was perfect, and he had neither nonsense nor cant any more than he had littleness or spite in his composition." This tribute is the more striking because Lyndhurst never disguised his well-grounded contempt for Brougham's mischievous policy.

To Lord Lyndhurst's conversation Gleig does full justice, though he might, as we have said, have dealt more amiably with his character.

On the other hand, he has discussed Croker with equal understanding and tact, which are the more remarkable because Croker has been the butt of Whigs and Tories alike. Before his death he inspired two of the bitterest portraits known to literature, and after his death the acid wherewith his character had been etched was not diluted. Indeed, not until Mr Jennings published his 'Correspondence and Diaries' was a single word uttered in Croker's favour. The world had already made up its mind that he was base, venal, and obsequious, and Croker's turpitude seemed as much an article of faith as the invincibility of the British Navy. Gleig has thrown the weight of his authority into Croker's scale, and has given us many excellent reasons why the obstinate verdict of thirty years ago should be revised. Of course, Croker possessed certain traits which irritated or outraged his companions. He could as little conceal his vanity as he could restrain his tongue. He must win all the applause for himself, and monopolise the conversation in all societies. When he sat down to write he dipped his pen in gall, obeying the dictates not of malice but of style, and he was condemned to suffer for the sins of all the others who rent their enemies in 'The Quarterly,' as well as for his own. On the other hand, as Gleig points out, "Croker was as capable of strong attachments as of strong antipathies. His friendship for Canning was as sincere as it

was lasting, and his feelings for the Duke of Wellington amounted to something like reverence." For thirty years he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy with Peel, and no one who reads the last letters which passed between the two can doubt for a moment on which side lay the sin of disloyalty. In politics, moreover, he always played a straightforward game, and never once sacrificed principles to profit. In brief, as Gleig says, "Croker was a very remarkable man. His faults were those of temperament and manner. His good qualities were not overbalanced by them. His abilities were of a high order, and if he failed to achieve the highest honours in any one walk of life, it was because he frittered away his powers in too many." But by a sort of consent he has been held up to obloquy for sixty years, and it will be long before his memory is relieved of the weight of prejudice which still lies upon it.

Gleig's judgment of Peel is consonant with his known sympathy and opinions. He did not like the great parliamentarian any more than he liked his views or admired his temper. Peel's manners, he writes, "so far as my experience goes, were stiff, cold, and therefore forbidding. The impression they made upon you was that you were in the presence of a man so terribly afraid of committing himself that he could not utter a word on any subject till he had well weighed all its possible consequences." To Gleig he appeared cautious, prim, taciturn, and uncertain of him-

self. He could never forget, we are told, that though he led the magnates of England he was not of them. He lived in the House of Commons and for the House of Commons, which whole-hearted devotion explains both his power and its limitations. Not a picturesque figure, perhaps; but we cannot charge Gleig with having drawn it in too sombre colours. Indeed, the striking quality of all these sketches is their moderation. The author was evidently determined to do justice to all those whom he encountered, and to be swayed neither by rumour nor by the prejudices of others. The Arbuthnots, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Sir Charles Napier,—he finds a judicious word to say of them all, and though in recently published memoirs we have read much of these personages, Gleig, being always sincere, has something to record which has escaped the others.

But the true hero of his 'Reminiscences,' as of his life-long adoration, is the Duke of Wellington himself. As he is the central point of Gleig's politics, so he is the central point of his book. The others are brought on and off the stage merely as they affect the great protagonist, whose character Gleig has sketched with a careful elaboration. Concerning his domestic relations there is little said; indeed, there is little to say. His marriage was a misfortune which embittered his life, and persuaded him to declare that, could he have his career over again, with all its honours and success, he

would reject the boon. He was not bound to his sons by strong ties of affection, and thought that his duty towards them was accomplished when he had given them what he deemed the best education and sent them into the army. His views on education were sound and clear. When he was consulted by parents as to the training which would best fit their sons for the army, his answer was always the same. "Send them to a public school," he would say, "or to one of the universities. In this country an officer must be something more than a fighting machine, and should therefore acquire such knowledge and habits of thought as shall qualify him to fill, with credit to himself and benefit to the public, such a post as governor of a colony, and to act, if called upon to do so, as a magistrate." What he urged upon others, he did himself. His sons went from Eton to Oxford, and thence, after what the Duke held an unjust rustication, to Cambridge. But when they had obtained their commissions, they ceased to hold either the affection or the interest of their father. We must not, however, infer from this that the Duke was insensitive or unemotional. On the contrary, he was a man of warm friendships, who depended throughout his life upon the sympathy of women, and probably the frigidity of his domestic relations was the cause, not the effect, of a somewhat hard temper.

His perfect success in his profession was due as much to a determined concentration as

to any other quality. He never frittered his time or his wits upon such vain and pleasant pursuits as could only prove a hindrance to his career. He was a soldier first, then a statesman; but he was never a dilettante, and literature exercised no claim upon him. Though he took a keen interest in history, as one who had also played his part in the world's drama, he was frank enough to avow a distaste of poetry; and he judged all books by the same practical standard of utility wherewith he judged men. Not even the pursuits of the country, in which he spent the greater part of his time, had any attraction for him, and he was as ignorant of agriculture as Montaigne, who confessed, not without a certain boastfulness, that he could not tell a cabbage from a lettuce. On one occasion the Duke asked Arbuthnot how turnips were propagated,—by seed or by cuttings, like potatoes. But though in most affairs of life the Duke was simple as a child, he was a rigid economist in his own house, in which he permitted no detail to escape his vigilance. "Having once suffered from the roguery of an upper servant," says Gleig, "he never again intrusted the payment of his bills to any hand except his own, and kept his cellar low in order that his wine account, like his accounts with butcher, baker, and coal-merchant, should always be of short standing." Economical of all things, he was most economical of his time. Though he emerged at ten o'clock for breakfast, he immediately returned to his

room, and as often as not was not seen again until in the afternoon he either drove or rode, in neither of which exercises he excelled. "You return home before dark,"—again it is Gleig who writes,—“repair for an hour or more to your respective chambers, and meet again at seven for dinner. It is a very simple meal, consisting of soup, fresh herrings, an entremet, a small leg of Welsh mutton, a roast pheasant, and a pudding. The Duke has an excellent appetite, and eats fast. He still drinks his wine, though moderately, and after wine and coffee you repair to the drawing-room, where an arm-chair is set on each side of the fireplace, with a little table and candle near it.” The details, you may object, are trivial, but it is by details that you may know a man. All great soldiers behave with the same composure on the field of battle. The small differences of habit and custom distinguish one from another; and Gleig, by recording what might seem to be unimportant, has yet done us a signal service.

When we approach the more serious side of the Duke's character, we shall see that he engrossed the sterner virtues, as Marlborough, in Chesterfield's phrase, engrossed the Graces. In honour, duty, energy, courage, he was a pattern for his age and for all time. He never fell short of the occasion; he always sacrificed himself to the public good; and never in a long career did he yield a jot of purpose to the vain desire of popularity, the bootless wish to stand well with men. More-

over, so strict was his sense of justice that, aristocrat though he was in feeling and conviction, he would not transgress what he deemed right even to serve his order. As a statesman, he suspected the people of harbouring designs against the time-honoured institutions of the country. He did not believe that the wisest and best rulers were to be found among the uneducated. "It was to the influence of an aristocracy," he held, "patriotic, moderate, and just, that England owed her moral superiority over other nations. Secrets were never betrayed in our public offices or in our embassies. Why? Because public offices and embassies were officered by gentlemen who, unlike the officials of other states, were proof against bribes. The English army was the best in the world, not because Englishmen are braver or more enduring than other races, but because the officers of the English army are gentlemen." Yet though he was staunch in this opinion, he was no respecter of persons. As Commander-in-Chief, he once reprimanded the Duke of Clarence, and feared that, when William IV. came to the throne, he would suffer for his honesty. But William IV. was after his own guise as honest as the Duke, and bore no malice for what no doubt he owned to be an act of justice. Again, loyal though he was to the throne, Wellington criticised the kings under whom he had served with the utmost frankness. While he thought George III. the best king that ever ruled over Eng-

land, he attributed to George IV.'s lack of fidelity to his Ministers most of the difficulties which he had to meet when in office.

"And there is no excuse for him," he said, "as there is for his successor. George IV. was naturally an able man, and was by no means wanting in knowledge on all subjects, and especially on politics. But there was a moral twist in him which made it impossible quite to believe what he said at the moment, and still less to depend upon his promises. The Duke of Cumberland, though neither as clever as he nor possessing a tittle of his general knowledge, had enormous influence over him, simply because he had, while the king had not, a strong will, and he exercised it while he was First Lord of the Treasury in the most mischievous manner. . . . Still the king's death when it occurred was a great misfortune. We could have got on with the Parliament which passed our Bill—ay, in spite of the Revolution in Paris."

But his sense of rank and aristocracy was modified by a personal pride, which his career entirely justified. He never forgave Louis XVIII., who, fearing lest the Duke should ask the life of Ney, declined on frivolous pretexts to grant him an audience; and when, after Ney was shot, Louis XVIII. sent word that he would see him, Wellington properly ignored the message. "As commanding my sovereign's troops," said he, "I must remain here, and whatever is officially required of me I will do; but I am likewise an English gentleman. The king has insulted me, and unless the insult be atoned for, I will never go near him except on public business." In that spirit the Duke met the world, a spirit of loyalty,

honour, and justice, which is not sympathetic to the most of men.

That the Duke was not popular can hardly be denied. He was feared and respected, but he was not loved. Though he never appeared but to the applause of the people except during the years of agitation, though every word he uttered was reverently pondered, the incense offered him burnt at a cold fire. His intimates, even when they were Whigs, like Creevey and Greville, cherished a distant affection for him, but he could not arouse the enthusiasm of the people or of his own soldiers. The truth is, the graver virtues which we have enumerated do not glitter in the public eye, and Wellington was content to do his duty, and, as he might have said himself, to let the rest be damned. In other words, he was a realist, who esteemed truth and a practical issue above all else in the world. The ultimate purpose of his action was always more important in his eyes than its outward effect, and it may be said that he was wholly lacking in decorative instinct. The result was that no sentiment of romance clung to his name. He was rather an ancient Roman than an ancient Greek. He was greeted in Piccadilly not as a man who *was* something, but as a man who had *achieved* something. For this reason his presence never exercised the magic without which Napoleon, or Marlborough, or even lesser men than he or they, never appeared before their troops. In truth, the feeling of the

army, as of the people, towards the Duke was one of respect and confidence rather than of personal devotion. "This is not to be wondered at," as Gleig says. "Strictly just, according to his own views of justice, the Duke took no pains whatever to conciliate the love or stir the enthusiasm of his followers. In the hour of danger his presence was worth the arrival of a strong reinforcement, and his cheery word and lively manners acted like a charm on the men, however hardly pressed." But beyond taking a scrupulous care of his troops, and seeing that they were well fed and clothed, he did little to win their attachment. He never indulged in rhetoric when he reported a victory at home. He blamed delinquencies, and took courage and skill for granted. Here his practice differed widely from Napoleon's. The great emperor sang pæans to his own troops; he excited their nerves so rapturously with his eloquence that they were ready to rush to the jaws of death, so long as they followed him. But the two methods correspond not merely to a difference of temper, but a difference in the material with which each had to deal. Napoleon was cynical even in his enthusiasms. He knew perfectly well how to keep the love of France, which he understood all the better for the very reason that he looked upon it with an alien eye. Had he been in command of an English army he would have used another manner, another language. Maybe he would have treated Wellington's troops very

much as Wellington treated them, and in any case it must be admitted that the Duke made the most of the men he commanded. It was consonant with his shrewd temper and his rough habit of speech that he should abuse them. Yet the same man, as Gleig tells us, "who thus addressed his army, while leading it from one victory to another, stated in his evidence before a parliamentary committee that it was the most perfect machine ever put together, and that with it he could go anywhere and do anything."

Again, it must be admitted that the gay side of life was indifferent to Wellington. Being a man of simple tastes, he cared little for splendour and elegance. To the end of his life he retained the plain habits of the soldier. He was content to sleep on a couch or camp-bed, and, had he been left to himself, he would have dined always upon the humblest fare. It is characteristic of him that he had no palate. When Cambacérès, a *gourmet* of the first rank, asked the Duke to dine with him, and after the banquet asked his guest what he thought of it, the Duke replied that he had not noticed what he was eating. "Then," said Cambacérès with a just anger, "why did you come here?" These traits are recorded, not in praise of Wellington, but because they throw a light upon a complex character. After all, he was something better than a *gourmet*, a dilettante, or a rhetorician. He was a soldier, who served his country so well, that after a

long career he might boast that he had taken some three thousand guns from the enemy and never lost a single piece himself.

The Rev. G. R. Gleig, to whom we owe these interesting reminiscences of Wellington, deciphered by his daughter with the utmost skill, and edited with a care which deserves the highest praise, died some sixteen years ago, at the age of ninety-two. He was already ninety when he wrote down his impressions of the hero under whom he had served in the Peninsula, with whom he lived long on terms of intimacy, and whom he outlived more than thirty years. He was a man of tireless energy and marvellous adaptability. He had played many parts, and won a certain distinction in them all. After serving as a soldier in the Peninsula and in the American campaign of 1814, he went to Oxford, took orders, and was for many years an industrious and efficient clergyman. Yet literature was always a keen interest and a cherished pursuit of his life. He contributed for many years to our columns, 'The Quarterly,' and other magazines. In 1826 he published 'The Subaltern,' a military romance which first appeared in 'Maga,' and which is still popular eighty years after it first saw the light. His versatility was boundless. "He would write on any subject," we are told, "at a week's notice or even a few days' notice, review any book, criticise any political movement, produce a story, or *en dernier ressort* furnish a few verses 'to fill up a stray half-page.'" But, as

we have said, Wellington was the passion of his life. He regarded the great man with an almost pathetic veneration, and only ventured to differ from him where his conscience was engaged. And when the difference came, it was assuredly the most poignant grief of Gleig's life. The cause of the dispute is characteristic of both men. The Duke, when Prime Minister, had abolished the office of Chaplain-General of the Forces, and Gleig, as in duty bound, attempted to undo the Duke's work. Still worse in the Duke's regard, Gleig suggested a reform of the Duke of York's School and a better system of education for the army. These proposals, in the eyes of old-fashioned soldiers, were rank mutiny, and the Duke, though he uttered no violent protest, was never again on terms of friendship with Gleig. But Gleig, while he admits the difference with an admirable candour, still looks upon the hero with a simple-hearted reverence, and he has recorded his grandeur, his habits, and even his foibles, with a rare sympathy and understanding. He has not given us a biography of Wellington, nor a history of his campaigns: for these we must look elsewhere. But he has painted a picture of the Duke, not as he appeared in *mufti*, for morally speaking the Duke never put off his uniform, but as he presented himself to his friends at Walmer or Strathfieldsaye, when his victories were won, and when the only adversaries left him were hostile politicians.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THIBET.

THE ASIAN CRISIS.

It is generally supposed that the object of the present Anglo-Thibetan Mission constitutes a new political departure on the part of the Indian Government. But, in fact, it is the resumption of a policy initiated for a similar purpose by a former British statesman and governor of Hindustan. In the year 1774 Warren Hastings despatched a young Scots gentleman—Mr George Bogle of the Bengal Civil Service—in charge of a British Mission to the Teshu Lama of Thibet. With the ruler of this mysterious state Warren Hastings had previously been in friendly correspondence, owing to the wish of the authorities at Lhasa to mediate on behalf of the tribes of the border hill-state of Bhutan, whose raids under the Deb Jedhur into Behar had been punished by the invasion and occupation of their territory by troops of the East India Company. A deputation from the Teshu Lama had been received by Warren Hastings in Calcutta, bearing a letter, which gave an opportunity to that astute statesman to open direct political and commercial relations with Thibet. The Thibetans naturally viewed with apprehension the invasion of a neighbouring state by the European Power of the Indian plains, and the letter of the Lama has been characterised as a threat con-

veyed with meekness and delicacy of sentiment. "Neither to molest nor persecute is my aim," he writes; "it is even characteristic of my sect to deprive ourselves of the necessary refreshment of sleep, should injury be done to a single individual." But he proceeds, after stating that the humanity of Hastings was said to exceed his own, to suggest that further hostilities against the Deb would incense the Dalai Lama and all his subjects against the English, and concludes with friendly assurances and a request for peace.

This communication, however, was favourably regarded by Warren Hastings. "The letter from the Lama invites us to friendship," he writes in a minute of May 1774, addressed by him as President to his Board; and, after expressing his opinion that the settlement of the late frontier dispute had rendered Thibet accessible to the British without danger either to the persons or effects of travellers, he states that, in answering the Lama's letter, he has among other things proposed "a general treaty of amity and commerce" between Bengal and Thibet. He then proceeds in the same minute to record the following important declaration of the policy of the East India Company with regard to Thibet: "The President begs leave to

observe that such a treaty has ever been a favourite object with our Honourable Masters, and that they have repeatedly recommended the establishment of an intercourse with that country. The present juncture appeared to him the most favourable which has yet occurred for pursuing these ideas."

Accordingly Hastings proceeded, in pursuance of this policy, to appoint Mr Bogle his commissioner to Lhasa. He was ordered to proceed to Lhasa and to deliver to the Lama a letter and certain presents with which he was intrusted. His instructions were contained in a letter from Warren Hastings, dated 10th May 1774. In this letter the design of his mission is stated to be an attempt "to open a mutual and equal communication of trade" between Thibet and India. For this purpose the British commissioner was furnished with a list of articles of commerce, together with samples of them, and he was requested to acquire information as to commodities procurable in Thibet through intercourse with other countries. He was further requested to ascertain the nature of the route and communications between the borders of Bengal and Lhasa, and between Lhasa and neighbouring countries, and to seek information regarding government, revenue, customs and domestic economy of all these states. The letter concludes with a final direction which is of great interest in view of Lord Curzon's present policy regarding the appoint-

ment of a British resident at Lhasa. "If you shall judge," wrote Warren Hastings, "that a residence may be fully established at Lhasa without putting the Company to any expense but such as may be repaid by the advantages which may be hereafter derived from it, you will take the earliest opportunity to advise me of it." In a supplementary letter, containing a list of private commissions, Mr Bogle is asked to ascertain what countries lie between Thibet and Siberia, and also between China and Kashmir; together with information as to intercommunication between these countries. The commissioner is also instructed to ascertain what still remains a mystery—namely, the course and navigability of the Brahmaputra River, together with particulars of the countries through which it flows.

If a discernment which penetrates the political future constitutes the genius of statesmanship, then his own statescraft declares the genius of Hastings. There is scarcely a problem of Central Asian politics, at the present day, remotely or directly affecting the Indian Empire of Britain, which his policy, as foreshowed in these instructions to his commissioner, was not prepared to consider a hundred and thirty years ago. And it is melancholy to reflect that his Thibetan policy is a sterile incident of history. Despite its great possibilities it has been barren of all results. Yet Mr Bogle's mission was a success. It resulted in a personal friendship between the

Teshu Lama and the British commissioner. Intercourse was fairly established between Lhasa and Calcutta. The Teshu Lama, at an interview with the Emperor of China in Peking, spoke in favour of Hastings and the British in India. And despite the death of Bogle and his friend the Lama, Hastings persevered in this policy. He despatched subsequent missions to Lhasa, and eventually succeeded in establishing British representation through a diplomatic agent at the Thibetan Court. Such an opportunity, in the hands of subsequent rulers of foresight and tenacity, might have changed the course of Eastern history and averted the present dangers of a Thibetan policy. The influence and commerce of Great Britain might have been long established in regions, the once friendly peoples of which have subjected her with impunity to exclusion and contempt, and whose present hostility necessitates a military cort to a British Embassy which is refused audience. It is now to St Petersburg that the Lamas of Thibet despatch their deputations, and Russian influence which holds in Lhasa. These results are the fruits of a century of inaction on the part of the British. On the retirement of Warren Hastings, his Thibetan policy was discontinued and finally abandoned by his successors. Neither at Calcutta, nor at the India

Office, were the negotiations which established intercourse between Thibet and India considered of importance to warrant their preservation as archives. The valuable records of the various missions were lost¹—a fact which is eloquent in its revelation of the intellect and imagination of the officials of an imperial race.

Before proceeding to consider the present Thibetan policy of the Indian Government, it will be necessary to review shortly the change that has taken place in the general conditions of world politics and the balance of international power, since the abandonment of the former policy. Because this policy is itself an incident of the general human activities which constitute world politics; and it is directly a part and development of the present phase of these activities upon the continent of Asia. Therefore, it is only in relation to the general political situation in Asia that the Anglo-Thibetan Mission will appear in its true significance and political proportion. Moreover, the special considerations which, as direct causes, appear to necessitate the inception of this policy, are themselves the result of the pressure of general political activities throughout Asia. And, consequently, it is with respect to Asian politics as a whole that the Anglo-Thibetan policy must first, logically, be considered.

¹ The foregoing information respecting the policy of Warren Hastings is derived from records and private papers preserved by the family of Mr George Bogle and embodied in Markham's '*Tibet*' (Bogle and Manning).

It is clear to the most superficial student of current history that the critical nature and universal complication of Asian political problems are the result of the acute race rivalries of European nations upon this Continent. This pressure of European peoples upon Asian territories constitutes a phase of the human activities known as race migrations or expansions. The action of this process of dynamic force or natural law throughout humanity is ceaseless and universal. In every age, the powerful and capable peoples of the world have constantly expanded in conquest and race domination far beyond their home territories. The main incidents of history constitute a record of these migratory movements of superior races. They have resulted in the discovery and occupation of habitable lands throughout the globe, and undoubtedly constitute a vital agency of human progress and civilisation. For these race expansions tend, naturally, to follow what may be termed the direction of least resistance to the might, necessities and ambitions of dominant peoples. And, therefore, they result in the constant superimposition of races who most truly represent the forces of human progress, over inferior, backward, or decadent peoples, whom they either exterminate or control in domination. However open this crude natural process may be to moral objections, it is, in fact, the means by which higher civilisations have been spread, and the

earth's natural resources given to better development throughout the history of the world. Occasionally, of course, the conflicting rivalries of virile and progressive peoples, in race expansion, have led to wars, with disaster and set back to the civilisation of the world. But the general tendency of human genius and energy is towards compensation not disturbance of natural balance, and, consequently, man tends to adjust inequalities of the human economy rather than to create them through unnecessary conflict. And, as a rule, rich lands possessed by wild or nerveless peoples attract superior peoples in separate spheres of opportunity proper to themselves. It is only when these race movements converge in a common direction, or cease to find distinct directions of non-resistance for their natural expansion, that their counter-developments endanger the peace of the world.

In relation to these facts, and in view of the present direction of human force in political activities, the value of the continent of Asia, as a political equation, becomes clear. This continent comprises vast tracts of the richest and most desirable portions of the earth. Its populations, with a single exception, are utterly unable to protect themselves, their territories or their wealth. They are deficient in the qualities that make for survival in the modern international struggle for existence. Their character lacks the faculties of progress and adaptability; and

their nationality is devoid both of the soul of patriotism, and of the vitality necessary to physical vigour and constitution. Consequently, the material wealth of their lands, together with their advantages of geographical situation, waterways, harbours and home seas, all constitute a constant danger to the peace of the world in the opportunities they afford to powerful and progressive races, who, in the seemingly irresistible process of their expansion, already confront one another in their encroachments upon certain of these territories of Asia. This international rivalry in regard to territorial acquisition in Asia—which is simply a phase of a long-continued and general expansion of European races throughout the world—is, strange to say, at once both the critical element and the element of safety and restraint in Asian politics. Because, through this universal dominion of European peoples, that vital international economy—the balance of political power—though still pivoted in Europe, has become infinitely sensitive throughout the world. Indeed, for all practical purposes, the world may now be divided into two alternative political spheres—the spheres of European race-dominion, and neutral spheres of European international jealousy. These, as the result of the expansion of European races over all its continents, are now accurate political divisions of the globe. But the territories comprised in these neutral spheres are now, almost en-

tirely, within the continent of Asia. Therefore, as the great race-movements—which tend ultimately to Europeanise the world—are still in the process of active development, through distinct if gradual encroachments upon certain of the still neutral spheres; and as these encroachments may at any time result in a disturbance of the existing balance of international power, or constitute violations of the rights of rival Powers; they are a constant and extreme menace to the peace of the world. Consequently, the fear of an universal catastrophe, to some extent, safeguards the integrity of these territories of Asia. At the same time, the nominal sovereignty of their inhabitants, which is constantly threatened by international ambitions, finds its sole sustaining force in the mutual jealousy and suspicion of rival European races.

Having thus shortly stated the primary and general causes of political tension in Asia, it is easy to follow their particular developments in the circumstances which constitute the actual elements of danger and disturbance upon that continent. The special relation of these circumstances to the interests of the eastern empire of Great Britain will then become apparent. There is no doubt that the direct cause of political unrest throughout Asia at the present day is the pressure due to the natural expansion of the Slavonic race within that area. It is the activity of the Russian Empire,

through intrigue and territorial encroachment in all parts of Asia, which is the real element of universal anxiety in Asian politics. And the clue to the direction and ultimate aims of Russian Imperial policy is to be found in the facts of the national necessities and ambitions of the Russian people. It is in the need of those great gifts—the seas and southern lands, which mean both power and material progress to mankind—that the Slav, in efforts for their attainment, has found the ideals of desire and destiny for his race. But it is freedom of access to the ocean that is the first great need of this land-imprisoned section of humanity. The age-long quest of the Slav for ice-free seas, rather than any land-hunger of territorial acquisition, is the real cause of his race restlessness and of the incidents of Slavonic migration. It is still this quest of ocean which inspires the Russian policies of the present day and constitutes the aim of its ambitions. This fact is indicated by the general incidents of the world migrations of European peoples. While for centuries past the Latin, the Anglo-Saxon, and Teutonic races have expanded freely over rich and enormous areas on the continents of south, central and north America, the Antipodes, parts of Asia and sub-equatorial Africa; the Slav—barred from the oceans of the west and south—has set his face eastward to the Pacific, across the

whole northern expanse of the wide continent of Asia. But whereas the world-expansions of other races have clashed in bitter wars of common rivalry and resistance—which make the romance of history, in ocean adventures, the conquest of unknown continents and the fight for the final domination of the sea—the race-expansion of the Slav has been a silent and, till recently, a little known or heeded movement. His power has passed like a shadow over the versts of the northern steppes, unrecorded until the maps have marked vague lands as Russia. The reason for this lies in the fact that the Slav has expanded continentally and practically unresisted. He has not sought for his dominion across the seas. He has avoided, not overcome, the resistance of Western or civilised peoples against his progress. From Constantinople to Kabul, international jealousies and the dominant influence of the island Empire of Britain have long barred the Slav from imperial expansion to the fertile southern lands of Asia, and from all access to the southern seas. And after centuries of effort, when at last he stands on the north Pacific littoral possessed of a vast seasonally ice-bound strip of sub-arctic continent, it is but to find himself still barred from access to the ocean or to the south by the nascent power of the island Empire of Japan. Both east and west, the power of two inconsiderable islands

locks the huge continent empire of the Slav from adequate outlets to the seas, opposes his expansion to the south, and checks the desires and ambitions of his race. But far inland, along and immediately to the south of his immense transcontinental frontier, there lie in the hands of backward and defenceless peoples the rich Asian lands of ancient civilisations, and especially the gracious country of Cathay, fertile, genial in climate, vast in extent, and with an ice-free sea-board stretching far to southward—truly the vision of a promised land to the people of the wintry land-locked Empire of the North. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the silent inscrutable Russian Government has shown itself fully sensible of the opportunities and possible destiny of its people in this direction—the line of least resistance to the national necessities and ambitions. But the steady unscrupulous Russian advance, by territorial absorption, through the Chinese province of Manchuria towards the Korean peninsula, has at length been checked by the extreme and fearless policy of Japan; while, at the same time far to the south, the Russian intrigue of influence in Thibet—a border state of the British Indian Empire—has forced the Indian Government to consider and adjust the question of its position and relations with that dependency of China in matters which have been long neglected, to the detriment of British in-

fluence and prestige. Thus, the Anglo-Thibetan mission, no less than the Russo-Japanese conflict, is a direct result of Slav encroachment and intrigue within the confines of the Chinese Empire. In each case the island empires have been forced to take action under necessity and solely in defence of interests, respectively vital to them, which were jeopardised by the aggression and obvious intention of the Russian Government.

This brings the mind directly to the consideration of the political issues, regarding Thibet, between the empires of Russia and Britain. And the incident of the British mission to Thibet appears in the natural sequence of political developments, in relation to which alone it is possible to realise its significance and consider its full effect. But, apart from considerations of practical politics altogether, there is an extreme human fascination about this incident. In the heart of distant Asia, through the passes of earth's highest mountains, in an old mysterious land, the rivalry of Slav and Saxon meet in a conflict of influence. These far-separated peoples of the little western isles, and the vast eastern steppes of Europe, confront each other in Asia as oriental Powers. Both are wardens of strange empires, which still retain the likeness of dead worlds upon their peoples of ancient and arrested civilisations. And the narrow political issues between

them are instinct with historical romance. They represent the heavy sacrifices of past generations of men in the fruition of present rivalry between strong living races of their descendants. And, in this rivalry, the fate of nations hangs in a balance between futures great in the glorious achievements of peace, or terrible through the presage of world-wide disaster.

Before, however, this question can be considered in its aspects of active policy,—before the Anglo-Thibetan mission can be criticised as a practical measure of British Indian statesmanship,—it will be necessary to review the history of the issues between Thibet and Britain; and also the recent Anglo-Russian diplomacy respecting Thibet, to ascertain, if possible, the conclusions arrived at between these Powers with respect to the political *status quo* of that country. And, with regard to this essential point, it will be simpler to deal with facts, and consider the political issues regarding Thibet in connection with the actual political importance and future of that country, as a sphere of either Russian or British influence, without regard to the unrealities of the symbolical sovereignty of China over the land and its people.

In the year 1890 a conven-

tion was signed between the Governments of Great Britain and China. It constituted an agreement between the signatories as to certain questions of trade and territory in relation to Thibet. Nine years later, the provisions of this treaty still remained to be respected by both the Chinese Government and the Thibetans. The British Government were not, at that time, sanguine of bringing pressure to bear on China with regard to the articles of this convention. Therefore, they authorised the Government of India to enter into direct negotiations with the authorities at Lhasa, with respect to the treaty rights of their respective states.¹ Accordingly in 1899, the Government of India attempted to resume the policy of direct relations with Thibet, which it had abandoned since the time of Warren Hastings. The British Indian policy to which these negotiations were incidental can be later discussed in connection with Thibet itself. But it is significant that at this early stage of the direct diplomacy, the Viceroy of India had reason to complain of the impotence and indignity of his position in regard to the attitude of the Thibetan Government towards him. The Thibetans refused to reply to his representations, and reference to the Chinese Resident

¹ P. 99 of the "Papers relating to Thibet," lately issued by the British Government in the form of a Blue-book.

Note.—All subsequent footnotes of numbered pages in this article also constitute references to the above Blue-book.

simply elicited from that official an assertion of his helplessness. Lord Curzon described Great Britain, in respect of her Thibetan policy, as "moving in a vicious circle"—a position he characterised as "unproductive and inglorious."¹ But, while the insolent contempt which inspired the policy of the Thibetans in regard to the British inflicted an open and intolerable humiliation upon the great Asiatic Power of the south, their attitude towards the Russian Government was in absolute contrast by reason of its extreme solicitation and respect. In October 1900 a Thibetan embassy, despatched some time previously, arrived at St Petersburg and was received in audience by the Czar.² A year later, a second mission from the Dalai Lama, headed by the Lama Doroshiyeff, arrived at St Petersburg by way of Odessa and was also received in audience by the Czar.³ Doroshiyeff was a Russian subject. He was described as secretary to the Dalai Lama, and reported to be a bearer of diplomatic instructions of importance from that ruler to the Russian Government. After a short interval, another Thibetan envoy was accorded the honour of presentation to the Empress of Russia.⁴ He was also a

Russian subject—a member of the Russian Geographical Society, in confidential relations of service to the Dalai Lama. And, contemporaneously with these Russo-Thibetan amenities, the Government of India continued to report the failure of its efforts to open negotiations with Lhasa.⁵ The Dalai Lama had not only refused to receive communications from the Viceroy of India, but had actually returned the communications of that dignitary to him.⁶

This state of affairs was clearly insupportable and dangerous to Great Britain. Not only was her prestige throughout Asia adversely affected by this comparative policy of Thibet, through its accompaniment of injury and insult towards her with attentive respect towards her rival; but a political issue of critical importance to the interests of her Indian Empire confronted her in the fact of Russian influence at Lhasa—within 300 miles of her frontier. Accordingly, diplomatic representations were made to the Russian Government by the British, to ascertain the nature of its relations with Thibet and the significance of the Thibetan embassies to St Petersburg. These embassies, together with

¹ P. 74 (Letter No. 26).

² P. 113 (Letter No. 31).

³ P. 117 (Letter No. 36).

⁴ P. 125 (Letter No. 43).

⁵ The reason of the Thibetans for their refusal to negotiate, as regards trade, is interesting in connection with a present political crisis in England: "*All the freedom of trade which they desire is already theirs*" (in free access to British markets), "*and they are not ready to make any concessions to British traders.*"—See p. 110 Blue-book.

⁶ Pp. 118 and 125 (Letters Nos. 37 and 44).

the Russo - Thibetan *entente*, were declared by Count Lamsdorff to be innocent of political meaning or intention.¹ The British Government, however, in answer to this assurance, clearly defined its policy with respect to Thibet. "His Majesty's Government," wrote Lord Lansdowne, "could not regard with indifference any proceedings that might have a tendency to alter or disturb the existing status of Thibet."² The status of that country has never, in fact, implied either interest, influence or interference in its affairs on the part of the Russian Government. In view, therefore, of this fact, and of the Russian official disclaimer of political designs in regard to Thibet, both the action and anxiety of that Power in connection with subsequent developments of strictly Anglo - Thibetan issues are not easily comprehensible. The Thibetans aggravated the provocation afforded by their refusal to exchange written communications with the British, by the continued occupation of Sikkim territory, in breach of the Convention of 1890. They further removed or destroyed the pillars erected by the British to demarcate their boundaries. The British policy of forbearance and inaction, the Viceroy protested, had been carried for years to unreasonable limits.

He declared the necessity of ceasing "to allow our boundary to be transgressed, our trade to be strangled, and rights secured to us by treaty to be defied."³ Any one of these acts would have justified an independent community in extreme action to defend their interests or enforce their rights. The British, however, contented themselves with the moderate measure of a political tour, with the object of excluding the Thibetan officials and posts from Sikkim territory. This mild activity was followed by rumours which occupied the attention of both Russian and British diplomacy. A British invasion of Thibet, and a secret Russo - Chinese treaty,⁴ constituting the cession of Thibet to Russia, were, respectively, the subject of denials on the part of the British and Chinese Governments.⁵ In respect of the latter rumour, the British Government intimated at Peking that any such arrangement would result in action for the protection of British interests.⁶

In its final stage, this diplomacy emerges again from the realm of rumour into that of fact. The rights of Britain under the Anglo-Chinese Convention had been disregarded for twelve years. For two years the Government of India had been subjected to open

¹ Pp. 116 and 117 (Letters Nos. 35 and 36).

² P. 124 (Letter No. 39).

³ P. 127 (Letter No. 44).

⁴ For the twelve clauses of this treaty see extract from the 'China Times,' July 18, 1902. P. 140 Blue-book.

⁵ Pp. 150 and 143 (Letters Nos. 64 and 55).

⁶ P. 141 (Letter No. 52).

insult in a vain attempt to negotiate directly with Thibet in relation to these rights. In January 1903, the Viceroy, in an important despatch to the Home Government, reviewed this question in its entirety, both historically and as to its present political significance.¹ He declared the futility of persevering further in the principles of "due consideration"; —a policy inspired by a timidity of offending foreign susceptibilities, through "disquietude and suspicion," should strong measures be taken by a British Government in defence of British prestige and treaty rights. He asserted that the situation was "serious, unprecedented, and discreditable." In regard to the Russian intrigue in Thibet, he characterised the creation of a "rival hostile influence" in such proximity to the Indian border, as "pregnant with possibilities of mischief." He declared that the danger to British interests in Thibet — which were "seriously imperilled" — could be counteracted only by British initiative, in action calculated to break down "the wall of Thibetan impassivity and obstruction." "We hold," wrote Lord Curzon, "that the first law of national existence, which is self-preservation, compels us to take such steps as will avert these dangers, and place our security upon an assured and impregnable footing." He accordingly advocates the despatch to Lhasa

of a political mission, under military escort, to negotiate upon the matter of the Sikkim territory, and also upon "the entire question of our future relations, commercial and otherwise, with Thibet." He also urges the appointment of a permanent British representative, consular or diplomatic, to reside at Lhasa." In commending these proposals to the grave attention of the British Government, he mentions that the independent border states directly affected are favourably disposed towards his policy. Finally, the Viceroy expresses his conviction, if steps analogous to those he advocates are not taken, that "a serious danger will grow up in Thibet which may at no distant date attain to menacing proportions."

Even the extremely suggestive and earnest tenor of this communication did not move the British Government to action. With bold originality of conception, it provided for further negotiations upon the whole question, between the Chinese, Thibetan and British Commissioners. The British Commission, with a small escort, advanced to meet the other plenipotentiaries. But it waited in vain, befooled and ridiculous, and to Eastern conceptions under circumstances of servility and gross contempt. In September 1903, or eight months after he had impressed the necessity of immediate action upon the British

¹ Pp. 150 to 156 inclusive (Letter No. 66).

Government, the Viceroy reported the determination of the Thibetans not to negotiate, together with the fact of hostile preparations on their part to resist the possible advance of the British Mission. He reported that the delay of the Chinese Commissioner was probably intentional.¹ Then the Thibetans proceeded to overt acts of hostility. They imprisoned and were said to have brutally murdered two British subjects. They closed the trade-route and suspended trade, and they raided British transport yaks.² At last, after strong representations from the Viceroy against the disgrace and helplessness to which his Government was reduced, the British Government, in November 1903, sanctioned the advance of the British Mission with its escort into Thibetan territory. But after fourteen years of defiance and intolerable provocation, its action was still tempered with timidity. In disregard of the serious warning and urgent advice of its proconsul in India, it promulgated a policy of half measures. The mission was not to go to Lhasa, but to halt at Gyangste. Its despatch was not to lead to permanent intervention in Thibetan affairs, and permission was refused as to the establishment of a British mission in Thibet.³

This short history of the issues between Great Britain

and Thibet, as the cause of the present political action, is a necessary statement in this argument for two reasons. In the first place, the facts entirely acquit the British Government of the accusation of aggression and imperial adventure which the prejudice, rigidity and cant of a certain section of political opinion has brought against it. In the second place, the nature of these facts not only constitutes a justification of the British action, but confines the whole issue so completely and directly to the parties concerned, that it leaves no right or excuse whatever for the intervention of third parties. Therefore, the attitude and action of Russia with respect to these developments is extremely interesting in relation to her disclaimers regarding Thibet. In February 1903, while the British Government was considering the Viceroy's important despatch of January, a memorandum from the Russian Government was received, which Lord Lansdowne characterised "as unusual, and indeed almost minatory in tone."⁴ Referring to an erroneous report of the entry of a British expedition into Thibet, it asserted that the Russian Government would consider such an expedition "as likely to produce a situation of considerable gravity, which might oblige them to take measures to protect their interests in those regions."⁵ Lord Lansdowne,

¹ P. 209 (Letter No. 112).

² Pp. 292 and 293 (Letters Nos. 130 and 131—enclosure).

³ P. 294, No. 132.

⁴ P. 180, No. 72.

⁵ P. 178, No. 68.

in denying the rumour referred to, explained the Anglo-Thibetan crisis and the consequent British policy.¹ He indicated the fact that while Lhasa was in proximity to the British frontier of India, it was over a thousand miles from the nearest Asiatic frontier of Russia. He declared that the display of Russian interest near British frontiers, in regions regarded as outside her sphere of influence, might lead to popular disturbance in the impression that British influence was receding before Russian activity.² He defined the vital principle of British policy to be—that *British activity must always exceed that of Russia with respect to Thibet, where British interests were greater than Russian.*³ "Therefore," he stated, "if they sent a mission or an expedition [to Thibet] we should have to do the same, but in greater strength." Lord Lansdowne then requested definite information from the Russian Government as to the report of the Viceroy of India, "from apparently trustworthy sources," of the alleged arrangements for a Russian protectorate over Thibet, and the appointment of a resident at Lhasa.⁴ On being pressed for "a simple statement, Yes or No," with respect to it,⁵ the Russian Government denied the existence of any arrangement regarding Thibet.⁶ It further officially defined the Russian policy regarding Thibet. Russia had no de-

signs upon that country. She was not concerned with interference in Thibetan affairs. The Russian policy "*ne viserait pas le Thibet en aucun cas.*"⁶ This principle of Russian policy was clearly stated to include even the possibility of a disturbance of the present political *status quo* of Thibet itself. But in this event it was stated, on the ground that Russia regarded Thibet "as a part of the Chinese Empire in the integrity of which she took an interest," that any disturbance of the *status quo* in Thibet would oblige the Russian Government to safeguard their interests, "and might oblige them to take measures elsewhere."⁶ In the final phase of this diplomacy, the Russian Government protested, on being notified of the advance of the British Mission, against the British invasion of Thibetan territory; to which the British Government replied by referring to the inexcusable and purely aggressive invasions of Russia across eighty degrees of the world's longitudes, in the territories of Persia, Turkestan and Manchuria.

Therefore, upon conclusions as the result of diplomatic activities in relation to it, the political *status quo* of Thibet is to be preserved unchanged. The Russian Government denies the charge of past intrigue or present interference with that country. And the British Government declares its deter-

¹ P. 180, No. 72.² P. 181, No. 73.³ P. 182, No. 73.⁴ P. 181, No. 73.⁵ P. 186, No. 81.⁶ See p. 187, No. 83.

mination that the land shall revert to its original *status quo* at the conclusion of the present political crisis.¹ On the other hand, there remains before the British Government the solemn asseveration of the Viceroy of India, in direct contradiction to the statement of the Russian Government, as to the innocence of its policy and intentions with regard to Thibet. And there stands recorded the Viceroy's definite policy for the exclusion from the *actual present sphere of Russian activity* a state the borders of which are coterminous with those of Britain in India.

But the peril, to Britain, of Russian ascendancy in Thibet, can only be fully realised if its effects are followed and its consequences appreciated relatively to the general frontier policy of the British throughout their Asian dominions. This crisis is of such supreme and vital importance to Great Britain, that the nature and extent of her future political action, regarding Thibet, must certainly depend on whether or not Russian influence at Lhasa, as the result of intrigue, is in human probability an established fact. It is the bare suspicion of such a possibility that has brought Thibet within the scope of British policy. For a century, the British in India have remained apparently devoid of any policy north-east of

the Himalaya Mountains. They have been content to leave the great mysterious territory beyond the snows, to the sleep of immemorial civilisation under the shadow of its hierarchal dynasty. They are only roused at this moment to vigilance and activity in regard to Thibet, by the identical peril that inspires their jealous policies in Persia and Afghanistan. It is the equally vital necessity of excluding Thibet from the sphere of Russian influence, that has forced upon Britain the formulation of a policy in respect to that State. And the policy of the British, in pursuance of this object and to safeguard their interests in Hindostan, must be regulated according to the declaration of Lord Lansdowne, so as to exceed the political activity of Russia in Thibet. Consequently, the decision of the British Government against permanent intervention in Thibet and the establishment of a Mission at Lhasa, implies implicit confidence in the statement of the Russian Government that it has had no past political relations, and has no present influence or future designs at Lhasa.² Otherwise, this decision of the British Government is inconsistent with Lord Lansdowne's statement of British policy, that British activity must exceed that of Russia in the political sphere of Thibet.

¹ For British policy see p. 294, Nos. 31 and 32.

² With respect to certain specific reasons for the unreliability of Russian diplomatic statements, see the speech of Lord G. Hamilton in the Parliamentary debate upon Thibet in 'The Times,' April 14, 1904.

Accordingly, if Russian intrigue has resulted in the establishment of Russian influence—at the cost of British prestige—at Lhasa, then it is the avowed intention of British policy to counteract that intrigue and convert Thibet into a sphere of British influence. If Russian subjects constitute unofficial political agents of the Russian Government at Lhasa, then the British policy would establish direct political relations with Thibet. But this is the exact policy and earnest counsel of Lord Curzon. The whole question of policy then turns upon a simple question of fact. Is the Russian Government or the Viceroy of India the more credible authority? Is Thibet, *in fact*, a sphere of Russian intrigue and influence? Is there any evidence of fact contradictory to the past and present assurances of the Russian Government upon the subject?

Such elements of relevancy and contradiction certainly do exist, and first appear in connection with the reception of Thibetan deputations at St Petersburg. The Russian Government, at the time, declared these embassies to be devoid of political significance. The communications of the Dalai Lama, delivered by Russian subjects in his service to the Russian Government, are officially stated to be “a concise and

simple” expression of “a hope that Count Lamsdorff was in enjoyment of good health and prosperous,” together with the information that the Dalai Lama “was happy to be able to say that he enjoyed excellent health.”¹ According to the Russian Government, these messengers had journeyed for months across thousands of miles, to present it with this skeleton communication. In relation, however, to likelihood as to the real object of these missions, it is interesting to compare the contemporary expressions of Russian public opinion, through statements of the Russian press, with the diplomatic declarations of Russia, on the faith of which in connection with other political issues and current crises, it is needless to comment. The peculiar value of Russian public opinion lies in the fact that it is the least irresponsible in Europe. It speaks under the censorship of the strictest state control. And the following few short extracts exemplify the avowed objects of the Thibetan Missions. The ‘*Odesskia Novosti*,’ of the 12th June 1901, states: “The chief object of the extraordinary mission is a rapprochement and the strengthening of good relations with Russia, through the establishment, in St Petersburg, of a permanent Thibetan representative.” The ‘*St Petersburg*

¹ These extracts constitute the complimentary formalities of commencement and conclusion in Asiatic correspondence. They are the “My dear Sir” and “Yours truly” of an oriental letter. It is therefore inconceivable that they comprise the entire contents of this communication.

Gazette'¹ declares, in almost the words of Warren Hastings regarding the Anglo-Thibetan relations of his day, that "Thibet is really quite accessible to Russians—the object of the mission is to make it more so." This journal expresses a fear "that the English may anticipate Russia in that country." The 'Novoe Vremia,' of the 17th June 1901, after stating that the reappearance of a Thibetan mission in Russia is due to the influence of the Lama Doroshiyeff, the Russian subject who was responsible for the friendly relations between Thibet and Russia; and that doubtless the news of Russian "victories" in Manchuria and the occupation of Mukden has predisposed the Lama to the rapprochement with Russia; proceeds as follows: "Russia is the only Power able to counteract the intrigues of Great Britain, who has long endeavoured to obtain admission, and only awaits an opportunity to force an entrance (into Thibet)." The aspiration of Thibet for the protection of Russia is therefore stated to be the natural consequence of British military activity in India; in relation to which it is observed, in connection with the war in South Africa, where England "strives in vain to deprive a small but valiant people of its independence,"

that "perhaps rumours of this heroic struggle have penetrated to Thibet."² In quoting these comparative statements, there is no doubt which of the two constructions of Russo-Thibetan diplomacy—the official or unofficial—turns the scale in the balance of probability. But there are other factors indicative of the true significance of this incident. It is not conceivable that this phase alone, of the general political activity of Russia throughout Asia, is accidental, meaningless and devoid of political inspiration. It is not pure coincidence that Russian subjects conduct Thibetan missions to St Petersburg, and attain to confidential posts at Lhasa. It is not fortuitous that the date of this diplomacy has relation to opportune events, in connection with the embarrassments at the time of Great Britain in South Africa. There is further a great significance in the fact that it is the Thibetan Government—the friends of Russia—and not the Thibetan people, who are ill-disposed towards the British; and in the fact that the councils of the two exclusive border states, directly concerned with these events in Thibet, have instinctively drawn into closer relations with the great Empire of the south in consequence of them. Finally, it is not conceivable that this

¹ P. 114 Blue-book.

² A certain Russian political agent in Asia was stated to have regularly supplied the Ameer of Afghanistan with details of the British reverses sustained at the commencement of the campaign. With the British successes, these attentions ceased. But the Ameer continued the correspondence. He regularly forwarded details of the British victories to the Russian agent.

backward and helpless government should defy, provoke and gratuitously insult a mighty Power upon its borders, on its sole initiative and single strength. Nor that it should persist in such a policy in full knowledge of the resources of the Power it provokes, through free access at all times to his territories, and despite the warning and advice of its ally the Nepaul Durbar; even after this state had repudiated its confidential relations and obligations of alliance as to aid in war, in connection with the Thibetan policy of action. There is not a single circumstance in connection with this incident that does not clearly indicate the evidence of Russian intrigue and influence at Lhasa.¹ And one at least declares the fact of Russian intervention. On the 9th December 1903, Captain Younghusband reported, "on the authority of several independent sources," that the Thibetans relied on Russian support, and that Russian arms had entered Thibet. He reported that the Russian Doroshiyeff was at Lhasa and that, upon his promise, the Thibetans were convinced that Russian support would be afforded them in their opposition to the British.² There is no doubt that this conviction inspires the Thibetan

opposition, despite the futility of such opposition, on the part of other peoples, throughout the history of British dominion in Asia.

It now remains to consider the Anglo-Thibetan question in relation to the general frontier policy of Britain in Asia, and also relatively to the whole field of Asian political activities, so far as these directly affect the British in Hindostan. It is perfectly clear, upon the relation of the distinct declaration of British policy to the evidence and presumption of facts; that Great Britain is committed, as regards Thibet, to the policy of the Viceroy of India—the policy of a permanent watch and ward at Lhasa. Meanwhile, if the object of the advance of the British Mission is to be attained, its proper objective is clearly Lhasa,—the seat of the Thibetan Government and of all obstruction,—not Gyangste, amidst a population already peaceably and even favourably disposed. But the statesmanship and true importance of the Thibetan policy of Lord Curzon, lies in its consistency with the first principle of the approved and general frontier policy of Great Britain in Asia. With the instinct of islanders, the British have preserved the isolation of their continent empire in Hin-

¹ "We received information from a number of quarters widely distant but all corroborative, that there were underhand negotiations going on between the Thibetan Government and, if not the Russian Government, certain persons who were supposed to represent the Russian Government."—Lord George Hamilton, 'The Times,' p. 8, April 14, 1904.

² P. 306, No. 158. (Such arms were captured at the recent engagement at Tuna.)

dostan, through the avoidance of coterminous frontiers with the great European Powers. Persia, Afghanistan, Central Asia, Thibet and Siam are the vital factors of this policy of buffer-states, by which the British secure the isolated continuity of their Empire across their native element of ocean.¹ Therefore the conversion of Thibet, however slightly, into a sphere of foreign influence, would not only constitute a serious disturbance of the balance of power in Asia to the prejudice of Britain; but it would contravene a vital principle of her Asian policy. It would break an important link in her chain of isolation. For the border of Thibet is coterminous with that of Britain in Sikkim. And as Russian influence, throughout the incidents of Slav expansion, has invariably proved the prelude, sooner or later, to Russian occupation; it implies this possibility in the case of Thibet. Thus the Indian Government is confronted, in the present phase of these developments, with the prospect of constant friction and mischief upon its border in the undoubted fact of Russian intrigue and activity at Lhassa. And in the event of a Russian protectorate or occupation of Thibet—at any future favourable moment—with the infinitely perilous problem of a coterminous Russo-British frontier.

It is clear beyond cavil

that this is the actual danger which inspires both the warning and the policy of Lord Curzon, as penned in his despatch of January 1895 to the British Government. It is the rival hostile "influence" of Russia that is "pregnant with possibilities of mischief" upon the Indian border. It is through Russian intrigue at Lhassa that the interests of Britain are "seriously imperilled." It is the Slav aggression to the south which constitutes "the serious danger" which, if unchecked, "may at no distant date attain to menacing proportions." This menace is infinite in its developments of danger. With Thibet a Russian sphere, the military power of the great northern empire would halt before the Asiatic outposts of France in Indo-China. Only a short strip of Chinese territory, comprising the watershed of the Mekong River, would then separate the empires of France and Russia. This great European alliance would sever the continent of Asia from north to south. It would capture the heart of that continent, and it would control its trade. It would range its overwhelming military force upon the British frontiers of Burmah and imperil the independence of Siam, with the certainty of strife in the efforts of Russia—perhaps with the support of France—to gain an outlet to the Indian

¹ This sentence was written before Lord Curzon's definition, in his speech of March 30, 1904, of the British Indian policy which it embodies.

Ocean, with an arsenal and naval base upon the waters of the Siamese Gulf. In all the scope of British imperial statesmanship, there are no perils so imminent and appalling in their possibilities of danger and disaster, as those with which the problems of British Asiatic dominion are pregnant. For Britain, in Asia, is a continental power. And, although her navies keep the oceans for her communications, it is above all vital that she preserve the strictest isolation of her vast land frontier of Hindostan. For the present, the preoccupation of Russia, and the sane and proper inter-relations of France and Britain, rob the Thibetan crisis of much of its peril. Indeed, the pacific influence of France constitutes an element of comfort in present crises which trouble the world from Mukden to Morocco. But in these days, when a solitary swamp or a savage tribe, and the world's highways across mountain glaciers, deserts or the lonely seas, are all vital considerations of the politics, strategy and commerce of Europe; there is no certainty for a single hour in the sensitive conditions of universal polity. A full and faithful consideration of political problems, must therefore include each consequence and possibility of those natural developments of any circumstance, activity or crisis, which lie within the scope of human probability. In this true view of the actual responsi-

bilities of imperial statesmanship—upon every fact and sensible conclusion in respect of Russian intrigue—in view of the vital principle of British Asian policy—and upon every consideration of the safety and interests of Great Britain in Asia, there is but one possible immediate British policy in relation to Thibet—that is the policy defined and urged upon the British Government by the Viceroy of India. The exact modifications of this policy to the necessities of the situation, there is not space to discuss. These must depend upon the direction of current events, and be adapted to their developments in future circumstances. But the principle of this policy remains the conversion of Thibet into a sphere of British influence; and it necessitates the practical precautionary measure of a permanent British representative at Lhassa, fully empowered to protect the British interests involved in the status and condition of Thibet.

These measures Great Britain has a clear unchallenged right to effect in her own self-interest. In effecting them she impugns the interest of no Power, save the shadow sovereignty of China. No Power has any claim to interference in the matter. Russia has finally disclaimed her right or intention to interfere. The Thibetans, by their provocation, wrongs and hostility, have forfeited both the confidence of Britain as neighbours and the right to her consideration of

their political freedom, which they have used to seriously imperil the safety of her Indian Empire. There remain the interests of China in Thibet, and the indirect international interest in that province in connection with the question of the integrity of the Chinese Empire. In relation to the former, the possessory claim of China is chimerical, and both her official assertion and the facts declare her power over the people and territories of Thibet to be defied or non-existent. As regards the latter, it is certain that there is at the present moment no international agreement nor any consistent international policy, regarding the integrity of the dependencies of the Chinese Empire. Any Power that can do so is ready to encroach upon Chinese territory in its own self-interest, in obedience, perhaps, to human laws of universal application and doubtful morality. If Great Britain encroaches in Thibet it is clearly in self-defence, not in self-interest. The facts of the Russian occupation of

Manchuria, and the Russo-Japanese conflict upon and in respect of Chinese territories, must dispose, save in the most contemptible and stupid sentiment of cant, of the idea of any real international respect for, at any rate, the outer wards of the Chinese Empire. The question is far too vital in its importance, too fearful in its possibilities of peril to Britain, for its consideration by the British in the bias of any prejudice whatever. The foresight and sane virility of the Viceroy of India have defined the only practical policy for Britain in regard to this question. And if, through vacillation and timidity, the Home Government falls short of it for any reason; then future generations will bear a bitter burden to retrieve its folly, through the grave developments of peril and disaster that must ensue to the Asiatic dominions of Great Britain; and which, through the universal interests of her vast Empire, may involve mankind in the catastrophe of world-wide war.

E. JOHN SOLANO.

Note.—Since this article was written, the British Mission has reached its objective at Gyangste and the Thibetan policy of Great Britain has been declared by the Prime Minister, in the course of the debate upon the question, in the House of Commons on the 14th of April. The present deadlock at Gyangste and the incidents of the debate in Parliament, are of interest relatively to statements in the article as to the true objective of the Mission and the vital importance of a comprehensive and definite British policy in regard to Thibet and to other Asian crises. In regard to the former question, three facts are clear. The Thibetan people are friendly. Their soldiers fight under the compulsion of their Government. The Thibetan Government has not met the British Mission at Gyangste. Indeed it is reported to be ignorant of the true facts of the British advance, and unaltered in its attitude of hostility and contempt towards Britain. Lhasa—the seat of the Thibetan Government—is, therefore, the proper objective of the British Mission, if its moral effect and practical objects are to be attained. With respect to the latter and vital question of British policy, it is difficult to conceive

that a matter so momentous in its possible developments, can be dismissed from the national mind, through its statesmen, with such scant consideration. The patchwork policy of the Government and the vicious attitude of the Opposition, together endanger the future peace of Asia. They constitute direct encouragement to the elements of hostility at St Petersburg and Lhasa. The British Parliament gives no recognition to this question in its real gravity and importance in connection with the developments of political activities throughout Asia. Britain remains, in the face of these developments, without a definite and comprehensive policy in Asia. She remains without a definite and real Thibetan policy. The present policy is one of palaver and retreat. It is clearly inefficient and indefinite. It is based on two totally uncertain contingencies. Firstly, that the Thibetans will come and agree at Gyangste to conditions which they will faithfully observe hereafter. And secondly, upon the Prime Minister's acceptance of Russian diplomatic assurances, with respect to Thibet, in disregard of the clear and contradictory evidence of facts and the warnings, both of the Viceroy and the late Secretary of State for India, ('The Times,' April 14) as to the utter unreliability of the statements of Russian diplomacy. This short-sighted and timid trifling with a great and perilous problem is all that lies behind the bombast bray of the Government about the paramountcy of Britain over certain south-central Asian states. But if the weakness and want of policy of an imperial party is a peril to the interests and an encouragement to the enemies and rivals of Britain in Asia, what can be said of the influence, upon Asian and other crises, of the anti-British party of parish politicians, who may, at any moment, control the world-wide interests and destiny of Britain? This possibility adds to the perils of Asia, through the Slav migration, the even greater peril of the foreign policy of the British Liberal party. And the brute-stupidity, hypocrisy, cowardice, and anti-British venom of a section of this party constitute a positive peril to the peace of the world in the mischievous comfort, temptation and opportunity they consistently afford to every enemy and rival of the wealthiest and greatest empire of the world.

E. JOHN SOLANO.

TO THE LOWER HOUSE.

AN APPRECIATION, IN THE MANNER OF THE NOBLER PATRIOTISM, OF WHICH
THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE IS INFALLIBILITY BY DOGMA.

O ELECT in name and nature,
Whom surrounding rivals own
As unmatched for legislature,
And unique in moral Tone,
(Tho' it only shows what folly 'tis
To look for decent qualities
In any other peoples or in any other zone),

What a glory hangs around you!
What delight to be aware
That our very foes have crowned you
With the crown of their despair,
When they see in cold comparison
The way that Britain carries on
Her legislative functions, and the specimens elsewhere.

For when foreigners assemble
To the beat of party drums,
All the land begins to tremble,
And the busy welkin hums;
And the language that they utter
Is the language of the gutter,
And their manners, when excited, are the manners of the slums.

And whatever A. proposes
Is anathema to B.,
And the voice of C. discloses
That he cannot vote with D.,
While a cave, with E. and F. in it,
Confine themselves to definite
Obstruction, pure and simple, till they get a bid from G.

And the wordy warfare waxes
Ever higher to the skies,
And the Great Men grind their axes,
And the small men advertise;
For in playing to the gallery
For Office (with a salary)
There's nothing of offence to (Continental) Noes and Ayes.

But in proud Britannia's Forum
There are men of lofty views
Who exhale a fine Decorum
In the noble words they use,
And an atmosphere, whose rarity
Would sterilise vulgarity,
And dessicate Obstructionists and Hooligan-Yahoos.

And the faddist may not enter,
Nor the senile jester mar
The stupendous minds that centre
At the House of Commons' Bar;
And the land they serve's a merry land;
And free from stress and peril, and
They *are* a happy family, they are, they are, they are!

Let the army furl her banners,
Let the Navy go—ahem!—
While our Members keep their manners
We have little use for *them*.
For the hope, that all the destinies
Of Home and Beauty rest in, is
The terror of the world for our indomitable phlegm.

So, by that which lies within you
O Britannia, rule the waves,
And exultingly continue
To frustrate the tricks of knaves!
And the King shall be victorious,
And everybody glorious,
And, obviously, Britons never, never shall be slaves!

J. K. (SELIM).

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

A QUEEN IN EXILE—THE SCANDAL OF THE SPANISH MARRIAGES—M. GUIZOT'S ILL-FATED POLICY—AN ERA OF REVOLUTION—DON JUAN PRIM—HERBERT SPENCER'S 'AUTOBIOGRAPHY'—A PHILOSOPHER WITHOUT HUMOUR—HIS VIEWS ON LITERATURE AND LOVE.

THE death of Isabella, the most famous Queen in Exile of her time, recalls an intrigue which seems to be part of the sixteenth rather than of the nineteenth century. So long had the queen lived in an honourable retirement, that the part she was forced to play in a discreditable episode is almost forgotten. Nevertheless, for five-and-twenty years she was the hapless plaything of plots and plotters, and though she died but yesterday, she belongs more intimately to ancient history than any woman of her generation. Born in 1830, the daughter of Ferdinand VII. and Christina, a Bourbon princess of Naples, she was brought up in an atmosphere of scandal and rebellion; and never did she know peace until, in 1868, she had crossed the border into France. Now, Ferdinand, desiring that the succession to the throne should reside in his own family, had repealed the "pragmatic sanction" of Philip V., and thus declared, what was the truth, that Spain was not governed by the Salic Law. But this revocation was in itself an incitement to revolt, and no sooner was Ferdinand dead than Don Carlos took up arms to enforce his claim to the throne. He was not long in winning to his support the friends of absolute monarchy, the champions of clericalism,

and other reactionaries. The Basque Provinces were most zealous in his cause, and, since Queen Christina had found it prudent to win the Liberals to her side, the parties were clearly marked and sharply divided. For seven years Spain was torn by civil war, in the midst of which Isabella spent her childhood, and when at last peace was restored, there was no tranquillity for the princess. In 1843, O'Donnell and Narvaez, who between them had deposed Espartero, declared Isabella of full age, and henceforth, until her hasty flight, she was called upon to govern her turbulent country.

Almost before the young queen was out of the nursery, the Powers of Europe began to cast about for a suitable husband. In the disgraceful intrigues which followed but little thought was given to the happiness or inclination of the bride. She was a mere puppet in an ineffectual game of state. France saw, or affected to see, in the marriage an opportunity for her own aggrandisement; but, as late as 1845, Louis Philippe had promised that the wedding of his son the Duc de Montpensier with the Infanta of Spain should not take place until Isabella herself was married and had children. Upon this order of the ceremonies the English Govern-

ment very properly insisted, and it insisted upon nothing else. Again and again our indifference was proved in despatches. We urged no more than that the happiness of Isabella and the prosperity of Spain should not be sacrificed to any dynastic ambition. If the Queen chose Don Francisco, we were ready to acquiesce in her decision; should she prefer to give her hand to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, we should have made no objection; but we did not force the match upon her, and the Prince of Coburg was in no sense an English candidate. Such was the situation, when suddenly M. Guizot showed his hand, and proclaimed that Queen Isabella and her sister should marry on the same day Don Francisco and the Duc de Montpensier. The dishonour of this arrangement was the greater, because not only was it a breach of a solemn undertaking, but Don Francisco was notoriously unfit for marriage with any one. For the moment, however, the French triumphed, and no doubt Louis Philippe and his hypocrite Minister believed that Spain was settled for ever—an appanage of France.

Guizot was unable to conceal his pleasure. He was intoxicated with vanity at his own performance, and he fondly hoped that he would go down the ages, as the rival of Talleyrand or Richelieu, by virtue of this single achievement. "The affair of the Spanish marriages," said he, in the Chamber on the 5th of February 1847, "is the first

grand thing that we have effected completely single-handed in Europe since 1830." There is a certain irony in this pompous pronouncement. Assuredly the marriage had been effected single-handed; but so little was it grand that it brought with it the ruin of M. Guizot, and the downfall of M. Guizot's master. The Queen Marie Amelie had already received from the Queen of England such a letter as must have convinced her that friendship between the two countries was henceforth impossible. Prince Metternich had already explained to the French Minister what he thought of his conduct. "Tell M. Guizot from me," he said, "that one does not with impunity play little tricks with great countries. He knows I do not think much of public opinion; it is not one of my instruments, but it has its effect. The English Government have done their best to establish Louis Philippe in public opinion. They can withdraw what they gave, and I have always said the moment he loses that, that he is on the very verge of a war, and his is not a dynasty which can stand a war." Guizot, confident in his own diplomacy, replied with ill-omened jauntiness: "But he don't mean to interfere at once, does he?" He did not mean to interfere at all; his message was but the warning of an onlooker; and the warning was so well founded that in two years the French monarchy was overturned, and Louis Philippe had taken refuge in the country which he, or his Minister, had deceived.

It is a pitiful drama, truly, and we cannot but congratulate ourselves that we played but a small part in it. But what of the young Queen who had been the victim of M. Guizot's ineffectual cunning? At sixteen she was a woman of the world, who had been tricked into a marriage, and she made the best of it. There was, however, no prospect of settled government. Military dictators quarrelled for the ascendancy, with no thought but of themselves. *Pronunciamentos* followed one another in an aimless succession. The Spaniards became so patiently accustomed to insurrection that they scarcely noticed whether their cities were in a state of siege or not. They went about their business heedless of the soldiers who thronged their streets, and though now and again a hastily constructed barricade made bloodshed inevitable, there probably never was a revolution, or series of revolutions, so long protracted and so innocent of disaster, as was witnessed by Spain during the reign of Isabella.

Happily the Powers, warned by the wicked indiscretion of M. Guizot, accepted Wellington's maxim, that "one country has no right to interfere in the internal affairs of another," and allowed Spain to deal with her own rebels in her own way. The worst of it was that Isabella, for all her amiability, was neither a wise woman nor a strong queen. Not only did she bow before the storm which she could not control, but she indulged in all the extravagant

superstitions which have obscured the reigns and ruined the lives of so many Spanish monarchs. Her advisers were chosen with a complete disregard of their own characters and of the popular will. When the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo was not there to darken counsel, she listened with only too great an eagerness to the mystifications of Maria de los Dolores Patrocinio, Abbess of San Pascual de Aranjuez. This woman was a fraudulent nun, who simulated the stigmata; yet she won a perfect ascendancy over the Queen's mind, and it is not surprising that this return to the fanaticism of Philip II., modified by a new-fangled spiritualism, alienated the intelligent people of Spain from their allegiance to the throne.

And then there arose a soldier, Don Juan Prim, who for some years made himself master of Spain. He was a bold adventurer, fit for any enterprise, and not too scrupulous of the means used to gain his ends. His influence in the army was immense, and he wanted nothing more than a complacent monarch, to whom he should act as the power behind the throne. Had Isabella thrown in her lot with him, she might still have sat safe upon the throne. But the intrigues of the palace prevented an alliance, and Prim was left to play his own hand. And play it he did with such success that Isabella wisely crossed the frontier, while Prim remained omnipotent dictator. That he was a profound statesman is

not true; but he was an adventurer, with a fine sense of drama, and all those showy qualities which win the admiration of the people. Moreover, he had no desire ostensibly to take up the reins of power. What he wanted, as we have said, was an amiable prince, and he scoured Europe until he found one, as he thought, in Prince Amadeo. But in the very moment of his success Prim was assassinated, and Amadeo was left to carry out a hazardous experiment unaided. Meanwhile, Isabella had made Paris her home, and there she lived in gracious exile for nearly forty years. That she played a great part in a historic intrigue was a misfortune for which she was not responsible, and as she was liberally endowed with the kindlier qualities, she might have been happy in an inglorious tranquillity, had not destiny placed her upon a shaky throne. But, as an admirer said, she was always a child, and few queens have earned a more amiable epitaph.

By an ironic stroke of justice Spain within a space of twenty-two years was the means of overthrowing two dynasties in France, and the death of Isabella reminds us how swiftly the balance of diplomacy swings to this side or that. Will a Spanish marriage or a Spanish succession ever again involve Europe in a war or shake a constitutional monarch on his throne? We think not. Nowadays the eyes of all are turned resolutely to the East; and the future of the Pacific is of greater importance than the fortune of

Spain. Even when the war of 1870 made the boast of M. Guizot ridiculous, there was no Japan, and the German Empire was but in process of creation. If we go back to the first half of the eighteenth century we shall encounter a still stranger system. Then Sweden and Turkey were Powers with whom it was prudent to reckon, and England was looking towards Russia that she might counteract the power of France in the North. How many combinations have been made since then! How many changes will be witnessed in the next fifty years! And it is because our interests and aspirations have been shifted so far from home, that Queen Isabella has receded into the past, that the intrigues which preceded her hapless marriage appear, to our saner eyes, the fantastic diplomacy of a mythical kingdom. Then, in spite of ourselves, we were driven to scrutinise the aspirants to the hand of a Spanish queen. To-day we are the allies of Japan. Does history reserve for us a more sudden surprise than this?

Herbert Spencer was not a rebel after the manner of Don Juan Prim. Yet he, too, knew the excitement of revolution, though his battles were fought in the realm of speculation, and his *pronunciamentos* were nothing more dangerous than magazine articles. There is, however, no sensation and but moderate interest in his 'Autobiography' (Williams & Norgate), which has been recently published. It is evident in

every page of this work that Herbert Spencer was always more earnestly devoted to the study of philosophy than to the observation of men. He appears to have had but a fragmentary knowledge even of himself. It is not that he deliberately suppresses the truth; but the candour which alone gives a value to an autobiography was alien to his temperament. In his astounding vanity he regards Herbert Spencer as a public character; and he has fashioned, so to say, a plain and serviceable statue, which might be appropriately placed at a street corner in Derby. In other words, the book reveals no intimacies of character; it is merely a meritorious, frock-coated presentment of an industrious and sometimes indiscreet philosopher. Again, it reflects its author rather by his deficiencies than by his merits. It is provincial, almost suburban, in tone; and though Herbert Spencer the writer may always keep his hold upon students of science, Herbert Spencer the man is not likely to touch the popular imagination.

Born of intellectual parentage eighty-four years ago, Herbert Spencer was appropriately brought up upon a system. He enjoyed from his earliest childhood the freedom not to be educated. He fished, and caught butterflies, reeking not of the classics, and obeying the dictates of nature rather than the artifice of learning. The first book which prompted him to read of his own accord was 'Sandford and Merton,' a

masterpiece which had so profound an influence upon him that he retained unto the end something of the style of the eminent Mr Barlow. To lesson-learning he was always averse, and he refused to acquire any foreign language, because grammar is purely dogmatic, and the established rules did not permit him to bend the French and German tongues to his will. His independence of spirit showed itself early, and he was but thirteen when, disapproving of his uncle's method of discipline, he determined upon flight from Hinton Charterhouse, of which parish his uncle was rector. In some respects this was the most spirited adventure in his life. He set out from Hinton with no more than two shillings in his pocket, and the firm resolve in his heart to reach Derby. The first day he walked forty-eight miles on a penny roll and a glass of beer, and he might have covered yet more ground had not his progress been interrupted by outbursts of grief. On the second day he added forty-seven miles to the account, and on the third, with the help of a friendly coach, he managed to reach his father's house. His comment upon the exploit is entirely characteristic. With his ineradicable love of cause and effect, he wonders what was the physical result of the escapade. "It can," says he, "scarcely be doubted that my system received a detrimental shock." He is quite sure that the cost had to be met somehow, "no doubt by a falling short of the ultimate perfection of structure." But, alas! he was never

able to count the cost. For "there was no manifest sign of mischief, either then or during subsequent years," and thus we have another spacious "generalisation" upset by the tyranny of indisputable fact.

At the age of seventeen Herbert Spencer became an engineer. For some ten years he worked with success and energy upon the railroads. The industry was romantic and untried. From one end of England to another new lines were meditated, if not constructed. A fever of gambling laid hold of all classes. The landowners hoped to sell their property for many times its value, and the simple citizen bought as many shares as he could, in the hope of a rise. But Herbert Spencer was no gambler: it was not for him to traffic in railway stock, or to "bull" and "bear" the market; his was the surer, less profitable task of surveying lines and building bridges; and he showed so quick an aptitude for the mechanical arts that he rose very rapidly in his profession. It is the record of these years that is perhaps the most interesting part of his book. It is more amusing to read of action than of reflection, and Spencer's experience of the engineers is fresh alike in comment and observation. He was then, as always, insubordinate. He found it difficult to work under another's control, and he tells us again and again that he sacrificed his chance of advancement by a want of tact. If he disapproved of a plan, he could not suppress his disapproval, even though he were employed

to carry it out; he was, as he confesses, constantly grumbling and criticising; and it is not surprising that his superiors resented his interference. But his candour succeeded at last: he kept his independence, he went his own way, and, had he chosen, he might doubtless have sat upon boards and constructed tunnels until old age overtook him.

But the real purpose of his life was too urgent to be suppressed. He must at all costs formulate the views which were in him, and impart them to the world. To teach was a necessity of his nature. "The writing of books," he tells us, "resulted from the wish to set forth certain ideas," and this wish was imperious. For wealth he cared not a jot. During sixteen years of publication his books brought him not profits but losses. Yet he was indifferent to all, save to getting an audience; and so great was his ultimate triumph that before his death he was famous in every country from China to Peru. Strange as it appears, Herbert Spencer is more widely known than any writer of the nineteenth century; stranger still, he is familiar not merely to *savants* but to the people: his books belong to that odd class of literature called "household words," which is quoted, if not read, by ignorant and learned alike. Long since he was translated into Japanese, and we have heard him quoted by a Spanish courier in the wilds of Andalusia. But he did not win the victory at once. For years he was forced to face poverty and

neglect. Even when he had with difficulty collected a band of subscribers, they fell off, and the publication of his *magna opera* was all but suspended. However, no discouragement prevailed against him, and, despite ill-health and hardship, he did not die without accomplishing his task. For this courage and contempt of circumstances we cannot but entertain a sincere admiration, which is increased by the simple and direct terms in which the philosopher himself relates his struggle and its result.

But when we consider him apart from his work, we discern a man of curious limitations. We have said that he was provincial, and this provinciality was intensified by an conquerable habit of living in what are called "boarding-houses." He was never master of his own surroundings; he accepted a circle ready-made for him, and ready-made, perforce, of unpromising materials. Yet he describes it all with an amazing ingenuousness. On one occasion he tells us of an unfortunate experience in Hinde Street. "The first impressions I received of my hostess," says he, "were of an unfavourable kind. She gave me the idea of a nature anything but attractive, although she put on a manner of great civility. I ignored this natural verdict of my feelings, but I had afterwards reason to regret that I did not yield to it. Though no positive evil resulted, the relation was an unpleasant one." This particular hostess professed a high admiration for

Shakespeare. "Ah! I often wish that he were alive," said she one day, "and I had him here. How we should enjoy one another's conversation!" Yet one may be pretty sure that Shakespeare would not have lived in a boarding-house, and we cannot but wish that Herbert Spencer's sense of humour had been strong enough to suggest to him a picture of these strange dwelling-places. Might he have sketched for us, we wonder, the English counterpart of Balzac's famous *pension*?

Though he devoted the greater part of his life to writing, he was in no sense a man of letters. Indeed we might go so far as to say that literature was distasteful to him. In all manifestations of human ingenuity he asked some obvious reason, or some easily detected purpose. He is never tired of telling us that he is so indolent by nature that he never reads the whole of a book, that he is content to turn over the pages of a magazine article. It was once the pleasant pastime of intelligent men to draw up a list of books that had influenced them. Herbert Spencer might have filled a bookcase with masterpieces which he had refrained from reading. Kant, Buckle, and Dante—all "the best hundred books," in fact—would have found a place within it. For this restraint we have not a word of reproach. We have no respect for those who claim a too easy acquaintance with the masters. But Herbert Spencer was not satisfied with abstinence; his vanity always provided him

with a dogmatic criticism of the books he had not read. Homer is the classic occasion for his misguided judgment. He admits that he read no more than six books of the *Iliad* in a translation, and this is how it struck him: "Passing over its tedious enumeration of details in dresses and arms, of chariots and horses, of blows given and received, filling page after page—saying nothing of the boyish practice of repeating descriptive names, such as well-greaved Greeks, long-haired Achæans, horse-breaking Trojans, and so forth (epithets which, when not relevant to the issue, are injurious); passing over, too, the many absurdities, such as giving the genealogy of a horse while in the midst of a battle; and not objecting that the subject-matter appeals continually to brutal passions and the instincts of the savage; it suffices to say that to me the ceaseless repetition of battles and speeches is intolerable." For mingled arrogance and ineptitude it would be difficult to surpass this pronouncement, and we solace ourselves with the conviction that Homer's "boyish" repetitions will outlive a thousand syntheses.

Yet he esteemed himself a fine critic of the arts. He, too, in his hot youth had strung verses together. Once upon a time he meditated an epic called 'The Angel of Truth'; he had sketched out a drama entitled 'The Rebel'; and he found among some old papers examples of his lyrical skill—"but there is nothing in them," he says, "beyond play of fancy."

Fancy is not the quality which we associate most intimately with Herbert Spencer, and we are more than half afraid that he exaggerates. However, having demolished the pretensions of Homer, he proceeds to state that all "poems which I care to read must have intensity." Homer, then, is not intense. Yet we are glad to recall the judgment of a far greater man than Herbert Spencer that Homer was the only poet whose words "live"; and the author of 'The Principles of Sociology' would have been wiser had he kept silence concerning that which he did not understand. But this was impossible to his restless mind, and as he always sought in the works of the imagination what he could never find in them, his disappointment was constant and immaterial.

History fared no better at his hands than poetry. When Carlyle's 'Cromwell' was published, he wrote to a friend: "As you correctly surmise, I have no intention of wading through it." Why indeed should he? "I find so many things," said he, "to think about in this world of ours, that I cannot afford to spend a week in estimating the character of a man who lived two centuries ago." In other words, a social philosopher who found an intense interest in the character of a modern savage, or in the history of a fossil, detected in the life of a statesman "who lived two centuries ago" nothing worth a thought. Alas for sociology!

Yet despite his contempt for the vain repetition of poetry,

the idle resurrection of history, Herbert Spencer affected to cherish a sincere admiration of style. Not content with writing an essay on "The Philosophy of Style," he assures his readers that "somewhere he had met with the saying that a book is saved by its style, and had taken the saying to heart." He took it to heart the more easily, he assures us, because he was "constitutionally fastidious." There is an element of tragic comedy in these confessions. It is difficult to imagine a style more arid and lifeless than Herbert Spencer's. For a treatise upon Sociology such a method of expression may be suitable enough, though there are men of science who have used the English language with some appreciation of its meaning and variety. But an autobiography is surely an occasion for a light touch and a furtive epigram. Here, at any rate, Herbert Spencer might have given play to his fancy and proved his fastidious taste. Unfortunately he avoids the temptation, and writes of his life and performances with the same restraint which he exercised with unfailing success in his more serious works. We once heard a distinguished socialist who profoundly disapproved of Herbert Spencer's individualism devising punishments for his enemy. "I would condemn him," he blurted out, as a culmination of punishment, "to translate his own works into English." The punishment, perhaps, was excessive; but the judgment, implied in the

socialist's condemnation, was nearer the truth than Herbert Spencer's own, and the philosopher's naïveté is but another testimony to the ease where-with the most learned of men can, an he will, deceive himself.

Nevertheless, Herbert Spencer has done his best to display the gayer side of his character. He confesses that he was always ready to laugh at comedies and farces, "if tolerable," and his standard of toleration was not high. Among operatic composers Meyerbeer was his favourite, and he never lost his taste for fiction. But his great resource from the monotony of existence was billiards; and he declares, not without a little pride, that he was devoted to this game, not from a convinced love of distraction, but for the all-sufficient reason that he liked it. It was one among the happiest moments of his life, we are sure, when a Frenchman, who came to see him at the Athenæum, was brought by a member to the billiard-room. "Here he saw me engaged in a game," said Herbert Spencer, "and, as I heard afterwards, lifted up his hands with an exclamation to the effect that had he not seen it he could not have believed it." Still greater was the astonishment of that eminent philosopher, Mr Andrew Carnegie, who confessed, to Herbert Spencer's undisguised pleasure, that the first words he heard the author of the 'Synthetic Philosophy' utter were: "Waiter, I did not ask for Cheshire; I asked for Cheddar." There is a kind of coquetry in Spencer's delight

that so profound a thinker as himself should be surprised at billiards, or should discover to a stranger a nice taste in cheese. But what amazes us still more is the truth, which cannot be hid, that Herbert Spencer was no stranger to the tender passion. In his youth he was famous among his associates for his many mild flirtations. *Nuper idoneus*, he boasted in his old age, with unblushing forehead. To encounter a beautiful girl in a railway-carriage was one of the few experiences which he deems worthy of record. But though his friends never ceased to urge matrimony upon him, he died a bachelor. The many arguments whether he should marry, yea or nay, here set down, recall a famous chapter in 'Pantagruel.' "Marry, in the name of God," quoth George Eliot, Huxley, and many another. "Nay, but," quoth Herbert Spencer, "I am not rich, and am given to the writing of books." Moreover, he was not easy to please. "Physical beauty is a *sine quâ non* with me," said he; "as was once unhappily proved where the intellectual traits and the emotional traits were of the highest." The bad taste of this confession cannot be too strongly condemned. For not only is George Eliot plainly indicated, but the philosopher implies that his disapproval, not the lady's, was the obstacle to the match. And his version is the less credible, since George Eliot appears in the 'Autobiography' as a match-maker. She discovered for her friend, a lady, "good-looking, young, extremely open, a poetess

and an heiress." But Herbert Spencer was unmoved. His chief objection was that the young lady appeared too highly intellectual. "A small brain in a state of intense activity," said he, "is the best description." It is consoling to learn that the lady, also, was unfavourably impressed. "Probably," observed the philosopher, "she came with high anticipations and was disappointed: looking for intellectual coruscations, and meeting with nothing but commonplace remarks." On this occasion, at any rate, no hearts were broken, and Herbert Spencer remained to the end with no other bride than philosophy.

The book contains not a few sketches of distinguished contemporaries—of George Eliot, with whom, as we have said, Herbert Spencer declares he was not in love, and whom he first encouraged to write fiction, of George Henry Lewes, concerning whom nought is said that is not to his credit, of Huxley, whose witticisms are a pleasant relief, of J. S. Mill, whose generosity to Herbert Spencer is one of the noblest episodes in the history of Science. But to our appreciation of Herbert Spencer his 'Autobiography' will add but little. While on the one hand it is too pompous for sincerity, on the other it does but emphasise the narrowness of his outlook,—his fantastic vanity, and his amazing lack of humour. "Spencer's idea of a tragedy," said Huxley, with a spice of malice, "is a deduction killed by a fact." Spencer's idea of a comedy is proved in these two volumes by many a sad example.

SIAM'S PLACE IN THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT.

TWO years ago, in the May number of 'Maga,' 1902, we had occasion to lay before our readers a statement of the interests of Great Britain in Siam, in matters commercial and in matters political. The very large share which the merchants of this country had acquired in the trade of Bangkok, not, be it remembered, by the artificial support of the British Government, but by their own enterprise and industry, was explained; and the danger of allowing France to absorb Siam and to become conterminous with our Indian Empire was pointed out. This view of the political importance of Siam to England was supported by quotations from Lord Curzon's writings and Lord Rosebery's speeches. The Viceroy of India has not changed his opinions. In one of his recent speeches he has included Siam in the glais of British India, on which no other European Power can be allowed to establish itself.

In the October of 1902 a treaty was agreed to by the French Foreign Office and Siam which offered a more reasonable solution of the relations of the two countries than those conversant with the attitude of the French Colonial party could have expected. It would have placed matters on a footing satisfactory to Great Britain, and would have given to Siam enough to enable her to accept it without violence to her dignity and self-respect. It was denounced, however, by the

Colonial party with such violence that M. Delcassé was compelled to abandon it, and to reopen negotiations with the view of extorting from the King of Siam further concessions. This task, distasteful we may be sure to a statesman so moderate and just as M. Delcassé, has been brought to a close on the 13th February of the present year. The results are embodied in a Convention between Siam and France, which still awaits ratification.

Meanwhile the Anglo-French Convention has been signed on the 8th April 1904, and contains the following declaration regarding Siam:—

"The Government of his Britannic Majesty and the Government of the French Republic confirm Articles 1 and 2 of the Declaration signed in London on January 15, 1896, by the Marquess of Salisbury, then her Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Baron de Courcel, then Ambassador of the French Republic at the Court of her Britannic Majesty.

"In order, however, to complete these arrangements, they declare by mutual agreement that the influence of Great Britain shall be recognised by France in the territories situated to the west of the basin of the River Menam, and that the influence of France shall be recognised by Great Britain in the territories situated to the east of the same region, all the Siamese possessions on the east and south-east of the zone above described and the adjacent islands coming thus henceforth under French influence, and, on the other hand, all Siamese possessions on the west of this zone and of the Gulf of Siam, including the Malay Peninsula and the adjacent islands, coming under English influence.

"The two contracting parties, disclaiming all idea of annexing any Siamese territory, and determined to abstain from any act which might contravene the provisions of existing treaties, agree that, with this reservation, and so far as either of them is concerned, the two Governments shall each have respectively liberty of action in their spheres of influence as above defined."

This declaration is explained by Lord Lansdowne in his despatch to Sir G. Monson, dated 8th April 1904, in words which it is necessary to quote in full:—

"An Agreement has also been come to with the French Government in regard to the interests of the two Powers in the neighbourhood of Siam. It will be in your Excellency's recollection that by an Agreement arrived at in 1896, France and Great Britain undertook to refrain from any armed intervention, or the acquisition of special privileges, in the Siamese possessions which were included within the basin of the Menam river. It was explained by my predecessor that the restriction of the undertaking thus given did not imply any doubts as to the validity of the Siamese title to those portions of her possessions which lay outside the Menam Valley. To this view his Majesty's Government adhere. The Agreement of 1896 has none the less been regarded as implying that the relations of the two Powers to Siam and to one another in respect to the regions lying to the east and to the west of the guaranteed area differed from their relations to her and to one another in respect of the central portion of the kingdom. In point of fact, British influence has for some time past prevailed in the western, and French influence in the eastern, portions of the Siamese dominions. The Agreements which have been entered into with Siam by his Majesty's Government as to the Malay Peninsula, and by the French Government as to the Mekong Valley, show that the two Powers have each on its side considered themselves at liberty to acquire a preponderating influence in those parts of the Siamese Empire.

"The exercise of such influence is compatible with the absence of all idea of annexing Siamese territory, and in order that this may be made abundantly clear, both parties to the Convention have placed it on record that neither of them desire to take for themselves any portion of the possessions of the King of Siam, and that they are determined to maintain the obligations which they have incurred under existing Treaties.

"These Treaties, as your Excellency is aware, entitle Great Britain to most-favoured-nation treatment in all parts of the Siamese dominions."

The Agreement of 1896 here referred to is the "Declaration between Great Britain and France with regard to Siam and the Upper Mékong," signed at London on January 15, 1896. Its scope is not quoted quite accurately by Lord Lansdowne. The territory which both Powers undertook not to invade was not merely the basin of the Ménam river, but "the region which is comprised in the basins of the Petcha Bowie, Meiklong Ménam, and Bang Pakong (Petriou) rivers and their respective tributaries, together with the extent of coast from Muong Bang Tapan to Muong Pase, the basins of the other rivers on which those two places are situated, and the basins of the other rivers, the estuaries of which are included in that coast; and including also the territory lying to the north of the basin of the Ménam, and situated between the Anglo-Siamese frontier and the Mékong river." It is necessary to draw attention to this point, because without understanding it the bearing of the present Agreement cannot be justly appreciated.

Lord Salisbury, in sending the 1896 Declaration to our Ambassador in Paris, the Marquess of Dufferin, took the greatest pains to show that nothing in it was intended to throw doubt upon the complete title and rights of the Siamese to the remainder of their kingdom or as treating those rights with disregard. "We fully recognise, he said, the rights of Siam to the full and undisturbed enjoyment in accordance with long usage or with existing treaties of the entire territory comprised within her dominions; and nothing in our present action would detract in any degree from the validity of the rights of the King of Siam to those portions of his territory which are not affected by this treaty." This explanation has not been accepted without controversy in France. It has been maintained by the Colonial party at least, if not by the Government of the Republic, that the Declaration of 1896 acknowledged, on the part of England, the right of France to deal as she pleased with the Siamese territory on the right bank of the Mékong outside the Ménam basin. The present Agreement, now signed by Lord Lansdowne, virtually accepts the interpretation which Lord Salisbury took so much pains to disclaim. Moreover, it whittles down the territories which are to be secured from invasion, and excluded from the spheres of influence to the Ménam basin only, throwing the area between that basin and the Burma frontier into the British sphere of influence. Yet it is quaintly de-

scribed as "completing Lord Salisbury's arrangements." It completes the arrangements made for maintaining the independence of Siam by completely depriving her of all independence on either side of the Ménam basin. The two contracting parties "disclaim all idea of annexing any Siamese territory, and are determined to abstain from any act which might contravene existing treaties." So far so good. But see what follows. "With this reservation and so far as either of them is concerned, the two Governments shall each have respectively liberty of action in their spheres of influence as above defined."

The question is, What interpretation will be put on this reservation? There are materials at hand for answering it. In the first place, there is the Convention just wrung from Siam by M. Delcassé, in obedience to the Colonial party. In the second, there is the avowed policy of that party, by hook or crook, to incorporate Siam in the French Indo-China Empire. And, lastly, there is the evident power of the party to force their will on a reluctant Minister, even one so eminent for moderation and wisdom as M. Delcassé.

The Convention between France and Siam now awaiting ratification is a distinct step in the direction in which the Colonial party desire to advance. It involves a considerable cession of territory to France, with the establishment of what must become a French administration in a still larger area of the King of Siam's

dominions. From a point on the Great Lake a line is drawn due north to the Pnom Dang Rek range of mountains, which it then follows more or less closely until it meets the Mékong, thus including the provinces of Melonprey and Bassac in the French Empire. On the higher reaches of the Mékong the whole of the Luang Prabang territory on the right bank of the river, which under the treaty of 1893 remained Siamese, is transferred to France. This territory, as we explained in 1902, comprises between 4000 and 5000 square miles, much of it forested with teak. Its acquisition was set before the Colonial party by M. Garnier in 1866-68, and M. Pavie and his allies have never ceased to clamour for it. They have now succeeded in getting it. They have also obtained another great object of their ambition in converting the Mékong into a French river. Although the twenty-five kilometre zone along the right bank of the stream, as laid down in 1893, is to be abolished, yet the new treaty provides for the cession to France of territory at six points on the right bank of the stream, where the French are to be authorised to establish commercial stations and river ports; and the Siamese undertake to join with the French in the execution of various works for improving the navigation of the river, or, where that may be impossible, for taking measures to avoid the obstructions by roads and railways.

It might be thought that these cessions of territory—we

dare not in the face of the Anglo-French Agreement call them annexations—would be a sufficient price to exact for the evacuation of Chantabun, which is still held by France ostensibly under the treaty of 1893, and for the small mitigations which are to be conceded to Siam in the matter of the registration of Asiatics as French subjects. It is thought necessary, however, that the "preponderating influence" of France in the basin of the Mékong should be unmistakably felt by the Siamese Government. Therefore it is enacted by Article vi. of the treaty that any troops stationed in or despatched to any part of that region, which comprises the greater portion of the King's dominions, shall be Siamese and officered by Siamese. The only exception permitted to this rule is to be the gendarmerie, who are commanded at present by Danish officers. This force has, it is understood, been found necessary in order to deal effectually with the organised gangs of dacoits who from time to time harass the country. If the Siamese authorities desire to replace the Danes in their service by other foreigners, they must first come to an understanding with the French Government.

The provinces of Battambang and Siam-Reap have always been desired by the French. By the treaty of 1893 the Siamese were bound to withdraw all armed garrisons and raze to the ground all fortified posts within them. Opportunity has now been taken to rivet the fetters on Siam with a stronger hand.

The King's Government undertakes to maintain in those provinces, which extend to within about one hundred miles of Bangkok, only such police as may be necessary for the maintenance of order. This force, moreover, must be recruited exclusively from natives of the provinces, and by a supplementary agreement it is provided that they are to be commanded by officers of the French army. The probability is that the only concern which the King of Siam will have with this part of his kingdom in the future will be the provision of the funds necessary to maintain the police. An arrangement of this kind may not be annexation, but it is certainly making a very free use of the liberty of action which is declared by the Government of Great Britain to appertain to France in these regions.

It may be noted that, as we pointed out in 'Maga' in May 1902, Battambang and the adjacent provinces were held to be necessary to France in order that complete command might be obtained over the Great Lake and that trade might be diverted from Bangkok to the French port. This object has not been lost sight of, and the obligation of assisting in its attainment is cynically imposed on Siam. The King is made to agree to the construction of a railway from Battambang to Pnom-Penh on the Mékong, plainly in order that the course of trade, of the rice-trade especially, may be drawn away from his own capital to Saigon. The line is to be made by

each Government within its own territories, or by a Franco-Siamese company. With a like object works are to be undertaken to improve the river between the Great Lake and Battambang, and the French Government agrees to place the services of experts at the disposal of the King for this purpose. The injury to the trade of Bangkok which the line from Battambang to Pnom-Penh may cause might be avoided by connecting Battambang with Bangkok by rail. This possibility has, however, been foreseen by M. Delcassé's advisers. Article vii. of the treaty provides, as regards the whole of the Mékong basin, that if Siam desires to make any ports, canals, or railways in this territory, "notamment des chemins de fer destinés à relier la capitale à un point quelconque de ce bassin," her Government must come to an agreement with that of France, unless these works can be executed exclusively by Siamese engineers and with Siamese capital ("exécutés exclusivement par un personnel et avec des capitaux Siamois"). And this condition is to be taken as applying (*naturellement*, be it observed) to the working of these enterprises. As respects the use of the ports, canals, and lines so to be constructed, no differential duty is to be established contrary to existing treaties which bind Siam. It is evident, then, that "the preponderating influence" of France has been used to prepare the way for the diversion of the trade from the

basin of the Mékong from Bangkok to Saigon, and for the exclusion from a great part of the King of Siam's dominions of all foreign capital and employees with the exception of French.

But this is not all. It is announced that the Siamese Government has consented to the frontier between the Great Lake and the sea being so drawn as to include the port of Krat in French territory. At present the boundary between French Cambodia and Siam touches the sea at Point Samit, about 200 miles south-east of Krat. From Point Samit it runs along a well-defined range of mountains parallel to the coast. A well-informed writer in 'The Morning Post' of March 30 describes this coast as a strip inhabited by Siamese, and with no Cambodians in any part of it. "But it is this coast strip," he adds, "which France is now desirous of obtaining and will obtain if Krat is to be ceded to her by Siam." He then goes on to show that there are four islands, three of them large, close to the coast. "All these islands afford excellent anchorage, and on some of them are harbours capable of great development. The possession of these islands would give France a naval base within one hundred and fifty miles of Bangkok." The possession of Krat would also enable France, as the same writer points out, to draw away still more of the rice-trade from Bangkok.

It may well be asked, What compensation is Siam to get for these great concessions? It is

not easy to answer the inquiry. Probably what she most hopes for is permission to live and to endeavour to improve the administration of such territories as may be secured to her and to ameliorate the condition of her subjects. King Chulalongkorn has done much already in these directions, and if he were freed from the constant apprehension of interference and annexation he might do more. But he lives as a man under sentence of death. The future may not concern him. Ostensibly, however, the compensations offered to him in the new Convention are three—the evacuation of Chantabun; the abolition of the twenty-five kilometre zone along the right bank of the Mékong; and some restriction on the vexatious registration by French consuls of Asiatics as French subjects, and their removal by this means from the jurisdiction of the Siamese courts. The clauses of the Convention on the last head will, if honestly carried out, mitigate the registration evil, which has grown to an intolerable extent. As to the two former, it is doubtful whether any real relief will be given to Siam. In 1893 the French agreed to evacuate Chantabun until the stipulations of the treaty were fulfilled, and especially until the complete evacuation and pacification not only of the left bank of the Mékong but of the twenty-five kilometre zone on the right bank, in which the Siamese were not allowed to keep even an armed policeman. The French Government still keeps it grip on Chantabun.

It has held the left bank of the Mékong for eleven years. It is impossible for it to say, with any regard to the honest truth, that if that territory is not pacified, or if there are disturbances in the zone which the provisions of the treaty make it impossible for him to govern, the King of Siam is in any way responsible. We are constrained, therefore, to scrutinise closely the clause of the present Convention which provides for the evacuation of Chantabun. Article v. makes the surrender of that place to the King of Siam conditional on the completion of an agreement to delimit the frontier between the Great Lake and the sea, and on the official notification to the French authorities that the territory resulting from that delimitation and the territories which are to be ceded under the other articles of the Convention have been placed at their disposal. It is possible that ten years hence France will be found in occupation of Chantabun as well as of the new acquisitions which the Convention gives her.

The abolition of the twenty-five kilometre zone would, if it were honestly and freely given, be a great boon to Siam. But while the disabilities under which the King's Government has laboured hitherto in that zone have been partly removed, they are extended in a minor degree to the whole of a much vaster and very wild area of country.

Such, then, are the conditions of the Convention already signed by the French and Siamese Ministers, now await-

ing ratification by France. They must be presumed to have been known to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs when he signed the Anglo-French Agreement. It seems, then, that in the opinion of both parties to that agreement the enforcement of terms of this nature is deemed to be "an exercise of preponderating influence" compatible with the absence of all idea of annexing Siamese territory. And on the top of this Convention we have the avowed policy of the French Colonial party. We have explained on a former occasion what that policy is. As the writer in 'The Morning Post,' from whose article we have already quoted, says, there is entire agreement between the various sections of the Colonial party as to the ultimate object of French ambitions in the Far East. "It is the eventual absorption of Siam into France's Indo-Chinese Empire." The provisions of the Convention, grasping as they may appear, do not satisfy even the Committee of Foreign Affairs to which it has been referred. They are very far, indeed, from satisfying the more active spirits of the Colonial party.

It is upon the cards that the Convention may be rejected and M. Delcassé sent back to give the screw another twist. But even if this is not done, it will only be accepted as an instalment, as one stage nearer to Bangkok. The power which the Colonial party possess has been made manifest by the treatment accorded to M. Delcassé in 1902. He had then to renounce his

own ideas of justice and moderation in obedience to their mandate, and he may have to submit to their dictation again.

It is because of these considerations that we do not derive much pleasure from the clauses relating to Siam in the Anglo-French Agreement. To outsiders, and possibly in a minor degree to Siam herself, those clauses may be read as a conspiracy between two unscrupulous Governments to rob a weak Power. England says to France, "You strip him on the one side, I will strip him on the other. As to the middle, we may leave that alone for the present." Meanwhile each agrees to keep his hands off. That this view may be taken is the more to be regretted, because, so far as Great Britain is concerned, her single object is the maintenance of Siam as a buffer State. The territory over which Great Britain's influence is or will be exercised is confined almost, if not exclusively, to some States in the Malay Peninsula, over which the King of Siam has had little, if any, authority. We have been obliged to interfere, in the interests of the adjacent states which are under our protectorate, with some of the Malay chiefs nominally

subject to Siam. But in so doing, and in taking measures to enforce peace and order, we have not, it is believed, disregarded the customary rights of the King.

Lord Lansdowne has had an exceedingly difficult task in procuring the settlement of our disputes with France; and in what has been written there is no desire to detract in any way from the great services he has rendered to the nation, or to diminish the debt of gratitude due to him. As regards Siam, he must have found the French Government very hard to deal with on account of its own difficulties. Events have moved since 1896, and it would have been almost impossible to adhere to the spirit of Lord Salisbury's declaration with regard to the rights of Siam. At the same time—considering the terms of the latest French-Siamese Convention, and the probability that the Agreement which Great Britain has made with France will encourage the Colonial party in that country to ask for more—we could have wished that England had not been made to appear as aiding, abetting, and sharing in what we must characterise as a somewhat arbitrary use of *force majeure*.

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THE PAST IN THE PRESENT.

(*With Apologies to Sir ARTHUR MITCHELL.*)

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.

“Now there’s an end to an auld sang!” was Chancellor Seafield’s bitter comment as he signed the Act of Union between England and Scotland in 1707; and an end without doubt there was to a great deal hitherto inseparable from Scottish national life. The dream of far-sighted statesmen, from Alexander III. of Scotland and Edward I. of England onwards, was realised at length: one Crown, one Parliament, had been established: Scotland, as it seemed to many of her sons, had signed away on a scrap of sheepskin the independence she had won by force of arms and maintained by three centuries of wasteful war. A

generation had to be born, grow up, and pass away before the poorer nation should begin to realise the material advantage of union with the richer; and to this day few Scotsmen can pace the pictured hall of the Parliament House on Castle Hill without some strain of melancholy weaving itself into the fond associations of the past. So tender is the glamour which imperfect acquaintance suffers to gather round bygone days! It might be a rude shock for some of those who sigh for the Scotland of yore to be transported among the grim realities of her capital as it was immediately before the Union. The pinching pov-

erty of the nation allowed scant margin for the amenities—even the decencies—of life. There is no reason to suspect Joseph Taylor, the English barrister, of exaggeration in his 'Journey to Edenborough,'¹ undertaken in 1705. His accuracy may be tested by the description of such well-known places as Chatsworth, York, and Newcastle, which he passed on his way to the North. At the present day there is not a city in Europe where sanitation is more thoroughly understood or more rigidly enforced than in Edinburgh, Sir Henry Littlejohn's administration of the Public Health Acts standing as a counsel of perfection for all time and all countries. But it is a dismal picture that Taylor unfolds; indeed, it is scarcely possible to quote some of the darker passages in his description of the Maiden City.

"Every street shows the nastiness of the Inhabitants: the excrements lye in heaps. . . . In a Morning the Scent was so offensive that we were forc't to hold our Noses as we past the streets, & take care where we trod for fear of disobliging our shoes, & to walk in the middle at night, for fear of an accident on our heads. The Lodgings are as nasty as the streets, and wash't so seldom that the dirt is thick eno' to be par'd off with a Shovell."

At Moffat, which Mr Taylor speaks of as already "famous for its Spaw," the travellers lodged with the Provost.

"We here met with good wine, and some mutton pretty well drest, but looking into the beds, found there was no lying in them, so we kept on

our cloaths all night, and enjoy'd ourselves by a good fire, making often protestations never to come into that Country again."

Although he admits that "since the Union of the 2 Kingdoms [that is, of the Crowns, for the union of Parliaments had yet to be effected] all things are very quiet upon the Boarders [*sic*]," yet there is a significant touch in his description of their arrival at Carlisle on the return journey. "When we came near the Town . . . we all fir'd our Pistolls," a speedier way of emptying them than by drawing the charges.

Mr Taylor, it is true, being at no pains to disguise his vehement prejudice against everything Scots, may have overcharged his palette with sombre pigments; nevertheless, it requires but slight acquaintance with the social history of these islands to realise the immense advance in comfort, security, and the decencies of life which has been achieved within the compass of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and in no part of the realm has the advance been so rapid and the changes so complete as in Scotland. Yet, on the whole, they have been evolutionary rather than revolutionary. Laws have been suffered to lapse without formal repeal, with the result that the Statute-book has become loaded with a vast number of enactments which hurt nobody, by reason that they are wholly inoperative, but which Parlia-

¹ Recently edited by Mr William Cowan. Edinburgh: William Brown.

ment conceives it proper from time to time to put to official death by performing a kind of spring-cleaning, known as Statute Law Revision. One was reminded of the strange continuity of our history by the holocaust of ancient statutes prepared in the Scottish Office last year. A Bill passed the House of Lords repealing upwards of two thousand Acts of the Scottish Parliament, dating from the year 1420 down to the legislative union with England, but it was crowded off the notice-paper of the House of Commons at the end of the session. These ancient laws, therefore, still remain upon the Statute-book, nor can one imagine whose interest it is to remove them, unless it be to gratify the instinct for "tidying up" which distinguishes some intellects not of the first order. For instance, the urgency is not apparent for revoking the ordinance of Parliament which, in the year 1567, instructed "the Laird of Lochlevin anent the keiping of the Kingis mother¹ in the house & fortalice of Lochlevin." There cannot be much risk, one would think, albeit the sceptre of the realm is once more held by an Edward, of confusion or offence arising out of an Act of 1481 which provides for hostilities against "the revare [riever, robber] Edward, calland himselfe King of England." Yet let me speak with the diffidence becoming one unlearned in the law. It may be that our rulers are haunted by apprehension

lest some of this venerable artillery may one day go off, which certainly would cause a disagreeable stir among some classes of his Majesty's subjects. It may be a wise precaution, for instance, to revoke the Act passed by James I.'s Parliament at Perth in 1424, whereby it was "statute and the King forbiddis that na man play at the fute-ball," under pain of fifty shillings fine for each offence—no nominal penalty in the fifteenth century. Modern members of Parliament do not, as a rule, seek relaxation in football, but the Scottish Parliament discouraged golf just as severely as football, and for the same reason, "because they are esteemed to be vnprofitable sports for the common gude of the Realme and defence thereof."

Again, one hears complaints now and then against the severity of the latest Tweed Salmon Fishery Acts; but they read mildly compared with an Act of 1424 which has never been repealed, providing as penalties for killing "salmonde in forbidden tyme," forty shillings each for the first and second offence, and "at the thrid time, gif he be convict of sik trespassse, he sall tyne [lose] his life."

One may deem it a meddling hand which has stirred the dust of ages by drafting this Statute Law Revision Bill, yet one is grateful for refreshing glimpses it affords into ages remote in time and circumstances from the matter-

¹ Mary, Queen of Scots.

of-fact present. Men must ever be at issue among themselves about something: it is well sometimes to shut one's ears to the wordy war between Free-fooders and Whole-hoggers, to fussy declamation about yellow labour and passive resistance, and to allow one's fancy to wander among the conditions which called these ancient laws into existence.

It was an age of war—of war so near the doors, so incessant, that there was no time to waste over War Office reorganisation and recrimination. The superiority of English bowmen over Scots having been proved upon many a bloody field, the Parliament of 1424 simply and sternly decreed that “all men busk them to be archers,” adding the picturesque touch that “bow-marks” be set up near every parish church, so that men may assemble there on saints’ days and holidays, “and at the least schutte thrise about.” It was of no avail. The Scots never did any good with the cloth-yard shaft—persisting in drawing the bow to the breast or even lower, instead of to the ear, after the English exercise. Where the Scots excelled was in *chaude-mellay*—hand to hand, point to point, with the national weapon, the long pike; and thus, sixty years later than the enactment about archers, James III.’s Parliament prohibited any spears or pikes to be made or sold less than “five elnes before the butte.” The “elne” was probably the Flemish ell of 27 inches, which

would make the regulation length of the pike 11 feet 3 inches. Ash was the proper wood for pike-staves, and to supply the amount required thereof taxed the resources of Scottish woodlands pretty shrewdly; for in the fifteenth century the primeval forest had been reduced to scattered shreds and patches. The disappearance of natural timber was a cause of much anxiety to legislators. Many Acts enforcing penalties for the wanton destruction of “grenwode” were passed from time to time, some of which are included among the statutes it is now proposed to repeal. But wisely as these were framed, it must have been exceedingly difficult to enforce them: men cut and came again till the whole of Scotland became almost proverbial for its treelessness. Better than the prohibitive Acts were those passed in the reigns of many successive Scottish kings, enjoining landowners and tenants to plant and maintain trees in proportion to the extent of their lands. Hence has arisen a familiar feature in Scottish landscape—to wit, the groups of ancient ash-trees encircling homesteads, often persisting in the form of a ring long after the dwelling itself has disappeared. We are asked now to repeal, among other enactments, that which in 1503 called upon “everilk Lorde and Laird to plant at the least ane aicker of Woodde.”

On the other hand, care was taken that the woods of landowners should not harbour birds destructive to the crops

of their neighbours. In 1424, Parliament, having listened to the complaint of those who "consideris that Ruikes big-gand [building] in Kirk-3airdes, orchardes or Trees dois greate skaith [injury] upon Cornes," ordered the destruction of all rookeries before Beltane [1st May], and if any nest were found after that, the tree should be forfeited to the King and cut down. In drafting this Statute Law Revision Bill, it has been considered expedient to specify the reason for repeal of each of the Acts so dealt with, which is occasionally somewhat short of convincing. Thus we read that this Act about rooks is "Obsolete: state of things contemplated having ceased to exist." Has it? Some of us have reason to think that rooks have been allowed to increase out of all due proportion to other fowls of the air, and that their morals have become worse than of yore. Not only do they continue to do "greate skaith upon Cornes," but they have shown an increasing taste for the eggs of game and other wild birds. We should be grieved if the cawing of Chaucer's "crow with voice of care" were no longer heard in our land, for there is no sound more indelibly associated with peaceful homesteads and rural life; but decidedly the race of rooks requires to be kept within reasonable limits.

The Scottish Legislature of old paid much attention to the preservation of winged game. Among the Acts upon this subject now to be repealed, owing, we are informed, to

their having been superseded by the modern game laws and wild birds preservation Acts, there is one as late as 1551, whereby the shooting of certain wild fowl is actually made punishable by death. This, however, was superseded by a milder statute of 1582, whereby it was made "lesum [lawful] to all Scherifs, stewards, baillies and Barons within his awne boundis, to slay all lying doggis [setters] quhilk fowlers vsis, and to take and apprehend fowlers them selues, and put them in the stocks." Next year was prohibited the offering for sale of "Pertricks, mure-fowles [grouse], Black-cocks, Aith-hennes [grey-hens], Termigames [ptarmigan], wild Dukes, Teiles, Ateils [widgeon], Goldings [golden-eyes], Mortons [? pochards], Schildermes [?shovellers], Skail-drakes [sheldrakes], Herons, Buters [bitterns], any sic kinde of fowles commonlie vsed to be chased with Hawks, vnder the paine of ane hunder pounds to be incurred, als well be the buyer as the seller." And if the unlucky wretch "had na gear" and could not pay the fine, he was to be scourged through the town.

The law of 1427, "The woolfe and Woolfe birdes suld beslaine," is now to be repealed, and we are naively told why. It is "obsolete: wolves being extinct." But they were far from extinct in the fifteenth century, wherefore it was enacted that every baron shall summon his tenants to hunt wolves at least four times in the year, "and gar slaie them."

The hunter who killed a wolf was entitled to a fee of two shillings, which, in the depreciated Scottish coinage, was not much more than a few pence sterling; even that modest reward was cut down to sixpence in the following reign; while the tenant who refused to turn out for the hunt might be fined a wether. Yet there is a provision against indiscriminate pursuit even of wolves. "Na man sall seeke the woolfe with schot, but allanerlie [only] in the time of hunting of them." This was not out of sportsman-like consideration for wolves, but because it was not in human, or at least in Highland, nature to carry a "hag, half-hag, harquebuss, culvering," or any other small-arm, and refrain from discharging it at any deer that might be approached within range.

One has often heard it disputed when the last wolf was killed in Scotland. Perhaps the best analysis of the evidence upon this point is to be found in the notes to 'The Lays of the Forest,'¹ by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart. This work, now too little known or too much neglected, consists of two volumes, the first containing the lays, some of which merit a second perusal, the second consisting of notes to the lays, notes upon notes to the lays, and even notes upon notes upon notes to the lays. It is a most valuable and interesting repository of Highland lore and

natural history. Many persons still living remember the authors, of whom the elder died in 1872 and the younger so recently as 1880. In their youth they had served in Napoleon's armies at Leipzig and Waterloo; and although they failed to convince all but sentimental and credulous Jacobites of their descent from Prince Charlie through the Countess of Albany, they made many friends in the north, and amassed a vast amount of Highland lore which otherwise must have passed into oblivion. They have many a good yarn to spin about wolves, which, in such wastes as the Moor of Rannoch, the Monadh-liath, and the wind-swept uplands of Caithness and Sutherland, remained a real terror till the days of Queen Mary. The name Spittal, occurring so often on the map of Scotland, has various significations. Sometimes it denotes land once owned by the Knights Hospitallers, sometimes the site of an almshouse for the aged, or a charitable institution for lepers or other infirm persons. More often, especially in the Highlands, it commemorates a refuge erected by one of the orders of regular clergy for the shelter, and even the gratuitous entertainment, of travellers and wayfarers. In an interesting volume lately published,² Mr J. M. Mackinlay has gone minutely into the lore of

¹ William Blackwood & Sons, 1848.

² Influence of the Pre-Reformation Church on Scottish Place-Names. By J. M. Mackinlay. William Blackwood & Sons, 1904.

these ancient Spitals, and quotes an Act of James II. in 1457, which directs the Chancellor to "vesy" (*viser*, inspect) the hospitals founded by the king, and instruct the bishop of every diocese, accompanied by "twa persones of gude conscience," to go round them and see that they are properly kept up. All the main passes to the Highlands were furnished with these refuges from wolves as well as from weather, such as Dalnaspidal and the Spitals of Glenshee, Glenmuick, and Glendye.

Pennant, in his well-known 'Tour in Scotland,' describes a wolf slain by Sir Ewen Cameron in 1680 as the last of its race in Scotland, but this is far from the truth. There remain, indeed, to this day, in the possession of Lochiel, the matchlock, a mighty weapon about five feet long, with which Sir Ewen slew this wolf, and the great boots in which he stood to do so; and it is possible that the wolf in question was the last in Lochaber, though the Stuarts think it probable that several were killed in that district later than 1680. As they justly remark, it is natural that every district should commemorate its "last wolf," and equally natural that it should be revered as the last in Scotland; but no strath can prove

a later date than 1743, when a famous hunting took place in the wild valley of the Findhorn. The circumstances of that gathering have been preserved in great detail. The Monadhliath, a desolate upland from which the Findhorn takes its rise, was the haunt of packs of wolves long after their kind had been killed down in more accessible regions. It was only in summer that the herdsmen ventured to drive their cattle to this distant pasture; in winter the shielings stood empty—the hills were abandoned to the deer, and the deer to the wolves. But as the eighteenth century wore on, even this sanctuary ceased to be respected, and a wolf became a rare sight.

The most active *carnach* in their destruction was MacQueen of Pall-a'-chrocain, an immense *duine uasail* who stood 6 feet 7 inches in his brogues. To this worthy, one winter day in 1743, came word from MacIntosh¹ that a great black beast had come down to the low country and carried off a couple of children near Cawdor, and that a *tainchel* or hunting-drive was to meet at Figiuthas, where MacQueen was summoned to attend according to Act of Parliament.

Next morning in the cold dawn the hunters were assembled: but where was Mac-

¹ Stuart protests against the modern usage in speaking of the chief of the second house of Clan Chattan as The Mackintosh. There is no instance in Gaelic, says he, of the definite article being prefixed to *mac*, the proper term of filiation. It has been adopted in false analogy to "The Chisholm," where the definite article is rightly used in the Gaelic "An Siosalach," indicating the race of Chisholms, originally Norman, and, it is alleged, of common descent with the Cecils.

Queen? He was not wont to be "langsome" on such an occasion, and his hounds, not to mention himself, were almost indispensable to the chase. MacIntosh waited impatiently as the day wore on, and when at last MacQueen was seen coming leisurely along, the chief spoke sharply to him, rebuking him for wasting the best hours for hunting.

"*Ciod e a' chabhag?*" ("What's the hurry?") was the cool reply, which sent an indignant murmur through the shivering sportsmen. MacIntosh uttered an angry threat.

"*Sin e dhiabh!*" ("There you are, then!") said MacQueen, and, throwing back his plaid, flung the grey head of the wolf upon the heather. The company had lost their sport, but they forgave Pall-a'-chrocain, whose renown stood higher than ever as a hunter, and MacIntosh "gave him the land called Sean-achan for meat to his dogs."

One of the best pools of the Drynachan water on Findhorn takes its name, Pall-a'-chrocain, from MacQueen's ancient holding; and you may be sure that when, one September morning in 1892, I had landed three salmon out of it, and lost a fourth, my thoughts were almost as busy over that hunting a century and a half before as they were about the matter in hand.

And now to return to the Act for the slaughter of wolves. The expression "woolfe birdes" in the short title is worthy of note, as it is a piece of good old Scots. The word "bird" origin-

ally meant one of a "brood"—something that had been *bred*—and was applied specifically in Chaucer's time to a young fowl, "brood" being the collective term for the whole hatch. "Woolfe birdes," therefore, signifies merely the young wolves, "the quhelpes [whelps] of the Woolfes," as they are termed in the executive clause of the Act. According to modern usage, we generally speak of wolf cubs, but according to Nicholas Cox it is "very requisite to understand those *Terms of Art* Huntsmen, Foresters, and Woodmen use, when they are discoursing of their commendable and highly recreative profession." Accordingly, he instructs the readers of his 'Gentleman's Recreation' (4th edition, 1697) to speak of the cubs of a fox or a martin, but the whelps of the wolf, and to observe the season to hunt wolves as running from Christmas to the Annunciation of the Virgin (25th March).

In England the wolf is easily recognised as the origin of many names of places—such as Wolvesey, first the royal, afterwards the episcopal, palace at Winchester, where King Eadgar, in the tenth century, decreed that the Welsh should pay an annual tribute of three hundred wolf-skins. Wolverhampton, however, carries gentler association, being named after a sister of King Ethelred II.—"Wulfrune Hantune"—Wulfruna's high-town. In Scottish and Irish place-names the influence of the wolf is even more frequent, but it is veiled from the Saxon by reason that most

of the ancient names are framed in Gaelic, a language which provided many terms to indicate the wolf. The most general of these terms is *madadh*, pronounced "madduh"; but even here the primary meaning is a dog, *madadh ruadh*, the red dog, denoting a fox, and *madadh faol*, the wild dog, being the full-dress title of the wolf. However, the usual name for a dog is *cu*, *con*, as in Achnacone in Appin; and for a fox *sionach*, appearing in such names as Blairshinnoch, the fox field; whereas Drummoddie, Blairmoddie, and Culmaddie may safely be interpreted as the ridge, the field, and the hillside of the wolf.

As I have been allowed to wander among words and their meanings, it is tempting to take note of some of the old Scots expressions in these early Acts and their translations. Language changes very slowly once it is printed; and the fact that the Imperial Parliament of the twentieth century should be engaged in repealing statutes containing words and grammatical forms wholly obsolete, reminds one of what a long chain is being snapped connecting us with the past. Thus in 1424 (a busy year of legislation) "boate-men and ferry-ares" are enjoined to have "treene brigges"—that is, wooden gangways, for the convenience of shipping the horses of mounted travellers. The adjective "treene," or "tre-ën," occurs in Spenser's 'Fairly Queen,' i. 7. 26, and nowhere else, so far as I am aware, in English poetry. In the Scot-

tish Act of 1476, upon the same subject, the gangways are described as "brigges of buirdes."

The distinction in spelling between the gerund and the participle has been obliterated in modern usage, but it was well observed until the end of the sixteenth century. Thus, it was enacted that "all Bishops, Earles or Barons, cummand to the King, and passand be the forest," may lawfully take a beast or two to feed his followers. "Cummand" and "passand" are present participles, which we should write "coming" and "passing." But in the clause, "Na man suld ride or gang in their neighbour's cornes in halking or hunting"—"hawking" and "hunting" are the substantive gerund of the verb.

"Back to the land!" is the expression of no novel aspiration. Statesmen of the fifteenth century were fully convinced of the mischief caused by landowners deserting their country-houses and crowding into the "cities, clauchanns, and aill-houses," followed by their servants and retainers. In these days of easy travel and servile fashion the evil has grown to an intolerable pitch. Every family which is exempt from the obligation to earn its own livelihood seems to imagine that it acquires some social distinction by leaving the spacious environment of a country-house in order to spend the fairest months in the year in stuffy, sooty town quarters. There is something to be said, therefore, against the repeal of the salu-

tary statute passed in 1426, which enjoined that land-owners should "big [build], reparrell & reforme their castles & manours, & dwell in them . . . for the gratiuous governall of their landes be gude policie, & to expende the frute of their landes in the countrie quhair the landes lies."

Among the litter to be swept away by this process of spring cleaning are numerous measures for the protection of the Scottish Border. It is not clear why they should not be allowed to remain, picturesque memorials of a stirring and hazardous age. Perhaps they are too graphic, and it is feared that their presence may wound the susceptibilities of our "auld enemies of England." In truth, one almost hears in them the very jingle of bits and clash of harness, as a troop of that hardy Border cavalry, which earned the experienced encomium of Froissart, crosses the brown moor and tops the glimmering sky-line, to lift horn and hoof on the English side. Any Englishman, it is ordained, that "cummis in the kinrik [enters the realm] of Scotland" without a safe-conduct, was lawful prize, and might be captured and held to ransom; and, on the other hand, long after the independence of Scotland had been secured, Berwick and Roxburgh remained in English hands, and any Scot supplying these places with "victual, fewal or any uther supportation," was liable to be hanged and drawn. Indeed as late as 1535 it is ordained

that "na maner of man in time cumming sell nolt, scheepe or other cattle, auld or young, to ony English-men." Few of us, whisked by the Flying Scotsman at the rate of sixty miles an hour through the mouldering walls of Berwick, have even a passing thought to bestow upon a state of things clean past away, save as it is connoted by these moribund Acts of Parliament. But once escape from the rattle and roar of railroads, wander along some of the Border high-ways and by-ways, and see if old memories do not crowd thick and fast upon you. I know of few spots more conducive to such musing than that green hill whereon the red towers of Roxburgh once stood. Many a time did those steep grassy slopes, so silent now and checkered with shade of summer trees, run slippery with good Scots and English blood. If you have forgotten the ruse whereby Good Sir James of Douglas captured this notable stronghold in 1314, of a surety you have let slip a passage in history more picturesque than many others of more general note. On Shrove Tuesday, when the English garrison were making merry on the eve of Lent, Douglas picked sixty of his men, made them draw black frocks over their armour, and, in the gloaming, go on all-fours upon the grassy slopes. The sentry on the rampart thought they were cattle grazing, and knew no more till Sym of the Ledhouse, clambering up the rope-ladder he had fashioned with hooks to

fling over the wall, dirked the poor fellow before the alarm could be raised. Then Douglas and his three-score kine swarmed in, and, surprising the inmates at their revels, scored an easy victory.

Quomodo ceciderunt robusti!
Alas for the Black Douglas! one hundred and fifty years wrought a woful change in the fortunes and repute of that great house. In 1460, when James II. of Scotland—James of the Fiery Face—was laying siege to Roxburgh Castle, his right-hand man was the Red Douglas, George, fourth Earl of Angus. The power of the Black Douglas had been utterly wrecked, the line of the Good Sir James scattered, the great lordship and lands bestowed upon Angus in reward for a transient fit of loyalty. King James, finding that his throne was like to be rent asunder beneath him by the two factions, had cast in his lot, or had it cast for him, with the Red Douglas. He wept bitterly, it is said, when his gallant young kinsman the sixth Earl of Douglas had been dragged to his death from the Black Dinner by Chancellor Crichton.

“Edinburgh Castle, town and tower,
God grant thou sink for sin!
And that e’en for the black dinner
Earl Douglas gat therein.”

But James was only a boy of ten at that time: much had happened since. Among other acts of governance, he had slain the eighth Earl of Douglas with his own hand in Stirling Castle,—a proof of vigour, at least, which, had he

lived, there was prospect of his applying to the advantage of his realm. He was only nine-and-twenty when, during this siege of Roxburgh Castle, he paid the penalty for the intelligent interest he had always taken in artillery. He was watching his gunners serving a great bombard, when it burst, killing the King, and wounding Angus, who stood beside him. The delightful, but anonymous, Auchinleck chronicler records the event with sincere regret for “James that had the fyr [fire] mark in his face.”

“The thrid sonday of August King James the secund with ane gret oist [host] was at the sege of Roxburgh, and unhappely was slane with ane gun the quhilk brak in the fying, for the quhilk was gret dolour throu all Scotland.”

Our modern rulers hasten with officious hand to wipe from the page the ancient laws which bring so vividly to mind the stubborn strife between the nations on either side of the Border river; but they cannot obliterate the habit of salmon-poaching ingrained in the very natures of the lads of Tweeddale and Teviotdale, any more than they can prevent Tweed and Teviot mingling their waters below the famous stronghold, and filling the valley with the same gentle music as they did of yore. For generations the Legislatures of both countries encouraged salmon-poaching to the utmost, Tweed and Solway being exempted from the general Salmon Acts of Scotland “als lang as Berwick and Roxburgh ar in the Inglis mennes handes.”

Every spawning fish that could be raked out of these rivers was so much loss to the enemy on the farther bank.

No Scotsman can glance over these old Acts, offensive and defensive, directed against what is now the sister kingdom, without a stirring of pride for struggle so long and successfully maintained against tremendous odds; but feelings of a different sort are awakened by other statutes included in the Bill I have taken as my text. James of the Fiery Face was succeeded on the throne by his son, a child of tender years, for the dynasty could not escape the curse of minority and regency. Very different was this James from the last: no fiery countenance his, but the ivory pallor of the later Stuarts; no masterful ruler, but a monarch after the manner of Louis XVI. of France — studious, ingenious, artistic, content to let the barons rage and the people imagine anything they pleased, so he was allowed leisure for his books and works of art. The Red Douglas still ruled the Court and Parliament, but not in the person of George Earl of Angus. He had breathed his last in the third year of the new reign, his honours and authority passing to his redoubtable son, Archibald "Bell-the-Cat." Unhappy James III.! He asked only to be let alone, to share his time between such intellects as had been touched by the revival of learning and, if unfriendly chroniclers may be trusted, the shadowy mistress whom we only know

about as "the Daisy." Bell-the-Cat, Boyd, and Kennedy knew little and cared less about the Renaissance; all they saw was that it made the king shamefully indifferent to the claims of rank and lineage, and caused him to choose his favourites among low-born artificers and players. They found it easy to poison the mind of the son against the unkingly behaviour of the father. Young James was no more than sixteen when he took the field with Bell-the-Cat, and hunted the king to his death in the lowly mill at Bannockburn. In remorse he bore about his waist "an yrne chaynzie"—an iron chain—till the day of his death; but he could not afford to avenge the crime upon his more guilty accomplices. Memorial of these sinister events still remains in the Act of his first Parliament, decreeing that the "aires" of lords, barons, and others that took up arms "against the perverted counsel in the misguiding of umquhile his Father, quhom God assoilzie," should not be prejudiced in their inheritance, and acquitting from all punishment "the personis that slew our soverane lordis Faider [father]."

After all, the origin of monarchy was the ascendancy of the best fighter, and one need not be too squeamish about the means to which subjects have resorted from time to time to keep their sovereigns in order. But there are certain Acts of Parliament in the list of expurgation before me which one would willingly see blotted

out, were it possible at the same time to wash away the stain which they have left upon our common humanity. I mean the statutes whereby it was attempted to force men and women to accept prescribed religious dogma. Not the least cruel feature of this class of legislation consisted in the frequent and violent changes it imposed upon belief. In 1540 people were enjoined, under frightful penalties, to comply with the whole string of laws, "for worschip to be had to the Virgin Mary," "that na man argue the Papis auctorite," "that na private conventionis be maid to desput on the scripture," and rewards are offered to them that "revelis conventionis and accuisis heretikis."

A few years go by, and, presto! the boot is on the other leg. In 1567 death was decreed against "sum of the Papish Kirk that stubburnely perseveris in their wicked idolatrie, sayand Messe & baptizand in quiet and secrete placis"; and twenty years later Parliament is fulminating once more against "eiting of flesche in lentren [Lent] and uther dayes forbiddin." And so it went on for a dreary century and a half—good men and careful legislators labouring at the Sisyphean work of shaping the creeds and consciences of their fellows into uniformity. It is a long and sickening chapter of history: what brings it so vividly before one is the bizarre anomaly of having to legislate for the repeal of such laws in a twentieth-century House of Commons.

There was no beating about the bush in those early days. Neither Parliament nor people understood half-measures.

We have been legislating lately, very gingerly, upon the matter of immigrant aliens. My faith! they had no qualms or compunction in the Scottish Parliament. Even as late as 1609 it was declared "lesome [lawful] to all his Majestie's good subjects, or any of them, to cause take, apprehend, imprison and execute to death the saids Egiptians [Gipsies] either men or wemen." That Act still remains on the Statute-book, as well as many others against caterans and Highlanders in general; but the specific decrees for exterminating the Macgregors—"the clan that is nameless by day"—have long since passed into limbo.

It has often been made just subject of reproach against former Legislatures that they created one law for the rich and another for the poor; but in certain cases the motive for so doing was laudable enough. Profane swearing, for instance, was prohibited by Acts of many Parliaments, and "them that swearis abhominabill aithes" were mulcted in proportion to their means. The existing law was re-enacted by the first Parliament of Charles II., and, having regard to the peculiar moral character of that merry monarch and his reign, the preamble of the new Act is not without its touch of irony. "Our Sovereign Lord," it runs, "having resolved to crub and suppress all sort of sin and wickedness," ratifies

and approves the ancient laws against profane swearing, fornication, and drunkenness. Henceforward any nobleman might indulge in strong language only at the cost of £20 Scots—*i.e.*, about £1 sterling. A baron was let off with a fine of twenty merks, an untitled gentleman or burghess with ten merks; a yeoman with forty shillings (about 3s. 6d.), a servant with twenty shillings; while a minister of the Kirk, who, having ample opportunity of blowing off steam in the pulpit, was supposed to have less occasion for bad language than others, was liable to forfeiture of one-fifth of his annual stipend. It is very reassuring to read the cause assigned for the repeal of this Act at the present day—namely, “Obsolete: in desuetude, owing to changed social circumstances.” Damns have had their day, in short; at least, so thinks the clerk charged with the revision of the Statute-book.

Sumptuary laws have been attempted in all civilised states, with excellent intention, but always with the result of failure. In the matter of dress, the Scottish Parliament took note of the poorer classes only; men of landed estate and nobles might prank it in what attire they chose. James VI. and I. was only fifteen years old when his Parliament set forth that “the King’s Majestie, considering the greate abuse standing amang his subjectes of the meane estate, presuming to counterfaict his Hienes [Highness] and his Nobilitie in the use and wearing of coastelie

cleithing of silkes of all sortes, layne, cammerage, Freinzies [fringes], and Pasmentes of gold, silver, &c.,” decreed that no common person should wear other than quiet raiment. Forty years later, in the same reign, it was ordained that “husbandmen and labourers of the ground weare no cloathing but Graye, White, Blew, and selfe black cloath, made in Scotland.” Sanguine, indeed, must have been the statesman who drafted the further clause that “the fashion of cloathes now presently used bee not changed by men or women . . . under the paine of forfaultrie [forfeiture] of the cloathes.” Here again we are invited to annul this Act on the ground of “change in social circumstances.”

The link between past and present is a long one in the matter of sanitary legislation. Leprosy being a terrible scourge in the fifteenth century, it was made illegal in 1427 for lepers to enter towns except on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays between ten o’clock in the morning and two o’clock afternoon. This measure is now to be repealed because, “so far as not obsolete, it is superseded by the Public Health (Scotland) Acts.” Leprosy has vanished from a population which seldom suffers from deficient nourishment. Ample testimony remains in our place-names to the former prevalence of this affliction. Liberton, near Edinburgh, marks the “leper town” where lepers of the Scottish metropolis were compelled to dwell. In country districts, also, lepers

were isolated from their healthy kin, the ground they cultivated still bearing such names as *Liberland*. In the wild hill-country between Galloway and Ayrshire, where Gaelic was commonly spoken till the close of the sixteenth century, occurs this name *Liberland*, side by side with its Gaelic equivalent, *Carlure*—i.e., *ceathramh lobhair*, the leper's quarter-land. *Drumlour* near Thornhill, *Barlure* and *Ochtralure* in Wigtownshire, as well as scores of similar names all over Scotland, may be traced to the same origin; nor can there be much doubt that the patronymic "*McClure*" indicates descent from an ancestor suffering under this or some other infirmity. The Gaelic *lobhar*, pronounced "*lour*," specifically means a leper, but also applies to a person afflicted with any chronic infirmity, like the Anglo-Saxon *æce mann*, the man of aches, original of the surname *Aikman*.

Many events in the stormy history of Scotland are brought to mind by a cursory perusal of the schedule to this Statute Law Revision Bill: many old-world figures flit across the shadowy stage of the past. The "*hostillares*" of the fifteenth century, prototypes of our beloved licensed victuallers,

complain to the king that his lieges "*travelland in the realme*" preferred to lodge with their friends, the local gentry, rather than resort to the inns. Henceforward travellers were forbidden to do so under pain of 40s. fine. The village blacksmith who should prick a horse in the shoeing was compelled to keep the animal at his own charges until sound, and, if it never got sound, then to replace it with one of equal value. All the statutes regulating wapenschaws, and prescribing the exact nature of harness to be worn and weapons to be carried by those who mustered thereat, are now to be swept away, having been rendered obsolete by the Militia Acts; but it is good to be reminded of the industry and watchfulness of those who held the Scottish Border for three centuries against a wealthier and more powerful foe.

In short, although a modern parliamentary Bill may be deemed as unpromising a source of recreation to the casual reader as might well be devised, there are many elaborate works of fiction which appeal less directly to the imagination than the projected measure about which I have been prosing over so many pages.

THE IDEALIST.

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON.

SCRUB and bush and rock, and from the top of every rise a spreading panorama of hill-country, uncouthly carved and torn into spires and buttresses of stone and earth. Through such a landscape Carew led his carriers inland from the Portuguese coast, and had long since passed the line at which the languid administration stops. He was in wild country now, where no law runs but the law of the stronger arm and the rifle. It was drooping to the close of a still afternoon. Vehement heat held all nature crouched voiceless, and as he trudged, winding in and out between boulder and thorn, the acrid red dust puffed up in clouds below his tread, and joined itself to the fog raised by the boys. These, mute, lean, black men, jogged in single file behind him, dumb beasts of burden, loaded with bulging bundles and boxes, and some of Carew's guns. There was thirst and weariness in the aspect of the party; it is no light thing to break camp at daylight and trek by compass and guess eleven hours to the next water.

"By what I've heard," mused Carew anxiously, "there's a white man living somewhere round here."

They were flagging up a narrow natural path to the top of a shoulder now, Carew bending wearily forward and plod-

ding doggedly, the Kafirs straggling unevenly behind him. Tall aloes, crowned with long cockades of blood-red, were on each side of him, dusty green and motionless, casting no shade, and he came out from between them at the head of the path to a clear view of a mighty valley below and in front of him.

"At last!" he said, and paused to take breath.

Far away, trembling delicately in the heat-haze, beyond a dozen spurs of grassed hillock, there were huts to be seen, four huts in a semicircle. No Kafir builds so. Despite the quiver of the heat-loaded air, they were to be seen as clearly as a toy near at hand. Carew could mark the shade beside them and the black dots that stood for their doors. He could even see, with some strain of staring, a wisp of smoke shredding itself from among them, where some one would be busy at the world-wide work of pot-watching. The view came to him like a warm word. In that wild country, one comes upon a white man, no matter who or what, with claims and duties. The colour of one's skin is one's passport to help and hospitality.

Carew called to the leading boys.

"Lapa lo kia," he said cheerily, pointing them the distant huts. "Lo kia k'um-

lungu. There is the house of a white man."

He led off briskly again, and they, after a gape at the huts, nonchalantly hoisted the loads of which they had eased themselves, and followed without a word. Their instinct was to accept circumstances, and good luck in the matter of a near destination was no more to be exclaimed at than bad luck in having to travel at all. The Kafir takes fate lying down, a thing to know when one is adjusting fates. They tailed after Carew downhill, and commenced the punishing tramp of six miles which remained of the day's task.

It was in the velvet of evening that they came round the knee of a hill to the huts. The smell of a fire scented the air, and a white man came out to meet them. He was an elderly man, powerfully built, with a ragged beard streaked with age, and he lacked something of filling his clothes. He walked with a slouch, and greeted Carew without surprise.

"How are you?" he asked. "Saw you trekkin' in this afternoon. You're Billy Carew, ain't you? P'raps you don't remember me—I'm old Frank Brown. Mazoe Brown, you know. But come along in. My boys'll see to your niggers. They'll be all right."

He led the way towards the biggest of the huts.

"Mazoe Brown!" exclaimed Carew. "Yes, I remember you; but I thought you'd been wiped out by old N'komo. Somebody told me you had, anyhow.

But how'd you get here, of all places?"

The owner of the huts smiled faintly, and took Carew into the big domed *skoff kia*, the hut set apart for meals. A lamp on the rough table in the centre lighted it up strongly. A meal was spread, and a bottle stood conspicuous among a few mugs. Everything in the hut betrayed its origin. The seats were short logs, standing on end; a cupboard was plain soap-box. The table itself was a makeshift. There was nothing to indicate that the establishment was in communication with the coast and civilisation. Any man trekking to the interior could have camped in the same style.

"I got a *kia* ready for you," said Brown. "You can have a sluice down right away. But you'll have a drink first, eh? This is whisky."

He had the bottle in his hand, and made the offer with a sort of pleased pride. Carew accepted the drink gratefully, and took a liberal tot.

"I don't keep a great deal of it by me," remarked Brown; "I don't ever manage to get a lot in, somehow. But it's good stuff, eh?"

"First class," said Carew, looking at him curiously. Brown's eyes and parted lips, under his heavy moustache, were touchingly childlike. "First class," repeated Carew emphatically. "I'll ask you for some more later on. I guess I'll go and dig some of the dust off me now, and after *skoff* we'll have a yarn. What do you say?"

"Yes, we'll have a yarn," agreed Brown. "You'll find a light in your *kia*. If you want anything, just sing out."

When Carew returned, comfortable and cool in cotton pyjamas and canvas shoes, they sat down to their meal. Like the furniture, the food was all one with the place. There were no tinned luxuries, not even jam, and the *paté de foie gras*, limp asparagus, and brick-red salmon of the conventional up-country table were entirely lacking. Instead, there was fresh venison and guinea-fowl, with oranges and bananas, and little cakes of mealie-meal in place of bread. It was almost as wholesome and satisfying a meal as one could well have, but it was unusual, and on a par with other things that excited Carew's curiosity.

They rose from the table together, and went to sit in the open, where the ashes of the cooking-fire still glowed redly. Carew cast himself on the ground with a yawn of content, and propped himself on his elbows to cut a fill for his pipe. Brown sat upright a few feet from him, and scooped out the bowl of his brier.

"Going to try my bacey?" asked Carew. "It's just common plug."

"Thanks," said the other gratefully, and commenced to shred the black weed into his pipe. "Tobacco's what I miss, living out here. I've been smoking Kafir stuff now for about two months, and it don't seem to get a hold on you like this does. It don't bite, some-

how,—just burns your tongue an' makes you thirsty."

He poked among the wood ashes before him, and deftly shovelled a fragment of glowing wood on to the filled bowl, and drew strongly at the pipe.

"Thanks," he said as he passed back the plug. He drew up his knees and clasped his hands around them, smoking contentedly.

"You haven't told me what you're after round here," remarked Carew at length, with closed eyes.

Mazoe Brown was looking up at the night and the great white stars. As Carew spoke his eyes came back to the dull fire.

"Me! Oh, I'm just pokin' along," he replied. Carew noticed in his voice an undefinable plaintive quality, an undertone of resignation. "I've been washing for gold a bit," he continued. "I've got a box or two in a stream that's hereabouts, and there's a bag of dust in my *kia*. There ain't much in it, you know. It's all right for me, 'cause I'm satisfied to stop here, but it wouldn't be the game, now, for you. An' then, I grow a bit of mealie, an' some Kafir corn, an' I shoot a bit, an'—all that kind of thing, you know. There ain't much in it, but it's all right for me."

"Didn't you have a farm or something at Mazoe?" asked Carew.

"A farm? Yes, I had a farm," answered the other, arranging the bowl of his pipe with a practised thumb. "But farming's no kind o' game in

Rhodesia. Still, I'd a bin all right there, only N'komo come and cleared me out. That's what's made blokes think I was dead. But I'm not."

He blew a volume of smoke in mild demonstration.

"What did he do?" asked Carew. "He's a beast if he gets hold of a man."

"Oh, he caught me one night, and got the wife and the kid along with me. I don't know what he done to them, but he put the rat on me. I haven't heard of the wife, or the kid, since that night, so I guess he killed them."

Carew uttered an oath of sympathy. The brigand of whom they spoke was infamous for murder and a devilish ingenuity in torture. The idea of a white woman in his hands was sufficient to rouse any man to fury.

"But didn't you do anything?" he cried, and paused, baffled by the patient serenity of his companion.

"I didn't get a chance to do anything," answered Brown resignedly. "They got me before I woke. And in the morning they put the rat on me. That was a rotten thing, that was."

He shook his head gravely over the thought. "A rotten thing," he repeated. "Down-right rotten."

"What's putting the rat on you mean?" inquired Carew, interested.

"Ain't you heard about that?" said the other, with the mildest surprise. "I had a rat, you know, in a cage, to amuse the kid. It was a big rat, a

fine rat. I never see such a sleek gentle rat as that one. I caught 'im in a corn-bin when he was a youngster, an' fixed 'im up with a cage, an' fed 'im. He was as tame as a dog, and he used to sit on my shoulder and climb over me when I took him out. The kid was right down fond of him, an' named him Jumbo, after a picture in a book she had. I've seen them two on the floor, lookin' at the pictures together, an' old Jumbo gnawing the corners of the pages. Well, N'komo's chaps stretched me out on my back, stark starin' naked, in the yard, an' pegged me down like that. Then they put one of those three-legged pots upside-down on my stomach, an' stuck old Jumbo under it. He was as quiet as a lamb, sittin' there on me, till they took an' put hot coals on the bottom of the pot, an' made it too hot for him."

Brown paused, and looked inquiringly at his hearer. "You never been bitten by a rat?" he asked mildly.

"Never," answered Carew.

"Well, a plain bite's bad enough; but when old Jumbo got too hot he started to dig his way out. Bitin' was nothin' to it. He'd bit me before in playing about, but nothing to talk of. I was lookin' round, to see if they'd got the wife and kid there, to make 'em watch me; but I couldn't see 'em anywhere, an' then old Jumbo started to claw and bite his way through me, an'—an'—I began to yell. I did, honest."

"God! enough to make a

man yell!" said Carew, shuddering.

"Yes, it was bad. Jumbo was a fine strong rat, an' we'd fed him up like a lord. He was just divin' down into my bowels when old Dave an' Mills an' that lot come along."

He paused, and added simply, "I was glad to see them."

Carew vented a dry sputter of laughter.

"I was very glad," said Brown. "They came just in time to take the pot off, an' old Jumbo jumped and ran to his cage before Dave could land him. I'd got a hole in my guts, but it's all right now—bar the marks. I'll show you when we go in."

"But didn't you try to find your wife?" asked Carew.

"Oh yes, we tried. There wasn't a sign of anything about the place. Not even blood. We followed N'komo's lot, and got some of 'em, but we couldn't make 'em tell. I never heard of 'em again—the wife an' kid. N'komo's got a trick of buryin' people alive. Have you heard of that?"

"I didn't know just what he did to them," said Carew. "I knew it was something awful."

"Yes, he puts 'em in a hole and shovels the earth in—while they're alive. But my wife was a pretty woman. Perhaps he kept her."

Carew rose to a sitting position, and took the pipe from his mouth.

"How the devil can you talk about the thing like that?" he demanded. "Why, man, can't you see that the only thing on

this earth that's left for you to do is to get a grip on N'komo's throat, if it kills you. God!" he cried, warming, "I wonder you can even think of the thing!"

Brown looked up as Carew commenced to speak, but lapsed again to his dreamy musing over the fire before the last sentence was spoken.

"It makes my blood run cold to even hear about it," Carew concluded.

"Yes, I used to be that way, too," said the other patiently; "but somehow I got used to it. I bin thinking a lot about it, and I must ha' got used to it; all the same——"

"What?" demanded Carew, after waiting for him to finish.

"All the same, p'raps it'll be me an' N'komo for it yet," said Brown, quietly as ever. "This is N'komo's own country," he went on. "Maybe he'll be coming through here again, some day. Me an' Jumbo'll be glad to see him."

"Now, you don't mean to tell me," shouted Carew, "that you've actually got the blessed rat here?"

"Jumbo? Oh yes, Jumbo's here," answered Brown. "He's a fine rat, Jumbo. You never seen a fatter one. I'll show him to you, poor old Jumbo!"

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated Carew.

When they returned to the *skoff kia* for a drink before turning in, Brown brought forward a paraffin-tin, the top of which was covered with wire-netting, and laid it on the table.

"This is Jumbo," he said.

"You look at him an' tell me if he ain't a fine rat!"

The beast was huddled on some dry grass at the bottom of the tin, and turned up his bright beady eyes as Carew looked in. It was a huge sleek rat, very fat, and the man sickened inwardly as he looked down at the complacent silken creature, and thought of Mazoe Brown screaming on the ground as it tore its way through his flesh.

"Put the blasted thing away," he said, drawing back from it.

"All right," replied Brown submissively. "But he's a fine rat, isn't he?" he asked.

"A big brute," Carew allowed, and his host replaced the cage in its box.

"And there are the marks," he continued, fumbling at his belt.

"Don't bother!" protested Carew hastily. "I don't want to see them. I hate looking at scars."

Brown had the belt loose, but he sighed resignedly and buckled up again.

"I know they ain't pretty," he confessed; "but," he added, with a sort of brightening, "they ain't common. There isn't many chaps with marks like that."

Carew had intended to camp for a couple of days at least near or at the huts, but next morning he got his boys together and, bidding farewell to Mazoe Brown, pushed on. He was firmly convinced that his host was mad, and, while apprehending no harm from him, he had that shrinking distaste

for one mentally afflicted which some natures discover towards sick people. The big rat had munched through his slumbers and got on his nerves, and accordingly he marched off, leaving Brown watching his departure wistfully, but without pressing on him a request to remain.

Carew travelled on for nearly a week without any incident which deserves chronicle. The commonplace labours of the journey engaged him to the exclusion of all else until he reached the borders of a thickly populated Kafir country, when the first news of disturbance presented itself. N'komo, it seemed, was troubling the skirts of the neighbourhood with a small following, and frightened natives were flocking in to the bigger kraals in hundreds. There was a tale of a murder or two, of robbery and hut-burning, and now that N'komo was about, the Kafirs were chary of incurring his anger by helping or at all dealing with the white man. They would not sell fowls or milk or grain. Everything had to be taken with a show of force, and since direct robbery is never in the end profitable, exorbitant payment must be made. Carew advanced warily, leading his thoroughly scared carriers when he could, driving them with threats and a loaded rifle when they would follow no longer. His days were laborious and unthankful, and his nights must be given over to precautions and lonely watching. For the Kafir is the least reliable of all sentries.

And there was always present the imminent gross danger of violent death to hamper his plans and circumscribe his wishes.

It was not until he had actually come into touch with N'komo's force that he decided to fall back. In the half-light of early morning, while he was yet breaking camp, a Martini spoke from the rocks a thousand yards away, and one of the shivering carriers who was cording his load pitched forward upon it with a grunt and a quick flutter of hands to his shattered throat.

"The devil!" cried Carew, and ran forward with his rifle, while the boys dived to the nearest cover and lay prone and still behind stones. He browned the rocks from which the shot had come for a vicious half-hour, wasting precious cartridges upon the slenderest chance of bagging a lurking brigand, who was probably well covered by the granite boulders from anything less extreme than shrapnel. Then he rose and proceeded to organise his retreat, and after much time wasted in coercing his boys into resisting what they evidently considered a manifest destiny, he got going.

The difficulties of that return are not easy to describe. Imagine a convoy protected and commanded by one man, the only one able to use weapons and willing to fight, filtering through the bitter hostility of a strange country and opposed to the most

mobile force of any in the world. Food was only to be gained at the muzzle of a gun, and when paid for the payment must cover alike the value of the stuff and a horrid risk to the life of the seller. Imagine, too, that one man responsible for every detail of the retreat, the sole source of authority and intelligence, at once in his single person leader, scout, fighting force, commissariat, and cause. But for him the boys would quickly have merged themselves among the surrounding natives; the whole affair, the danger and the strife, revolved about his narrow interests. For many days and nights on end he neither slept nor rested. Lives were in his keeping, and upon his meticulous care of them depended the safety of his own.

By forced and devious marches he pushed his way back towards Mazoe Brown, selecting him as his base. On each side of him the country flamed like rank grass lighted in autumn. Old N'komo was back in his own country, pillaging his own subjects, with an alacrity and zest that his three years' warfare with the Mounted Police had nowise diminished. Again and yet again Carew exchanged shots with his force, and once tumbled an armed man handily over a kranz with a long shot in the eye of the sun. He was now nearing the point towards which he moved; but day and night it became clearer that he was converging upon N'komo's

men, and that he stood an even chance of colliding with them before his rifle was supplemented by Mazoe Brown's.

"By Jove!" he said aloud to himself as he searched the landscape with his eyes one noon, "I'll come back this way with twenty armed Zulus one of these days, and I'll hang old N'komo as high as Haman. As sure as my name's Carew, if he doesn't bag me this trip, I'll bag him the next."

He was within half a day's march of Brown's huts when they stopped him dead in his path. Shots came from bushes right ahead, another carrier was killed, and the rest dropped their loads and scurried to safety. Carew climbed among some stones wearily enough, and commenced to fire cautiously at the flash of the rifles. He spent his cartridges carefully, never shooting without a definite target, and by the time the afternoon had worn to evening he had the satisfaction of having extinguished one industrious flash and held his enemy at long range. What the night would bring was beyond his guess; but he kicked his carriers to their loads and went into camp cheerlessly on the top of a wind-swept kopje, where water was not to be had and a fire was not to be thought of. And here, while the Kafirs got to their blankets and hid from the terrors of the day in sleep, he sat, his rifle across his knees, between them and a surprise and an inevitable and horrible death.

He was heavy with physical

weariness and want of sleep, and his nerves were worn raw by the omnipresent danger. Below him the bush whispered and rustled; he sighted half a score of times on the blackness of an aloe or the ghostly grey of a mimosa. The night was full of menace. Sitting there, finger on trigger, fighting against sleep and boring at the darkness, he realised how very faint was his chance of coming through to the morning unhurt and alive, if N'komo only chose to assault the hill. His rifle would do what it could for perhaps five minutes, and twenty rifles would search him out and still it. Then would come the butchery of the carriers and the looting of the loads, and the sun would find hacked corpses on the hill and N'komo victorious.

In the very pit of night after a spurt of rain the attack came. He was roused to fresh caution by the jar of a falling stone, and fired swiftly at a vague moving shape. At once the slopes were alive with enemies. Answering shots came from all sides, and they were upon him. The carriers squealed in their blankets as a bullet lobbed in among them, and the victim screamed with his pain. Carew tucked his long body in the lee of a big stone, and fired deftly wherever the blackness moved. But the rush was past staying, and before three cartridges had been spent the assegais were in the camp. He rolled over and tumbled a few yards down the hill, where he lay still,

listening to the yells as the lithe Shangaan warriors obliterated his little force. It came upon him then that his responsibility was ended, and that now for the first time he should think swiftly of his own case. With the rifle in one hand he scrambled in alternate recklessness and anxious caution down the hill, stumbling over bushes and stones and blundering in and out of thorn-trees. Ten minutes of it brought him to the level, and he waited in the shadow to reconnoitre. He heard somebody breathing near by and the crackle of dry grass under a confident step. Soon he saw the man, a skin-cloaked Kafir, who came towards him alone, a bundle of assegais in his hand. He experienced a white fury of hatred towards this savage who walked so securely through the night, and without after-thought he stepped from his hiding-place and faced him. For an instant they fronted one another, motionless; then Carew, with all his force and his great necessity to back his arm, dashed the shod butt of his rifle in the face of the Kafir.

The man tumbled instantly, and Carew leaped on him with busy clutching fingers, to throttle him if he cried out. The man's body heaved slowly under him; he gripped the throat and shook it, and it was still. Thrusting his face close to the black face on the ground, he was able to see its contour, and marked a tuft of grey beard on the chin, and heavy low brows, bushy and white.

"By God!" he cried aloud; "N'komo, of all men!"

He rose to his feet and thrust the muzzle of the rifle forward to cover the man.

"Get up!" he commanded in a tense whisper, emphasised with a kick. "Get up, or I'll kill you where you lie!"

The Kafir sat up, groaning, and Carew silenced him with another kick.

"Stand up!" he ordered, speaking swiftly in Kafir. "N'komo, you dog, if you play any tricks, I'll blow your head in! Stand up!"

He booted the man to his feet and gripped him by the arm.

"N'komo," he said, "you're my prisoner, and you're coming with me. If you talk or stumble or halt, the vultures will have you. Go straight on towards the white man's huts by the stream, and remember that if we meet any of your men *you'll* die, whatever happens afterwards. Now, march!"

The Kafir led on, and with the muzzle pointed still forward, Carew followed close at his heels, grimly reckless but curiously exultant. He meant exactly what he had said; the life of the Kafir in front of him was forfeit at the least approach of further danger, at the most venial disobedience or the smallest treachery. Whatever happened now, N'komo was as good as dead.

"Get on," he ordered.

The Kafir led him through the night without a word, and Carew knew that this robber king would never find himself

capable of sacrificing his own life to procure the murder of his captor. So long as N'komo was covered by the rifle, N'komo was no king. Once or twice only he dared to flinch or to pretend that he stumbled; but each movement brought the muzzle of the rifle into the hollow of his back, and a grim order sent him marching again. They passed on through the bushes away from the hill, and the noise in the camp diminished behind them. Carew knew well that all his Kafirs were dead long since; the shouts that came fitfully to his ears were those of the Shangaans spoiling his loads. The plunder would keep them busy for a safe while, and his chance of bringing N'komo alive to Mazoe Brown was a good one.

"Get on!" he snapped, and the silent man before him quickened his steps.

At dawn a score of small valleys and a wilderness of broken hills lay between Carew and his late camp. He called halt in a hollow, backed his prisoner against a boulder, and sat down to rest, the threatful rifle still pointing towards the chest of the chief. Even as he sat under the very heel of triumph his weariness nearly overpowered him. Had N'komo not moved he would assuredly have slept. And this tale would have ended then. But the Kafir shifted too soon, and Carew started bolt upright and glowered at him.

"Do that again!" he cried; "do it once again, and your wives will be widows!"

The famous brigand flinched under his fierce eyes and trembled.

"I never saw a robber king before," Carew said to himself, speaking in English and aloud, "and now I've got one here. Just a common, low, cowardly Kafir, too scared to move. A mine boy, by God! who has murdered more white men than I can count on my hands and feet. And women too—white women. N'komo, if I were you, I'd invite a shot."

"Baas?" whined the Kafir, cringing.

He was a tall old man, rugged and massively built. His limbs were knotted with muscle, and his head was like a grand carving in ebony. One could imagine dignity and terrible power in such a man; one could see a Napoleon in the rough, an Alaric *en herbe*; one recognised the general that had made playthings of half a hundred resolute garrisons. All this was to be found in his face, in the energy and beauty of his superb body; but first and chief there was apparent the failing of the Kafir, the instinct of servility and acquiescence to the developments of superior force. Once he was cornered, once his back was to the wall, he had no reserves, no reinforcement of inherent power. He cringed and rubbed his calf with his foot like any cook-boy, as Carew held him covered. He had led an impi through Rhodesia and Portuguese territory, burning, plundering, and slaying; had murdered and raped from the Lim-

popo to the Zambesi, but he could not dash on the one rifle that held him a prisoner at last.

"Get on!" came the order, and on he went. His very gait was changed. He shuffled now as a working Kafir shuffles along a street.

Mazoe Brown, slouching dreamily, his hands thrust in his belt, met them near the huts when the sun was high. There was no curiosity in his face; he accepted the return of Carew quite passively.

"That your nigger?" he asked dully, looking at N'komo.

Carew leaned on his rifle, utterly weary.

"Yes, he is mine," he answered. "If ever a nigger was mine, that one is. But you can have him. He's—don't you recognise him?"

Brown surveyed N'komo slowly, and a light came into his eyes.

"Well, I think it's N'komo," he said simply.

"Yes," answered Carew. "That's him. So I better shoot him right here. He's broken up my trip, killed my boys, looted my stuff, and given me the damndest time I ever had in my life. And then there's your business. So we'll make carrion of him."

He raised his rifle as he spoke.

"No," interrupted Brown hurriedly. "No, don't shoot him here. I don't want him shot now."

"Why not?" demanded the younger man in astonishment.

"Oh, there's plenty o' time," said Brown nervously. "There's

no hurry. Let's tie him up for a bit, an'—an'—have some *skoff*. You look as if you wanted some *skoff*."

"My God! I do that," yawned Carew. "I'll do as you please. Get on, you!"

N'komo was disposed in a hut to himself, and Carew personally passed the lashings which secured him. His thumbs were tied together behind his back, his big toes similarly bound, and an additional lanyard went round his neck and the pole of the hut. An earthquake could not have released him, but three of Brown's sturdy Kafirs were placed on guard with murderous knobkerries as an additional precaution. Not until his escape was rendered inaccessible to all but miraculous circumstances did Carew sit and rest.

He rose from the table staggering with half-closed eyes, reeled to his hut, and turned in all standing. His need for sleep was peremptory and almighty, and he slept for eighteen hours without stirring. Mazoe Brown slouched in once or twice to look at him, went out again, and visited the prisoner. N'komo, Kafir that he was, had contrived to find himself comfortable in his bonds, and was nowise disturbed at the fate that awaited him. He did not recognise Brown, of course, and only blinked humbly at him when he entered and stood dreamily looking down at the chief. His survey was altogether unemotional

and impersonal; only the mildest curiosity, the most commonplace interest, brought him to the hut.

"Do you want food?" he asked, as he watched the chief idly. The query was merely to "make conversation."

"Ya, Baas," replied N'komo.

Food was brought to him, and Brown cut the lashings on his thumbs that he might eat.

N'komo devoured his meal with enjoyment, while Brown watched him, leaning against a pole of the hut. In half an hour Brown was sitting on the floor opposite the captive, and they were talking animatedly of old times. The question of their previous meeting was not allowed to arise, and they conversed on the best of terms.

When Carew awoke he bathed and changed into clothes of Brown's, and issued forth in quest of more food. His host was ready for him, and a meal awaited him in the *skoff kia*.

"You'll be wondering how it all happened," he remarked, as he attacked the simple food with a strong relish. "I tell you, Brown, I wouldn't go through the last fortnight again for all the gold in the rivers. I've had a lively hell of a time, and landed back here with nothing but what I stood in—and N'komo. I'm almost content when I think of N'komo, if it wasn't for my poor boys, all murdered back there."

"N'komo says you were looting kraals," observed Brown impartially.

"Does he? by Jove! You've been talking to him, then? Did you find out anything about your wife?"

Brown shook his head, and coloured a little. He spoke uneasily.

"Oh, I couldn't go bringing that up," he answered.

Carew stared at him in blank astonishment.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

"He's—he's—pretty done up," stammered the other fidgeting. "I don't think he remembers me. When I showed him Jumbo it didn't seem to remind him of nothing. He just stroked him, and said how fat he was."

"You didn't ask him about your wife? You haven't killed him while I was asleep, have you? 'Cause you needn't beat about the bush if you have. I don't mind."

"No, I didn't kill him," replied Brown; "I didn't do anything to him. I don't want to kill him."

Carew looked across the table at his host, with an expression in which strong disgust was tempered with some pity.

"You don't want to kill him?" he repeated in a hard voice. "Well, I do, and I'm going to."

He resumed his meal, and Brown sighed. He looked wistfully at his guest, who refrained from meeting his eyes. When the meal was at an end, Carew fetched his rifle and went to the hut in which N'komo was. Brown followed him in silence.

The Kafir's hands were still

loose, at which Carew frowned. As the white men entered the big rat was seated on the prisoner's knees, and its small eyes glittered craftily at them.

"Cut him loose," ordered Carew, and one of the sentinel Kafirs laid down his brass-studded knobkerrie and cut the lashings.

Carew stood aside from the door.

"Get up!" he commanded. "Get up and walk out, N'komo. I'm going to shoot you. Want to ask him anything first, Brown?"

Brown shook his head and murmured inarticulately.

"Very good. Now, dog, get out!"

N'komo shuffled blinking into the sunlight, and walked a few paces in the open. He yawned, with his arms stretched behind his head. Carew stepped into

the doorway and brought up his rifle to shoulder, to blot the brigand out of the list of living things.

The same instant Mazoe Brown raised from the floor the heavy knobkerrie which the sentinel had laid down, and tumbled him to the earth with a crashing blow on the head. Even as he fell, above the thunder of blood in his ears, Carew heard him shouting, "Run, N'komo, run!"

When he came to himself he was on his bed, and Brown was with him. He opened heavy eyes, and looked, as a sick man looks, at his host. He realised with an effort that Brown was explaining things.

"He wanted to assegai you while you were lying in the door," Brown was saying. "But o' course I wouldn't let him do *that*!"

A SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THERE are certain conventional charges which, since the beginning of the world, have been in use to be levelled against every profession and occupation, from that of the plumber to that of the legal practitioner. Such accusations are generally resented in proportion to their truth, and well-established callings, such as the two we have named, are wise enough to pay little heed to them, and, taking them as matter of course, to pursue in calmness their beneficent and not unprofitable way. To make a fuss and talk wildly about "insults to a highly respectable body of men" and so forth, is the mark of a profession "on the make," as the phrase goes, and not yet securely conscious of its corporate worth.

That the vocation of the philosopher has never been exempt from the sort of jibes to which we refer is not by any means surprising. It is difficult for a philosopher to avoid the appearance of claiming to be both wiser and better than his neighbours, and no claim affords a more just ground for suspicion and unpopularity. He can scarce escape a touch of the pedagogue, and the gap between his precepts and his practice is more than ordinarily obtrusive. That he bears the toothache with no greater fortitude than the general is

notorious to all, and the truism is susceptible of a widely extended application. What the world has to allege against philosophers as a class is pretty accurately represented by Fielding's lively picture of Mr Thomas Square; and more modern instances lend plausibility to the contention that such allegations have a solid foundation in fact. Quite recently the public has been diverted by the portrait of an eminent philosopher (as his admirers esteem him) painted by himself. The most prominent features in the likeness are a vanity which would be thought excessive in a popular novelist, and an arrogance which would be incredible were it not sublime, and exasperating were it not ridiculous. From such pitiful exhibitions of human frailty it is a relief to turn to the volume before us.¹ In its pages we hear the accents of true wisdom, and of that unaffected modesty which is its appropriate handmaid. Here we catch the tones of genuine benevolence and kindness. There is quiet humour in abundance, reminding us now of Bishop Berkeley, and again of a very different person, Mr Jowett. But we have not come upon a single sentence that can properly be described as unkind, or even inconsiderate. Severity and uncharit-

¹ *Biographia Philosophica*. By A. Campbell Fraser, D.C.L. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1904.

ableness seem indeed far removed from that serene old age of which this book is the mature fruit. In point of tone and temper it has put us constantly in mind of the most delightful of Cicero's Dialogues, the "Cato Major."

Alexander Campbell Fraser was born in the year 1819 in the manse of Ardochattan, of which parish his father, a descendant of the Frasers of Strichen, was minister. His mother was a daughter of the laird of Barcaldine, and a grand-niece of that Colin Campbell of Glenure who is remembered as the victim of the Appin murder. Who the assassin of his ancestor was, Mr Fraser does not presume to conjecture; for, as he justly remarks, "unless Mr Andrew Lang has the key to the mystery, the murder of Glenure is likely to retain a secret for ever." Mr Lang's position, as we understand it, is that of Herodotus: he knows, but had rather not say. From another ancestor on the mother's side Mr Fraser may have inherited the taste for philosophical speculation—a former minister of Ardochattan, who produced a 'Demonstration of the Existence of God.'

Ardochattan is in the heart of the Campbell country, and most of those who constituted the society of the manse bore the name. There were the Campbells of Ardochattan, the Campbells of Barcaldine, the Campbells of Lochnell, and the Campbells of Inverawe. There was, moreover, at least one member of what Lockhart aptly calls

"that numerous division of the human species which may be shortly and accurately described as answering to the name of Captain Campbell." What strikes us as rather singular is that young Fraser should have grown up without the Gaelic. "With no exceptional linguistic faculty, and no urgent need for exercising it in that way, I grew up almost as ignorant of Gaelic as of Chinese." That is his blunt account of the matter. Doubtless it is true that Gaelic literature "contains little that is directly auxiliary to science or in affinity with philosophical speculation." But doubtless also it is a good deal less imbecile than the average translator makes it out to be; and to have learned the language of the Gael in youth, and to have made the acquaintance of his literature at the fountainhead, should prove a valuable safeguard against talking nonsense about the Celtic Renaissance in later life. In Mr Fraser's case, happily, no such safeguard was necessary.

Amid such surroundings, then, was Mr Fraser bred, the eldest of a family of twelve. The society already alluded to was diversified by intercourse with the neighbouring ministers, "moderate" and "evangelical" alike. "Ministers of both parties," the Professor tells us, "are associated in my retrospect with kindness and goodness in that quaint old-world life"; and his vignettes of two or three of them are charming. Also there were occasional visitors at the manse, who brought

with them gossip from the outer world. Miss Macaulay spoke with pride of her nephew Tom, the Cambridge prodigy; and there came first-hand reports of the King's visit to the Scottish capital, or tidings of the atrocious murder of a Mr Weare by one Thurtell. We do not suppose that Pierce Egan's report of the trial of the murderer circulated freely in the peninsula of Benderloch: its rude woodcut of the immortal gig is a priceless treasure. The tenor of existence in this remote corner of Argyll is admirably summarised by Mr Fraser in the following passage:—

"It is curious now to recall that dreamy life in the isolated peninsula of Lorne, with its old-world society, in the days when George IV. was king; its Campbell lairds of Lochnell, Ardchattan, and Barcaldine; at home with their families for nine months in the year, travelling in winter to Edinburgh to share for three months the social gaieties of the Metropolis—a three days' journey or more in the family coach—all of them long ago travellers in the sable car that carries us all to Hades; uniting Highland pride with much Highland hospitality; still in sympathy with their clansmen, the simple peasants, in whom the grace and chivalry of the Gael then survived, unspoiled by the Saxon stranger, all of them accepting the claims of rank with childlike deference. The circulation of news and the means of locomotion were slow; the packman of Wordsworth's 'Excursion' did duty for the local newspaper which now enlightens Lorne; an occasional 'Courant' or London 'Morning Herald,' with tidings of the world beyond the mountains, passed from the house of the laird to neighbouring houses; visits of the postboy on two and latterly on three days each week were not seldom interrupted by

storms; at least a shilling paid by the recipient for a letter from London, and tence for one from Edinburgh; the 'Courant,' in size a miniature of one of our halfpenny dailies, cost sevenpence; and the window-tax was an impediment to the light and air of heaven in our houses. In summer and in winter the rudely furnished bi-weekly or weekly steamer from Oban was the only public communication with the civilisation of the Lowlands. At home the picturesque garb of the Gael, on the very old and on the young, was a familiar sight; while the coloured coat and embroidered vest, instead of gloomy black, brightened the five-o'clock dinner-parties of the lairds, advancing afterwards to six, according to the fashion of the South. On Sundays the lairds and the peasantry for many miles round gathered, with their families, in the parish church, then happily one visible centre of the whole parochial community; supplemented at summer 'Sacraments' by hundreds from other parishes, to be addressed in Gaelic by fervid preachers, in church and in the open air, till the day was far spent. Those who then shared in that remote life are now withdrawn from this world of sense; the social revolution in the reign of Victoria has dissolved the old society; and the wave of democratic equalisation, coming at first from France, has touched the shores of Lorne."

The home-life of the manse, we may well believe, was one of "Spartan frugality"; and the education of the boys was of so desultory and unsystematic a character as must needs shock the latter-day "educationalist." Mr Fraser had one summer of the parish school; but these were not the days of Public Health Acts, District Committees, and Sanitary Inspectors; and a severe attack of typhus made it prudent that his studies should henceforth be prosecuted at home, though

under the superintendence of the same schoolmaster. That otherwise excellent man appears to have been wholly destitute of the power of inspiring his pupils with enthusiasm, which means so much to a teacher; and Mr Fraser sorrowfully confesses that those five years of "philological drudgery" did little for either his head or his heart. "I lounged over Latin lessons, and at the end could construe in a slovenly way classic books through which I had travelled unsympathetically." We question if he would have been much better off had he been sent away from home to attend any of the Burgh schools of Scotland at that period. Elegant and accurate scholarship has never been the strong point of these institutions. But Mr Fraser is, we fear, hopelessly unenlightened according to modern ideas. He does not vilipend the ancient tongues because his training in them was imperfect. He does not sneer superciliously at Æschylus or Aristotle because in later life he found Greek less easy to read with fluency than his native language. On the contrary, in what can only be described as the spirit of an obscurantist and reactionary, he persisted in discovering for himself the charm of Plato and Virgil and Lucretius, nor has he been content to attain the conviction of their utter worthlessness through the arid medium of Bohn. That he is not ashamed to say so demonstrates how thoroughly steeped he is in mediævalism; and indeed he

appears to take a positive pleasure in their barbarous and crude performances.

But if the parish schoolmaster was something to seek in Greek and Latin, the eldest son of the manse was unconsciously "making himself all the time." For the growth of the body, he had, instead of cricket and football, lonely walks, work in the garden, and (like Wee Macgregor) occasional "oaring"; and for the growth of the mind he had plenty of miscellaneous reading. We rejoice unfeignedly to discover no set plan in his boyish studies. All was fish that came to his net: history, travels, and popular astronomy were equally welcome, as in truth they ought to be. To turn a boy loose in a good old-fashioned library—and such an one can be met with in many a country house and manse in Scotland—is by far the best plan, if he has any turn for reading. Let him browse at pleasure; let him learn to recognise the very title-pages as old and well-tried friends. But if you want him to become a rank pedant and bore, instead of a useful and agreeable member of society; if your ambition is to make him detest learning and yet pretend to like it (a hateful form of hypocrisy),—then by all means ply him assiduously with the hundred best books. Funnily enough, the Waverley novels were, in common with all other fiction, forbidden fruit at Ardehatten manse. "Books of lies which the devil had tempted the author to produce": so the

schoolmaster called them. If schoolmasters at the present day would only be good enough to proscribe them under heavy penalties, perhaps we should hear less of their unpopularity with the rising generation of schoolboys.

'The Edinburgh Evening Courant,' that venerable and now defunct organ of Toryism, came three days a-week to the manse, and seems to have been eagerly devoured by that one of its youthful inmates with whom we are here concerned. The war between Greece and Turkey, the Catholic emancipation contest, and above all the struggle over the Reform Bill, were closely followed by young Fraser in its columns,—“not,” he assures us, “in a partisan spirit, but as an absorbing dramatic spectacle.” This attitude of mind is rare in boys, who are usually ready to take sides, and seldom cultivate the habit of mental detachment. But even thus early the comparative solitude of the Argyllshire home had raised in Mr Fraser those vague and mysterious questionings to which philosophy endeavours to return an articulate answer. He portrays himself as introspective rather than observant. “My faculty of observation was too little exercised in those years upon things and persons. Experience came to me chiefly through books.” Local history and its manifold associations were what mainly served to stimulate the imagination and to draw the shy reserved lad to a certain extent out of himself. We find this character-

istic persisting throughout the entire narrative. When preparing the memoir of Berkeley, Mr Fraser repairs to Ireland and to Cloyne; when at work on Locke, he seeks out his birthplace in Somersetshire, and traces his footprints in Essex: while a visit to Strachan, to New Machar, and to the King's College in Aberdeen forms the indispensable preliminary to a little monograph on Thomas Reid. No one could desire a clearer or more comprehensive bird's-eye view of the associations which London possesses for any one who takes an interest in philosophy than that here supplied. (See pp. 233 *et seq.*) It may be quite true that Mr Fraser was at one time no very acute or vigilant observer of the traits and peculiarities of individuals; but few contemporary writers could have reproduced by such simple means and with such success the atmosphere and feeling of a particular period in childhood:—

“The summer of 1826 was, I believe, the hottest and driest in the nineteenth century. Almost no rain fell from May till August. I recollect the long-continued sultry haze over the mountains of Lorne, Loch Etive daily a sea of glass, the smoke of kelp-burning ascending from its rocky shores, and the sunsets reflecting the hills of Mull and Morven in purple and crimson and gold. I can picture a sultry Sunday in that year in the quaint, rudely furnished, crowded parish church, then beside the manse, and the welcome given to the sublime imagery of the Apocalypse in the words which formed the text: ‘These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any

more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.' That whole summer of 1826 is now the beautiful dream of childhood—

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

After one winter session at Glasgow College Mr Fraser was sent to the University of Edinburgh, with which he was destined to be so long and so intimately connected at a later date. The Scottish University has never done much, superficially at all events, to foster friendships among its *alumni*, and it is appalling to think of the impression which the first sight of the quadrangle of Edinburgh must produce upon a raw and friendless lad fresh from home. Peterhead Prison itself is scarce so bleak, wind-swept, and inhospitable. Philosophy in Scotland had grievously declined from its high estate when Mr Fraser entered the Town's College, whose prosperity and efficiency in general were then by no means remarkable under a strictly municipal *régime*. *Ad hoc* governing bodies have certainly been more successful than the Town Council. The remainder biscuit of Dr Thomas Brown's philosophy was the principal sustenance offered to the inquiring student, and it did not long satisfy our youthful hero. He sought, and sought in vain, for some assurance that the sequence of the future would be identical with the sequence of the past; for it had occurred to him that no one can have experienced what is still to come. His doubts of Brown were naturally aggravated by a perusal

of Hume's 'Treatise of Human Nature,' and he felt compelled for the time being to follow Descartes' advice and adhere to the opinions of his friends, preferring, where these conflicted, the least extreme. A sound and excellent principle, yet perhaps not so very different, as Mr Fraser seems to suggest, from Hume's famous method of dispelling the cold clouds of sceptical speculation by means of dinner, backgammon, and merry-making with friends.

The year 1838 was the turning-point in Mr Fraser's mental history, for it brought him acquainted with Sir William Hamilton. No one who sat at *his* feet, so far as we know, ever thought otherwise than most highly of the master. Mr Fraser is no exception to the rule. "I owe more to Hamilton," he declares, "than to any other intellectual influence. He moved us all to think out questions for ourselves." That was not the least merit of Hamilton's successor, and there is no better test of the fitness of a philosophical teacher. In striking relief to Hamilton was Chalmers, whose class Mr Fraser began to attend about the same time, with a view to entering the ministry of the Church of Scotland. "The restrained rhetoric and grave eloquence of Hamilton, his rigid economy of well-measured language, delivered in the classroom from manuscript in defect of easy command of extempore expression, was a contrast to the brilliant effusiveness and fervid, if sometimes superfluous,

iteration of his illustrious theological colleague." While an ardent admirer of Chalmers as a man, Mr Fraser found his doctrine less than satisfying: perhaps because Hamilton had "entered" him at the "outlandish speculations," as Chalmers stigmatised them, of the German school of philosophers.

Mr Fraser devotes a most interesting chapter to the ecclesiastical broils which culminated in the secession of 1843. It requires an effort of thought for the present generation to conceive the height to which temper ran during those lamentable years; and the feeling with which our author looks back upon them is unmistakable. Even in the thick of the controversy he was no zealot. His account of the motives which prompted him to follow his father's example and "come out" is a masterpiece of deliberate and impartial self-criticism. Once more the Cartesian principle came into play. The violent passions engendered by ecclesiastical strife were repellent to his nature, and he notes with some relish the irony of the fact that the very men who had been denouncing the Voluntaries as "vermin" were presently obliged to depend for subsistence upon the freewill offerings of the faithful. His constitutional bias towards moderation and reasonableness had probably been strengthened by the research and thought involved in preparing a prize essay on the seasonable theme of "Toleration" in 1841. But he does not pretend to have solved a

question which we are inclined to think insoluble by mere ratiocination. Most intolerant men are pushing and self-assertive, and so acquire much more influence in the body politic than they are entitled to. Hence the lessons of toleration have often to be impressed upon a people by a long series of disagreeable experience, it may be to the accompaniment of much blood and many tears. But the best guarantee for ample toleration is temperament, and not the statute-book or Mill on Liberty; and the climate of Laodicea or of Lambeth is much more propitious to its growth than that of Rome or of Geneva. We are much mistaken if Mr Fraser does not share this view. At all events, he indicates in no uncertain manner that his sympathies are pre-eminently with the religious communion of Hooker and Cudworth.

Shortly after the "Disruption" Mr Fraser assumed the charge of the seceding congregation at Cramond. But any expectations which he may have formed of finding in this rural village a peaceful and congenial retreat were soon disappointed. "The convulsion, with its obscure consequences in the far-off future, touched men too deeply. . . . Enthusiasm exults in martyrdom, but to practise charity is less easy. The intensely polemical temper dissolved further dreams of the unity of Christendom; and one found that individual liberty might be in inverse ratio to the freedom of the social organism in which the individual is in-

cluded." These are words of high significance; and they became more and more applicable, as time went on, to the position of Professor in the Free Kirk seminary in which Mr Fraser before long found himself installed. The editorship of the 'North British Review,' to which he had been summoned in 1846, afforded some outlet for unfettered speculative activity. He gathered round him a truly distinguished band of writers, freely invoking assistance from the other side of the Tweed. But ten years later that episode in his career was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the action of the forces with which he felt himself out of harmony. The whole story is narrated with a charming under-current of humour in one of the best chapters of the book. Mr Fraser had allowed Isaac Taylor a free hand in reviewing the work of Dr Chalmers, and Taylor had spoken his mind with perfect candour, justly postponing Chalmers the theological thinker to Chalmers the magnetic living influence. This was too much for "Principal" Cunningham and his brother fanatics. The screw was duly applied, and Mr Fraser relinquished the editorship, returning to the 'Review' as an occasional contributor at a later stage of its existence. In the very year of his withdrawal he was elected, after an arduous and exciting contest, to succeed Sir William Hamilton in the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics. It may very well be that his formal connection

with the Free Kirk did him no harm in the eyes of the electors, for the Whig majority in the Town Council was only too eager to redress the balance of patronage, and to job as handsomely as the Tory majority had done during the preceding period. But no one can venture to whisper in this case, what was roundly asserted in others, that the result did not justify their choice.

For five-and-thirty years Mr Fraser held his professorship, with an ever-increasing and widening reputation. We have read his chapter on the University and his colleagues in the *Senatus* with peculiar interest. As Dean of the Faculty of Arts, heavy work devolved upon him in giving effect to the reforms of the Universities Commission of 1858, and in performing it he received material assistance from Aytoun, to whose strong common-sense and faculty for affairs he pays a warm and well-deserved tribute. He commemorates also in a special manner Sir David Brewster and Sir Alexander Grant, and it is worth noting that he was the first to suggest the putting forward of Sir Alexander's name for the Principalship. This was probably the last great sectarian struggle in the University, and after a hard fight the sectaries were defeated. Mr Fraser demitted office soon after the ordinances of the Commission of 1889 began to come into operation; and it is easy to see that he regards some of them with no great

confidence. The Arts curriculum established in 1858 was possibly narrow and jejune; but, as Mr Fraser points out, it was "more adapted to exercise the higher faculties of the student than to encourage modern languages and physical science, subordinating regard for man merely as a productive instrument, and aiming chiefly at increase of intellectual wealth for its own sake—in an industrial age, impatient of ancient learning and of religion and philosophy." The recent changes "have opened a wider field, giving more room to the literatures and sciences of the modern world, thus bringing the University into closer sympathy with utilitarian interests and life." In less euphemistic language, the Commission of 1889 bowed to the clamour of those who, realising that a degree in Arts had a definite market-value, were bent upon obtaining it for themselves without the trouble of becoming proficient in the subjects which belong distinctively to the Arts Faculty. The result is, that to-day the degree of Master of Arts in the Universities of Scotland is to all intents and purposes merely a "bread-and-butter" degree, naked and unashamed.

The labours of the class-room were of course Mr Fraser's primary concern during his connection with the University, and his outline of the course by which he led his students through logic and psychology to metaphysics is extremely suggestive. We have rarely seen the true function of logic

in the training of the mind more satisfactorily explained. But his class-work was far from monopolising his energies. The six months' vacation in summer, of which, by the bye, he is a warm supporter, enabled him to ponder and, if necessary, revise his own philosophical position in view of the movements of thought current in the 'Sixties. There was the swan-song of pure Hamiltonianism in Mansel's Bampton Lectures, of which we are very glad to find in Mr Fraser a judicious and discriminating defender. On the other hand, there was a recrudescence of the old empiricism, as exemplified in Mill's 'Examination,' while yet a new empirical philosophy was coming into being, which professed to make all things plain by the blessed conception of "Evolution." Both these Mr Fraser proved and tested, without, however, being in any wise shaken in his fundamental principle, that the world is an unintelligible chaos except upon the hypothesis of immanent Divine reason—*mens divina agitat molem*. During the 'Sixties, too, he was busily engaged upon his monumental edition of Berkeley, which may be said to have secured for him once for all his true place in the estimation of the philosophical world at large.

Such scanty leisure as these and kindred occupations allowed was often spent in visits to England, and particularly to Oxford and London. There Mr Fraser met almost every one who was worth meeting, and his descriptions of some of

those with whom he came into contact are most vivid. Palmerston and Lord John are capitally hit off; his last visit to Carlyle is recounted with great spirit; nor could anything be more admirable in its way than this glimpse of Mr Herbert Spencer, whom he used occasionally to meet at the Athenæum:—

"I found him a grave and serious converser, who might outwardly be mistaken for a nonconformist presbyter. He was reserved in philosophical talk, but what he said and wrote was refreshing as the honest expression of the insight of a thinker who was unburdened by philosophical learning. He did not seem, however, to have so sounded the depths of metaphysics as to appreciate the rationale of religion. . . . I last met him when he joined me at luncheon in the Athenæum some years ago. Our talk was not about 'first principles,' but about his own pathological symptoms, and his adventures in quest of health at Ardtornish, and in boating on the Sound of Mull."

Mr Fraser with his customary good nature adds the conventional word in praise of the intellectual and moral persistency that produced the 'Synthetic Philosophy'; but this we have ventured to omit, having some doubts as to whether persistency applied to the manufacture of ropes out of grains of sand is especially laudable.

Though we are tempted to wish that Mr Fraser had given the reins more freely to his powers of observation (which, however defective in youth, have plainly been sharpened by commerce with the world), it is only fair to recollect that his work, as the title suffi-

ciently indicates, is essentially a history of mental development, culminating in the philosophical position expounded in his Gifford Lectures. Into the details of this story we do not propose to follow him more closely than we have already done. Philosophy is, without doubt, one of the most valuable of the instruments employed in the education of those who are on the threshold of manhood. It is so, we make bold to think, not because it tends to keep the mind open, but because it tends to keep it shut: shut against catchwords, and against the plausible systems which in more or less novel guises are so apt to captivate the half-educated members of the leisured class in middle age. The study of philosophy drives home more clearly than any other the profoundly true and salutary maxim, that there is nothing new under the sun. There are few, however, whom the exigencies of after-life permit to preserve their philosophical plant and gear in first-rate working order, or to think out for themselves a complete and self-consistent view of the universe. Even in the ranks of professional philosophers, the number is small of those whose minds remain fresh and elastic, and who are able not merely to enunciate the opinions at which they once upon a time arrived, but also to summon up and reproduce the mental processes by which they reached them. To that happy and select band Mr Fraser emphatically belongs,

and the reader may be confidently referred to the masterly *résumé* of the faith that is in him which the closing pages of his book contain.

We for our part shall venture barely to note two or three points which appear to be of capital importance in his outlook upon the world. In the first place, as he demonstrates, there is no getting away from metaphysics, if you must needs speculate about the nature of things. "Consciously or unconsciously, we must all be metaphysicians. Not least those who treat metaphysic as illusion, for, if they are reasonable, they must do this for a supposed reason, and this reason is *their* unconscious metaphysic." In the second place, he insists strongly upon the fallacy of the empirical school, who would base the validity of inductive reasoning upon the principle of the uniformity of nature, and at the same time would base the validity of that principle upon inductive reasoning. The conception of causation—the uniformity of nature—the immanence of Divine reason—call it what you please—is not founded upon investigation and research, but is a postulate, a presupposition, without which all investigation and research

are meaningless. The "positive" stage of Comte's theory does not supersede, but necessarily implies and depends upon, the theological and metaphysical stages. Lastly, Mr Fraser emphasises the vital truth that moral responsibility is inextricably bound up with the freedom of the will. A rigid system of determinism, such as that of Mill or Spencer, leaves no place for ethics in any intelligible sense of that word. He who has firmly grasped the three principles which we have thus baldly stated is not likely to go far astray in philosophy, though he may well be content to rely in the conduct of life upon that great "reservoir" of tacit and uninterpreted common-sense but for which human society would without doubt perish everlastingly.

As we bid a reluctant farewell to Mr Fraser, we instinctively recall the words of Socrates to Cephalus in the "Republic": "There is nothing I like better than conversing with aged men. For I regard them as travellers who have gone a journey which I too may have to go, and of whom it is right to learn the character of the way, whether it is rugged and difficult, or smooth and easy" (p. 328 E).

A SPRING SONG.

I.

THE Winter is done, come into the Sun;
Come away to the hills and the heather;
For leave never wait, 'tis the Spring at your gate,
Love and Spring must go Maying together.

II.

The birds and the bees are alive in the trees,
Little lambs in the meadows are playing:
Then out on the swain who's alone in the lane
When Chloe would have him a-Maying.

III.

So, couples make haste, if you're eager to taste
Of the joy that the Summer can bring you;
Nor deem it a wrong to give ear to my song,
The sweetest a lover can sing you.

IV.

The Winter is done, let us follow the Sun,
As he dances o'er hills and the heather:
For leave never wait, 'tis the Spring at your gate,
Love and Youth shall go Maying together.

IAN MALCOLM.

JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

CHAPTER XX.

ON the fifth day after the momentous first of April on which he had recalled Loder and resumed his own life, Chilcote left his house and walked towards Bond Street. Though the morning was clear and the air almost warm for the time of year, he was wearing a heavy overcoat, a muffler, and a pair of doeskin gloves. As he moved forward he walked close to the house-fronts to avoid the sun that was everywhere stirring the winterbound town, like a suffusion of young blood in old veins. He avoided the warmth because, in this instance, warmth meant light; but as he moved he shivered slightly from time to time with the haunting, permeating cold that of late had become his persistent shadow.

He was ill at ease as he hurried forward. With each succeeding day of the old life the new annoyances, the new obligations, became more hampering. Before his compact with Loder this old life had been a net about his feet; now the meshes seemed to have narrowed—the net itself to have spread till it smothered his whole being. His own household, his own rooms even, offered no sanctuary. The presence of another personality tinged the atmosphere. It was preposterous, but it was undeniable. The lay figure that

he had set in his place had proved to be flesh and blood, had usurped his life, his position, his very personality, by sheer right of strength. As he walked along Bond Street in the first sunshine of the year, jostled by the well-dressed crowd, he felt a pariah.

He revolted at the new order of things, but the revolt was a silent one. The iron of expediency had entered into his soul; he dared not jeopardise Loder's position—because he dared not dispense with Loder. The door that guarded his vice drew him more resistlessly with every indulgence; and Loder's was the voice that called the "Open Sesame!"

He walked on aimlessly. He had been but five days at home, and already the quiet, grass-grown court of Clifford's Inn, the bare staircase, the comfortless privacy of Loder's rooms, seemed a haven of refuge. The speed with which this hunger had returned frightened him. Again and again the irrepressible consciousness of it returned, causing him inconsequently to hasten his steps.

He walked forward rapidly and without encountering a check. Then suddenly the spell was broken. From the slowly-moving, brilliantly-dressed throng of people some

one called him by name, and turning, he saw Lillian As-trupp.

She was stepping from the door of a jeweller's; and as he turned she paused, holding out her hand.

"The very person I would have wished to see!" she exclaimed. "Where have you been these hundred years? I've heard of nobody but you since you've turned politician and ceased to be a mere Member of Parliament!" She laughed softly. The laugh suited the light spring air, as she herself suited the pleasant, superficial scene.

He took her hand and held it, while his eyes travelled from her delicate face to her pale cloth gown, from her soft furs to the bunch of roses fastened in her muff. The sight of her was a curious relief. Her cool slim fingers were so casual, yet so clinging in their pressure, her voice and her presence were so redolent of easy, artificial things.

"How well you look!" he said involuntarily.

Again she laughed. "That's my prerogative! But I was serious in being glad to see you. Sarcastic people are always so intuitive. I'm looking for some one with intuition."

Chilcote glanced up. "Extravagant again?" he said drily.

She smiled at him sweetly. "Jack!" she murmured with slow reproach.

He laughed quickly. "I understand. You've changed your Minister of Finance. I'm

wanted in some other direction."

She evaded his insinuation with ready ease.

"You are always wanted," she said softly.

The words seemed to rouse him again to the shadowy self-distrust that her presence had lifted.

"It's—it's delightful to meet you like this," he began, "and I wish the meeting wasn't momentary. But I'm—I'm rather pressed for time. You must let me come round one afternoon—or evening, when you're alone." He fumbled for a moment with the collar of his coat, and glanced furtively upwards towards Oxford Street.

But again Lillian smiled—this time to herself. If she understood anything on earth it was Chilcote and his moods.

"If one may be careless of anything, Jack," she said lightly, "surely it's of time. I can imagine being pressed for anything else in the world. If it's an appointment you're worrying about, a motor goes ever so much faster than a cab." She looked at him tentatively—her head slightly on one side, her muff raised till the roses and the soft fur touched her cheek.

She looked very charming and very persuasive as he glanced back at her. Again she seemed to suggest a re-spite—something graceful and subtle in a world of oppressive obligations. His eyes strayed from her figure to the smart open motor drawn up beside the kerb.

She saw the glance. "Ever

so much quicker," she insinuated. And smiling again, she stepped forward from the door of the shop. After a second's indecision Chilcote followed her.

The waiting motor-car had three seats,—one in front for the chauffeur, two, *vis-à-vis*, at the back, offering pleasant possibilities of a *tête-à-tête*.

"The Park — and drive slowly!" Lillian ordered as she stepped into the car, motioning Chilcote to the seat opposite her own.

They moved up Bond Street smoothly and rapidly. Lillian was absorbed in the passing traffic until the Marble Arch was reached; then, as they glided through the big gates, she looked across at her companion. He had turned up the collar of his coat, though the wind was scarcely perceptible, and had buried himself in it to the ears.

"It is extraordinary!" she exclaimed suddenly, as her eyes rested on his face. It was seldom that she felt drawn to exclamation. She was usually too indolent to show surprise. But now the feeling was called forth before she was aware.

Chilcote looked up. "What's extraordinary!" he said sensitively.

She leant forward for an instant and touched his hand.

"Bear!" she said teasingly. "Did I rub your fur the wrong way?" Then, seeing his expression, she altered her tone—

"I'll explain. It was the same thing that struck me the night of Blanche's party—when you looked at me over Leonard

Kaine's head. You remember?" She looked away from him across the Park to where the grass was already showing greener.

Chilcote felt ill at ease. Again he put his hand to his coat-collar.

"Oh yes," he said hastily, "Yes." He wished now that he had questioned Loder more closely on the proceedings of that party. It seemed to him, on looking back, that Loder had mentioned nothing on the day of their last exchange save the political complications that absorbed his mind.

"I couldn't explain then," Lillian went on; "I couldn't explain before a crowd of people that it wasn't your dark head showing over Leonard's red one that surprised me, but the most wonderful, the most extraordinary likeness——" She paused.

The car was moving faster; there was a delight in the easy motion through the fresh early air. But Chilcote's uneasiness had been aroused; he no longer felt soothed.

"What likeness?" he asked sharply.

She turned to him easily. "Oh, a likeness I have noticed before," she said. "A likeness that always seemed strange, but that suddenly became incredible at Blanche's party."

He moved quickly.

"Likenesses are an illusion," he said, "a mere fiction of the brain!" His manner was short; his annoyance seemingly out of all proportion to its cause. Lillian looked at him afresh in slightly interested surprise.

"Yet, not so very long ago, you yourself——" she began.

"Nonsense! I've always denied likenesses. Such things don't really exist. Likeness-seeing is purely an individual matter—a preconception." He spoke fast; he was uneasy under the cool scrutiny of her green eyes. Then, with a sharp attempt at self-control and reassurance, he altered his voice.

"After all, we're being very stupid!" he exclaimed. "We're worrying over something that doesn't exist."

Lillian was still lazily interested. To her own belief she had seen Chilcote last on the night of her sister's reception. Then she had been too preoccupied to notice either his manner or his health, though superficially it had lingered in her mind that he had seemed unusually reliant, unusually well on that night. A remembrance of the impression came to her now as she studied his face, upon which imperceptibly and yet relentlessly his vice was setting its mark—in a dull restlessness of eye, an unhealthy sallowness of skin.

Some shred of her thought, some suggestion of the comparison running through her mind, must have shown in her face, for Chilcote altered his position with a touch of uneasiness. He glanced away across the long sweep of tan-covered drive stretching between the trees; then he glanced furtively back.

"By the way," he said quickly, "you wanted me for something?" The memory of

her earlier suggestion came back as a sudden boon.

Lillian lifted her muff again, and smelt her roses thoughtfully.

"Oh, it was nothing, really," she said. "You sarcastic people give very shrewd suggestions sometimes, and I've been rather wanting a suggestion on an— an adventure that I've had." She looked down at her flowers with a charmingly attentive air.

But Chilcote's restlessness had increased. Looking up she suddenly caught his expression, and her own face changed.

"Dear Jack!" she said softly, "what a bore I am! Let's forget tedious things—and enjoy ourselves." She leant towards him caressingly, with an air of concern and reproach.

It was not without effect. Her soothing voice, her smile, her almost affectionate gesture, each carried weight. With a swift return of assurance he responded to her tone.

"Right!" he said. "Right! We will enjoy ourselves!" He laughed quickly, and again with a conscious movement lifted his hand to his muffler.

"And we'll postpone the advice?" Lillian laughed too.

"Yes. Right! We'll postpone it." The word pleased him and he caught at it. "We won't bother about it now, but we won't shelve it altogether. We'll postpone it."

"Exactly." She settled herself more comfortably. "You'll dine with me one night—and we can talk it out then. I see so little of you nowadays," she added in a lower voice.

"My dear girl, you're un-

fair!" Chilcote's spirits had risen; he spoke rapidly, almost pleasantly. "It isn't I who keep away—it's the stupid affairs of the world that keep me. I'd be with you every hour of the twelve—if I had my way."

She looked up at the tall bare trees. Her expression was a delightful mixture of amusement, satisfaction, and scepticism.

"Then you *will* dine?" she said at last.

"Certainly." His reaction to high spirits still carried him forward.

"How nice! Shall we fix a day?"

"A day? Yes. Yes, by all means, if you like." He hesitated for an instant; then again the impulse of the previous moment dominated his other feeling.

"Yes," he said quickly. "Yes. After all, why shouldn't we fix it now?" With a sudden inclination towards amiability he opened his overcoat, thrust his hand into an inner pocket and drew out his engagement-book—the same long narrow book fitted with two pencils that Loder had scanned so interestedly on his first morning at Grosvenor Square. He opened it, turning the pages rapidly.

"What day shall it be? Thursday's full—and Friday—and Saturday. What a bore!" He still talked fast.

Lillian leant across. "What a sweet book!" she said. "But why the blue crosses?" She touched one of the pages with her gloved finger.

Chilcote jerked the book quickly, then laughed with a touch of embarrassment.

"Oh, the crosses? Merely to remind me that certain appointments must be kept. You know my beastly memory! But what about the day? Shall we fix it?" His voice was in control, but mentally her trivial question had disturbed and jarred him.

"Which shall we say?" he repeated. "Monday in next week?"

She glanced up with a faint exclamation of disappointment.

"How horribly far away!" she said with engaging petulance; and leaning forward afresh she drew the book from his hand.

"What about to-morrow?" she exclaimed, turning back a page. "Why not to-morrow? I knew I saw a blank space."

"To-morrow! Oh, I—I —" he stopped.

"Jack!" Her voice dropped. It was true that she desired Chilcote's opinion on her adventure, for Chilcote's opinion on men and manners had a certain bitter shrewdness; but the exercise of her own power added a point to the desire. If the matter had ended with the gain or loss of a *tête-à-tête* with him, it is probable that, whatever its interest, she would not have pressed it; but the underlying motive was the stronger. Chilcote had been a satellite for years, and it was disagreeable that any satellite should drop away into space.

"Jack!" she said again in a lower and still more effective tone; then, lifting her muff, she

buried her face in her flowers. "I suppose I shall have to dine and go to a music-hall with Leonard—or stay at home by myself," she murmured, looking out across the trees.

Again Chilcote glanced over the long tan-strewn ride. They had made the full circuit of the Park.

"It's tiresome being by oneself," she murmured again.

For a while he was irresponsible, then slowly his eyes returned to her face. He watched her for a second, then leaning quickly towards her he took his book and scribbled something in the vacant space.

She watched him interestedly, her face lighting up.

"Dear Jack!" she said. "How very sweet of you!" Then, as he held the book towards her, her expression fell.

"Dine 33 Cadogan Gardens, 8 o'clock. Talk with L.," she read. "Why, you've forgotten the essential thing!"

He looked up. "The essential thing?"

She smiled. "The blue cross," she said. "Isn't it worth even a little one?"

The tone was very winning and soft. Chilcote yielded.

"You have the blue pencil," he said in sudden response to her mood.

She glanced up in quiet pleasure at her success, and, with a charming affectation of seriousness, marked the engagement with a big cross. At the same moment the car slackened speed and then stopped as the chauffeur waited for further orders.

Lillian shut the engagement-book and handed it back.

"Where can I drop you?" she asked. "At your club?"

The question recalled him to a sense of present things. He thrust the book into his pocket and glanced about him.

They had paused by Hyde Park Corner. The crowd of horses and carriages had thinned as the hour of lunch drew near, and the wide roadway of the Park had an air of added space. The suggested loneliness affected him. The tall trees, still bereft of leaves, and the colossal gateway incomprehensibly stirred the sense of mental panic that sometimes seized him in face of vastness either of place or architecture. In one moment Lillian—the appointment he had just made and the manner of its making, all left his mind. The world was filled with his own personality, his own immediate inclinations.

"Don't bother about me!" he said quickly. "I can get out here. You've been very good. It's been a delightful morning." With a hurried pressure of her fingers he rose and stepped from the car.

Reaching the ground, he paused for a moment and raised his hat; then without a second glance he turned and walked rapidly away.

Lillian sat watching him meditatively. She saw him pass through the gateway, saw him hail a hansom; then she remembered the waiting chauffeur.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the same day that Chilcote had parted with Lillian—but at three o'clock in the afternoon—Loder, dressed in Chilcote's clothes and with Chilcote's heavy overcoat slung over his arm, walked from Fleet Street to Grosvenor Square. He walked steadily, neither slowly nor yet fast. The elation of his last journey over the same ground was tempered by feelings he could not satisfactorily bracket even to himself. There was less of vehement elation and more of matured determination in his gait and bearing than there had been on that night, though the incidents of which they were the outcome were curiously complex.

On reaching Chilcote's house he passed upstairs, but, still following the routine of his previous return, he did not halt at Chilcote's door, but moved onward towards Eve's sitting-room—and there paused.

In that pause his numberless irregular thoughts fused into one. He had the same undefined sense of standing upon sacred ground that had touched him on the previous occasion; but the outcome of the sensation was different. This time he raised his hand almost immediately and tapped on the door.

He waited, but no voice responded to his knock. With a sense of disappointment he knocked again; then, pressing his determination further, he

turned the handle and entered the room.

No private room is without interest—whether trivial or the reverse. In a room, perhaps more even than in speech, in look or in work does the impress of the individual make itself felt. There, on the wax of outer things, the inner self imprints its seal—enforces its fleeting claim to separate individuality. This thought, with its arresting interest, made him walk slowly, almost seriously, half-way across the floor, and then pause to study his surroundings.

The room was of medium size—not too large for comfort and not too small for ample space. At a first glance it struck him as singularly unlike any anticipation of a woman's sanctum. The walls, panelled in dark wood; the richly bound books; the beautifully designed bronze ornaments; even the flowers, deep crimson and violet blue in tone, had an air of sombre harmony that was scarcely feminine. With a strangely pleasant impression he realised this, and following his habitual impulse, moved slowly forward towards the fireplace and there paused, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece.

He had scarcely settled comfortably into his position—scarcely entered on his second and more comprehensive study of the place—than the arrangement of his mind was altered by the turning of the handle

and the rapid opening of the door.

The new-comer was Eve herself. She was dressed in outdoor clothes, and walked into the room quickly; then, as Loder had done, she too paused.

Her movement, so natural and spontaneous, had a peculiar attraction: as she glanced up at him, her face alight with inquiry, she seemed extraordinarily much the owner and designer of her surroundings. She was framed by them as naturally and effectively as her eyes were framed by their black lashes. For one moment he forgot that his presence demanded explanation; the next she had made explanation needless. She had been looking at him intently; now she came forward slowly.

"John?" she said, half in appeal, half in question.

He took a step towards her. "Look at me!" he said quietly and involuntarily. In the sharp desire to establish himself in her regard he forgot that her eyes had never left his face.

But the incongruity of the words did not strike her. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I—I believe I *knew*, directly I saw you here." The quick ring of life vibrating in her tone surprised him. But he had other emotions more urgent than surprise.

In the five days of banishment just lived through, the need for a readjustment of his position with regard to her had come to him forcibly. The memory of the night when weakness and he had been at perilously close quarters had

returned to him persistently and uncomfortably, spoiling the remembrance of his triumph. It had been well enough to smother the thought of that night in days of work. But had ignoring it blotted out the weakness? Had it not rather thrown it into bolder relief? A man, strong in his own strength, does not turn his back upon temptation—he faces and quells it. In the solitary days at Clifford's Inn; in the solitary nights, spent in pacing the city streets, this had been the conviction that had recurred again and again—this the problem to which, after much consideration, he had found a solution, satisfactory at least to himself. When next Chilcote called him, he would make a new departure, he had decided. He would no longer avoid Eve; he would successfully prove to himself that one interest and one alone filled his mind—the pursuance of Chilcote's political career. So does man satisfactorily convince himself against himself.

"Well," he said slowly, "has it been very hard to have faith—these last five days?" It was not precisely the tone he had meant to adopt; but one must begin.

Eve turned at his words. Her eyes were brimming with life, her cheeks were touched to a deep soft colour by the keenness of the spring air.

"No," she answered, with a shy responsive touch of confidence that was new. "I seemed to keep on believing. You know converts make the best devotees." She laughed with slight

embarrassment and glanced up at him. Something in the blue of her eyes reminded him unexpectedly of April skies—full of youth and promise.

He moved abruptly, and crossed the room towards the window.

"Eve," he said, without looking round, "I want your help."

He heard the faint rustling of her dress as once more she turned towards him, and he knew that he had struck the right chord. All true women respond to an appeal for aid as steel answers to the magnet. He could feel her expectancy in the silence.

"You know—we all know—that the present moment is very vital: that it's impossible to deny the crisis in the air——" He still looked out of the window. "Nobody feels it more than I do—nobody is more exorbitantly keen to have a share, a part, when the real fight comes——" He stopped, then turned slowly, and their eyes met.

"If a man is to succeed in such a desire," he went on deliberately, "he must exclude all others—he must have one purpose, one interest, one thought. He must forget——"

"——That he has a wife," Eve finished gently. "I think I understand."

There was no annoyance in her face or voice, no suggestion of selfishness or of hurt vanity. She had read his meaning with disconcerting clearness, and responded with disconcerting generosity. A sudden and very human dissatisfaction with his

readjustment scheme fell upon Loder. Opposition is the whip to action; a too ready acquiescence the slackened rein.

"Did I say that?" he asked quickly. The tone was almost Chilcote's.

She glanced up at him; then a sudden incomprehensible smile lighted up her face.

"You didn't say, but you thought," she answered gravely. "Thoughts are the same as words—to a woman. That's why we are so unreasonable." Again she smiled. Some idea, baffling and incomprehensible to Loder, was stirring in her mind.

Conscious of the impression, he moved still nearer. "You jump to conclusions," he said abruptly. "What I meant to imply——"

"——Was precisely what I've understood." Again she finished his sentence. Then she laughed softly. "How very wise, but how very, very foolish men are! You come to the conclusion that because a woman is—is interested in you, she is going to hamper you in some direction, and after infinite pains you summon all your tact and set about saving the situation." There was interest, even a touch of amusement in her tone; her eyes were still fixed steadily upon his.

"You think you are very diplomatic," she went on quietly, "but in reality you are very transparent. The woman reads the whole of your meaning in your very first sentence—if she hasn't known it before you began to speak."

Again Loder made an inter-

ruption, but again she checked him.

"No," she said, still smiling. "You should never attempt such a task. Shall I tell you why?"

He stood silent—puzzled and interested.

"Because," she said quickly, "when a woman really is—interested, the man's career ranks infinitely higher in her eyes than any personal desire for power."

For a moment their eyes met, then abruptly Loder looked away. She had gauged his intentions incorrectly—yet with disconcerting insight. Again the suggestion of an unusual personality below the serenity of her manner recurred to his imagination.

With an impulse altogether foreign he lifted his head and again met her glance.

"Forgive me!" he said with simple, direct sincerity.

CHAPTER XXII.

After his interview with Eve, Loder retired to the study and spent the remaining hours of the day and the whole span of the evening in work. At one o'clock—still feeling fresh in mind and body—he dismissed Greening and passed into Chilcote's bedroom. The interview with Eve, though widely different from the one he had anticipated, had left him stimulated and alert. In the hours that followed it there had been an added anxiety to put his mind into harness, an added gratification in finding it answer to the rein.

A pleasant sense of retrospection settled upon him as he began slowly to undress, and a pleasant sense of interest touched him as, crossing to the dressing-table, he caught sight of Chilcote's engagement-book—taken with other things from the suit he had changed at dinner-time, and carefully laid aside by Renwick.

He picked it up and

methodically turned the pages. It always held the suggestion of a lottery—this dipping into another man's engagements and drawing a prize or a blank. It was a sensation that even custom had not dulled.

At first he turned the pages slowly, then by degrees his fingers quickened. Beyond the fact that this present evening was free, he knew nothing of his promised movements. The abruptness of Chilcote's arrival at Clifford's Inn in the afternoon had left no time for superfluous questions. He skimmed the writing with a touch of interested haste, then all at once he paused and smiled.

"Big enough for a tombstone!" he said below his breath as his eyes rested on a large blue cross. Then he smiled again, and held the book to the light.

"Dine 33 Cadogan Gardens, 8 o'clock. Talk with L.," he read.

He stood for a moment pondering on the entry, then

once more his glance reverted to the cross.

"Evidently meant it to be seen! But why the deuce isn't he more explicit!" Then suddenly a look of comprehension crossed his face, and the puzzled frown between his eyebrows cleared away.

With a feeling of satisfaction he remembered Lakeley's frequent and pressing suggestion that he should dine with him at Cadogan Gardens and discuss the political outlook.

Lakeley must have written during his absence, and Chilcote—having marked the engagement—felt no further responsibility! The invitation could scarcely have been verbal, as Chilcote, he knew, had lain very low in the five days of his return to home. So he argued, as he stood with the book still open in his hands—the blue cross staring imperatively from the white paper. And from the argument rose thoughts and suggestions that seethed in his mind long after the lights had been switched off, long after the fire had died down, and he had been left wrapped in darkness in the great canopied bed.

And so it came about that he took his second false step. Once during the press of the next morning's work it crossed his mind to verify his convictions by a glance at the directory. But for once the strong wish that evolves a thought conquered his caution. His work was absorbing; the need of verification seemed very small. He let the suggestion pass.

At seven o'clock he dressed

carefully. His mind was full of Lakeley and of the possibilities the night might hold. More than once before, the weight of the 'St George's Gazette' with Lakeley at its back had turned the political scales. To be marked by him as a coming man was at any time a favourable portent; to be singled out by him at the present juncture was momentous. A thrill of expectancy, almost of excitement, passed through Loder as he surveyed his appearance, preparatory to leaving Chilcote's room.

Having descended the stairs, he moved straight to the hall-door; but almost as his hand touched it he halted, attracted by a movement on the landing at the head of the stairs. Looking upwards, he saw Eve.

She was standing quite still, looking down upon him as she had looked once before. As their eyes met, she changed her position hastily.

"You are going out?" she asked. And it struck Loder quickly that there was a suggestion, a shadow of disappointment in the tone of her voice. Moved by the impression, he responded with unusual promptness.

"Yes," he said, "I'm dining out—dining with Lakeley."

While he spoke she watched him intently; then, as the meaning of his words reached her, her whole face brightened.

"With Mr Lakeley?" she said. "Oh, I'm glad—very glad. It is quite—quite another step." She smiled with a warm impulsive touch of sympathy.

Loder, still watching her attentively, felt his senses stir. At sound of her words his secret ambitions quickened to stronger life. The man whose sole incentive lies within may go forward coldly and successfully; but the man who grasps a double inspiration—who, even unconsciously, is impelled by a force other than his own—has a stronger impetus for attack, a surer, more vital hewing power.

"Yes," he said at last, slowly—"Yes. A long step." And with a smile of farewell he turned, opened the hall-door, and passed into the road.

The thrill of that one moment was still warm within him as he reached Cadogan Gardens and mounted the steps of the house he sought—so warm that involuntarily he waited for an instant before pressing the electric bell. Then, however, his anticipation dominated him; he turned and raised his hand.

The action was abrupt, and it was only as his fingers pressed the bell that a certain unexpectedness, a certain want of suitability in the aspect of the house, struck him. The door was white, the handle and knocker were of massive silver. The first seemed a disappointing index of Lakeley's private taste, the second a ridiculous temptation to needy humanity. He looked again at the number of the house, but it stared back at him convincingly. Then the door opened.

So keen was his sense of unfitness that, still trying to fuse his impression of Lakeley with the idea of silver door-fittings,

he stepped into the hall without the usual preliminary question. Suddenly realising the necessity, he turned to the servant; but the man forestalled him—

"Will you come into the white drawing-room, sir? And may I take your coat?"

The smooth certainty of the man's manner surprised him. It held another savour of disappointment—seeming as little in keeping with the keen businesslike Lakeley as did a silver knocker or a white drawing-room. Still struggling with his impression, he allowed himself to be relieved of his hat and coat, and in silence followed the servant up the shallow staircase.

As the last step was reached it came to him again to mention his host's name, but simultaneously with the suggestion the man stepped forward with a quick, silent movement and threw open a door.

"Mr Chilcote," he announced, in a subdued discreet voice.

Loder's first impression was of a room that seemed unusually luxurious, soft and shadowed. Then all impression of outward things left him suddenly.

For the fraction of a second he stood in the doorway, while the room seemed emptied of everything but a figure that rose slowly from a couch before the fire at sound of Chilcote's name; then, with a calmness that to himself seemed incredible, he moved forward into the room.

He might of course have beaten a retreat and obviated

many things. But life is full of might-have-beens, and retreat never presents itself agreeably to a strong man. His impulse was to face the difficulty, and he acted on the impulse.

Lillian had risen slowly, and, as he neared her, she held out her hand.

"Jack!" she exclaimed softly. "How sweet of you to remember!"

The voice and words came to him with great distinctness, and as they came one uncertainty passed for ever from his mind—the question as to what relation she and Chilcote held to each other. With the realisation came the thought of Eve, and in the midst of his own difficulty his face hardened.

Lillian ignored the expression. Taking his hand, she smiled very sweetly.

"You're very punctual," she said. "But your hands are cold. Come closer to the fire."

Loder was not sensible that his hands were cold, but he suffered himself to be drawn forward.

One end of the couch was in firelight, the other in shadow. By a fortunate arrangement of chance, Lillian selected the brighter end for herself and offered the other to her guest. With a quick sense of respite he accepted it. Here at least he could sit secure from detection while he temporised with Fate.

For a moment they sat silent, then she turned towards him.

"Won't you smoke?" she asked.

Everything in the room

seemed soft and enervating—the subdued glow of the fire, the smell of roses, Lillian's slow soothing voice. With a sense of oppression he stiffened his shoulders and sat straighter in his place.

"No," he said, "I don't think I shall smoke."

She moved nearer to him.

"Dear Jack!" she said softly, "don't say you're in a bad mood. Don't say you want to postpone again." She looked up at him and laughed a little.

Loder was at a loss.

Another silence followed, while Lillian waited; then she frowned suddenly, and rose from the couch. Like many indolent people, she possessed a touch of obstinacy; and now that her triumph over Chilcote was obtained—now that she had vindicated her right to command him—her original purpose came uppermost again. Cold or interested, indifferent or attentive, she intended to make use of him.

She moved to the fire and stood looking down into it; then slowly but decisively she turned back to the couch and took up her former place.

"Jack!" she began gently, "a really amazing thing has happened to me. I do so want you to throw some light."

There was a fresh pause while she softly smoothed the silk embroidery that edged her gown. Then once more she looked up at him.

"Did I ever tell you," she began, "that I was once in a railway accident on a funny little Italian railway centuries before I met you?"

Loder said nothing, but she ignored his silence.

"Astrupp had caught a fever in Florence," she went on, "and I was rushing away for fear of the infection, when our stupid little train ran off the rails near Pistoria and smashed itself up. Fortunately we were within half a mile of a village, so we weren't quite bereft. The village was impossibly like a toy village, and the accommodation what one would expect in a Noah's Ark, but it was all absolutely picturesque. I put up at the little inn with my maid and Ko Ko—Ko Ko was such a sweet dog—a white poodle. I was tremendously keen on poodles that year." She stopped and looked thoughtfully towards the fire, then slowly back at Loder.

"But to come to the point of the story, Jack; the toy village had a boy doll!" she laughed very softly. "He was an Englishman, and the first person to come to my rescue. He was staying at the Noah's Ark inn, and after that first night I—he—we—" She hesitated. "Oh, Jack, haven't you anything in the world to say?" Her voice dropped disappointedly. The man who is indifferent to the recital of an old love-affair implies the worst kind of listener.

"I believe you aren't interested," she said in a more reproachful tone.

For the first time Loder altered his position; with a sudden movement he sat forward in his chair. "You're wrong there," he said slowly. "I'm deeply interested."

She glanced at him again. His tone reassured her, but his words left her uncertain. Chilcote was rarely emphatic. With a touch of hesitation she went on with her tale.

"As I told you, he was the first to find us—to find me, I should say, for my maid was having hysterics farther up the line and Ko Ko was lost. I remember the first thing I did was to send him in search of Ko Ko."

Notwithstanding his position, Loder found occasion to smile.

"Did he succeed?" he asked, drily.

"Succeed? Oh yes, he succeeded," she also smiled involuntarily. "Poor Ko Ko was stowed away under the luggage-van; and after quite a lot of trouble he pulled him out. When it was all done Ko Ko was quite unhurt and livelier than ever, but the Englishman had his finger almost bitten through. Ko Ko was a dear; but his teeth and his temper were both very sharp!" She laughed once more in soft amusement.

Loder was silent for a second, then he too laughed—Chilcote's short sarcastic laugh.

"And you tied up the wound, I suppose?"

She glanced up, half displeased. "We were both staying at the little inn," she said, as though no further explanation could be needed. Then again her manner changed. She moved imperceptibly nearer and touched his right hand. His left, which was further away from her, was well in the shadow of the cushions.

"Jack," she said caressingly, "it isn't to tell you this stupid old story that I've brought you here; it's really to tell you a sort of sequel." She stroked his hand gently once or twice. "As I say, I met this man, and we—we had an affair. You understand? Then we quarrelled—quarrelled quite badly, and I came away. I've remembered him rather longer than I remember most people—he was one of those dogged individuals who stick in one's mind, and he has stayed in mine for a double reason."

Again she looked up. "He has stayed because you helped to keep him there. You know how I have sometimes put my hands over your mouth, and told you that your eyes reminded me of some one? Well, that some one was my Englishman. But you mustn't be jealous; he was a horrid, obstinate person, and you—well, you know what I think of you——" She pressed his hand. "But to come to the end of the story, I never saw this man since that long ago time until—until the night of Blanche's party!" she spoke slowly, to give full effect to her words; then she waited for his surprise.

The result was not quite what she expected. Loder said nothing; but with an abrupt movement he drew his hand from between hers.

"Aren't you surprised?" she asked, with a delicate note of reproof.

He started slightly, as if recalled to the necessity of the moment.

"Surprised?" he said. "Why

should I be surprised? One person more or less at a big party isn't astonishing. Beside, you expect a man to turn up sooner or later in his own country. Why should I be surprised?"

She lay back luxuriously. "Because, my dear boy," she said softly, "it's more than a surprise—it's a mystery! It's one of those fascinating mysteries that come once in a lifetime."

Loder made no movement. "You must explain," he said very quietly.

Lillian smiled. "That's just what I want to do. When I was in my tent on the night of Blanche's party, a man came to be gazed for. He came just like anybody else and laid his hands upon the table. He had strong thin hands, like—well, rather like yours, and he wore two rings on the third finger of his left hand—a heavy signet ring and a plain gold one."

Loder moved his hand imperceptibly till the cushion completely covered it. Lillian's words caused him no surprise, scarcely even any trepidation. He felt now that he had expected them, had unconsciously waited for them all along.

"I asked him to take off his rings," she went on, "and just for a second he hesitated—I could feel him hesitate—then he seemed to make up his mind, and drew them off. He drew them off, Jack, and guess what I saw! Do guess!"

For the first time Loder involuntarily drew back into his corner of the couch. "I never guess," he said brusquely.

"Then I'll tell you. His hands were the hands of my Englishman! The rings covered the scar made by Ko Ko's teeth. I knew it instantly—the second my eyes rested on it. It was the same scar that I had bound up dozens of times, that I had seen healed before I left Santasalare."

"And you? What did you do?" Loder felt it singularly difficult and unpleasant to speak.

"Ah, that's the point. That's where I was stupid and made my mistake. I should have spoken to him on the moment, but I didn't. You know how one sometimes hesitates. Afterwards it was too late."

"Why? Wasn't he visible later?" Loder spoke unwillingly.

"No. No; that's the other point. I didn't see him in the rooms, and I haven't seen him since. Directly he was gone, I left the tent; I pretended to be hungry and bored; but though I went through every room he was nowhere to be found. Once"—she hesitated and laughed again—"once I thought I had found him, but it was only you—you, as you stood in that doorway with your mouth and chin hidden by Leonard Kaine's head. Wasn't it a quaint mistake?"

There was an uncertain pause. Then Loder, feeling the need of speech, broke the silence suddenly.

"Where do I come in?" he asked abruptly. "What am I wanted for?"

"To help to throw light on the mystery! I've seen

Blanche's list of people, and there wasn't a man I couldn't place—no outsider ever squeezes through Blanche's door. I have questioned Bobby Blessington, but he can't remember who came to the tent last. And Bobby was supposed to have kept count!" She spoke in deep scorn; then the scorn faded and she smiled again.

"Well, now that I've explained, Jack, what do you suggest?"

Then for the first time Loder realised what his presence in the room really meant; and at best the knowledge was disconcerting. It is not every day that a man is called upon to unearth himself.

"Suggest?" he repeated blankly.

"Yes. I'd rather have your idea of the affair than anybody else's. You are so dear and sarcastic and keen that you can't help getting straight at the middle of a fact."

When Lillian wanted anything she could be very sweet. She suddenly dropped her half-petulant tone, she suddenly ceased to be a spoilt child. With a perfectly graceful movement she drew quite close to Loder, and slid gently to her knees.

This is an attitude that few women can safely assume; it requires all the attributes of youth, suppleness, and a certain buoyant ease. But Lillian never acted without justification; and as she leant towards Loder, her face lifted, her slight figure and pale hair softened by the firelight, she

made a picture that it would have been difficult to criticise.

But the person who should have appreciated it stared steadily beyond it to the fire. His mind was absorbed by one question—the question of how he might reasonably leave the house before discovery became assured.

Lillian, attentively watchful of him, saw the uneasy look, and her own face fell. Then an inspiration came to her—a remembrance of many interviews with Chilcote smoothed and facilitated by the timely use of tobacco.

"Jack," she said softly, "before you say another word I insist on your lighting a cigarette." She leant forward, resting against his knee.

At her words Loder's eyes left the fire. His attention was suddenly needed for a new and more imminent difficulty.

"Thanks!" he said quickly. "But I—I have no wish to smoke."

"It isn't a matter of what you wish, but of what I say." She smiled. She knew that Chilcote with a cigarette between his lips was infinitely more tractable than Chilcote sitting idle, and she had no intention of ignoring the knowledge.

But Loder caught at her words. "Before you ordered me to smoke," he said, "you told me to give you some advice. Your first command must have prior claim." He grasped unhesitatingly at the less risky theme.

She looked up at him.

"You're always nicer when you smoke," she persisted caressingly. "Light a cigarette—and give me one."

Loder's mouth hardened. "No," he said, "we'll stick to this advice business. It interests me."

"Yes—afterwards."

"No, now. You want to find out why this Englishman from Italy was at your sister's party, and why he disappeared?"

There are times when a malignant obstinacy seems to affect certain people. The only answer Lillian made was to pass her hand over Loder's waistcoat, and, feeling his cigarette-case, to draw it from the pocket.

He affected not to see it. "Do you think he recognised you in that tent?" he insisted desperately.

Lillian held out the case. "Here are your cigarettes. You *know* we're always more social when we smoke."

In the short interval while she looked up into his face, several ideas passed through Loder's mind. He thought of standing up suddenly and so regaining his advantage; he wondered quickly whether one hand could possibly suffice for the taking out and lighting of two cigarettes. Then all need for speculation was pushed suddenly aside.

Lillian looking into his face, saw his fresh look of disturbance, and from long experience again changed her tactics. Laying the cigarette-case on the couch, she put one hand on his shoulder, the other on

his left arm. Hundreds of times this caressing touch had quieted Chilcote.

"Dear old Jack!" she said soothingly, her hand moving slowly down his arm.

In a flash of understanding the consequences of this position came to Loder. Action was imperative, at whatever risk. With an abrupt gesture he rose.

The movement was awkward. He got to his feet precipitately; Lillian drew back, surprised and startled, catching involuntarily at his left hand to steady her position.

Her fingers grasped at, then held his. He made no effort to release them. With a dogged acknowledgment, he admitted himself worsted by Fate.

How long she stayed immovable, holding his hand, neither of them knew. The action of a woman's instinct is so subtle, so obscure, that it would have been futile to apply to it the commonplace test of time. She kept her hold tenaciously, as though his fingers possessed some peculiar virtue; then at last she spoke.

"Rings, Jack?" she said slowly. And under the two short words a whole world of incredulity and surmise made itself felt.

Loder laughed.

At the sound she dropped his hand and rose from her knees. What her suspicions—what her instincts were, she could not have clearly defined, but her action was unhesitating. Without a moment's uncertainty she turned to the fireplace, pressed the electric switch, and flooded the room with light.

There is no force so demoralising as unexpected light. Loder took a step backward, his hand hanging unguarded by his side; and Lillian, stepping forward, caught it again before he could protest. Lifting it quickly, she looked scrutinisingly at his two rings.

All women jump to conclusions, and it is extraordinary how seldom they jump short. Seeing only what Lillian saw, knowing only what she knew, no man would have staked a definite opinion; but the other sex takes a different view. As she stood gazing at the rings, her thoughts and her conclusions sped through her mind like arrows—all aimed and all tending towards one point. She remembered the day when she and Chilcote had talked of doubles, her scepticism and his vehement defence of the idea; his sudden interest in the book 'Other Men's Shoes,' and his anathema against life and its irksome round of duties. She remembered her own first convinced recognition of the eyes that had looked at her in the doorway of her sister's house; and last of all she remembered Chilcote's unaccountable avoidance of the same subject of likenesses when she had mentioned it yesterday driving through the Park; and with it, his unnecessarily curt repudiation of his former opinions. She reviewed each item, then she raised her head slowly and looked at Loder.

He was prepared for the glance, and met it steadily. In the long moment that her eyes searched his face it was she

and not he who changed colour. Nevertheless she was the first to speak.

"You were the man whose hands I saw in the tent," she said. She made the statement in her usual soft tones, but a slight tremor of excitement underlaid her voice. Poodles—Persian kittens—even crystal gazing-balls seemed very far away in face of this tangible, fabulous, present interest.

"You are not Jack Chilcote," she said very slowly. "You are wearing his clothes, and speaking in his voice, but you are not Jack Chilcote." Then her tone quickened with a touch of excitement—

"You needn't keep silent and look at me. I know quite well what I am saying—though I don't understand it—though I have no real proof—" She paused, momentarily disconcerted by her companion's steady gaze, and in the pause a curious and unexpected thing occurred.

Loder laughed suddenly—a full, confident, reassured laugh. All the web that the past half-hour had spun about him, all the intolerable sense of an impending crash, lifted suddenly. He saw his way clearly, and it was Lillian who had opened his eyes.

Still looking at her, he smiled—a smile of reliant determination, such as Chilcote had never worn in his life. Then quite calmly he released his hand.

"The greatest charm of woman is her imagination," he said quietly. "Without it there would be no colour in life; we would come into it

and drop out of it with the same uninteresting tone of drab reality." He paused and smiled again.

At his smile Lillian involuntarily drew back, the colour deepening in her cheeks.

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

He lifted his head. With each moment he felt more certain of himself.

"Because that is my attitude," he said. "As a man, I admire your imagination; but, as a man, I fail to follow your reasoning."

The words and the tone both stung her. "Do you understand the position?" she asked sharply. "Do you realise that whatever your plans are I can spoil them?"

Loder still met her eyes. "I realise nothing of the sort," he said.

"Then you admit that you are not Jack Chilcote?"

"I neither deny nor admit. My identity is obvious. I can get twenty men to swear to it at any moment that you like. The fact that I haven't worn rings till now will scarcely interest them."

"But you admit—to me—that you are not Jack?"

"I deny nothing—and admit nothing. But I still offer my congratulations."

"Upon what?"

"The same possession—your imagination."

Lillian stamped her foot. Then, by a quick effort, she conquered her temper.

"Prove me to be wrong!" she said, with a fresh touch of excitement. "Take off your

rings and let me see your hand."

With a deliberate gesture Loder put his hand behind his back.

"I never gratify childish curiosity," he said, with another smile.

Again a flash of temper crossed her eyes.

"Are you sure," she said, "that it's quite wise to talk like that?"

He laughed again. "Is that a threat?"

"Perhaps."

"Then it's an empty one."

"Why?"

Before replying, he waited a moment, looking down at her.

"I conclude," he said at last, quietly, "that your idea is to spread this wild improbable story—to ask people to believe that John Chilcote, whom they see before them, is not John Chilcote but somebody else. Now, you'll find that a harder task than you imagine. This is a sceptical world, and people are absurdly fond of their own eyesight. We are all journalists nowadays—we all want facts.

The first thing you will be asked for is your proof. And what does your proof consist of? The circumstance that John Chilcote, who has always despised jewellery, has lately taken to wearing rings! Your own statement, unattested by any witnesses, that with those rings off, his finger bears a scar belonging to another man! No; on closer examination I scarcely think your case would hold—I scarcely imagine that your case would hold." He stopped, fired by his own logic. The future might be Chilcote's, but the present was his. And this present, with its immeasurable possibilities, had been rescued from catastrophe.

"No," he said again. "When you get your proof, perhaps we'll have another talk; but till then——"

"Till then?" She looked up quickly; then she stopped.

The door opened, and the servant who had admitted Loder stepped deferentially into the room.

"Dinner is served," he announced, in his discreet and well-trained voice.

(To be continued.)

BOY IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

IF I am right in supposing that the young offspring of every animal is, for a time at all events, a source of much joy as well as of deep anxiety to the one if not the other of its parents, it seems to be a privilege appertaining to the young human animal alone that in well-regulated society his or her welfare should affect to a greater or less degree the happiness and comfort not only of both parents but of sundry grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins, and in extreme cases a perfect shoal of comparatively remote relations. How essentially, then, is man a social being, and if man adult, then embryo man or Boy—for Girl, to mankind at all events most fascinating, most aggravating, and most interesting of creatures, is far too delicate a subject to meddle with at present.

And if it is the privilege of Boy to have the power of interesting his male as well as his female ancestors, it is a privilege too of man to rejoice in the joys and sympathise with the sorrows of his child, a privilege which seems to separate him from the brute creation quite as widely as does the possession of reasoning power.

My late lamented friend, Master Tartar, I shall believe to my dying day had reasoning power; but I never saw him bestow the faintest mark of recognition, let alone sympathy, on any puppy that he fathered.

It appears—such at least is my own small experience of natural history—to be a law of nature that a male fish should regard his descendants, whether of the first, second, or third generations, as a species of *hors d'œuvre* or a succulent morsel created for the family consumption. And if a male bird in a wild state fends for its young, and is even occasionally credited with a laudable readiness to assist in hatching his wife's eggs, marital rather than paternal affection is probably the motive cause. He is for the season the avowed husband of one wife,—this by no means excludes, any more than in rational circles, the idea of innocent external flirtation,—and that wife he loves and cherishes for her own sweet sake, apart from or even maugre any personal feeling about his children or probably knowledge of their identity. The domesticated male bird, on the other hand,—my old barn-door cock, for instance,—clearly regards his ladies' broods as unmitigated little nuisances, only tolerable or interesting on those occasions when the poultryman provides specially prepared and delicate food for their consumption. For then, if the man is simple-minded enough to turn his back, and no inconvenient coop renders the position unassailable, Mr Chanticleer tramples the tiny things underfoot, or pecks them viciously and indiscriminately in his

desire to obtain the lion's share of the dainty. Tom Cat Esquire, Mr Bull, Mr Dog, and other domesticated male animals are so mormonic in their ideas that they recognise no distinction of any kind between their own kittens, puppies, calves, &c., and their neighbours' children. It may be assumed that each animal either knows or guesses that his wives are as polygamous as himself, and comes to the wise conclusion that if anyone beyond the mother is required to look after the babies, one of those other fellows may as well do it as himself. Among civilised nationalities, on the other hand, Boy, except in his very early babyhood, a stage when probably not one father in twenty would recognise his own progeny in a baby-show, has an almost painful habit of so completely entwining himself round his male parent's heart that the latter is ready to sacrifice himself entirely in his child's interest. Where polygamy prevails, and children are multiplied *ad infinitum*, the family tie, dissipated into countless fractions, is necessarily weakened. There is no evidence to show that Solomon, with a very easy conscience on the subject of taxation, made that substantial provision at his subjects' expense for the maintenance of his tribe of outlying children which did that English king who followed the example of the Hebrew monarch not only in the matter of witty sayings but in other less creditable particulars. And yet the wisest of mankind, a good man

to follow in precept if not in practice, did not entirely ignore the responsibilities attaching to paternity, but rather held the same sound views on the subject of elementary education as a Midland farmer of my acquaintance, who once observed to me—whether the remark was original or not I do not pretend to say—

"I never did hear tell of any boy as was ever any good on, 'less he had a good ash-plant behind him."

It is possible, of course, that Solomon, and, for all I know to the contrary, my friend the farmer, based their theory on their observation of other people's children, and I have always pictured the over-caustic Draco to myself as a busy man who, living in an alley crowded with noisy children, set himself seriously to the work of devising a satisfactory method for getting rid of the surplus population. For whether Boy's everyday performances are to count as actions of merit or very much the reverse almost entirely depends upon the point of view from which his critic regards them.

"Sharp as a needle, isn't he?" says Paterfamilias, his face beaming with delight, apropos of one of his six-year-old son's personal remarks.

But his friend, the subject of the remark, is far more inclined to hold that view which a really most benevolent doctor lately put on paper when writing about a very ungracious boy-patient. "If I had had the training of the

young ruffian, Burnham Beeches would long ago have been a barren wilderness."

"Isn't he a manly little chap?" remarks the host, whose son and heir has wrecked a visitor's best umbrella in the attempt to ride cock-horse upon it.

"Mischievous little devil!" is the *sotto-voce* verdict of the owner of the damaged article.

Some years ago a deputation of aggrieved ladies, residing in a quiet suburb that shall be nameless, waited upon the mother of a large and somewhat rowdy family with the modest request that "Tommy" should be requested to abstain from the rather alarming practice of taking pot-shots at their windows with a saloon pistol.

"Has he really broken two of your windows, Miss ——?" inquired the mother with a sweet smile.

The answer was in the affirmative.

"And two of yours?" turning to another lady.

"Yes."

"And one of yours, Mrs ——?" to the third member of the deputation.

"Yes."

"Dear me!" chirped the proud mother; "how very like dear Tommy!"

Winning little creature as he may, and with proper handling should, become, Boy in the abstract, and in his primitive stage, is not particularly attractive. In the first place, he has a greater capacity for mischief than the young of any other animal, except, perhaps,

his first cousin the monkey. Where Kitten or Puppy will destroy a door-mat or a waste-paper basket, Boy or Monkey will paint the door itself green and yellow, stick jam on the handle, and ornament the side-posts and lintel with sundry cuts and scratches, Boy with his little knife having the advantage over Monkey that he is able to whittle. The waste-paper basket Boy will wreck quite as completely as will either Puppy or Kitten, and he will furthermore range about the room,—his father's study for choice,—and play havoc with the most important papers, blotting MS. with the stamp-sponge, enlisting the services of a stray cheque or two and a few receipts as pendants to his kite-tail, and relieving the dullness of the chairs and tables by the introduction of ponds of ink or gum.

Again, Boy's powers of producing weird and discordant noises far transcend those of either Donkey, Rooster, Peacock, or Bull-Frog. In addition to his natural capacity for bawling, shouting, shrieking, screaming, yelling, and whining, he employs artificial methods, and to this date I attribute periodical fits of indigestion, and an inclination to make my breakfast a sort of peripatetic meal, to a severe shock to my nervous system, the result of the truly awful blast of a penny trumpet, which a small boy, allowed by his fond parents to wander round the room where we were breakfasting, suddenly poured into my unsuspecting ear. Needless to say, the wit

and humour of the performance appealed most strongly to the doting parents: for my own part, I then and there registered a mental vow that nothing short of death or bonds should ever induce me to eat my breakfast under their roof again.

Articulate speech, which, coupled with upright gait, alone distinguishes Boy from the young of the lower animal,—for the reasoning faculty and spiritual life are in too rudimentary a stage to be taken seriously into consideration,—is in the earlier phases a very questionable advantage either to himself or the world at large. He employs it, of course, to express his wishes and desires, and so far it is useful to him. But he also employs it to reproduce a nurserymaid's provincial dialect and forms of expression, to repeat things better left unsaid, to chatter at inconvenient moments, to ask in public most embarrassing questions, and to make most annoying personal or unnecessary remarks.

"Hark to the voice of innocence!" say the people, when, in that gem among tales, 'The Emperor's New Clothes,' a child in the crowd invites attention to the self-evident fact that the worthy old monarch is more or less undraped. How much better for the feelings of the Emperor himself, as well as of any ladies present, if the voice of innocence had not been heard!

When articulate speech passes for the moment unheeded or unanswered, Boy commonly falls back on his original resources of

roaring and howling, until, like the importunate widow, he has enforced attention. Fresh in my memory is the contrast between the behaviour of a spoilt boy and a parrot—the latter, may I say by way of parenthesis, the more intelligent as well as the better-favoured creature of the two—under precisely similar circumstances. I was calling at a house one afternoon, and preparations were being made for the one really sound meal of the day, five o'clock tea, when on the arrival of the tea-tray I was startled by hearing a soft voice behind me.

"Chu-chu wants a bit of sugar!"

"It's only the parrot," explained my hostess; "he always has a bit of sugar at tea-time." And then, addressing the bird, she said, "Chu-chu must not be impatient; he must be a good bird and wait a little."

Chu-chu accepted the decision, and waited with exemplary patience for a full ten minutes. At the end of that time, not unnaturally coming to the conclusion that his mistress had forgotten him, as was really the case, modestly, and in the same soft voice as before, he repeated his remark and got his sugar.

At another house, a few days later, where Boy, not bird, was the pet of the establishment, and sugar again the article in demand, the plaintiff in the case gained his suit after one loud-voiced demand—not by patient resignation, but by the double process of pulling a face that was anything but cherubic, and roaring so lust-

ily that conversation was out of the question till his wants had been satisfied, and he finally added to the burden of his iniquities by "asking for more."

Even when Boy, on his very best behaviour, confines himself to words of good omen, there are occasions when an outside auditor—not Boy's parent, of course—may have wished from the bottom of his heart that the sweet thing had been born dumb. What lover of sport has not sympathised with Soapey Sponge when that amusing scoundrel, all eager to be off and hunting, is condemned to waste valuable, and, as the sequel proves, irredeemable minutes in waiting for and listening to the recital of the story of "Obin and Ickard" by one of his many involuntary hosts' children. Well-earned retribution, perhaps, in friend Soapey's case; but he is not the only man who has suffered from Boy's performances in public.

Label your Boy if you really want us to love him, my dear Cornelia, as a thing to be seen but not heard; or even, like the medicine-bottle, "to be well shaken before taken" into general society.

Again, is it too much to say that Boy, whose warmest admirers will admit to be on all occasions "greedy for nice," is when left to his own devices at once as voracious as a pike and as omnivorous as an emu, let alone the circumstance that his fondness for biting his nails and gnawing his fingers seems to point to cannibalistic yearnings. It has not, so far, fallen to my

lot to encounter any specimen of the Boy tribe who has, like Mr Jack Hopkins' young friend, swallowed by detail his sister's bead necklace, and had to be muffled up in a watchman's coat for fear that he should disturb the other patients in the hospital by reason of recurrent fits of internal rattlings. But I could not count on the fingers of one hand the youngsters of my acquaintance who have bolted coins of the realm, and can remember watching with considerable interest the performances of a pasty-faced young gentleman who surreptitiously attacked an artificial bunch of grapes. It so chanced that the father, by whose side this adventurous youth was sitting at the time, was laying down the law to a large company on a political subject, and was a man rather apt to resent interruption. I could therefore only venture to favour the son and heir with a frown, in reply to which he winked pleasantly before proceeding to masticate the delicacy, of which I imagine tallow to have been the principal ingredient. For a minute or so a puzzled expression came over his face, and I had quite made up my mind that the stolen dainty was not altogether to his liking, when, lo and behold! after an interval which he had evidently employed in weighing the merits of the substance he had just swallowed, out went my little friend's hand again, and a second grape followed its predecessor. Had not custom ordained that the ladies should just then leave

the dinner-table and the children should accompany them, I verily believe that the little urchin would have "wolfed" the entire bunch.

Fully conscious that mothers of curled darlings—what an abomination, by the way, is Boy in curls!—will with one accord rise up in judgment against me, I none the less boldly venture to assert that in the matter of cleanliness Boy could learn a useful lesson from nearly any other animal. When we call a grimy boy a "dirty little pig," we are grossly libelling the latter creature, who has all the will to be as clean as a new penny where he has the opportunity, or, in other words, a supply of dry straw, whereas Boy, if left to his own devices, would rigidly abstain from soap and water. "He will never be happy till he gets it," we read in Pears' advertisement; but "He is infinitely happier without it" would, I fear, be a far truer tale. Puppy, at a very early age inoculated by his mother with the idea of cleanliness, will perform his own toilet, whether with tongue or straw, not only cheerfully, but with evident pleasure, and every well-bred dog has a wholesome horror of abiding dirt. My little terrier, for instance, in pursuit of vermin may dig regardless of consequences in a muddy bank, or even a manure-heap; but ten minutes later, if the hunt is over, she will be either whining for admission to the stable in quest of clean straw, or rolling on a handy door-mat, or—of

course she does not consider the housewife's feelings—scrubbing herself assiduously against the sides and back of an arm-chair. Invite the little lady to go for a walk on a rainy day, and she will hesitate before she accepts the invitation, evidently weighing in her own mind the advantages of exercise and good company against the prospect of wet feet, dirty legs, and a mud-splashed "underneath."

"Well, it's pretty beastly," she says to me at last, "but if you really make a point of it, I'll come."

She comes accordingly, but throughout that walk how marked the difference between her behaviour and that of Boy under similar conditions. She picks her way with delicacy and discretion, carefully avoiding unnecessary mud and puddles, while Boy will not possess his conscience void of offence until he has splashed through every puddle and liberally spattered with mud not merely his own boots and trousers but those of his companion into the bargain. While Vic, though travelling on all-fours, comes home with her face at all events clean, Boy's visage will be found decorated with half a dozen mud-splashes, while he furthermore has a knack, peculiar to his species, of tumbling his cap off and treading upon it, and makes it a point of honour to drop once at least in every hundred yards the family umbrella wherewith maternal forethought has armed him.

Kitten it would be idle to contrast with Boy in this

particular. For their ideas of cleanliness are as divergent as the two poles: she abominates dirt, and he literally revels in it.

When Lord Melville—*vide* the Creevy papers—"spoke gravely and handsomely of the increased cleanliness of the country from the increased excise revenue of soap," it is a pity that he did not further trouble himself to give his audience a few statistics to show how much of the increased consumption was due to voluntary and how much to involuntary cleanliness,—how much soap, that is, was used by the would-be-cleans *con amore*, and how much employed on the would-be-dirties very much against the grain.

"Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?"

Have you ever felt huckaback softened with sand?

Had you ever your nose towelled up to a snub?

And your eyes knuckled out with the back of a hand?"

May I venture—still, of course, *pace* the darling's mother—to trace the career of the Boy natural so far as he is concerned with the process of ablution, on the understanding that I admit the existence of some exceptions to the rule?

From the cradle—I do not really know what happens in the cradle—to the preparatory school, Boy, then, is in a well-regulated household periodically scrubbed at home, abominating the process from start to finish. At the preparatory school he is either scrubbed by a zealous matron or washing-maid, or partly under dread of

pains and penalties, partly under the vigilant eye of a washing-master, compelled to do a fair amount of washing on his own account, those days now to be marked with white chalk whereon by hook or by crook he manages to shirk the tub. But then follows a most glorious period of manumission from most distasteful slavery. For, entering a public school, where no one in particular has time or inclination to inquire into the petty minutiae of Boy's toilet, he is allowed to do or to do without his own washing.

"Rather inky," was the answer given to an anxious mother when she asked a family friend who had visited her boy at school how the dear child was looking, and I fear that the laconic description would hold good of a majority of the small fry.

Later on, it is true, except where the old Adam is very strong, dawning manhood bringing in its train the dawn of self-respect, awakens Boy—or Manling as he has now become—to the fact that cleanliness is after all not merely a virtue required of him by others but a habit wholesome and comforting to himself. Probably, for we are prone to run into extremes, a period of foppery follows before the final settling down into a decent, sober, and well-ordered toilet. Some few, shallow creatures for the most part, will remain dandies to the end of the chapter, and, *per contra*, even among great men are found those who regard the hours spent on personal adornment,

or even personal ablutions, as so much time wasted.

My final indictment against Boy shall be that he, either of nature or of his artificial rearing, is the least self-supporting and the most helpless of the young animals. Contrast him with his favourite playmate, Dog, and the difference is at once apparent. Take a five-year-old boy, one, that is, whom we may suppose to have lived a full fifteenth part of his whole life, and put him side by side with a puppy of six months, which has lived, taking the average length of a dog's life as twelve years, a twenty-fourth part of his natural existence. Boy, unless he happens to be either a Freak or a Pantomime Baby, is in the way of earning his own livelihood an absolute non-entity, while Puppy, though he has by no means reached his full maturity, is perfectly capable of making his own way in the world and of performing up to a certain standard most duties that are expected of him. He will kill vermin—that is, guard the house or yard—and take tolerably good care of himself in a rough-and-tumble encounter with a fully developed animal of his own breed. In the very helplessness of Boy, however, lies his security and his strength; for in virtue of it not only does he appeal to the protective instinct of mankind, but other animals extend to him a far greater measure of tolerance and forbearance than they are by way of offering to his full-grown brother. A notoriously evil-tempered spaniel, ill-conditioned to a degree where

adult men or women were concerned, used to allow itself to be dragged tail-first upstairs and downstairs by a child staying in the house, who ventured to take this appalling liberty on the strength of a very brief acquaintance.

I have finished my catalogue of Boy's shortcomings in the days of his infancy, and do not imagine that I have brought against him a single charge that is either new or that cannot be supported.

And now in common justice let me clear his character of one aspersion which is only too commonly thrown upon it. "Boys are such cruel little beasts!" exclaims the humanitarian when he sees little fingers busily engaged in the operation of pulling off the legs and wings of a common fly.

Boy is anything rather than this, nor do I believe that any young animal is either naturally or of deliberate intention cruel. Boy's callousness on the matter of inflicting pain on things that do not cry out when they are hurt comes of heedlessness, ignorance, and defective reasoning. His own impulse, when he feels pain, is to yell lustily, and he argues that a thing which does not yell aloud is not in pain. Apparently deep down in most men's hearts is the instinct of killing, but killing does not necessarily argue cruelty. We do not at once write down as cruel the man who goes out shooting or hunting or fishing, and yet he is woefully disappointed if he comes home at the end of his day's sport without having

killed something. And it is probable that in the excitement of his shooting and so forth he loses sight of the pain he is inflicting, just in the same way that Boy in search of amusement or of pure heedlessness forgets—if he ever knew—that what is fun to him is torture and death to the creature he is persecuting.

In Boy's dealings with his familiar playmates, Puppy and Kitten, there is a good deal of give-and-take in the matter of causing temporary pain. If at one minute Boy is pulling the other animal's tail with unnecessary vigour, at another Puppy with his teeth or Puss with her claws will get well home, either out of pure devilry or in the momentary excitement of play.

For the benefit of the sceptic who refuses to believe in Boy's natural kindness of heart towards his fellow-creatures, here is a true story to the point told to me the other day of Master Johnnie—a very ordinary little mortal. Master Johnnie, then, in the course of his rambles round the home premises in the company of his nurse had more than once come across a hen which was sitting upon her eggs. The creature's apparently lonely and forlorn condition aroused Johnnie's curiosity, and he inquired why it was that she never seemed to be running about and playing with the other hens.

"Oh, but she wouldn't hatch her eggs if she did," explained the nurse. "She has not been sitting for a week yet, and will have to stay there another fortnight."

"Why should she sit upon the eggs?"

"Because if some one did not sit upon them they would get cold, and then the chickens would die in their shells."

Another whole fortnight, and the poor thing had been there for a week already! The idea was altogether too much for Johnnie's peace of mind. He brooded over the matter, and evolved a plan of relief that would ensure to the poor ill-used thing a short rest from her labours and a little play-time in the course of the day. On the very next morning, escaping nurse's surveillance, he found his way out to the nest, carefully lifted off the sleepy but reluctant mother—and took her place on the top of the eggs!

Kindly hearted, then, and full of generous impulse I believe Boy in his natural state and apart from education to be. It remains to be shown how the remedy may be found by home-training for the innate weaknesses in his character, and how he may be prepared for the all-important plunge upon school-life, in which, be it remembered, he will be, or ought to be, nobody's boy in particular.

SHEEP-DROVING.

I THREW myself on the wet ground in the tiny six-by-eight tent, my arms crossed upon the damp roll of blankets that were to be my bedclothes, my head upon my arms. The last two or three days passed quickly before me. At the end of this mental biograph there came a sudden jar, an almost audible bump, in the train of thought. The month in the year! the year itself! the actual date!—all came suddenly home to me. It was my birthday, and I was coming of age! . . . coming of age! . . .

I laughed a bitter little laugh; still the pride in the bitterness heartened me. One could hardly, I thought in my blessed ignorance, be in greater misery; yet I was alive and well, only weary. No, by Jove! I wasn't even weary, I wouldn't be weary, so fell fiercely to unstrapping the blankets and laying them out. This done, I looked out of the door of the tent. He had made a fire in spite of the rain—the "he" in question being a West Indian nigger, the cook,—a marvel I thought him. The fire was on the lee side of a large two-wheeled vehicle that you in England would call a cart; they called it a dray. The shafts were propped up horizontally, the body was surmounted by a huge hood. In the daytime when this conveyance, our sole transport, was in going order, the shafts were supported by a very

large, very old horse, who, together with the dray, was dragged along by two other lighter, younger horses harnessed in front of him. His business appeared to consist solely in keeping on his feet, while the shafts, mere toys of the ruts and boulders, assisted by the West Indian nigger, did their best to knock him over.

The nigger, crooning to himself, moved about in the fire-light, and the firelight moved about on the dray, now showing up one shaft, now the other, and again both, as though the thing were doing some weird calisthenic exercises before going to bed. There was a black wall of darkness built round the little circus where the cook and the dray performed. Outside the black wall, or rather in it, there lay in the bend of a creek 10,000 sheep, camped for the first night away from the station they belonged to. They were starting on a four months' voyage in search of grass and water, for it was drought-time, and now here it was pouring with rain before they had got five miles off their own run! It was only one of the ironical jeering laughs that Nature, as she is tropical, takes delight in. A tiny green picking of grass would spring up over a few acres, and in as many days be gone again. To us it merely made the difference

between ordinary and extreme discomfort. As to the sheep, in the morning half a dozen of them lay smothered; but that was nothing, though at the time I thought it frightful. I was to become callous enough about the death of sheep before long. Three days afterwards we camped close to where 1700 had been smothered in one night of hard frost.

A tall figure came into the circle of light, and immediately a horse's head appeared by the side of it, looking as if it were nailed on to the black wall, like the head of some old favourite looking perpetually straight out from the oak panelling of an old dining-room.

"Wet night, boss," said the cook.

Rarman, the drover, took no notice whatever of the remark; I found later that he never did of anything not actually requiring an answer. The ordinary social amenities, as between men, didn't exist for him.

"Where the hell's Horton?" he said with a sort of forced cheeriness—a mood that sat so ill on him that I think through all that long voyage, when we small band of sheep-tenders were isolated almost like the crew of a wind-jammer, it was the mood in which I liked him least. He stood with his hands in the pockets of a mackintosh that reached to his heels, and the rain fell off the edge of his cabbage-tree hat in tiny, fire-lit, sparkling globules. I came out of the tent and told him where I was.

"Come," he said, "and have

some tea and something to eat."

He seemed to be trying hard to be kind, but presently he dropped it and told me gruffly that I would have to go on watch from twelve to three.

"You'll have to keep walking hard round 'em, for I don't think we'll be able to get any fires to light, and if you let any of 'em out, keep an eye for squalls, my fine gentleman from London."

As he spoke the little six-by-eight tent and my damp blankets grew into luxuries and became my greatest longings. I sat munching sodden bread and mutton, and began to think of pictures in 'The Illustrated London News' or 'The Graphic' of the heirs to stately English homes coming of age. They walked down marble steps from terraces similarly paved into acclaiming crowds of tenants. They were dressed in frock-coats and top hats and they wore button-holes. Then they were greeted by the old men and women, they stalked to gay pavilions where they were again hailed, and they made speeches.

Two nights ago and we—that is, Rarman and I—had dined at the station. The owner, a Sydney magnate, was being entertained for a day or two by the manager. The manager's wife had two girls up from the capital staying with her; one was engaged to a well-known barrister, the other appeared to be free. I sat next to the free girl. The lights were candles with red shades to them, the women

were in evening dress, the wine was good, and after dinner on the verandah I leant my hands upon the railings; under one of them was one of the hands of the free girl, and she left it there till a waning moon popped up suddenly, "only just over there," as she called it, and looked at us, but, as we agreed, without reproach. As we said good night we hoped to meet again. Perhaps she hoped until she fell asleep; I kept it up at intervals for nearly a week. You cannot always be hoping for the same thing, and I can assure you that if you go sheep-droving there are a tremendous amount of things to hope for.

"Soft lights and beakers beaded,
Then out again and on again
Unminded and unheeded."

So one of those clever Australian verse-men has written, and it's just about all the life-story of the man who will not settle. To be loved well or hated well you must stop somewhere. Keep moving and you get through life with only the surface of your emotions rippled, and you only ripple the surface of others, or if momentarily the depths are plumbed, the sounding-rod is drawn up again so quickly that little mark is left.

I trotted round those sheep with hardly a halt from twelve to three o'clock, for they kept trying to poke out in all directions, and at the end of it, well, if you picked me a bed from all the beds in Europe now, it would not be so welcome as those wet blankets on that

sodden lumpy ground were then.

Still dark at half-past five, and I was groping my way down a lane of wire-fencing to bring up the horses. I found them two miles off at the railway-gate. It was to be good-bye to railways for months. When you are twenty-one and look ahead at the months, each of them seems of unknowable extent,—at least it was so with me. They are pieces lopped off infinity, a distinct apprehension of endlessness in them; but they are crammed with possibilities of finding things, and yourself. My heart sank a little as I looked at the two shining iron lines that seemed to be running a perpetual race with one another to the coast—the coast with the big ships bound for England lying there, the city, women, "soft lights and beakers." . . . I turned my back on the coast road, for my stomach was empty; I was shaken by the early morning chill, and my eyes were being dragged, one along one line, one along the other in painful jerks.

The horses were all hobbled. The cook had done this the night before when I had not yet arrived in camp. What to do with these hobbles? A stupid pride had prevented me from owning that I knew nothing about hobbles—had, in fact, never seen them before. I undid one strap of each horse and left it hanging. When I got the horses back to camp those loose straps were all gone.

I took my well-deserved slanging without a word; it

consisted of sulky contempt thrown out in wordy chunks between mouthfuls of Rarman's breakfast. The shepherds, five in number, were sitting on their swags feeding silently. Three of them were of the ordinary shepherd type, old, or getting old, talking-to-themselves, useless-for-anything-else kind of men, with their attendant dogs. The other two were young Englishmen, quite lately out, who took on the job for want of any better: they had bought dogs for the occasion.

Breakfast over, Rarman, telling me I could stay where I was, called to the shepherds and plunged in among the sheep. The shepherds followed him at intervals of a few paces: then, after two or three minutes of whistling, shooin'g, and shouting, about a fifth of the sheep were drawing away, followed by one of the old shepherds. I remember well it was the one who had a patch over his eye, and a straggly black-and-white beard. His working eye was blue Irish, dimmed by cold Scotch of poisonous varieties and his years in the blazing sun. He was followed in another few minutes by the second fifth, personally conducted by the oldest shepherd, who stooped so much and made such use of his stick for support that I was filled with pity for him as he hobbled off behind his flock. He had stubbly white hair, snow-white, and a round face with grotesquely huge ridge-and-furrow of lines, but pale as a death-mask. I never could make out why the sun had been powerless to colour that

face. There was hardly any expression in this old man's eyes, but during the daytime he kept his sheep and, to a certain extent, his head. At night, when he had finished supper and sat by the fire, he would often leave us altogether, going back many years to talk to a long-dead wife and a son who had been killed horribly in a mine. At these times I had to walk away into the cool darkness and make myself think about a football-match, the spray dashing over the foe's head, or something cheery and alive.

It was a proper business, after the old man's mob moved off, to despatch the two young Englishmen. The cook and I were called in to help and to shoo and shout with the rest. The dogs didn't know their men, and the men didn't know their dogs, or, for the matter of that, any other dogs either. The air was filled with "Come behind here!" and vigorous selections from Rarman's wealthy vocabulary of expletives. One of his own dogs rushed in and—the unpardonable sin—bit a sheep. The dog's jaw seemed to crackle more than crack as he kicked it, and it lurched away sideways, howling piteously. I felt inclined to make a dash and hit the man. I had yet to learn and allow for the boundless capability for exasperation that dumb animals have upon stretched nerves. I hold no brief for the man in such cases, but there it is; the softest-hearted, stretched on the rack of an exceeding desire to get through with some-

thing, will commit fearful cruelties on his dumb animals. He has been used to their help and seeming, maybe real, sympathy. In the extreme moment these are withheld—more, they appear to vanish: the brute will answer to no appeal; to the man there comes a spurious, distorted idea of justice, the dementia of his impotence, and he turns upon the friend of a moment before with murder in his heart. There is no rage so uncouth, cruel, and deadly as the rage of impotence.

At last they were all away, the final mob moving off in charge of a man named Dooley, another Irishman, somewhat more than middle-aged and powerfully built, who glared at Rarman in answer to some directions. Directions from Rarman always had a shaken fist in them.

I helped the cook to load the dray and harness the horses to it. Rarman saddled up, and, telling me to bring along the loose horses, went after the sheep at a gallop.

"He's not bad boss really," said the cook. "You take no notice his language; that pretty strong, yes, . . . bark worse than bite. . . . I with him before. My word, he's good drover. . . . First-rate drover. . . . You see; other men these bad times lose sheep, . . . lose sheep all time. Rarman won't lose any."

I looked over at the six whitey-grey little corpses, one of them with all four feet sticking up into the air.

"Oh! them," said the cook, "they're nothing: you see

other men go out ten thousand, come back five thousand, come back two thousand, come back no thousand, only hundreds. . . . Rarman won't lose thousand; he work day and night—you and me'll do same."

The cook on this occasion spoke the very truth in an excellent abridged English of his own. He had no use for the articles, seldom for prepositions or conjunctions. Some day when we get still more hustled for time we may follow that cook in the matter of language.

I mounted a little chestnut with a white face and drove the loose horses in front of me. The cook followed with the dray. The air was crisp and cool, it trickled into my mouth and down into my lungs, an ungrudging wine; the sun shone; behind me the cook alternately crooned and swore at the old shafter.

You never know what the light of day, the sunshine, and a horse under you mean until you have passed a night such as I had on my twenty-first birthday, groping through the wet darkness on foot and thinking sometimes, so endless did it seem, that the next day must have slipped by unable to find you. But the night was ages gone now; the bustle of the morning, my trudge after the horses, the mistake about the hobbles, the turning of my back upon the railway, and, with it, upon all soft living, the getting away of the sheep,—all these left the night far behind, the dim memory of a few hours since. I was young, and

had done something that I had never done before: had camped out and taken a turn at watching through the night. I was on the Road. It was a great thing in those days, the old droving days, to go on the Road. What to do with a youngster? Oh! send him on the Road; it'll make a man of him.

My out-of-door experience so far had been confined to a small station of a few thousand acres. Droving! the magic word to the youngster among stock had always dangled in front of me, a thing to be done. As the smoke of battle wreathes a halo round the dreams of the soldier to be, so had I pictured myself fighting the demons, flood, drought, and fire, to guide my herds in safety across a continent, . . . and here was the reality.

I had a dignity and title too; pardon me, it was for the first time: I was the Reporter or Second in Charge. The name Reporter arose from the fact that it was the duty of the man bearing it to ride ahead of the sheep to stations and report their coming. The station reported to could then send out men to see that the sheep in unfenced country did not go more than half a mile off the road,—that distance the law allowed them. Also, they could see that the drover and his charge travelled at least six miles a-day,—that distance the law compelled him to go. Thus it will be seen that in a time of scarce grass and scarce water the drover, to keep life in his stock, must be a man of infinite

resource, for his hand is against every man, every man's hand is against him. He does not want, unless the country is utterly bare, to travel so much as six miles a-day, and where there is grass he invariably does want to go more than half a mile off the road, where it will not be so much travelled over, fed down, and trampled.

During the day Rarman picked up a white boy about seventeen years old from a small farm to look after the horses. This youth was the quaintest mixture of old villain and young devil, and he made me, with my twenty-one years of comparative innocence, feel at first as if it must all be a dream, that I was really about ten, and very poorly stocked with knowledge at that. He added to the load upon the dray by a ragged old blanket wrapped round a concertina and one change of everything but socks, of which garments he was quite innocent: he looked upon them as belonging only to bank clerks, store-keepers, and other denizens of townships. A tattered old cabbage-tree hat was jammed on the back of his head, and held there by a perfectly black chin-strap, that he always wore between nose and upper lip. His face was that of a human ferret, and was scattered over with an archipelago of large misshapen freckles. He had never seen the sea or been in any place bigger than the nearest township, yet he seemed to be the very incarnation of potential vice.

The hiring of this youth

raised me to some show of my dignity and title. Now I did nothing but "report," with the simple exception that I had to lend a hand to anybody at any time, and take my turn at watching during the night. I helped the cook to load up and start in the morning; thereafter I rode from mob to mob of the sheep, retailing the directions given me by Rarman concerning the waywardness of the road, the distance to camp, items about water, and many other things. Then perhaps I would ride ten miles to report, and get back to camp in time to chop down dead trees and chop them up for watch-fires, for where timber was available we always had several fires around the sheep.

At the stations they would sometimes give me a feed or a drink, or both. I knew that they slept in beds, I saw that they ate off tables, and all around was the quiet home-keeping air. Even at twenty-one I could see the blessed thing it is to have a home; but all the same I would leave

them with a feeling of regained freedom, even of superiority. What were their beds, tables, and chairs, monotonously stationary luxuries, to my travel and fresh camp every night! I had jumped an easy prey to the two prongs of the wander-magnet, Change and Excitement, the magnet that having once found you will find you again in the Elysian bowers and drag you forth to plod fresh places of the earth and peer at the never-same horizon. As the years drop behind with an ever-increasing swiftness the plodding step will grow feebler, the peering eye must strain harder to gather the constant changing; but all of youth's old buoyant expectancy will still be there in brilliant and rewarding flashes. Perhaps there is something in this, for always the traveller lives with it more than the stay-at-home, of the great struggle for a glimpse beyond the dim horizon where the limitless dark sky of death touches the little earth of life.

J. STANLEY HUGHES.

THE PASSING SINGER.

O ALL of you that hold the gates of vision,
Fling wide your doors to those without that wait,
And lead them through the highways of your city,
And through its temples, ere it be too late.

O all of you that know love's orchard closes,
Bend down the boughs for those beyond the wall:
Gather for them from all your wealth of blossom,
And shake the branches that the fruit may fall.

O all of you made stewards of earth's treasure,
Give while you may the gold that is your trust:
For you shall lie at last where is no giving,
With helpless hands close-folded in the dust.

O all you dwelling in the house of learning,
Set forth your pages that the poor may read
The gathered wisdom that the years inherit,
In haste before you pass beyond their need.

O all of you that know the wells of gladness,
And sing beside them, share, while yet you live,
Your pitcher with the thirsty, ere, hereafter,
You hear them cry and be too poor to give.

Ah! give. The road you tread has no returning,
But stretches on into the endless night:
Then give your life, your joy, your gold, your learning;
Lift high your lamp of love and give its light.

ETHEL CLIFFORD.

A REMARQUE IN THE MARGIN.

It is to William Baxter, Master Mariner, that I owe the first part of this story. I made his acquaintance by chance, during a passage home from India in the vessel he was then commanding, the *Aurungzib*. It was in September, the time when those favoured folk who can choose their seasons are on the way eastward, and for the homeward run passengers were very few. I soon found that the captain was a sociable person and a tireless talker, and it was not long before our conversation discovered matter of common interest. I was made free of the skipper's room, and became the companion of his barefooted walk in the pleasant hour that in tropic seas follows the dawn. It is so that I picture him now: barefoot upon the tepid moisture of the deck, his roomy night-gear flapping upon his legs or bellying like wind-sails,—a broad-beamed, ugly, pleasant little figure, bearded, with a comic sketch of a nose and prominent eyes. He is an Australian by birth.

It so happened that the name of my friend Barton never passed into our talk until hard upon the end of the voyage. It was after dinner when we made the Lizard Light, and the Channel mist shut down upon the *Aurungzib* going dead slow. We sat in the chart-house, and the story was punctuated by the gasping bellow of the siren.

"Yes," said Baxter, "I think it was about the second day

after he landed that I ran up against him. I was mooching about, trying after a job in the Customs for myself, for I was about as stony as I could be. You see, I'd come to the island mate of a tramp, the *Ildico*, and I took sick. The old man (Green, Gastight Green, they called him) was afraid it was something infectious; and anyway I was that bad he had to get the doctor aboard from the Foreign Settlement, and he said he reckoned I'd die if I went to sea. We'd discharged a lot of rails in Tam-Sui, and were bound for New Zealand with sugar, and due to sail in a day or two. Well, I was too sick to know much about it, but it seems the doctor got me ashore and up to his own house. There was no such thing as a hospital there at that time; it was just one of these sleepy Chinese ports: just the Customs, and the Consulates, and the Mission Station. This doctor (Bayles his name was, Henry Elijah Bayles) was a missionary, I'll trouble you! Of course I've no use for missionaries as a general thing; in fact this Bayles was the only one I ever heard of who'd do a hand's turn for a white man. But there it is, you know, I speak of a chap as I find him; and wherever I go now I remember him, and speak up when I hear chaps running the missionaries down. Yes, there's no doubt he was a white man, and he did me proud. It was pretty near a knock-out

for me that trip, you understand, what with fever, and dysentery, and a broken arm I got from a fall down No. 3 hatch through going on deck when I couldn't hardly stand. There's no doubt if I hadn't had him to look after me, and the right sort of tucker, and a good roof over my head, and that, it would have been Cooper's ducks with me. Well, there I was at the Mission Station, on velvet, and presently I began to pull round, and just when I was convalescent, as you might say, Bayles was ordered off to the mainland to take charge of some medical missionary affair they'd started up-country near Hankow. Poor chap! He was killed there not long after, in some blasted riot. He was relieved down at Tam-Sui by a joker named Hatcham, a married man with about nine kids, and I suppose he wanted the house to himself; anyhow he gave me the straight tip to clear, and I cleared. Well, I had only about eighteen dollars in the world, and the coolies who'd brought me off the ship had stolen my writing-case with my papers. That was bad enough, but when I went to see the Consul I found he was one of those old-fashioned, high-and-dry sort of birds, all fuss and feathers, with a derry on sailor-men and a great idea of his own dignity. Nice sort of man for a consul in a port, wasn't he? but that's dear Old England all over. What made things worse for me, he'd had a row with Bayles about some of his blooming converts who'd been run in for thieving. Any-way, the devil a thing would

the old beggar do for me, and all I could do was to hang round till I got a chance of a passage to Australia or somewhere on the cheap, and there weren't many chances.

"I'm spinning a long cuffer about myself and precious little about Barton, but I had to tell you how I came to be beach-combing in Formosa. When I first met him he was hanging around the Customs, trying to get a temporary job. Well, that was the sign of the beach-comber, because, you see, it was about the only graft a white man could get, without capital, or influence, or something. Me being on the same lay, we sort of drifted alongside, and I suppose we both took a liking to each other; anyhow, the next day we started housekeeping together in a bit of a tent Bayles had given me. Barton used to do most of the cooking—that is, when we had anything to cook—and a rare good hand at the game he was, I can tell you. People think all bushmen can cook, and so they can, in a sort of a way, but Barton was A1. We didn't do so badly: bananas you could get almost for the asking, and eggs for hardly any more, and there was plenty driftwood for burning. One of the chaps had a gun, and we used to buy quail from him for two cents apiece. He was a rum card, was old Deadlights. Diedlitz was his proper name, a German, a scientific old johnny who'd been botanising and geologising the Lord knows where. He'd been up in the mountain country round Mount Morrison, and been collared and

three-parts killed by the dam' savages. He was always talking about the gold and sapphires and things that were lying around in the interior waiting for some one to pick 'em up: wanted to raise some capital and go back with an armed party and stores, and so on. We'd have gone with him if there had been any capital to be got, but there wasn't. His consul had given him the chuck, same as the British one had given me. They don't take much stock in beach-combers, consuls don't, as a general rule. I don't know that I blame them.

"Yes, I'm off the track again; can't stick to the point—never could. My old dad, who used to keep a store up at Orroroo in South 'Stralia, he used to say I made the customers forget what they wanted to buy with my yarning. That was all right, but if a chap came in for half a pound of tobacco and I got the flute and yarned him off it, I'd sell him a roll of fencing-wire or a pigskin saddle, so it didn't matter, did it? You're in no hurry, any way. You don't want to go ashore at Plymouth—beastly place, Plymouth, on a Sunday; you've got to come on with us to London.

"Well, one evening Barton and I were taking a stroll along the bank above the Beach road, when we heard a hullabaloo of people shouting: you know that beastly scream of a Chinese crowd. Presently full bat round a turn of the road comes a mob of about a dozen hobbledehoys and men,

chasing an oldish Chinaman and pelting him with stones and dirt. He didn't seem to have been hit—not to hurt, I mean; his head was up and he was going strong, but he tripped over something and fell when he got nearly abreast of us, and they were on to him in a moment, and started kicking him, for all the world like larrikins. Of course we knew nothing about the rights of it, but we couldn't very well stand there and look on while this sort of Collingwood job was finished off, so we jumped down into the road and set 'em. You understand, they hadn't seen us, so we took them by surprise. We started hitting out. Barton upset a couple of them before they knew where they were; I capsized one with a drive under the ear-hole; another crouched under my guard for the Chinese attack, and I spotted him and got him under the chin with my knee and spread *him* out. They'd got their Paddy up, and stones began to fly; but suddenly—I'm blest if I know what for, perhaps they took us for blue-jackets and thought there might be more coming (we both had blue flannel coats, and I had a cheese-cutter cap)—they hauled off, and the whole push went down the road at the rate of knots, all but the joker whose teeth I'd shifted with my knee. Barton jerked him up by the queue, and you could see he was all right bar sulks; but the swine dropped again like a wet rag when Barton let go, so we left him in a heap. The show hadn't lasted but a minute

or two; Barton had a clip on the top of his head with a stick, and I'd a tooth loosened by a smack in the mouth, but we'd given rather better than we'd got, and felt pretty good. The Johnny all the fuss was about was sitting up quietly by the side of the road. You may imagine we were a bit taken aback when he says, just as plain as I'm telling you, 'Thank you, gentlemen!' We got him on his legs, and as it was coming on dark, and the humpy wasn't more than a quarter of a mile away, we took him there. He was an oldish chap, as I said, dressed pretty decent in Chow fashion, but wearing a soft felt hat, which, like the rest of him, was all covered with muck and blood: you know a Chinese row always starts with throwing filth. The blood wasn't his, we found, but he was a bit shook up, naturally. We rubbed him down as well as we could, and sat him on Barton's bunk to rest for a bit, and gave him some tea: it sounds rum, I know, but somehow you could see the old bird was a *sahib*. Talk? by the holy St Patrick, he did talk! It was pidgin-English, but good enough; I never heard better.

"He'd been in England as some sort of an extra hand at the Chinese Embassy, in Portland Place (he had all the names of streets, and that, as pat as you please). He'd been in America too, travelling about, doing odd jobs just for the fun of the thing and to get information. I'm not sure that he hadn't been a laundry hand.

He knew a lot about politics and military affairs in England (a damned sight more than ever I did), and he'd thought a lot, too, you could see that sticking out a foot. It was quaint to hear him talk about the 'Yellow Pelil'; he said frankly that at one time he had hoped the Chinese and the Japs might conquer Europe, but that chance had gone by, partly because of squabbles between Japan and China, and partly because China couldn't keep abreast of the times with new-fangled war material.

"Altogether he was a most uncommon sort of Chinaman. But the piece of news that fairly knocked us was at the end of the yarn, when he quietly told us he was the new General in command of the Imperial troops in the island! It was a staggerer, but, mind you, we believed it; there was something about the old boy that made you believe him.

"Well, I said that was the end of his yarn, but it wasn't. He had to tell us about his adventure that day. It seems he was so up-to-date in his notions of soldiering that he had come over incog. to see for himself the condition of military affairs in Formosa, and that afternoon he'd been fossicking around one of the forts, found no sentries of course, the whole place in the devil's own mess, and a lot of loafers squatting about, smoking and gambling, against the wall of the magazine. This was more than his worship could stomach, and he turns to and gives them a piece

of his mind, pretty nasty, forgetting that not a soul in the place knew him from a crow. The loafers were a bit *ghabra'd* at first, but when they saw he was alone, and only an old chap in a Europe hat, giving them rats, they started slinging him some lip, and soon got to shying other things; and the end of it was he had to leg it for his natural, and if he hadn't been pretty nippy on his legs he'd have been skull-dragged to a dead certainty. And mind you, a man of his age, fifty-seven, who can do the best part of a mile with a mob of scalliwags at his heels, as he'd done, —well, he's a pretty good man. The blood? Oh yes, I was forgetting that; one of the crowd was poking borak and said something pretty bad to him at the beginning, and the General up with a little bit of a cane he was carrying and slashed him across the face. The blow must have cut some little artery in the fellow's nose, for he bled like a pig, and the blood spurted over our friend, and some of the push who hadn't seen the blow thought they were killing each other, and chipped in for their mate.

"Oh, and he told us a lot more, about the rotten state he had found the garrison in, and all that. Besides being a very knowledgeable man, he was a ringer at soldiering. In the Tonkin war ('84, wasn't it?) he had led a brigade of 'Black Flags,' and made himself a holy terror to the French. He was dead nuts on reforms, and as far as I could make out he was now sent to the island to get

rid of him, he'd been making himself such a nuisance in Peking.

"Well, when he had finished we wired in and told him about ourselves, and he listened, and asked questions. Finally, he made a note of our names, and without putting on any frill said he might be able to do something for us to show his gratitude. He'd had enough of the incog. business, and would declare himself and come out in all his glory the next day, and the Customs boss (a Russian, by the way) was an old pal of his. So was the British consul, at least they'd known each other some years before, up at Chi-fu, I think, and he reckoned he could get my affair put through; if not, he said, he'd lend me enough to get to any port the next steamer might be bound for.

"He stayed at the humpy that night in case some of the hoodlums might be laying for him. The very next day Barton got taken on in the outdoor staff of the Customs; not much of a job, eighty dollars a-month, I think, but a long sight better than nothing at all. As for me, my luck was in, without the General, for I got a ship a couple of days later. The *Kowloon*, owned by Palmers in Hong-kong, was running between Formosa and Amoy, and she'd just got a new skipper, Tarrant, who knew me well. He was short-handed, and took me on as Second. I liked the employ and the run, and stayed on the *Kowloon* for a couple of years.

I used to see Barton every trip; he was mugging away at Chinese, and got to know the people and the politics in a way that was very useful to him later on. For when the war came Barton became a Boss, I can tell you. I was in the house once when he had a corroboree with the General and the mandarins; he seemed to have some of 'em pretty well under the whip. . . .

"Look here, I must go on deck; the pilot'll be coming aboard in a minute or two. Through my plaguy long-windedness I haven't anything like finished the yarn. It's true, most of the balance is hearsay, but I'd like to tell you about the war, and the Japs, and how Barton ran the show, and what happened to the General, and all that. Well, you won't go ashore at Plymouth? That's settled, then. I guess I can finish between here and London; I really must get out of this now. You'd better go below and turn in. So long!"

Before we anchored in the Sound next morning I received news that made it necessary for me to be in town that day, so I had to land at Plymouth after all. Baxter promised to dine with me two days later, in London. But on that night, as I sat awaiting him, a telegram told me he was promoted to the *Kubla Khan*, and off to catch her at Marseilles. I have never met him since.

Moylan, of the Chinese Customs, told me that the one man in England who knew all about the war-time doings in Formosa

was at that moment beating Fleet Street for a living, and that his name was Bladen. "Bladen?" said a friend of mine at the Press Club, "I can't tell you where to find him, but I can put you on to a man who knows everybody who has been in Fleet Street these twenty years. Squire Selwyn, Patriarch. You'll probably find him at the King of Hanover, corner of Gough Square, between three and five."

I was so favoured by fortune as to find Mr Selwyn at the first attempt. He was finishing a meal at the counter, a grey-bearded, lamentable man. "No, my dear boy," the Patriarch was saying with unnecessary loudness, "no, I can *not* lend you a shilling. I may tell you that I have this afternoon myself achieved the borrowing of that useful but fleeting coin—hence the present sausage-and-mashed. I am very sorry, my dear Bladen," he added, after a sip at his tankard, "but, though it were to save thee from perdition, I could not, ah, dispeticose the gratillity."

I was again in luck. I introduced myself to the disappointed Bladen as he left the place. He was a wiry man of thirty-five, with a burning eye and a shaking hand. His mobile shaven face was of a type seen perhaps oftener in the Strand than in Fleet Street. His well-cut clothes were deplorably shabby.

He accepted with alacrity my invitation to dinner, and the better part of two bottles of

Beaujolais, followed by a reliable whisky, made him cheerful as well as communicative. When I had begun to smoke, and he, in an odd fashion of his own, to mumble and roll between his lips an unlighted cigar, I led the talk to the subject of Formosa, and found it easy to set him going.

"I went to China," he began, "for Greet, you know, of the 'Frisco 'Searchlight,' as artist and correspondent. The war had begun. I was in Amoy, waiting for a coast steamer, and Greet thought I was not flying round quite fast enough, and said so, over the cable. I was indiscreet (I admit it) in my reply, and the next thing I got was the sack, also per cable, from Singapore, where his nickel-plated yacht was lying. That's his way; a harbitrary gent is Granville S. Greet.

"I took it to heart, and went on the spree with the second mate of the *Kowloon*; woke up one morning with a number-one head, half-way to Formosa. It didn't matter much, the chief officer introduced me to Barton, and he was good enough to put me up. You knew Barton in Australia, I think you said? A fine fellow, wasn't he? Grand type, that; I always admired it, tall and slim, with black hair and blue eyes. And—well, I believe in what they call personal magnetism, and he had the gift. . . . Sand, too, by Jove! He had sand. . . . I need not tell you that he was hospitable. He had quarters at the top of the big Customs building.

"When I left the mainland

no one expected that the Japanese would get the length of invading Formosa. 'The North China Herald' had published an article by a British naval officer prophesying that very thing, but nobody believed it. A day or two after I arrived at An-Ping a notice was posted at the German Consulate saying that the Japanese had landed in the north. There were no details, and the wires were cut a few hours later. The news spread like a grass-fire, and that afternoon, when I took a walk through the native city, the whole place was buzzing. The Japanese shops were shuttered and empty of course; the few Japanese who remained in the city were scuttling out. A long string of them, carrying mat-bundles, tin boxes, and bits of furniture, were making for the wharves. Some were hustled. The pawnbrokers had barred their doors; you felt that panic was in the air.

"That evening the mandarin, Han Lu Toi, ordered the British gun-boat *Canary* to clear out. She promptly cleared for action instead, and landed blue-jackets to police the town. It was a fine sight, through the glasses, to see that little tub of a gunboat lying under forts that, in theory at any rate, could have blown her into next week. Her guns were all pointed for the forts, and as she swung they moved like compass-needles. However, the British consul declared the place unsafe for the women and children, and they all went aboard the gunboat, and some of the men went with them,

including Milof, the Commissioner of Customs, and next morning we found the *Canary* flown, consul and all.

"Barton could make himself up very well as a Chinaman, and he used to get information by wandering about the city in that character, hearing what he could. One night, when I was sitting up late, doing some black-and-white work by lamp-light, he came in with his coolie's clothes all covered with mud, and planked down a bundle of metal-work on the table. He had got into the fort that overlooked An-Ping (the Lord only knows how he managed it!) and spied about, and found two of the 6-inch guns moved into new-made emplacements and trained bang on the Foreign Settlement! This meant mischief, and no mistake. He didn't stop to make inquiries, but helped himself to the movable sights and the lever-handles of the breech actions, and made tracks for home. . . . The moat was dry, but to get away without being seen he'd had to roll about fifty yards down the glacis, hugging the ironmongery against his body to keep it from making a noise, so he was 'a mask o' bruises,' besides being plastered with dirt.

"The talk of the streets,' said Barton, 'is that the Europeans are hostile, and will have to be wiped out; and that's why I have been doing a quite unofficial inspection of that fort. The beggars mean to destroy the Foreign Settlement, and it'll be loot and murder for you and me

and the likes of us if we can't get word to General Lin Yung Fu. I've muzzled those guns for four-and-twenty hours at least, I hope, and I must be off before daylight to find him.'

"Lin Yung Fu was the head of the Chinese army in the island, a remarkable old warrior, enlightened and all that, and a pal of Barton's. He had gone northward, too late to organise a successful resistance, but in time enough to rally the troops and select positions for opposing the Japanese march inland.

"Barton took a bath, put on a fresh suit of Chinese clothes, and started for the north at dawn. I begged him to take me along, but he wouldn't; he was playing a lone hand. He played it well, too, by Jove! The next evening before sunset I heard a deuce of a row in the direction of the city, drumming and a crackle of firing. I thought the *tamasha* had begun, and turned out to look-see; but presently a bunch of riders came tearing along the road in a whirlwind of dust, and I saw it was our friend and his General, with an escort of about a hundred and fifty ragamuffins, Bashi-Bazouks of sorts.

"Lin Yung Fu was a man of perhaps sixty, tall for a Celestial, and rather heavily built, though as nimble as a cat. His head was not unlike the portraits of Bismarck, and he wore a thickish moustache (I don't know if you've noticed, but a Chinaman with hair on his lip may be good, or he may be bad; you'll hear of him,

either way; he's a boss man). He spoke English, and it was a habit of his to wear a pig-sticking *topi*, which went queerly enough with his silks and satins. Also he had a fancy for wearing an English cavalry sword, which I was told Chinese Gordon had given him in the days of the great Rebellion. He had had lots of adventures in his time, and seen no end of fighting; altogether, an outstanding character was Lin Yung Fu.

"He had arrived none too soon. The troops of the garrison were getting out of hand, and the fort lot were the worst, artillery officers and all; they seemed to be under the thumb of Han Lu Toi, the gent who had tried to bounce the *Canary*, and he'd been putting them up to mischief, saying the foreigners were at the bottom of all the trouble, and that sort of thing. The General's short way with him was to make him live in the Foreign Settlement and threaten to shoot him if a single European house was touched. Some of the fort people were put under arrest, and the Bashi-Bazouks, a truculent lot, who feared nothing but the General, bullied the garrison, and watched the city until Lin's infantry bodyguard arrived and took charge. This was a battalion of veterans, six-footers like the Hong-kong police, 'Black Flags' who had been trained under Lin's own eye, and were paid out of his own pocket and officered by his own clansmen. When they marched in, one felt that the tension was relaxed.

"Barton, of course, must have had a most interesting trip, but (you know what an inarticulate beggar he is) it was precious little I could get out of him about what he had seen. One thing he did tell me, about some Japanese spies who had been caught by the army in the retreat. It was said that they had poisoned wells. There were five of them, and they were before the General at the moment when Barton had reached his camp. Good Lord! You know, it must have been like a scene in 'Tamerlane,' if that dear old Barton could only have told one about it.

"I missed a good thing by not having that trip with him; but there was more coming, plenty of it. Just you fancy; I was probably the only *pucca* newspaper man on the whole damned island! Talk about luck! I tell you, it was a great chance; the biggest scoop I ever had, or ever shall have, by James! . . .

"And the amazing thing is, not a single blessed paper in this country ever gave it a paragraph. What? When I did get back to the mainland — but there; that comes later. . . .

"The General had left orders for the spies to be brought on after him, and I believe they were tried and convicted by some sort of court-martial. Lin sent a message to Barton and one or two other Britishers, formally asking them to be present at the execution. It was as though he were inviting them to tiffin, or something of

that sort; and, by the same token, there were scores of family groups squatting on the ground as if for a picnic when we got there. Of course I went with Barton; I don't mind telling you I was pretty thoroughly primed. There were a lot of soldiers in red and blue and white tabards drawn up after a fashion on three sides of a ragged square, on the maidan behind the city. All round, on trees and on the housetops, were thousands of people. I saw faces, faces, faces everywhere; hundreds of thousands of faces, millions they seemed. Some one was banging the biggest drum in Asia; there was a roar like that of the banks between Putney and Mortlake when the boats come in sight; the prisoners were being marched in, bound, with an escort of soldiers: Drury Lane pantomime effect. Somebody said they had confessed. . . .

"I had thought the poor devils would be shot, or hanged, —something decent. Instead, they were made to kneel in line, about twenty feet apart, and a fellow ran out of the ranks, a great butcherly Tartar, stripped to the middle, and carrying a short heavy sword, like a Roman soldier's.

"You have seen the—what d'ye call it?—that *pūja* of the Ghurkas, in which a skilful wielder of the *kukri* beheads a buffalo at a blow? It was like that; 'chop!' and the trunk sagged forward, splashing into its own hot blood. . . . The butcher's naked body was spotted and smeared with crimson; he was a dexterous

knave. They took it like men: not a word, not a whimper; each man craning and looking to his left, the direction from which death was coming. You saw the whites of their eyes gleaming. . . . There was a yell from the multitude at every chop. . . . Barton was no chicken, but he looked white; as for me, I was rather 'poorly,' as they say; I wasn't carrying my liquor well that morning. For a time the thing became one of my stud of nightmares.

"The retreating soldiers continued to straggle in, and it became more difficult to preserve order in the place. Lin had a dozen or so of the principal merchants doing police duty; Dogberry and Verges pigtailed, walking about at the head of little processions, carrying enormous paper lanterns at night, armed with tridents, double-bladed cutlasses, sword-clubs made of brass coins wired together, iron bars up their sleeves: it was a regular comic-opera. Three or four mandarins who had fled from their country houses were in the city, playing, as usual, a double game. They shook in their felt-soled boots at the sight of Lin, and showed him all manner of deference when he was by, trying meanwhile to weaken his authority,—he had usurped the functions of Han Lu Toi, the city governor,—speaking of him as a mere soldier, and of themselves as representing the Imperial Son of Heaven. They did all they could to corrupt the soldiers, but Lin's personal influence was too

strong to allow anything of that sort to succeed on a big scale.

"What brought matters to a head was the arrest of von Soden, a German adventurer, who had been caught selling powder and dismissed from his post of gunnery instructor. Han Lu Toi was suspected of intriguing with the enemy, von Soden was often at his house, and as he was a thoroughly bad hat Barton had him shadowed, and personally collared him one morning in the small hours as he was riding out of the city gate. Quite in the orthodox romantic way, his saddle was found stuffed with letters for the Japanese commander. They were all pretty much alike. Barton let me copy the translation of one of them, and I remember most of it.

"It was inscribed 'To the Descendant of the Tiger-God, the honourable Commander of the invulnerable and vast Japanese Army, dwelling in a silken pavilion at Ka-Gi.' The body of the document ran thus :—

"The humble petition of Tang Ying-Sheng, representing the Literati; Huang Sing-Tsai, Head of the Merchants' Guild; Han Lu-Toi, Imperially appointed Governor of Tai Wan-Fu; and others.

"Early in the intercalary Fifth Moon proclamation was issued by the Black Flag Leader, the Rebel Chief, using the title "Imperially Sent," calling upon the people to rise and resist Your Excellency's soldiers. Having no news from abroad, and believing that loyalty necessitated their action, the people responded, warriors were furnished, and the City

became a camp. Time has passed, and the Son of Heaven has sent no assistance. Reports from abroad show that the people have been deluded, and that our Land has been bestowed upon Your Excellency's benign Sovereign, and it is evident that the Pirate Usurper has no (Imperial) support. Realising this, he has impiously proclaimed himself President of a so-called Republic, a thing without precedent and intolerable.

"Of late his soldiers have assaulted and robbed persons of rank, and have seized and stored in their camps eight-tenths of our rice (food), so that hunger and destitution threaten our bodies, and our minds have no peace. Bitterness is heaped upon bitterness; how is life to be borne?

"We regard Your Excellency as our Father and our Mother, under Heaven's commission walking the Path (of Justice) impartial as an even balance. The Western Officer who brings this, a person deserving of confidence, will inform Your Excellency that the rebels from the Liang Kuang are already reduced to extremity. The foreign Consuls and merchants have fled. Of Foreigners, Pa Sui Wu-Ssu' ("that means Commissioner Barton," interjected Bladen) 'and two other Western hirelings alone remain.

"The Black Flags are at variance; they are without much powder, and have but one meal a-day; how can their courage be supported? As for the Rebel Chief and the Western Brigand, tigers may be killed with bamboo shavings, and boiled opium may be more powerful than a knife. As it is said, "Poor men at the sight of money are like flies that see blood"; and again, "Much may be done at a feast."

"We throw ourselves upon your Excellency's mercy, whose bravery is as a bright mirror, and whose philanthropy is like that of the patriarch Yao.

"Most Urgent, most urgent!

"KUANG HSU,
21st year, 7th moon, 3rd day."

"The wretched von Soden was

brought before the General, and had a bad quarter of an hour. He tried bluster at first, Barton told me, but finally caved in and begged for mercy. Lin behaved very well, as usual, and treated the matter in a judicial spirit. They sent for the German consul, who seemed to make a great point of the prisoner's noble lineage. I don't know what the Chinese equivalent for *noblesse oblige* is, but Lin used it. The end of it was the fellow was released on the consul's undertaking to be responsible for him until the end of the war, and I never heard any more about him until he was captured by the Canadians in the Boer laager at—something-daal, I forget the name. He was a handsome, sinister-looking dog. It was the sort of thing that doesn't get into the papers.

"When Barton came home that night he said to me, 'Bladen, my boy, you're going to see to-morrow a thing no man has ever seen yet—a Chinese Republic.' Don't the words sound funny? As one might say, a 'white negro,' or 'a warm iceberg.' . . .

"It was a *coup d'état*, and it was well done. Lin's body-guard held the city, and the mandarins were put in arrest and confined to their quarters under guard; Han Lu Toi cut his throat, the best thing he could do, and I believe that was the extent of the bloodshed. Lin was proclaimed President, and Barton Commissioner of Customs, if you please! Practically, he was

Prime Minister, for Lin consulted him in almost everything.

"The question of the food-supply had begun to cause some anxiety on account of the swarms of soldiers and refugees, and the mandarins had made united action impossible. Lin now proclaimed a state of siege, and requisitioned all the rice in the Customs godowns; a large quantity had been awaiting shipment. The daily issue of rations began.

"There was work to be done by everybody. By Jove! that was a busy time. The troops were taken in hand, and as they were rearmed and reorganised they were sent north in detachments to hold the defiles. Hundreds of coolies were sent, too, for digging earthworks; thousands were put on works near the city. Guns from the seaward forts were sent out, 4-inch Krupps. Diedlitz, an Austrian geologist, and Danielsson, a Swedish sailor-man, improvised carriages, instructed soldiers, superintended earthworks, loaded shells, rigged wire entanglements, and worked like ten men each, for, like most of the foreigners, they swore by Lin Yung Fu.

"Meanwhile the Japanese advance had ceased altogether; it almost seemed as if they wanted to give us breathing-time. One knows now that they were waiting for the command of the sea, but then we knew nothing; the island was our world.

"At the end of a month of hard work all round, hurry and drive, push, sweat, worry, and general damn-your-eyes, all was ready. Then was our best moment; it's my belief, if they had attacked then, we should have given a good account of ourselves and them. But nothing happened. The waiting game was the best they could play, and of course they knew it. Funds ran low with us, and things could not be kept at concert-pitch. There were all sorts of shifts and devices for raising money. Lin issued stamps, with a design of a tiger's head; I have some of them now, and the London dealers call them forgeries. Paper money too, but the people wouldn't cotton to that. He increased the shop-tax until, by reason of confiscations, practically all trading was in the hands of the Government, and the traders became its agents and employees. The salt-tax was doubled. These expedients served for a time.

"Then the blockade shut down, and the Formosan Republic was done for; it knocked the bottom out of the State finances, for the customs had been the main holt of the revenue. Lin's private fortune was exhausted; the troops could no longer be paid; reports of an affair of outposts in the north, of the passes being forced by the enemy, made them desert by whole companies. There was panic in the city, and the devil to pay everywhere.

"There was a stormy scene

in the Council. The General, thumping the floor with his heavy scabbard, said he would strike one blow at the head of his devoted remnant, and die; Barton urged him to escape the blockade, and spoke of money and forces to be raised on the mainland. In reality, of course, he knew the game was up, and only wanted to save the old hero's life. They argued for hours; at last the old boy gave way.

"The *Kowloon* was in harbour — came in before the blockade began. She was empty, of course. Arguments — powerful ones, no doubt — were brought to bear on the skipper; the chief officer was Barton's chum, Baxter. Poor old Lin, protesting, was made up as a coolie, and smuggled aboard at night, the captain shutting himself in his room so that he might swear he hadn't seen him. Lin kept a stiff upper-lip; but you could see he was moved when he shook hands with us, Barton and me. The steamer cleared out at daylight, in squally weather, with a heavy sea running.

"I had the story of the trip from the second engineer, Strath. The Japanese squadron was cruising outside, and had information (we never knew how they got it; probably from von Soden) that Lin was aboard the *Kowloon*. A despatch-boat came flying down through the squalls upon the British steamer, signalling politely. They hove to, lowered the gangway, and the captain met the Japanese

officer as he came aboard. The Jap was a young fellow, very smart and polite, 'touching his cap all round,' said Strath, 'like a Frenchman.' The skipper stood him a drink, and preached affably about the essential iniquity of war in the abstract (old Tarrant was a Plymouth Brother), while the General was being doubled up and stowed away in a deep drawer under the bunk in Baxter's cabin. The Japanese officer took his peg, agreed (in beautiful English) that war was a terrible business, and asked permission to search the ship. 'Certainly,' says Tarrant, and bowed him off the bridge, sending the second mate to show him round. They took the hatches off and showed him the empty hold, and he inspected the sea-sick Chinese passengers in the 'tween-decks while the crew were lined up on deck. He even took off his gold-laced coat and crawled along the shaft-tunnel. At last he had been everywhere except in the officers' cabins. Baxter's was the first he came to, and Baxter was lounging in the doorway cutting up a pipeful of tobacco. The little officer stood in the alleyway and looked at the mate, and the mate looked at him. Baxter didn't move. Can't you see the picture? The streaming deck slanting to the swing of the ship, the view through the opening of the alleyway and through the driving rain, with the little white despatch-boat plunging and staggering on the inky seas,

and in the foreground the Englishman and the Oriental face to face. Can't you see it? It was a silent battle between East and West—potential force on the one hand, for I suppose even the despatch-boat could have sunk the *Kowloon*, and on the other the prestige of Europe. I take it the Japanese had no legal right, and the search had only been allowed as a matter of courtesy—of such courtesy as can be between the armed and the unarmed. For perhaps a quarter of a minute they looked at each other. Baxter filled his pipe, dusted the loose tobacco from his hands, yawned, and stayed himself against the reckless pitching of the ship by pressing one foot against the opposite jamb of the doorway. Just then a quartermaster came along the alleyway. 'By your leave,' says he, like a railway porter, and passed between the two. He was carrying an armful of flags, and the old Red Ensign was on top, with the jack displayed. It may have been just a coincidence, but one is free to think it was the deciding touch. The little man in blue touched his gold-laced cap again and turned away. He did not visit the officers' cabins.

"Five minutes later, the *Kowloon* was under weigh and the despatch-boat vanishing into the rain."

Bladen was watching my face, half appealingly. He had a gesture—in trying to make you see his picture,—a screw-

ing, thrusting movement of his lank right hand with the thumb and fingers splayed as if grasping a large invisible knob. He visited his glass, and his figure relaxed into his arm-chair.

"I was not there; never told you I was, and perhaps I'm wrong, but that's how I see it, and how I've done it. I could show it you, at my rooms, in colours and in black and white. And never published,—never published. . . .

"Lin landed at Amoy and reached Canton. I never heard that he had succeeded in his mission, but he will be heard of again some day, if the Court party has not done away with him.

"The rest is soon told. The advance-guard of a Japanese division was at Matau, thirty miles away, and their cruisers were hovering in the channel. In Tai-Wan-Fu there was chaos. Barton, with his life in his hand, went among the troops, urging them to disarm and promising protection. Campbell, another Customs man, rode to Matau and saw a Japanese brigadier, who promised that the city and settlement should not be attacked if the troops disarmed. The disarmed men had to be fed; they were camped in the big compound of the Customs, and the rifles were stacked in the opium godown. It was a devil of a business. A hundred or so who had given up their arms would be jeered by the crowd outside, or by the other soldiers, and come flocking to demand them back. This happened

several times. Fortunately there was very little ammunition. There would have been no trouble with Lin's body-guard, for the officers, once convinced, would have managed the disarmament of the battalion, but as they were the only force that could be at all relied upon to keep order in the city, they had to keep their rifles, which, so far as it went, was a bad example for the others.

"The enemy landed a brigade on the beach. It was well and smartly done,—I have seen these affairs in both hemispheres,—and doubtless it was good practice. They will go far, will those little devils. There was an air of unreality about the whole business, however, because there was absolutely no resistance. It was the comic opera again. They ignored the city altogether, and went for the beach forts. It was especially unreal for us, because we knew the forts were empty. Barton and I watched the landing from the roof of the custom-house. As each boat-load was landed the men spread out and took cover along the beach, all according to Cocker, and the rifle-fire upon the empty batteries was continuous. There was a roar from the three cruisers, and then a cracking as of whips from where the shrapnel was bursting above the works. That soon stopped, but they must have fired about a quarter of a million rifle-bullets into earth and space. Two men and a pony were killed behind

the forts in this sham-fight. At the end of two hours the advancing line of the attackers emptied their magazines at five hundred yards and rushed up the glacis.

"Two days later the Japanese division from the north occupied the city. The night before the occupation, Barton, Campbell, and I had a gruesome task. The Chinese army from the north had brought in about twenty Japanese heads,—they had ambushed and massacred a cavalry patrol in the hills,—and these were lying about near the soldiers' quarters. If the Japanese troops had seen them, and the heads of the well-poisoners, there would probably have been 'reprisals,' in spite of the disarmament.

So we went round with lanterns, poking about for these horrid trophies, and heaving them into the creek.

"That is about all. The Japanese marched in and took possession, the blockade was raised, and when the *Kowloon* came in I went in her to Amoy. Events had been moving swiftly on the mainland, and things were being done of greater importance to newspaper readers in Europe than the capture of the Beautiful Island. My news, though it *was* news, was out of date, I suppose. The telegraphic agency at Shanghai would not give me a dollar for it, and it was all I could do to raise a passage home."

ERNEST DAWSON.

THE WITCH-WOMAN AND THE BRIDGE OF FEAR.

THE story I am about to tell is true, and it regards an old ghost tale and a witch who lived at one time in our parish. Smile not, O son of a sceptical age! Turn not away, enlightened Sassenach! Say not that as there are not in existence either witches or ghosts no true thing can be told concerning them. "Them!" What do I mean by them? What at this time of the world's history is a witch? What is a ghost? Have patience, reader. Read on.

We lived in our childhood not half a mile from the Bridge of Fear—that is, I myself, the teller of this old tale, and several other members of a family whose name and lineage do not concern these pages. We—the Bridge, the Witch, the Ghost—belonged to a parish in the north of Scotland, the name of which, for obvious reasons, remains secret, though be assured, sceptical one, that it is at this moment safely locked up in the editor's drawer. From the time we learned to toddle we were taught to fear the Bridge—not deliberately taught, it is true, but taught as it were unconsciously, and so all the more effectively. Wander about the country-side as we might, it seldom chanced that we lingered long on the Bridge. Never did we halt upon it at twilight to rest upon the low wall of it, and watch the dark trout-stream flowing beneath it;

never did the swains of the place choose that spot to meet with the bonnie gentle-faced lass who took care of us. No; if we chanced to pass it after dusk had fallen, we were hurried along as if an invading army were behind us, and we, too, soon learned to throw hurried glances to right and to left, to the shadowy places below the overhanging rocks, to the shining thread of water, to the clump of birch-bushes and that other dark cluster where grew the bramble and the wild rose.

The Bridge was to be feared. We learned that early, and we remembered it. Every one said so. Every one knew; and if they gave us only vague hints as to the reason, was not that because "the mistress" would be angry if they told us more? Something had happened there! Something was always happening there. What was it?

By daylight the place did not look more fearsome than other places round about. True, it lay in the centre of a deep hollow among hills, and our hills have a strange effect upon some people,—they are so cold and grey, and the heather grows so scantily upon them, and the sides of them are strewn with loose stones, and here and there great boulders have fallen down into the desolate corries, where there are strange loud echoes. Yet at the Bridge there was a growth of bushes; there were ferns and flowers in

summer; there was the burn where little brown trout were; and farther down, in the hollow, there was a loch, blue and clear and beautiful. What could be wrong with the Bridge? By-and-by we had gathered a confused jumble of stories about the place, but there was no such great horror in any of them, no real clue to the mystery which enveloped it. There were old superstitious tales of noises and lights and footsteps, of white-shrouded figures and suchlike appearances; but these tales were told of a dozen other places within a few miles of us, and as most of them were near the highroad, people had just to buckle on their courage when darkness fell, so that they might pass them with a stout heart. But the Bridge! When the visitor, whose home lay on the other side of the Bridge, lingered late to *ceilidh*¹ over a friend's fire, some two or three of the bravest in the household would sally forth to "see him past the Bridge"; when the unwary stranger set out boldly to traverse that road at night, he would hear the cry raised, "Surely, surely, you will not go alone. Have you not to cross the Bridge?" The Bridge! The Bridge! What was all this talk about the Bridge? What deed of unspeakable awfulness had been done there in old times, that the horror of it should brood over the spot still?

High on the sides of the hills surrounding the hollow were five houses. They could all be

seen at once from a point of the road only a few yards distant from the Bridge, yet so high up were they, and so scattered in the hollows of the rocks, that each was at least half a mile from any other. These all looked down upon the centre of the hollow, and in each of them dwelt men whose naturally stern and gloomy disposition was rendered gloomier by the character of their religious beliefs. To them the Powers of Darkness were real and terrible, and these corries above which they dwelt might well have seemed beset by emissaries of the Evil One. In the depths of the hollow what conflicts might have taken place between the soul of man and the arch enemy. Could it be that in the dark memories of such a ghostly warfare lay the secret of the Bridge?

But, without arriving at any answer to these questions, we grew to years of discretion, and, after living in discretion for more years than it is needful for me to mention, we stumbled on the solution of the mystery. It was as simple as a riddle after it is found out.

There returned to the parish, after a lifetime spent in wandering through strange climes, a grey-headed man. He had much to say of his old memories of the place and of the changes that had come to it in his absence; and he would often remark that these changes were not only of an outward and material character, but that the very nature of the people ap-

¹ *Kā-lē* = visit.

peared altered. "They speak of the good old days," he would say, "but in that they are wrong. The old days were wild days; the old people were rough wild people. Things are better as they are."

Now it chanced that one evening, when we talked of the old times to the weather-worn traveller, I mentioned to him the name of the Bridge of Fear.

"The Bridge!" said he; "well do I remember the Bridge."

"What!" I cried. "Do you know how people came to be afraid of it?"

"None better," he answered. "Who should know it if not I?"

"I have long been anxious to hear the tale of the Bridge," said I. "Will you tell it to me?"

"Willingly," he replied; "and the more so, because I believe the whole story is known only to myself.

"When I was a young man," said he, "so young as hardly to have come to the name of a man, there lived about two miles from the Bridge an old witch of whom the people had much fear——"

"A witch?" I murmured, doubting.

"They called her a witch," said the grey-haired man firmly. "I am not going to say to you that I believe such things, for I do not; but the people of the township had no other name for her, and they were in the habit of saying that owing to her Evil Eye they had such trouble with their cows and sheep, and

butter and cheese, during the latter part of that crone's life, as they never had with any other of her kind. Well, one day she died, and as all her relations were dead before her, she had none to mourn her loss, and the people of the township were far enough from feeling sorrow.

"The time of her death was toward the latter end of harvest; but although it was so far on in the year, the day of the funeral was extraordinarily warm and sultry, and the people being busy at the crop, were not in the best of humour at the idea of turning out on other business. It was the custom then, as you know, to carry large jars of whisky to the churchyard, and to take a glass of it more than once upon the road there. On this day there was more taken at the outset than was usual, and as we came along the men began to grumble in a most unseemly manner about the heat of the weather and the weight of the coffin, and by the time the procession came the length of the Bridge, which is about half-way between the place where the witch lived and the churchyard, they were in a very quarrelsome humour. They set down the coffin in the middle of the Bridge, and after they had taken another glass of whisky out of the jar, they began to declare they would go no farther with it. There they stood and wrangled, and one dispute led to another, until it seemed as if they would indeed go the length they said, and leave the crone's coffin lying in the middle

of the Bridge; and although I was but a young lad, as I said before, I saw that such a thing would be a disgrace to the parish, and I told them I would run on ahead to the house of Alastar Ruadh,¹ which was about a quarter of a mile farther on, and tell him to put his mare in the cart and be ready to drive the coffin to the churchyard by the time they came up with it. They consented to this, and I made all the haste I could, till I came to where Alastar Ruadh was working at the corn, in the field before his house. 'Alastar,' said I, hardly able to speak for the want of breath—'Alastar, put the mare in the cart as quickly as possible, for the Witch's funeral is coming at the Bridge, and the men are so wearied with the weight of the coffin that they are refusing to carry it farther.' 'The mare in the cart!' Alastar Ruadh called out very angry. 'The mare is away in the hill, and it would take me days to find her; and though she was near at hand, I wouldn't leave the corn this day, supposing the Witch was to ask me herself, and that she would never do, for there was no friendship between us at the best of times.' 'Very well, Alastar,' said I to him then; 'we'll just leave the coffin at your door, for the men won't go farther with it. They are in a bad mood, and the whisky they have taken is out of the ordinary entirely.'

"'Stay, man! stay!' he called after me then. 'You're in too

much of a hurry. It's as well for me to take a look for the mare in case she might be near at hand after all. It would ill become me to refuse a last turn for any one, even the poor old crone that's gone.' He went away, and it seemed the mare was not far off, for he soon came back with her and harnessed her to the cart, and before he was done the funeral came up, and they set the coffin inside, and were now in a better humour and inclined to conduct matters very orderly. But Alastar was angry enough though he did not say much, and he did not take time to change his clothes, but drove the coffin to the churchyard in his shirt-sleeves, and for six weeks there was the greatest talk through the whole parish."

"Was that about the strife on the Bridge?" said I, for such callous conduct I had never heard of.

"No, no," answered the grey-haired man; "but that Alastar Ruadh went to a funeral in his shirt-sleeves."

"Soon after this," he went on, "there began to be a great fear in the place that the Witch might come back. People were afraid that she would take offence at what happened on the Bridge, and that she would take some revenge on those that had been unwilling to carry her remains. No one would take that road at night alone, and there were rumours of noises and footsteps, and such sounds being heard. For

¹ *Ruadh*=red.

myself I had no patience with such superstitions, and I never paid any heed to them, and people were always telling me I was too bold and would get a lesson some day, but I never listened to them. Indeed I often said that I would pass the place as comfortably in the dark night as in the bright day.

"It might be about two months after the funeral that I was spending the evening with an old couple, who lived in a house not far from where the Witch had spent her lifetime. We spoke of the wrangle there had been at the Bridge, and from that we passed to many a foolish tale of the old superstitions, such as I would be ashamed to believe, though I'll not deny that some of them put a kind of chill into my blood as I listened to them. It was after midnight when I said I must be going, and at that the old man and his wife cried out that I would surely do no such thing as to pass the Bridge at such an hour. 'For as sure as I'm standing here,' said the old wife, 'if you do, you'll see the crone herself on the place where her coffin rested.' I gave a laugh at that. 'Well, well,' I said, 'if the Witch's ghost meets me on the Bridge I'll shake hands with it.' The old wife held up her hands, and her face was as white as her apron. 'O Vove!¹ Poor lad,' she said, 'I'm afraid you'll live to repent your foolishness.'

"They went on pressing me to pass the night with them,

but I would not consent to do so, and I set out somewhere between twelve and one. There was a cold chill in the air, and there must have been some wind blowing, because I remember the rustle of it in the dead brackens by the roadside; and there was just enough light to show me the way I was going, and the outline of the hills against the sky and a spot of brightness where the loch was. I went on with a smart step, but the nearer I came to the Bridge the more a strange feeling came over me that something bad was about to happen to me. I can't describe it, and I can't explain it, but I had the feeling, and it never came over me either before or since. I would not show so much cowardice as to turn back, however, and I said to myself that what I felt was all foolishness, and I went on, though I believe I slackened my pace as I came near the Bridge. There is, as you know, a little steep hillock just before one comes in sight of it, and as I was going up there the thought came to me, 'If the ghost of the Witch crone is on the Bridge she knows what I said about her, and she is waiting to shake hands with me'; and the thought had hardly gone through my mind when—the thing happened that happened, and I was racing for my dear life with my face the way I had come. I never believed in the old superstitions, and now as I am sitting here I am as far as ever from be-

¹ Gaelic exclamation, *Obh ! obh !*

lieving them; but the truth is that I went back up the side of that hollow as if the steep hill was a level plain, and I felt the Witch's hand on my hair as I went, and the bonnet rising on my head.

"When I came in sight of the house I could not wait to go round by the path, but made straight up the side of the rock like one possessed. They had just finished worship in the house, and the old woman was about to lock the door, when she looked out, and at the sight of the man that was coming at her in such a way she gave a scream to her husband and put the fastening on the lock. I fell against the outside at the same minute. 'Let me in!' I cried out to them; 'for pity's sake let me in!' They opened the door in haste. 'O poor foolish lad,' they said, 'is it you? Mercy on us! What a face! What is it that you have seen?' I was unable to answer them at first, for the breath was so far out of my body that it was some time before I could speak, and after it returned I sat there by the fire for a long time and did not open my mouth, though the old couple were plying me hard with questions. 'O poor lad! poor lad! what fearful

thing did you see?' they kept on asking. 'You needn't ask me what I saw,' I said to them at last, 'for I couldn't and I wouldn't tell you — no, not though you were weary asking me.' And I never did. I never told them or any one else, though the whole parish came inquiring what I had seen. The thing made a great stir, and from that night there was hardly a person in the place that would cross the Bridge after dark, and the stories that were told of it were more than I could keep count of, though my own was not among them. And yet the one that was not told caused more fear among the people than all the others put together, and the more so because it was well known that I had no belief in superstitious things."

"And what was it that you saw?" I asked after a pause. "It is so long ago that perhaps you do not object to telling me, and I am not nervous."

The grey-haired man looked at the blazing fire thoughtfully. "I would not tell them then," he said slowly, "and they would not believe me if I told them now. To tell the plain truth," he said smiling, "I didn't see anything!"

L. M. M.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND—M. BOUTMY'S GENERALISATIONS—THE IDEAL ENGLISHMAN—THE DANGERS OF PSYCHOLOGY—THE MOSELY REPORT—THE PROBLEM OF EDUCATION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA—THE LATE PROFESSOR YORK POWELL.

MANY philosophers on either side the Channel have attempted ere this to explain the misunderstanding and dislike which separate the French and English. In spite of *ententes cordiales*, we have but an imperfect knowledge of France, while France cherishes for us a sturdy antipathy, which at moments of crisis is intensified to hatred. Yet there are many reasons why we and our neighbours across the Channel should live in amity. It is never pleasant to harbour an enemy at one's door, and in essentials our policy and tastes are one. Why, then, should discord estrange us, even in the face of official visits amiably interchanged, and of treaties loyally signed on either side? To find an adequate explanation, the philosopher, who should be stripped of national prejudice, must go far back into the history of the two peoples, or discover some natural cause in their racial characteristics. But without making a profound research, we may declare with some confidence that indiscreet literature is not guiltless. No sooner does a Frenchman or an Englishman take up his pen to write of his neighbours, than he comes forth as a champion

of his own nationality. His aim is not to discover the truth, but to point out with a sort of pride the weakness or brutality of the other party. We may plead guilty on our side to not a few indiscretions of this sort, but the French also are not blameless, and we can imagine no book better calculated to separate the two nations than M. Boutmy's 'English People,' which has been indifferently translated by Mr English, who belies his name, and furnished with a superfluous introduction by Mr Bodley.

Now M. Boutmy is a pupil of Taine, and he writes with a pretension and lack of humour of which his master would have been ashamed. He has not qualified himself for his task by a long residence in this country; he claims no more than to have "been in London on more than one occasion." Yet he has no doubts: he is ready to explain every phenomenon which presented itself to his hasty gaze, and, with no more than one instance in his note-book, to bring an indictment against a great and various people. His method is neither scientific nor intelligent. He is an adept in that clumsy art of generalising from no more than one solitary ex-

perience. He reminds us of the famous traveller who confided to his journal after an hour in New York that all American cabmen drove with their right hand, omitting to observe that the man who drove him to his hotel had lost his left arm. In other words, M. Boutmy disdains facts, like Royer-Collard, while he delights in those general ideas which, says he, English people are unable to formulate. So, triply armed with ignorance, he has sketched for us the figure of an Englishman, as remote from truth as the monster with red whiskers, coat of box-cloth and fabulous buttons, which once was among the humours of the French stage. But before we consider the monster designed by M. Boutmy, we must protest against this foolish manufacture of national bogeys. In M. Boutmy's sense, there is no such thing as an Englishman. There does not exist in the world a pack-saddle ass, loaded with all the qualities which a habit of hasty generalising has invented. Every nation is composed of individuals, as diverse as possible one from the other in character, habit, and even race. An Englishman, like a Frenchman, may be grave or gay, voluble or taciturn, wise or foolish, amiable or cruel. But M. Boutmy recognises none of those distinctions; he knows only *the* Englishman, a droll monster, who was never seen either in his own island or out of it.

What, then, is this monster imagined by M. Boutmy? In

the first place, he is a recluse who lives apart from his fellows, and only emerges from his retirement to commit acts of coarse voluptuousness. To support this serious charge M. Boutmy quotes the '*Mémoires de Grammont*,' which, says he, gives a picture of society tainted with hypocrisy—a pronouncement which almost persuades you to believe that the talented philosopher has imperfectly understood a very simple book written in his own tongue. And after the '*Mémoires de Grammont*,' he founds his accusation on the absurd fantasies of the '*Pall Mall Gazette*,' which "recently," says he, "revealed the existence of some obscure haunts where the upper classes secretly indulge in brutality and depravity." We believe that there is no capital without depravity; but we can have very little respect for the philosopher who indicts a nation on no better evidence than statements universally recognised to be false. However, the ideal Englishman is not merely brutal and depraved; he is also cruel, not artistically, after the manner of the Italian and Spaniard, but with a callous villainy all his own. His cruelty, in fact, is "that of men who are acutely conscious of the sufferings of others; but the impression that reaches them through their nerves entirely alters its character, and instead of the torments which should arouse sympathy they experience a feeling of joy." There is pro-

found psychology for you ! M. Boutmy can not only detect the crimes of his neighbours ; he can look beneath the surface and discover the hidden motive of their wickedness. Perhaps you would think that so grave a charge as this is supported by irrefragable testimony. Not a bit of it. A single case is sufficient, in M. Boutmy's eyes, to hang a whole nation. "Lieutenant Jameson," says he, "coolly witnessing the sacrifice of a little native girl, and treating the exhibition as a mere object of curiosity, is a good example of the condition of the senses and the heart." Without going into the merits of this isolated case, we would remind our philosopher that some years since two French officers ran amok in Africa. But our method is not M. Boutmy's, and we do not therefore involve him and all his countrymen in a general charge of insane brutality.

However, M. Boutmy knows no scruple of delicacy, and having committed himself to the cruelty of his ideal Englishman, he proceeds to explain away the culprit's religion. "The race is religious," says he, "for the simple reason that, being by nature violent and brutal, it has special need of discipline." In other words, the criminal, conscious of his crime, appoints his own policeman ; and we cannot help thinking that M. Boutmy's perverse ingenuity has here overstepped the bounds even of his logic. But this is not the end of our sinning. "The Englishman is always English,

and leads a thoroughly English life wherever he goes." What else should he be than English ? Horace discovered many centuries ago that they who cross the sea change their sky but not their mind ; and the Frenchman does not cease to be French because he visits England, or hires a moor in Scotland. What was M. Boutmy on those occasions (more than one) on which he honoured London with his presence ? Did he traverse Trafalgar Square and pass himself off to a single passer-by as a true-born Briton ? Of course he did not, and it is idle to base an argument upon national distinctions, which are universal and innocuous. Wherever the Frenchman goes as a colonist, there he takes with him his café, his boulevard, and his Bureau des Postes et Télégraphes, but we do not on that account charge him with being *farouche* and insular ; we merely recognise the obvious fact, which is neither curious nor disgraceful, that a sea voyage does not wash out the tradition of a thousand years. Many years ago Montaigne complained that the greatest pleasure of the travelling Frenchman was to encounter a fellow-countryman abroad, and that he complained of all the dishes presented to him which were not cooked after his own fashion. But the ideal traveller, such as Montaigne, has been rare in every age, nor is he characteristic of any nation. And M. Boutmy recklessly deserts the province of psychology when he ascribes

exclusively to one people the necessary characteristics of all.

But, still constant to his generalisation, this French philosopher proceeds to discover that the English love action for its own sake. They do not, says he, devote themselves, like other folk, to exercise "for the sake of the credit attaching to it, the repose following it, or the enjoyments procured by it." We do not know by what means M. Boutmy has pierced the minds of millions of sportsmen. But we are sure that his "clairvoyance" is completely at fault. The Englishman, like all other men, cultivates sport (1) for the credit attaching to it; (2) for repose following it; (3) for the enjoyments procured by it. How, indeed, shall we explain M. Boutmy's subtleties, when he contradicts himself within a couple of lines? But here is only another instance of the philosopher attempting to see that which is not. Having disposed of sport after such a fashion as shall not interfere with his preconceived theory of England's joylessness, he proceeds to misrepresent the English family. He declares that the English father sees little of his children, and is always something of a stranger to them. "The children," says he, "allude to their father ironically as 'the governor,' and regard him as a person of whom ill is always spoken." How different is a French boy, who "feels unconstrained and at home under the paternal roof" — the amiable comrade, the pleasant and approving

critic of his parents' method! Very different indeed he is from M. Boutmy's bogey; for a bogey it is, drawn in a fierce disdain of facts. Of course this censor of English manners has not sketched his portrait of the English boy from life; but, if he had, we could only commiserate him for having strayed into a very strange and deplorable household. Lord Chesterfield, a sound judge in these matters, and a firm friend of France, once said that it was only those who pretended to wit, yet had none, who condemned the customs and morals of a whole nation; and M. Boutmy, who persistently mistakes the part for the whole, and who believes that that which happens once is invariable, cannot escape Lord Chesterfield's just and dignified reproof.

It may be urged in the Frenchman's excuse that he has had small opportunity of studying the people which he has elected to judge. But it would have been quite easy for him to have abstained from writing an ill-informed treatise; and, as if to show the folly of his method, he is on no surer ground when he leaves observation for research. His opinions upon the literature, the history, and the politics of England are alike erroneous. His criticism of Shakespeare's prosody, for instance, is wholly unintelligible. "He carries on his meaning," we are told of Shakespeare, "from stanza to stanza, stopping short in a verse when other characters interrupt, and not completing it save by a compensatory

syllable at the end." We do not pretend to interpret this sentence, nor can we accept the next pronouncement of the French critic. "After the death of Shakespeare," he writes, "we witness a phenomenon unparalleled in history. Dramatic art, which had hitherto shown itself so vigorous, so free in its choice of subjects, so fruitful in the invention of poetic forms, began to wither and dry up." This phenomenon may be paralleled not only in ancient Greece, where the drama, which came to efflorescence with Æschylus, fell into decline after the death of his contemporary Euripides, but also in France, where less than sixty years separates 'Le Cid' from 'Athalie.' Indeed, a literary convention, suddenly brought to perfection by one or two men of genius, cannot but decline, and the fate of the English drama is but the fate of the drama all the world over. With equal recklessness M. Boutmy asserts that prose in England had not been developed even in the seventeenth century. This is, of course, an absurd statement. Even in the fifteenth century we had a prose apt for any enterprise—for narrative, argument, and eloquence. Where, for an oration, will you better the style of Sir John Maundeville? Where, for mystery, will you match the revelation of the Monk of Evesham? And when we come to the sixteenth century we find so noble an array of writers that we almost call it the golden age of our prose.

Fisher and More, Ascham and Latimer, Fox and Holinshed, North and Holland, Berners and Elyot, and all the masters whose works were collected by Hakluyt—did not these cultivate a "simple, animated, and vivid phraseology suited to the story"? Of course they did. But M. Boutmy will have none of them. For him, no doubt, Dryden too was tasteless and unintelligent, and English prose began with Addison and Steele. But he will get few critics to share that opinion with him, and none but a pedant would now deny that the age of Elizabeth was great in prose as in verse.

With history M. Boutmy is no more fortunate than with literature. He is convinced that the desire to protect the British flag grew up under Richard II., though John had a fleet of five hundred ships, and Edward III. attacked Calais with a fleet of seven hundred, manned by fourteen thousand mariners. Furthermore, he asserts that when the seventeenth century opened, we had no possessions outside Europe—though a study of Hakluyt might have corrected this error, and though Elizabeth was publicly proclaimed Queen of Virginia. Moreover, a very little diligence would have convinced M. Boutmy that the Reform Bill of 1867 was not Mr Gladstone's; that Mr Plimsoll was not until his last hour "the representative and supporter of the Navy versus the Merchant Service"; that Mr Chamberlain did not continue the preparations for war after

France had given in over Fashoda, for the excellent reason that he had no more to do with war than M. Boutmy himself; that Mr Chamberlain did not instigate the Jameson Raid; and that Mr Kruger did not accept the conditions laid down at the Bloemfontein Conference. But it is idle to enumerate the errors and fallacies whereby M. Boutmy attempts to prove that the English are brutal and insensitive. Nor does Mr Bodley speak a word of warning against the book which he introduces to England. He is too busy in autobiography to correct an erroneous impression. However, it may be true, as M. Boutmy says, that "generalisation pushed to extremes causes Englishmen a sort of uneasiness." But even a Frenchman would be wiser to distrust a generalisation unsupported by facts, and devised out of nothingness to the discredit of his neighbours.

It will thus be seen that M. Boutmy is not much better informed than the historians who still believe that Englishmen sell their wives at Smithfield, and devote whatever time they can spare from *le boxe* to the brutal sport of cock-fighting. The only difference between Taine's pupil and those other artists is that he uses more pretentious terms, such as "psychology" and "generalisation," and expresses his charges in somewhat vaguer language. But the effect is the same—an effect of irritation. Nobody, except the readers of 'The Daily News,' is

edified when he hears that he belongs to a nation of insensitive brutes. Of course, the idlest reader will perceive the fallacy of M. Boutmy's dogmatic assertions, but he will not feel convinced either of the philosopher's wisdom or of his amiability. If such books as this are taken seriously on either side the Channel, they cannot but fan the flame of dislike and enmity; and since no possible good ever came from an attempt to express the qualities of a various and contradictory people in a single formula, we cannot imagine that M. Boutmy's book will be of the smallest service to anybody. Maybe it flattered his ingenuity as he wrote it; but an ingenuity warped by imperfect knowledge is not a cause of satisfaction. Should an Englishman attempt to clip and crop all the citizens of France until they all filled a Procrustean bed of his own imagining, he would deserve the contempt of French and English alike; and the justice which we would mete out to our fellow-countryman may be measured also to an offending Frenchman. It is the desire of all of us to live on terms of amity with our neighbours; but amity will be impossible so long as Frenchmen think it well to condemn a nation of which they know little for the mere love of an erroneous generalisation.

But in spite of M. Boutmy's condemnation, we fear that the baneful habit of generalisation is growing even on our side of the Channel. A Radical

Member of Parliament has lately declared in the columns of the 'Times' that Russia is absolutely certain to defeat Japan, and that she will use her prodigious victory with moderation. Now, this may be true or it may be false; but what astonishes the unprejudiced observer is that so vast a statement should be made on no better warrant than the writer's sympathy. It is true that this Member of Parliament had been permitted to interview the Tsar, and to photograph the mountains of gold bricks which repose in the Russian Treasury; yet these privileges are not enough for certainty, and the eminent Radical would have been wiser, if he thought a forecast necessary, to estimate the strength and skill of the contending armies. Such a process, however, would have been tedious, and it is far easier to express a general idea, of which, says M. Boutmy, with excessive flattery, the English brain is incapable.

Nor does this hasty conclusion stand alone in the controversies of to-day. There has lately been published a report of the Mosely Educational Commission, which last year pursued its inquiries in America, and which is a perfect orgie of generalisations. Mr Mosely's argument appears to be as follows: the American people is outstripping the English in the race for industrial supremacy; the Americans are not educated by the same method which obtains in England; therefore the American

method is better. It is a hazardous reasoning, and its fallacy is exposed by Dr James in a single sentence. "The men," said he, "who have made this country, and are making the great things we see about us to-day, could not be the product of this system, simply because it did not exist at the time when they received their training." This declaration seems final, but it did not interfere with the sanguine investigations of Mr Mosely's team, and by more than one writer we are urged in vague terms to follow an example which is never defined. Now, there are many other reasons which might explain the superiority which is supposed by some to exist in America. A brisk climate, which makes indolence impossible, a resolute habit of discarding men of forty on the ground of old age, a rigid system of protective tariffs, a limitless resource of material wealth, a constant flow of immigrants, who mix their blood, and flourish rapidly on a new soil—all these might well contribute to the prosperity of America. But a generalisation is easier than a profound inquiry, and no doubt Mr Mosely sincerely believes, in Dr James' despite, that, if we change our system of education, the British Isles will soon be peopled by hustling Americans. But before we can reap the full benefit of Mr Mosely's report, some attempt must be made to harmonise its inconsistencies. As it stands at present it is a tangle of contradictions. There is hardly a single statement

contained in the four hundred pages which is not gainsaid elsewhere. One writer congratulates America on subordinating sport to instruction; another deplores the fact that in certain colleges the students know no other interest than games. On one page we are informed that the American boy's education is efficient, because he knows from the start for what he is destined, and wastes no time on useless knowledge; on another page, that "there is no such thing known in the United States as fixing a child's future in its tender years." And yet, if we may carry away from so diverse a report a single clear impression, it is that education in America has not yet gone beyond the experimental stage. "The educational organisations of the United States," says Professor Foster, "are practically in their infancy," and Mr I. L. Papillon is in agreement with him: "the educational systems of America," says he, "have the merits and defects of much else in that great but, as yet, unfinished country. They are full of life and energy; freely, not to say rashly, experimental; innovating, renewing, abandoning, sacrificing now one point, now another, whether of ideas or of practice, in the effort at growth and development." But the most adverse report of all is Professor Armstrong's, who cannot be charged with a superstitious admiration of his own country. He, at any rate, does not proclaim the superiority of the United States. He finds

no evidence that the schools seek to utilise and develop the national characteristics; he declares that the belief in secondary education for boys is no greater there than here; he notes that the technical schools and polytechnics, which have lately grown up all over England, have not their counterpart in America; he deplores the low average of attainment in the American high schools, and attributes it in large measure to the teaching of women; and he confesses that America, in spite of her practical ambition, suffers no less than we do from over-education. What then are we to say of Mr Mosely's cheerful conclusion, that much may be learned from America? Nothing, save that it resembles Mr Norman's opinion of the Russian victory. It is a hasty generalisation, of comfort to none except to him who gives it utterance.

But the Report of the Mosely Commission is useless to us, chiefly because it attempts to solve a problem wherewith we are not confronted. It is the business of England to educate not American but English boys, differing in race, character, temperament, and tradition from the boys of the United States. Now, tradition may be a very infamous thing. We are constantly told by Radicals of all kinds that progress should be independent of history; and no doubt the most modest Radical believes that with a sheet of paper and a pot of ink he could invent a far better social fabric than that which represents the col-

lective wisdom of many centuries. But whether the Radical is well equipped for this task or not, he will never have the opportunity of performing it. History and tradition are stubborn things, and their impress will remain upon the race, in spite of a hundred Mr Moselys and a thousand Commissions. In the first place, we in England still believe that education is an end by itself. An English boy who receives the best instruction that his country affords is trained not to become a lawyer or an engineer, but a sane and sound man, who is prepared for any chance which life may present. The Duke of Wellington was no pedant, yet he thought that a boy, destined for the army, would get a better training at a public school or university than a purely military college could afford. And what Wellington thought of his own class held good until recently of all classes. The son of the simple burgess, destined for commerce or colonial adventure, received at his grammar-school the same education as was dealt to the son of a duke at Eton. The famous adventurers in life and literature, who conferred an eternal glory upon the age of Elizabeth, were bred upon the Latin grammar. They knew nothing of technical schools; they practised no "nature-study" that they could not discover for themselves in the moorland or forest which environed their native town. It is not surprising, therefore, with so many illustrious ex-

amples before us, we cling with a faithful tenacity towards our ancient system. The Americans, with nothing behind them but chaos, are wise to seek the best methods that can be found in Scotland or Germany. But with us the instinct of discipline is so much stronger than the instinct of practical education, that we are not likely to find a remedy for a decadence, if it exist, in the schools of the United States.

Not that we would for an instant discourage secondary or technical education. To those who are not privileged to attend a public school or grammar-school no opportunity should be lacking of practical instruction, and we are glad to believe that our polytechnics and evening-schools are forming a large body of expert and useful citizens. But the problem of education in all degrees is complicated in England by a set of irrelevant problems, of which America happily knows nothing. For some years past the House of Commons has been busily engaged in framing a system of elementary instruction. Yet, so far, no word has been said concerning the teaching of children, which to a simple mind might appear the essence of the whole matter. In truth, education has been sacrificed to fanaticism. The future of Englishmen is cheerfully offered up upon the altar of passive resistance; and until the blind-eyed fanatics, in which our country abounds, are persuaded to subordinate their private and immaterial griefs

to the public weal, our elementary schools are not likely to have a chance of success.

And when we come to the question of technical education, we encounter an analogous confusion. As, in order to promote primary education, we discuss theology, so the zealots of practical instruction believe that they will gain their end by attacking the universities. They might just as well condemn the players of football because in their sport they do not use the same implements as cricketers. The universities were not intended by their pious founders, nor are they fitted by habit and tradition, for a practical and narrow end. They have always aimed, and should always aim, at giving to their alumni a liberal education. They best perform their functions when they teach the classics, mathematics, and such subjects as are the foundation of all generous knowledge, and yet cannot immediately be translated into the common currency of pounds, shillings, and pence. But the zealots of technical education, not recognising that there is room for all, have for some years been reproaching our universities because they do not teach that which was never in their curriculum. There is the less excuse for this attempted usurpation, because there have sprung up during the last twenty years a great many well-equipped provincial colleges. These colleges have a double advantage from the point of view of the technical educator. They are all unhampered, in the first

place, by the conventions of the past; they cannot look back to seven hundred years of glorious, if dogmatic, existence; and they were designed with an eye sternly fixed on utility. In the second place, they are established in centres of energy and enterprise; their founders had a full knowledge of the industries for which they hoped to find recruits; and one would have thought that here at last technical education had a splendid opportunity. But there is one drawback, we are assured on the highest authority, for these excellent institutions—they are not popular. While they avoid the supposed vices of the old universities, they miss their virtues. By an absurd snobbishness, the man who long has clamoured for practical instruction declines to go to Birmingham or Liverpool, to Bristol or Sheffield, because these colleges have not the glamour of romance which is supposed to surround the universities of Oxford or Cambridge. It is a pitiful admission of insincerity, and yet, if great vigilance be not exercised, it will be sufficient to destroy many an ancient foundation. For at present the champions of technical education hold the ear of the country; and they are clamouring with a loud voice that the universities, designed for another purpose, should be handed over to them. Their own colleges, as we have said, already appear ignoble, and, not content with the system of education devised by themselves, they demand that Ox-

ford and Cambridge should resign the Humanities for the carpenter's bench.

The first point of their attack is, of course, the study of Greek, which, because they do not pursue it themselves, they would incontinently abolish. We have so often pleaded the cause of Greek in these pages that there is no need to say another word in its defence. We would only point out once more the disingenuousness of the assault. The friends of science, disdaining the education which is prepared for them elsewhere, desire not to take Oxford and Cambridge as they find them, but to fit these seats of learning, intended for others, to their own purposes. What would they say if we made an assault upon Birmingham or Sheffield, and claimed that Greek should be a necessary part of the curriculum? They would reply with perfect justice that every man is master in his own house, and that the stranger who demands admittance must submit obediently to the established laws. There is surely no compulsion on any man if he do not choose to enter the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, for they are not the only seats of learning in England. But if he enter them, he should loyally accept their ancient tradition, and we cannot applaud the attitude of science, which is no other than the attitude of the cuckoo, who would not only enter a strange nest, but throw out whatever he finds there, should it interfere with his comfort. Moreover, we would the more jeal-

ously guard the compulsory study of Greek, because it symbolises the true purpose of Oxford and Cambridge, which are not the homes of practical utility. No one sojourns there in the proper spirit of learning, who does not carry away with him that which is at once useless and imperishable. Now, for those who see no other end in life than an immediate profit there are still the American ideal and the provincial College; but for those who believe that a few years snatched from the making of money are not lost, and that that knowledge is the worthiest which cannot be summed up in an account-book, Oxford and Cambridge will ever remain something better than a practical school, which shall fit the student for that absurd thing called "the battle of life."

But if Oxford do not contribute to the commercial prosperity of Great Britain, she can at least train scholars worthy to hand on the lamp of learning. Such a one was Professor York Powell, whose death his many friends at Oxford and elsewhere will ever deplore. For York Powell was humane in the best and widest sense. Though he was Regius Professor of Modern History, in which chair he succeeded Froude, he regarded his subject from the most liberal point of view. He taught history, as the moderns teach it, with scrupulous devotion. He had as profound a love of accuracy as Lord Acton. He believed that the first duty of every

historian was owed to truth, and he could not endure the semblance of partiality even to the dead. But, on the other hand, he gave to history the broadest interpretation. There was nothing that had happened in the past which was not of living interest to him. No man of his time had a deeper acquaintance with life, literature, and policy. There was not a corner of culture which his lantern of knowledge did not illumine. He was, for instance, the first or second expert (for he had a rival) in the history of the Prize Ring. We remember once that, the art of pantomime being mentioned in his presence, he was ready with a complete biography of Deburau, together with an account of the pantomimes which Gautier and Charles Nodier wrote for him. This is but a single instance, taken at random, of his multifarious knowledge. For, indeed, there was no subject on which a curious student consulted him in vain, and he did more than any don of his time to direct the researches and guide the enthusiasms of modern Oxford.

But he was something much better than a mere antiquarian. Though history was his profession, he was keenly alive to the movements and impulses of to-day. His knowledge of literature outstripped the common boundaries of this country or that, and embraced the whole of Europe. An adept at the Scandinavian languages, he collaborated with Professor Vigfusson in his 'Corpus Poeticum

Boreale'; but his chief interest was perhaps in the French poetry of the newest school. He spoke French and understood it with an ease and a skill that is given to few Englishmen. When Mallarmé lectured at Oxford, York Powell translated his discourse at a single sitting,—a *tour de force* which only those will appreciate who know the original. And Mallarmé repaid the service by calling York Powell, in a phrase which confers glory on them both, "*mon ami de trois jours et de toujours*." Thus it was, by a rare mixture of old and new,—by a devotion on the one side to the traditions of the past, by an alert understanding on the other of whatever was newest in the art of literature,—that York Powell won for himself a place apart in the University of Oxford.

In politics, as in learning, his interests were divided. He was at the same time both Radical and Reactionary. Like the late W. E. Henley, with whom he had many points of half-conscious sympathy, he was a keen upholder of some oppressed citizens, and at the same time a sturdy Jingo, where the interests of England were involved. An enthusiastic champion, for instance, of the Communards who took refuge in London after the war, a personal friend of Stepniak, he was yet, though he perhaps might not have admitted it, as staunch a Conservative as Stepniak himself in most matters of English policy; and it is characteristic of his broad-mindedness that a

few weeks before his death he accepted the presidency of the Oxford Tariff Reform League.

A man of letters as well as a scholar, he wrote much and well. Besides the text-books of history which he composed, he contributed many learned articles to encyclopædias and reviews, and was an industrious member of the staff of more than one journal. But York Powell, the man, was infinitely greater than York Powell the writer: he was of those generous spirits who spend themselves in the service of others. While the egoism of most men inspires them to the composition of a work which shall make them for ever famous, York Powell lavished his gifts in talk, and made his friend a sharer, as it were, in his own talent. In conversation no subject came amiss to him, because he was familiar with all; but he was so richly endowed with humour that he regarded nothing with an over-serious eye, and no one privileged to know him will ever forget the buoyancy of his spirit and the rotundity of

his laugh. The result is that, while his contemporaries will do full justice to his temperament and omniscience, he may appear to posterity, which knew him not, as far less than he really was. But this injustice will always overtake the unselfish scholar who would rather stimulate the learning of others than make a display of his own. And if York Powell has left us no fitting monument of himself, it is not because, like Lord Acton, he found expression difficult, but because, like the late R. A. Neil, whom he resembled somewhat in breadth of knowledge and multiplicity of interest, he spared but little leisure for himself. But he has lived his life; he has scattered his wealth of learning with a generous hand; he has bequeathed a memory of affection to all who knew him; he has set his mark on the many works which the younger school of historians in Oxford will produce. And who shall say that this achievement is not greater than half a dozen volumes in octavo?

A GREAT PROCONSUL.¹

FEW of our great men have left us as an inheritance so full a record not only of their deeds but of the motives and principles that guided them as the Marquis of Dalhousie. Not many have had such justification in the magnitude and importance of their work for the care and labour bestowed on the record. The Dalhousie correspondence would fill the shelves of a small library. There are thirty-five volumes of his minutes on civil and military affairs. There are the letters to and from many of the leading statesmen in England: the Duke of Wellington, Lord John Russell, Lords Aberdeen, Stanley, Lincoln, Hardinge, and Canning. There is his correspondence with the Presidents of Council, the Chairmen of the Court of Directors and of the Board of Control; and with all the most prominent military and civil officers in India, his coadjutors and subordinates during eight eventful years. And behind all is the private diary of the man, which he had kept regularly since his later boyhood.

In his private letters and his unofficial correspondence he wrote frankly, and defended himself boldly against misconstruction and attack. But in public and to the outside world he preserved an attitude of dignified reticence. He sel-

dom made speeches, and when he did it was never to glorify himself or to assume the credit of successful or important measures, even though he had been their author. He was careful of his reputation, as most men are who have a reputation to care for; but he left his work to speak for him, instead of trusting to his pen or his tongue. The long silence of half a century which he imposed on his executors was characteristic of him. The immediate publication of his correspondence and minutes might have cleared away misapprehensions and vindicated his policy from the aspersions which assailed it after the Mutiny. Although he felt the attacks made upon him, and although his failing days were embittered and shortened by them, he would have not even a posthumous part in the controversy which had arisen. "He looked to time," says his present biographer, "to prove the character of his work, and desired neither literary skill nor the tender hand of friendship to adorn his public actions."

The term of silence imposed by him has now passed and gone. The whole of his correspondence and other records, carefully arranged and indexed by his own hand, is now open to the historian. The privilege of being the first to read and

¹ The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie, K.T. By Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I. 2 vols. London: Macmillan.

make use of these papers has been given to Sir William Lee-Warner. We can say in all truth that the difficult and laborious task has been well done, and done moreover in the manner that Lord Dalhousie would have desired. The book before us is written with fairness and discrimination. There is no attempt unduly to magnify the man and his works, or to blacken his critics and opponents. There he stands for all men to see what he did, and why and in what manner of spirit he did it. No one who reads this book can say otherwise than that James, Marquis of Dalhousie was a great and good man.

Dalhousie's life has been written by several authors who were not wanting certainly in literary skill. The main facts are well known. His first years were passed at school, at the university, and in travel, in the manner usual with men of his birth and position. There was nothing to mark him down as one of the greatest men of his generation in England. A serious view of life and heavy sorrows came to him sooner than to most men. At an early age he made his entry into political life, and he was not long in winning for himself a reputation for industry, earnestness, and great ability. At the age of five-and-thirty he was selected by Lord John Russell to succeed Lord Hardinge as Governor-General of India. The appointment, wrote Mr Gladstone,

"is honourable to you in a very high degree, for, as one of the offices which

have been usually held by much older men, it could not have been conferred on any one of your standing without extraordinary merit and reputation. It is honourable to the Government to have made their selection in the person of an opponent, and of one who, so far as I know, has never shown an inclination to court them; and it promises excellently well for the immense interests which are to be intrusted to you."

That promise was amply fulfilled.

There are times in the history of every nation when events have so shaped themselves that certain work in the direction of change or reform has to be done. The conditions have gradually changed, and the nation must accommodate itself to its new environments or perish. Then if the right man comes upon the scene the work is done, the necessary changes are effected, new blood runs into the veins, and the body politic grows with a fresh and vigorous growth. Such a fullness of time had come in 1848 to the British Empire in India, and the man, in Lord Dalhousie, was at hand to do the work.

Not that he or those that sent him realised the meaning of the times or the task which he had come to do. "He had been assured that perfect tranquillity prevailed, and he believed that his mission lay in promoting the moral and material progress of India and in consolidating the provinces already acquired, rather than in adding to their extent by fresh conquests." He ruled India for eight years, from 1848 to 1856. During that time he saw the second Panjab war, with its bloody battles,

and the second Burmese war. He annexed the Panjab, the kingdom of Oudh, and the great province of the King of Burma to the British Empire. He included within the Queen's dominions by more peaceful methods the territories of Nagpur and Jhansi, and several smaller States hitherto ruled by independent native princes. The administrative reforms which he carried out were great and far-reaching. He introduced railways into India, and the electric telegraph, and a cheap postal system. He made great roads. He inaugurated, if he did not design, a well-conceived system of education. He passed many legislative measures which have been among the most powerful influences on the happiness and civilisation of India. He reformed the administration in every direction, and taught his officers how to pacify and administer new provinces. He found the British possessions in India a rude and disjointed mass, "without form and void"—void of any definite ruling purpose or policy, ready to fall to pieces under any sudden shock. He left it a connected empire, not indeed full grown, but already a well-defined organism, needing only watchful care to ensure its progress on true and shapely lines.

It is impossible to do justice to Sir William Lee-Warner's work, much less to the subject of it, in the compass of a magazine article, or even to give an outline of the history which it contains of eight of the most eventful years of British Indian history. We shall attempt

only to touch upon some of the most salient points in Lord Dalhousie's career on which fresh light appears to have been thrown, and from which some lessons may be learnt for guidance in present times.

Dalhousie had been assured by the authorities at home that perfect tranquillity prevailed in India, and he found nothing to lead him to doubt the assurance. "Everything is quiet," he wrote home, "and the only discontent I have heard of in the Punjab is that of the little Maharaja, who complains that they have given him too many lessons." On the 19th April of the same year, three months after his landing, he found himself within measurable distance of war. Vans Agnew and Anderson had been murdered at Multan, and in a few months the Sikh nation had revolted against the British yoke. Lord Dalhousie determined on Lord Gough's advice not to risk a failure by attempting to move an ill-prepared and insufficient force in the hot weather against Multan. He decided to leave Multan alone, although Herbert Edwardes, who, as every one knows, had hurried down from Dera Fateh Khan with a few native levies at the first news of Agnew's danger, was calling for reinforcements. On the 25th April Edwardes wrote to the Resident at Lahore: "If Multan is to be reduced it must be from Lahore, and by our own British troops, and I hope to God they are already on their way, or the whole of Dera Ghazi Khan will be in insurrection."

But the British troops were

not on their way. Meanwhile Edwardes had joined forces with Cortland, and been reinforced by the Nawab of Bahawalpur. He had a force of 18,000 men, with thirty guns—all native troops and irregulars. He defeated Mulraj severely on the 1st July, and shut up him and his army in the fort and city of Multan. Then he made a further appeal to Lahore for British troops. If it was the heat they dreaded, he promised to put them under cover in the city of Multan within forty-eight hours of their arrival. If it was "the bugbear of inundation," he would dry the nullah—anything rather than give the rebels time to mature their plans and "ripen the rebellion of Multan into a second Panjab war." Moved by the success and the appeals of Edwardes, the Resident, Sir Frederick Currie, sent General Whish with 7000 men to Multan. He had previously despatched the Sikh Sirdar Sher Singh with 7000 Durbar troops to join Edwardes. The siege was begun by General Whish on the 4th September. On the 12th the British were repulsed with loss in an attack on a Sikh post. On the 14th Sher Singh with all his men and ten guns went over to the enemy, and General Whish felt himself compelled to raise the siege. It was then realised that the revolt was general, and that preparations must be made for a general Sikh war, and the subjugation of the Panjab. That the Governor-General then acted with vigour, foresight, and ability, no one has ever doubted.

It was his decision not to move to the aid of Edwardes, or to attack Multan, until the commencement of the cold weather, which subjected him to adverse criticism both at the time and since. As a rule it is quite true, as Kaye says, that, in Indian affairs, "promptitude of action is often of more importance than completeness of preparation, and that to show ourselves confident of success is in most cases to attain it. The British power in India cannot afford to be quiescent under insult and outrage." But, as the same writer says, "We have brought calamities on ourselves by our rashness as we have by our indecision. . . . However wise we may be after the event, criticism in such a case ought to be diffident and forbearing." Was Lord Dalhousie guilty of indecision, or was he blind to the danger of leaving the Multan outrage unpunished for a time? We believe that he must be acquitted of either charge. The case is very fairly stated at the end of the fifth chapter of Sir William Lee-Warner's book. If the Governor-General had had a well-equipped force at his disposal, to delay to move it on Multan would have been culpable. But the Commander-in-Chief had told him that operations at that time were inexpedient, if not impracticable.

The position at Lahore, where the Sikh sirdars had informed the Resident that the Durbar troops were untrustworthy, was not such as to permit the removal of a large portion of the British forces. Neither at first had Lord Dal-

housie reason to apprehend an immediate rising in the Panjab. He was assured on the best authority that there was little fear of such a contingency. Sir John Hobhouse, the President of the Board of Control, writing to him on the 19th June 1848, said:—

“I have consulted Lord Hardinge and Sir Henry Lawrence on the business, and find that neither of them entertains any apprehension of a general outbreak in the Panjab or adjacent provinces. Nor has the transaction [*i.e.*, the murder of our two officers at Multan] produced the slightest sensation here. I am not at the same time altogether free from apprehension that the example of Mooltan may be contagious, and I hope Sir Frederick Currie will take care that none of his detached assistants shall be without extreme necessity exposed to personal danger.”

It is interesting to compare this letter with the following statement on p. 39, vol. i., Kaye's ‘Sepoy War’: “He,” Sir Henry Lawrence, “saw at once that the Miltanee revolt was but the prelude to a great national outbreak,” and on that account hastened back to India. The fact is that Sir Henry Lawrence thought little of the Multan business. The home Government were inclined to minimise the matter as much as possible. The Governor - General has been blamed for not yielding at once to Lord Gough's requirement for more troops. He had to face the fact that his predecessor had just reduced the forces, and he had to reckon with such expressions of opinion as that contained in the following extract from Sir John Hob-

house's letter of 7th August 1848:—

“I cannot imagine what Lord Gough was dreaming of when he recommended assembling eight-and-twenty thousand men on the Sutlej, and ordering up eight or nine thousand troops from Bombay. Even the force which you propose to send against Multan appears to everybody I have consulted as excessive. Sir Charles Napier fixed on 15,000 as the outside number he would require for the service; and the Duke of Wellington spoke of 10,000, with a reserve in case of accidents. But Sir H. Lawrence has no notion that anything like that number will be wanted.”

Is it surprising if, in these circumstances, Dalhousie decided to wait before he involved the country in what might be useless expense? He had had no experience of Panjab politics or of the possibilities of Indian campaigning. On the one hand he was told, on the authority of his predecessor and of the man best acquainted with affairs at Lahore, that there was no fear of a general rising. On the other he had the Commander-in-Chief's opinion before him:—

“In consequence of furlough granted, a very considerable time would elapse before I could assemble 10,000 men of all arms on this side the Sutlej. There is no carriage whatever, the whole having been discharged. To move without camp-equipage, doolees, and ample commissariat at this season of the year would be certain annihilation.”

And this was not the opinion of a man of an over-cautious or prudent temperament, but of the fiery impetuous fighting general, Lord Gough. Lord Dalhousie and the Commander-in-Chief had probably a far

juster appreciation of the crisis than their advisers and critics in England. Writing to the Governor-General at so early a date as the 12th May 1848, Lord Gough said:—

“The amount of force proposed will be about 24,000 men of all arms, 8000 of which will be Europeans. This may appear to be an unnecessarily large force; but it must be borne in mind that we shall not only have to take Multan but also to be prepared for any outbreak in the Panjab, and to be on our guard against the intrigues and possibly the open defection of our at present doubtful allies.”

“The Governor-General,” writes Sir William Lee-Warner, “resolutely rejected the counsels of those who advised him to strike before his army was ready.” In his letter to Sir John Hobhouse, dated the 11th May 1848, Dalhousie put his view of the case succinctly. After declaring that he took the responsibility for the decision not to move the army on Multan in May, he says:—

“We have before us two great evils. Delay, giving temporary immunity to a rebel, was one evil. Action, involving frightful loss of life and the possible failure for a time of our enterprise, was another evil. I am satisfied we have chosen the lesser of two evils in resolving to delay and bide our time.”

The verdict will be, we think, for Lord Dalhousie.

Before leaving this part of the subject it may be interesting to notice the Governor-General's relations with Lord Gough. He had the friendliest feelings for the brave old soldier, but the lowest opinion of his qualities as a Commander-

in-Chief. Less than a month after he had taken charge of the Governor-Generalship, he wrote to the Duke of Wellington in respect of the withdrawal of a British regiment from India to China: “We have no more Queen's troops in India than are sufficient for our wants. Although at the moment everything is tranquil in India, yet no one can tell at what moment troubles may arise.” He added that “the Bengal army wants a really good officer when Lord Gough retires—one who will really command them in peace as well as in war.” After the affair at Ramnagar he wrote to the Duke of Wellington criticising the conduct of the action, and characterising the result as “very unfortunate.” Finding that the Commander-in-Chief was determined to push on after this action at all hazards, before his commissariat arrangements were complete or his communications could be secured, the Governor-General peremptorily ordered him not to advance beyond the Chenab, until certain conditions were fulfilled, without previous communication with him. A month later he withdrew this prohibition so far as to give Lord Gough leave to advance if intelligence and reconnaissance satisfied him that

“the enemy may be attacked with success with such force as you may have safely disposable; if the state of your supplies, of your supports, and of your communications, on which I dwelt so strongly, and which, as your lordship has since declared, had placed you ‘in a critical position,’ is now materially different; and finally, if you shall think that the

success may be obtained without a heavy loss in officers and men (much to be deprecated at all times, and which we are at present unable to afford)."

Lord Gough moved forward after the receipt of this letter and fought the battle of Chillianwalla. Writing of this action to the Duke of Wellington, Dalhousie said, "The conduct of this action is beneath the criticism even of a militiaman like myself"; and, "I have put into the field in the Panjab a force fit to match all India. In the hands of the Commander-in-Chief I do not now *consider that force safe* or free from the risk of disaster. There is not a man in that army, from his Generals of Division to the sepoys, who does not proclaim the same thing and write it to his friends."

It is not wonderful that, knowing the opinion held by the Governor-General of Gough's imprudence and rashness, and aware of the restrictions which he had placed on the Commander-in-Chief's freedom of action in the field, the Ministry should regard the position as impossible, or that in eight-and-forty hours after receipt of the news of Chillianwalla it was decided to send out Sir Charles Napier to relieve Lord Gough. Before Napier could arrive, happily for the brave old soldier, and to the lasting pleasure of all who can admire a single-hearted and gallant man, the successful battle of Gujerat was fought, and the Sikhs with their Afghan allies finally and completely routed. The order for Gough's recall

did not reach India until after the victory. It is characteristic of the man that Lord Dalhousie received that order with the greatest indignation. He was quite ready to censure Lord Gough himself, to interfere with his freedom of action, and in the event of another failure to supersede him in the field by one of his divisional generals. But he was not ready to stand by and see him removed by the home authorities. There was no need, he considered, for their interference, since the Government of India had it in their power to place the command over the army in the field in other hands had they found it necessary.

We like Lord Dalhousie all the better for his indignation. But we can hardly admit that in this matter he was altogether reasonable. The Ministry were responsible for the appointment of the Commander-in-Chief. With the report of the battle of Chillianwalla before them, with the knowledge of the Governor-General's want of confidence in his judgment and capacity in the field, and in the face of the strong manifestation of public opinion which Chillianwalla evoked, it appears to us, on a calm judgment of the facts, that the Government could not have retained Lord Gough in his command.

But we must hasten on to other and more important matters. The final overthrow of the Sikh army was followed by the annexation of the Panjab and its inclusion in the British Indian Empire. The correspondence now published shows that the prompt decision taken

in this matter is due to Lord Dalhousie, and to him must be assigned the merit of a measure on which history can give but one verdict—that it was well done, and the better that it was quickly done. It is true that the Governor-General acted in disregard of the orders he had received from the Government to whom he was subordinate. He had written in August 1848 laying the whole case before the Board of Control, with the object of eliciting their opinion and avoiding delay when the moment for action should come. He had placed the possible alternatives before them, and recorded his own judgment that, “however contrary it may be to our past views and to our present views, annexation of the Panjab is the most advantageous policy to pursue. I firmly believe we shall not succeed in establishing a friendly Sikh power.”

In reply, he got little but an uncertain sound. Various advisers, Sir Henry Lawrence amongst others, had been consulted. “The general verdict is,” wrote Sir John Hobhouse on the 23rd October 1848, “that I think I can discover much disinclination to take the formal and decisive step which would convert the Panjab into a British Province.” Sir Henry Lawrence was of course decidedly adverse to annexation. Hobhouse was however satisfied that, “in the conduct of the Sikhs as a government and as a nation, there was quite enough to justify a complete reconsideration of the arrangement under which the

territory is now administered.” He assured the Governor-General, “on the part of the Government,” that if he felt himself compelled “by the urgency of the case” to adopt the course of annexation or any important change without waiting for the sanction of the home authorities, “the most favourable construction would be put upon your proceedings.” Finally, on the 24th November 1848, came a formal letter from the Secret Committee to the effect that, when the Sikh armies had been subdued, it might be expedient to review the important question of annexation in all its bearings, military, financial, and political; and ending with this injunction, “As there appears to be no necessity for an immediate decision, we wish to be favoured with your further deliberations previously to your making your final arrangements.”

On the 24th March 1848 the final surrender of the Sikh chiefs and the remnant of the Khalsa army, 18,000 men, was made to General Gilbert, at Rawul Pindi. If the British Government did not know what such a termination to the contest meant, there was no doubt in the minds of the Sikhs. In the words of an old grey-bearded Sikh, as he laid his arms on the pile before the general, “To-day Ranjit Sing is dead indeed.” So thought Lord Dalhousie. On the 29th March, without waiting to refer to his hesitating superiors, he issued a proclamation declaring the kingdom of the Panjab at an end. His in-

dependent action was hardly pleasing to the home authorities. That it was right and justifiable and necessary will, we think, be the verdict of history. The Afghans had come upon the scene, and converted the contest from a mere duel with the Sikh power into a great combination against the Government of India. If we had not been defeated by the Sikhs, we had in several battles hardly held our own. It was not a time for delay.

"The Governments were gone; the army was gone. There was no police. The Durbar officials were already disregarded even in districts bordering on our own. No revenue could have been collected; no order could have been preserved. . . . I was well aware of the responsibilities under which I stood—it was in my conscientious judgment necessary that I should assume it—and I should have been quite unworthy of the position in which you have placed me if I had been terrified by it."

This was his reply to Hobhouse, and it is sufficient. The home Government were probably glad to have the act done and to be freed from the responsibility of it.

"They have given me," wrote Lord Dalhousie, "no instructions but to review my opinion when the war was over, and let them know. To wait four months now for their orders was impossible. There was no government in the Panjab, and if I had not proclaimed a distinct policy of one kind or another I should have had the country in one month in riot and utter anarchy, and harm would have been done which years and years could not have made good. What I have done I have done as an act of necessity."

Fortunately there was no cable to India in those days,

or some less decisive course might have been pursued. As he took the burden, so let him have the honour of a strong and wise policy, which was the saving of India in 1857. If the Panjab had not been annexed, if the shadow of Ranjit Sing's throne had remained, and his heir at hand to serve as a rallying-point, it cannot be doubted that the Sikhs would have taken their opportunity to recover independence.

Lord Dalhousie's success in organising the Government of the Panjab is well known to all men. He had a wide field to choose his agents from, and he chose them with conspicuous wisdom. There is only one point to which we have space to call attention. The reasons which led the Governor-General to intrust the government of the Panjab to a Board have hitherto been in doubt. On the one hand, it has been attributed by Sir W. W. Hunter to his desire to retain the controlling power in his own hands. "He deliberately placed the Panjab under a Board because he determined that the Board should be his right hand, but that he himself should be the directing intelligence." On the other hand, Kaye says that he "could not set aside the claims of Henry Lawrence, nor, indeed, could he safely dispense with his services in such a conjuncture. Yet he was unwilling to trust to that honest, pure-minded soldier-statesman the sole direction of affairs." In a letter to Sir John Hobhouse, dated 30th July 1849, Dalhousie explained his reasons.

"I need not remind you," he writes, "of the peculiar position which Sir Henry Lawrence held. The place at the head of affairs in the Panjab was left open for him by the suggestion of the Government of India, and I was personally pledged to replace him; he resumed the head of affairs in February 1849. I told him that if opposed, as I knew he was, to the new policy, he felt he could not carry it out into execution as frankly and efficiently as the other, I expected of his candour and honour that he would say so. He said he would do so cordially. . . . But Sir H. Lawrence was not competent to the sole charge of the Panjab, to the civil government of it."

So he gave him as coadjutor his brother John, both as the man fittest for the post and at the same time most likely to be agreeable to Sir Henry. A third man was appointed to prevent the appearance of a family compact. He added, "I have thus shown you how a Board was a form of Government forced on me by previous events. I should never have chosen such a Government." Again, in a subsequent letter, he wrote, "If he [Henry Lawrence] did go, I should take advantage of the opportunity to get the administration moved towards the form I myself desired — namely, a single Commissionership." As to Kaye's theory that Henry Lawrence was indispensable, the following quotation is decisive: "I shall not be sorry when he goes, because, although he has many fine qualities, I think his brother John, take him all in all, is a better man, fitted in every way for that place."

That Lord Dalhousie should have resorted to government

by a Board, except under circumstances from which he saw no escape, would have been surprising. "Every man capable of transacting business — especially if called upon to transact business that requires action — will be found to abhor a Committee," he wrote in 1852, after his experience of the Military Boards in India, which were charged with the administration of public works, commissariat, Government studs, and ordnance. One of the most beneficial reforms which he introduced was the abolition of these Boards and the similar institutions which mismanaged the Medical Department and the clothing of the army. "It has long been my conviction," he said, "that the sound principle of individual responsibility, united with individual control, should be put in force as a general rule in all Departments." That principle has been put in force, and it is to be hoped that no Government of India will ever attempt to revert to the discredited machinery of Boards.

It will be most convenient for the purposes of the present article to pass over for the present the next six years of Dalhousie's administration, and consider his action in the annexation of Oudh. In the Panjab we found the Governor-General sweeping aside the hesitation of the home authorities, and adopting the final and decisive step of incorporating the country with the Queen's dominions. In Oudh we find him apparently in more hesitation, not indeed as

to the necessity of action, but as to the choice of method. We find his councillors all in favour of the one straight stroke of annexation, while Lord Dalhousie inclines to the permanent transfer by the king of the exclusive administration of the civil and military affairs of Oudh and its dependencies to the hands of the British Government. This arrangement was to be carried out, as an agreement or treaty between that Government and the king. If he accepted it, his titles, privileges, and a large annual payment were to be guaranteed to him; and he was to be allowed to remain in Lucknow, as the descendant of the Moguls was preserved in Delhi.

"It must be admitted," writes Sir William Lee - Warner, "that the plan thus devised by the Governor-General ran counter to principles which he had avowed and acted upon. It meant, in fact, setting up a 'sham prince' who would be the rallying-point for disaffection, and in the indignation which such an arrangement would arouse, the misdeeds of the king would be speedily forgotten."

And how was it proposed to compel the king to execute this transfer of the government? By withdrawing the Resident and troops, and leaving him to meet the wrath of his oppressed subjects. It was believed by Lord Dalhousie that such withdrawal would be the signal for a general rising. The anarchy that would follow would justify interference and annexation. It is difficult for any one to commend this policy. Sir William Lee-Warner compares it to that which Dalhousie

had followed with regard to the Berars, the success of which has been, he says, abundantly proved in the past fifty years. But where is the analogy? The Berars were an outlying province of Hyderabad. The Nizam was bound by treaty to pay a certain yearly sum for the contingent troops. He failed to pay it, and an assignment of the Berars was taken as a satisfaction and security, the surplus revenues being paid over to the Nizam, who remained an independent prince undisturbed in the sovereignty of the rest of his territories. No sham king was set up, no centre was created for disaffection. In the case of Oudh the whole province with its revenues were to be taken from the king, while he was to be allowed to reside in Lucknow with a large income and the insignia of royalty, but without any of its powers outside of the palace and its immediate surroundings. It is not wonderful that the Cabinet and the Court of Directors hesitated to sanction the course proposed. As showing "more tenderness to the feelings of a family who, whatever may have been their offences towards their own subjects, have not been unfaithful to the British Government," they admitted its advantage. But they could not accept the proposed method of bringing the king to reason, or of justifying annexation by creating anarchy. Opinions were divided in London as well as in India. The Cabinet dreaded a violent opposition from some "active parties in the country," who would fight

against "any plan approaching to annexation." So a dubious despatch was written, shirking the responsibility, and leaving Dalhousie to take it on his own shoulders. The treaty for a permanent transfer of the administration was offered to the king and refused by him. On the 7th February 1856 Oudh was annexed.

In weighing Lord Dalhousie's action in this difficult crisis, it must be remembered, firstly, that the case of Oudh was not similar to that of the Panjab. The Sikhs were a great military power, threatening from their geographical position our hold on India. They had been treated with every consideration. They not only took up arms against us, but showed by calling in the Afghans to their assistance that hostility to the British Power was their ruling motive. From Oudh we had nothing to apprehend. It might have continued in anarchy and misrule for an indefinite period without more danger to us than had accrued in the past. The king was held on his throne by our troops, and the question was not one concerning our own safety, but one of conscience. Were we justified in preserving a ruler who disregarded every obligation to his subjects, and robbed and suffered them to be robbed, while he spent their money on the gratification of his vices? In the case of Oudh, moreover, we were embarrassed by the treaty of 1801, which placed the king under an obligation to establish "such a system of administration, to be carried into effect by his own

officers, as shall be conducive to the prosperity of his subjects," and bound him to seek the advice and abide by the counsel of the Honourable Company's officers. Lord Dalhousie held, with too great scrupulousness perhaps, that this treaty, while it remained, precluded the assumption of the government by the British.

Secondly, we must recollect that men like Sleeman and Outram, although deploring, and knowing as none others knew, the miseries of the people and the iniquities of the court, were averse from the extreme course of removing the king. The authorities both at Whitehall and Leadenhall Street were timid about annexation. Sir Charles Wood, as well as his predecessor Lord Broughton, was prepared to interfere in Oudh. "If you had not been under the necessity of annexing Pegu, I should have had no scruple as to Oudh, which we ought to have." And "as it is very undesirable to show a grasping disposition at present, I am unwilling to occupy our principality." This was written on the 21st of October 1853. On the 24th of January 1854 he wrote again: "Take Oudh by a voluntary surrender and you will have done a very good deed in India and for the people of the country. . . . One cannot nowadays disregard public opinion, and the Court of Directors is by no means a popular body." All these considerations must have influenced Lord Dalhousie. Nevertheless we cannot avoid the thought that the state of his health may have affected his decision. He

was much broken at the time by sorrow, illness, and overwork. It is hard to understand, on other grounds, how the man who saw so clearly the mischief of retaining the House of Delhi with the title and insignia of monarchy should have desired to set up another puppet king at Lucknow.

One thing is certain, that Lord Dalhousie was no more responsible for the annexation of Oudh than Noah was for the flood. It was bound to come. It was his fate to have to carry it out.

To return to the time following the annexation of the Panjab, we would call attention to the true history of Lord Dalhousie's relations with Sir Charles Napier. It was not on "some trifling point of discipline" that a difference arose between the Governor-General and the conqueror of Sind. Napier had shown himself to be impossible as a commander-in-chief in India. He assumed powers which the Government of India could not possibly concede to him, and when he was justly rebuked he resigned his office. The Duke of Wellington regretted his resignation. "But as he has resigned, and I declare my decided opinion that the Governor-General could not with propriety have acted otherwise than have expressed his disapprobation of the conduct of General Sir Charles Napier," he recommended her Majesty to accept his resignation of the office. Napier had claimed the power of altering the allowances of the native army without asking for the orders of the

Government. His wild attacks on the administration of the Panjab, and his reckless statements regarding the state of India generally, should be read before Lord Dalhousie is blamed for not receiving his prophecies of woe with unquestioning faith. After reading the correspondence sent to him, Sir James Hogg wrote on the 7th June 1850 to the Governor-General: "I read the documents you transmitted with great pain, and I must say with considerable alarm. How you can discharge your duty and how the public service is to be carried on with such a man I am unable to see." Dalhousie was certainly not altogether fortunate in his Commanders-in-Chief.

The next two years were devoted to making himself acquainted at first hand with the territories over which he ruled and with the prominent officers through whom he ruled them. His tours were very different from the flying progresses made by Viceroys in these days, in state saloons and at express speed. Dalhousie had to march like his subordinates riding through the provinces of India. He lost no opportunity of gaining from the local officers all the information that they could give, and he made good use of it. The great measures of reform and administrative progress, which have changed the whole structure of British India, were probably thought out and set in train during these years.

When he returned to Calcutta in January 1852 he found the question of Burma pressing for decision. The insolence of the king and his officials

and their conduct towards British subjects had become intolerable. His remarks on this question are worth quoting, especially at the present time, when we are dealing with a somewhat similar case in Thibet.

"The simple question was," he wrote to Sir James Hogg, "whether the Government of India would submit to exaction, to oppression, to disregard of positive treaty and to national insult from the Burmese; whether it would submit before all Asia to be driven out of the Burmese Empire altogether, or whether it would protect its subjects and enforce its rights. There was but one answer to that question." In the same strain he wrote to Fox Maule: "We can't afford to be shown to the door anywhere in the East; there are too many doors to our residence there to admit of our submitting to that movement at any one of them." He tried, nevertheless, by every means in his power to bring the King of Burma to reason without war, but in vain. His preparations for war were made with singular foresight and completeness. Rangoon was captured, and the whole seaboard was in the hands of the British. And after discussing the various courses of action open to him, he advised that the whole province of Pegu to a point somewhat north of Prome should be retained. He made his arrangements for advancing to Prome and completing the subjugation of Pegu. And then, pending the reply of the home authorities, he went to Rangoon and spent a month in

July and August in studying the case on the spot and completing his arrangements. The home Government sanctioned his proposal and approved the permanent annexation of Pegu, including Prome. But they insisted that, if no overtures had been received from the king, "the war should be prosecuted, and its conclusion marked by a treaty with the King of Ava, of which that cession should be the basis, or by the entire subjugation of that power." On the 7th October they wrote again: "We continue to be decidedly of opinion that the war cannot be satisfactorily terminated except by a treaty upon the conditions pointed out in our instructions, or upon such other terms as the obstinacy and folly of the Court of Ava may compel you to impose upon it." At the beginning the Board of Control were afraid of war, and urged him not to be dragged into it. When it became inevitable he was told to limit its operations and take no final steps without sanction from home. And now we find them insisting on the exaction of a treaty from an arrogant barbarian seated at Ava, some 400 miles from Rangoon as the crow flies, and 600 by the river, which in the then condition of Burma, and with the means at the disposal of India, was the only possible route.

While 'The Times' was attributing every kind of ambition to Dalhousie, and trusting to the firmness of the Imperial Government to preserve the country from his rashness, it was only his strength and wisdom which

prevented the war from being prosecuted at immense cost and with the risk of disaster, in order to extract from the Burmese monarch a perfectly useless treaty, "as flimsy as the paper on which it is traced." The time had not come for the annexation of Upper Burma. The Government of India had not at its disposal the means of effecting it. All that our interests required was reparation for the past and security for the future. The occupation of Pegu would effect both these objects. We could take the second bite of the cherry when we felt inclined. The home authorities gave in before the evident wisdom of the course recommended by the Governor-General. The king was politely asked to execute a treaty, and assured of renewed relations of friendship if he complied. He disdained to notice the letter; and consequently on the 20th December 1852 Pegu was annexed. The king was warned that if he failed to renew his former friendly relations, or if he sought to dispute the quiet possession of Pegu by the British, his conduct would lead to the total subversion of the Burman State and to the ruin and exile of the king and his race,—a prophecy which was fulfilled in 1885.

The question of annexation by lapse is treated by Sir William Lee-Warner at considerable length. He is peculiarly qualified, by experience and study of the relations between the native States of India and the paramount Power, to deal with it. The question is one of considerable historical importance, as in

the search for causes to account for the mutiny of the Bengal army, the refusal to native chiefs of the right to adopt heirs to succeed them in their chieftoms, the enforcement of "lapse," has been given a first place.

Much blame has been thrown on Lord Dalhousie for his policy in these cases. He has been accused of grasping, of robbery, of injustice, and the like. Even a writer of the ability, knowledge, and fairness of Sir John Strachey has attributed to him views which, "if carried out, must have extinguished nearly all the native States of India in the course of time." For nothing but the custom of adoption enables the family of a native Raja to survive even a few generations. This false idea of Lord Dalhousie's policy is due to a loosely-written passage in a minute which he wrote on the subject: "I hold that on all occasions where heirs natural shall fail the territory should be made to lapse, and adoption should not be permitted excepting in those cases in which some strong political reason may render it expedient to depart from this general rule." Sir Wm. Lee-Warner shows, from Dalhousie's letters to Hobhouse and Wood, that he meant this pronouncement to apply only to dependent Hindoo sovereignties. He admitted that it might be taken to include all adoptions of Hindoo princes. "It is scandalously expressed," he wrote to Hobhouse, "and bears doubtless the above construction. I deserve to be abused for expressing myself so loosely."

It is evident from the quotations made from his letter by his present biographer that he had laid down a definite principle to guide his action, and that he considered that over principalities "which are not tributary, and which are not and never have been subordinate to a paramount power," the supreme Government of India "have no power whatever, and have no right except that of might over their adoptions." He was ready when no reasons of policy intervened to take advantage of the failure of natural heirs to extinguish mushroom States which owed their existence to ourselves or to our immediate predecessors. Apart from the States of Rajputana and the Rajput States of Central India, Bundelkhand, and the Bombay Presidency, there was not one which had any more legitimate or national origin than that of the British Government. There is no foundation for the idea that Lord Dalhousie invented the policy of annexing States which were left without natural heirs, or that he was more eager to act on it than the home authorities, who in some cases impelled him to it. The following enunciation of policy, "Wherever it is optional with you to give or withhold your consent to adoptions the indulgence should be the exception and not the rule, and should never be granted but as a special mark of approbation," was written by the Court of Directors in 1834 to their Governor-General of that time.

Let any one who doubts the wisdom of Lord Dalhousie's annexations or resumptions,

owing to failure of natural heirs, take a map of India and colour in the areas which were thus added to British India, and he will, we think, be convinced of the expediency, at any rate, of those acts. The interruptions to our communications by rail and post and telegraph, and the interference with the proper distribution of our forces, from a strategical point of view, would have been highly inconvenient, to say the least. A vast area of the country and a large proportion of the population would have been misgoverned and kept in a backward state. The greater area thus covered by native rule would have diminished the force of the example of honest and regular administration, which is now pressing with ever-increasing influence on the native States which remain. It is not denied that the refusal of the right of adoption may have added to the discontented classes in some districts, and have gone to swell the mutiny of the Sepoy army into something of a popular revolt. We are not sure that it was too heavy a price to pay for the permanent consolidation of our territories.

Regarding the annexation of the Panjab and Oudh, no one, so far as we know, out of a lunatic asylum has ventured to attribute to the assumption of the Panjab any share in causing the mutiny. It is as certain as anything can be that the destruction of the Sikh kingdom and army, and the establishment of a firm and just rule in that province, was our salvation in 1857. It has frequently been alleged that

the annexation of Oudh was among the most active causes of discontent. No doubt it was displeasing to many of the official classes in Oudh, to some of the large landholders, and perhaps, generally, to Masalmáns in India. It was, however, more the mismanagement of the administration after Lord Dalhousie left India that made the people take part against us in 1857, than the act of assuming the Government. The best authorities have held that if the king had been in power in 1857 Oudh would have been even a greater trouble to us than it proved.

Another matter in which the present book throws new light is Lord Dalhousie's views on the army of India. He has been accused not only of giving rise to discontent by his policy, but of blindness to the signs of unrest which should have been manifest to him, and deafness to the warnings given by Sir Charles Napier and others regarding the native army. It is natural that historians of a great upheaval should search in every direction below and above the surface for causes to which to attribute the visible effects. It is very likely that annexations, and railroads, and canals, and telegraphs, and especially schools where English was taught and Hindoo superstition was undermined, each contributed something to the mass of discontent. It is easy after the event and in the quiet of a study to weigh out the exact amount of each contribution. But that any man engaged in the great work of

administering an empire should be expected to foresee the remote effects of every part of his work, and to refrain from doing what he knew to be right when he did foresee the result, is unreasonable. No doubt Lord Dalhousie knew that the feelings of strict Hindoos would be outraged by the suppression of suttee, of female infanticide, by interference with the flow of the sacred Ganges, by English education, by railways, and by telegraphs—in fact, by every step in the progress of India on the road leading to Western civilisation. But would any one be bold enough to say that he ought therefore to have stayed his hand? If not, then what should he have done? He should have strengthened the European army in India, some will say, and diminished the native forces. That was exactly what he tried to do. Over and over again he protested against the removal of British regiments. Over and over again he wrote to the Board of Control, "Our Raj is safe from risk only while we are strong." "We have not, like the colonies, anything to fall back upon. We must be strong not against the enemy only, but against our own population, and even against possible contingencies connected with our own native army. Again I adjure you not to allow us to be weakened in European infantry." In the same vein, writing to Vernon Smith on the 22nd September 1855, he said: "I have told you that India is tranquil, and you have repeated my words in

Parliament. But I repeat also again and again, what I have said before (and I would that I could cut it into the very flesh of her Majesty's Ministers), that India is tranquil only because, comparatively speaking, we are strong. Weaken us, and India will be neither tranquil nor secure." This was written with reference to the withdrawal of British regiments from India. They are hardly the words of a man who cries peace when there is no peace.

It has been known since 1857 that when Lord Dalhousie was quitting office he left nine minutes on military matters. Until the present publication the full scope and meaning of these minutes have not been known. The effect of the measures advocated in them would have been to increase the European troops, especially the artillery, and to reduce the strength of the native forces, more particularly in the infantry and cavalry of Bengal. That these minutes were not acted upon, were not even considered, were in fact suppressed, was not due to Lord Dalhousie. That he was blind to the risks of our rule in India is altogether untrue. Apart from his letters, his reply to the deputation which waited on him to bid him farewell is evidence of his appreciation of the position. "No prudent man," he said, "having knowledge of Eastern affairs would venture to predict a long continuance of peace." He then referred to the Sonthal insurrection: "We have lately seen how in the very midst of us insurrection may arise like

an exhalation from the earth. . . . Remembering these things, no prudent man will venture to give you assurance of continued peace."

It is hardly fair, then, to accuse Lord Dalhousie of blindness in not foreseeing the mutiny of the Bengal army, which none of the officers most conversant with it looked upon as imminent. Neither he nor any one else could have foreseen the distribution of the greased cartridges, which was the immediate cause of the revolt.

Of Lord Dalhousie's foreign policy, of his dealings with the Amir of Afghanistan, we have said nothing. The great works of internal administration which have made the India of to-day we have hardly touched upon. The greatness of the interests and the multitude of subjects must be the excuse. If he left his mark on India by his conquests and inclusion of territories, he left a still greater mark in his railways, his canals, his telegraphs, and his administrative reforms in every direction. His care for the British soldier, on whom he knew our power rests, was unlimited. He thought of his barracks, his gardens, his amusements, his moral and physical welfare, and the happiness of his wife and children. He was as careful of the rights of the least among the natives of the country. He hated iniquity and oppression. The Governor-General who could chase a looting camp-follower and chastise him with his own hands was an eminently human and lovable personality, as well as a masterful and stern ruler of men.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,—"The Story of Cawnpore," in your May number, will be read with interest by many, not only for the sake of its subject—"ever fresh and ever new," as Hafiz says—but because of the high tone and strong common-sense which the writer of it exhibits. In the Warden of Wadham's narrative there is a slight and most excusable inaccuracy on a mere verbal point which it may be as well not to leave uncorrected, seeing that it occurs in 'Maga's' historic pages. But before touching on such a trifle, I should just like to say that I enjoyed some intimacy with the young soldier Henderson the tragic finale of whose scarcely begun career his brother has now depicted with such manly and graceful reticence. Carrying the view backward, through a pretty long vista of years, to the 20th of January 1857, to the Southampton docks, and to the P. and O. Co.'s steamer "Pera," I seem to see myself forming the acquaintance of a fellow-cadet of the Honourable East India Company's infantry—a man somewhat older than most of his brother-cadets, and one whose advantages at once of academic culture and athletic prowess marked him out, as we all thought, for a career of the greatest usefulness and distinction. That this fine young fellow was one of the two Hendersons whose epilogue has now appeared in 'Maga' hardly needs to be stated. But I must not trespass on your space, or try to make additions to the Warden's writing.

Let it suffice just to note a little piece of interpretation as one for which the authority of 'Blackwood' must not be cited by future writers. On p. 641 of the "Story" it is stated that the women and children who fell into the hands of the Nana "were crowded into the Beebee-gur or 'House of the Ladies.'" That the name "beebee-gur" (or *bibi-ghar*) is susceptible of the meaning thus given to it is not in question. But, as a matter of fact, the house in which the crowning act of butchery was perpetrated was known as *bibi-ghur*, or *bibi kà ghar*, long before the Mutiny. It was a house which a British officer whose wife was an Indian had built, or adapted, for the lady's accommodation, and that was all. At the time of my entering Cawnpore in the wake of General Havelock's column early in August 1857, it was known to every one that this was the history of the little house in question and of the name which it bore. That the Cawnpore guides of our day should adapt the old name to the newer and incomparably more impressive history of the same building is only natural, and does not matter, so long as the facts of the case are not thus obscured.—Yours, &c.

W. T.

DUMFRIES, 3rd May 1904.

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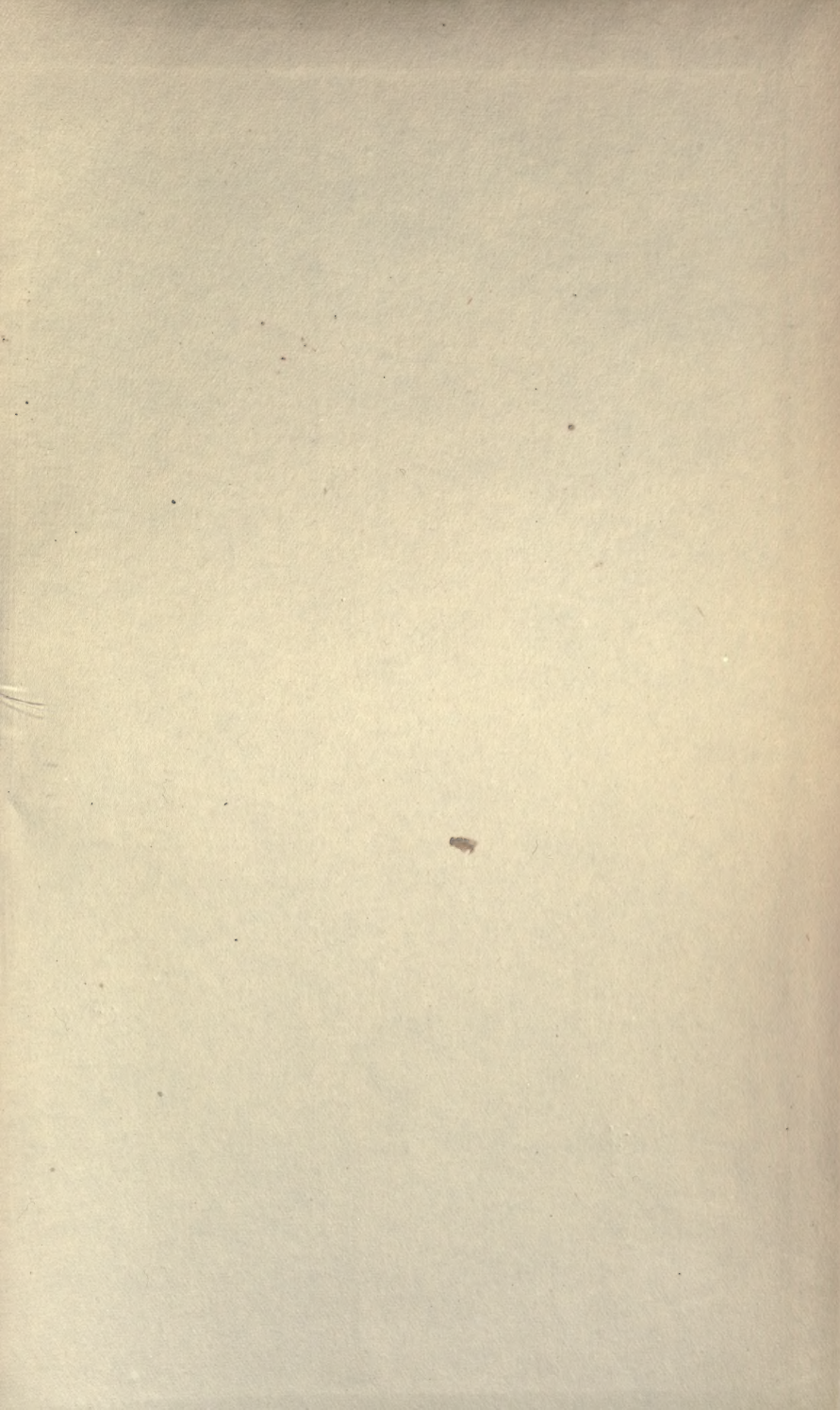
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